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SADDLING THE RIGHT HORSE.

PUTTING the saddle on the right horse seems a very simple matter, yet how seldom is it done! There is a universal tendency to lay the blame on some one else than the persons to whom it is properly due. This is particularly observable in the delinquency of misexpending means and ruining soul and body by drinking. The blame of this social abomination is not laid to the door of the drinker, but to him who manufactures or sells the drink. There is here a curious and wilful confusion of ideas. Let there be no longer any licensed brewer or distiller, no retailer of the liquors which these tradesmen produce, and you cut up drinking, root and branch. There will be at once a world of perfect sobriety, a return to the Golden Age. Such is the doctrine lavishly inculcated by many worthy people—the saddle ingeniously put on the wrong horse, although the right one is by no means out of sight or difficult to catch. Brewers, distillers, dealers in liquors, are held up to reprobation as a set of monsters, to be chased from the face of the earth. No blame whatever falls on those who are guilty of pernicious indulgence. They are suffering innocents, victims of an unhappy temptation.

We have been led to make these remarks by perusing a lately issued brochure in verse by Mr S. C. Hall (husband of that estimable authoress, Anna Maria Hall), entitled *The Trial of Sir Jasper*. This imaginary culprit is represented to be a distiller, and as great a wretch as can be imagined—

He—the Distiller—makes and vends the Gin!
Arraign him as the chiefest source of sin.

Placed at the bar, witness after witness—consisting of ragged drunkards of all descriptions, heart-broken wives, and half-starved children—appear to testify against Sir Jasper. In the point of view adopted by Mr Hall, the narrative of proceedings in court is interesting, though painful, the versification fluent, and the characters well sustained; the whole deriving force from a number of well-executed wood-engravings, after designs by noted

artists. The fiction ends by dismissing the accused, in order that he may repent of his sins, there being no law to hang him, which is some matter for regret. We are told that the book has had a considerable sale, from which it may be inferred that the reasoning employed is acceptable to large numbers of readers. But can any one who ponders seriously on the horrors that are depicted, believe that drunkenness would disappear, if all the Sir Jaspers in Christendom were to cease distilling or vending their destructive fluids?

Not long since, a lecturer with a gift of language and good opinion of himself, issued a tract, denouncing all half-measures for the promotion of temperance. An act of parliament, he said, should be passed, rendering the manufacture and sale of every species of intoxicating drink penal. Distilleries, breweries, public-houses of all sorts, should be shut up. Nothing short of that would be efficacious. The lecturer had neither read history, nor studied the probable results of his suggestion. He did not seem to know that absolute repression had failed wherever it was attempted—that human nature was too much for the law. In other words, by closing licensed distilleries, people distil furtively in cellars or in mountain recesses beyond the ken of police. By stopping licensed breweries, the practice of domestic brewing is struck up. Whole hosts of contrabandists arise as if from the ground. The world, instead of being benefited, is turned upside down. A number of men, with capital to lose, and with a corresponding sense of responsibility, are replaced by reckless adventurers having no regard to law or decency. Drinking goes on as badly as ever, and, after a little time, the cure is discovered to be ten times worse than the disease. Such are the melancholy teachings of experience.

Things are undeniably bad as regards the vicious indulgence in stimulants, and seemingly the worse they grow as the means of expenditure become more plentiful, and the more idle time is at disposal. But in such indulgence there is no particular novelty. Excesses in gin-drinking became alarmingly prevalent in England about 1735, followed

by agonising poverty and wretchedness. Listen to what Smollett says of the period: 'The populace of London were sunk into the most brutal degeneracy by drinking to excess the pernicious spirit called gin, which was sold so cheap that the lowest class of the people could afford to indulge themselves in one continued state of intoxication, to the destruction of all morals and order. Such a shameful degree of profligacy prevailed, that the retailers of this poisonous compound set up painted boards in public, inviting people to be drunk for the small expense of one penny; assuring them that they might be dead drunk for twopence, and have straw for nothing. They accordingly provided cellars and places strewn with straw, to which they conveyed those wretches who were overwhelmed with intoxication. In these dismal caverns they lay until they recovered some use of their faculties, and then they had recourse to the same mischievous potion; thus consuming their health and ruining their families, in hideous receptacles of vice, resounding with riot and execration.'

Then began, as now, schemes for reducing the evil by legislative enactment. Moved by various representations, the House of Commons, when discussing the estimates, in 1736, imposed a prohibitory duty of twenty shillings per gallon on the manufacture of spirituous liquors, and an annual license of fifty pounds on every person keeping a public-house or inn where such liquors were sold. A law to this effect (9 Geo. II. c. 23) was accordingly passed. It proved utterly abortive. There was more drunkenness than ever. Only two licenses were taken out in all London. The keepers of public-houses and inns sold spirits in defiance of the law. Persons went about the streets with bottles, retailing draughts night and day. Informers, of course, sprung up, but they were waylaid, and in some cases murdered. Magistrates were so tired out with cases for punishment, that they at length would not listen to them; more especially as the information laid before them was often a mass of perjury. Smollett sorrowfully owns that 'the consumption of gin had considerably increased every year since those heavy duties were imposed.' The law was in existence for about seven years. Latterly, no attention was paid to it. The injury it inflicted was not confined to a more prevalent consumption of intoxicating drinks. The trade being abandoned by many respectable dealers, was, as has been said, carried on by peripatetic vendors, also by ruffians and desperadoes in the vilest haunts. At length, government was brought to confess that the law of repression was altogether a mistake. It was repealed in 1743, and things gradually settled into their old course. We recommend the advocates of extreme restriction to read the debates on the operation of the act. They fill nearly three hundred columns of the parliamentary history of the period.

We need not, however, go back a hundred years

to discover that undue restriction in licensing has a marked tendency to encourage the growth of unlicensed houses—ordinarily called *shebeens*. We can speak of one of the large towns of Scotland, where the consumption of intoxicating liquors suffers no diminution, either by restricting the number of public-houses, or by an increase of price in the article consumed. It is scarcely necessary to say that the unlicensed houses or *shebeens* are obscure and vile resorts, known to the most depraved of the population, and carrying on their trade in spite of the severest fines or lengthened imprisonment. They thrive chiefly by supplying liquor at night, and on Sundays, when the licensed houses are closed. From the time the public-house keeper puts up his shutters on Saturday night, till he takes them down on Monday morning, the *shebeens* carry on their profitable but odious profession. A history of the shifts they are put to, their tricks to avoid detection, their imprisonments—futile as regards stopping the trade—would go far beyond our bounds.

Unfortunately, the excellent and well-meaning people who run away with the idea that legislation can avert intemperance, do not study the question in that practical manner with which it is viewed by police-officers and magistrates. Sobriety is not attainable by act of parliament. Legislation can only regulate, not extirpate. To do any substantial good, temperance principles must be cultivated by the people themselves. We are glad to see that such is the opinion of the Right Hon. John Bright. In lately addressing a meeting of the Society of Friends, he said 'the position he took up on this question differed very much from that taken by many about him. He found that they were always crying to parliament for the cure of this great evil, and the propositions before them showed that they adhered to that course. They ask for things to be done which in the present state of public opinion were impossible. The asking for these things in itself revealed an amount of simplicity which he could not understand. It is for the parliament to make such changes as are necessary for the public good, and for the proper administration of police regulations. But if the public-houses were closed on Sundays, if the hours of sale were shortened, if the licenses were taken from the grocers, the amount of drinking is so absolutely appalling, that it would still be lessened but to a small degree. Those who advocate greater changes were always pointing to the United States; but in the state of Ohio, from which a letter had been read, public opinion was favourable to it, and legislation followed as a matter of course. If parliament were to pass such laws as those proposed by many of the friends of temperance legislation, they would soon have to repeal them, for the whole city of London would be in riot, revolt, and insurrection. Against public opinion, parliament can have no more power than the meanest citizen. He had been urged for many years to take these questions under his

notice by his Alliance friends, and he had been induced to look very carefully to what is the mode in which this evil can be touched. He believed it would never be touched unless the thoughtful, serious men, beginning with the ministers of the gospel, and all those who go to places of worship for other reasons than fashion, should regard this question as one of the great evils they have to overcome. If the ministers of the churches drink, a good many of their congregations will favour this evil, in consequence. He had come to the opinion, that unless the religious portion of this country will take up this question, there is no hope for it whatever.' After referring to his own abstemious practices, which he had pursued for a number of years, he concluded by giving it as his belief, 'that it would be an advantage, which no words in our language would be at all adequate to describe, if those who wish to do anything for their fellows, would try to bring about a current of national opinion in favour of abstinence from a source of so much evil.'

Here, at last, we have common-sense. Each must reform himself, and then all would be reformed. Instead of clamouring for acts of parliament, or vituperating imaginary Sir Jaspers, a man should look into his own cupboard, and bring example as well as moral suasion to bear on his less fortunate and haplessly misguided fellows. Gross excesses, however, are now chiefly demonstrated in the wage-receiving part of the community—the thoughtless and the ignorant, whom it might not be politically convenient to address in a spirit of candour.

Let us endeavour to present a true statement of the case. A person of cultured tastes does not enter public-houses. To the allurements of gin-palaces he is perfectly indifferent—is temptation proof. Now, he was not brought into this frame of mind by acts of parliament, or stringency of police regulation. Cultivation, intellectually and morally, with a proper sense of self-respect, did it all. Does not this suggest that the railers against distillers, brewers, and tavern-keepers, are occupying themselves with the wrong individuals—saddling the wrong horse—leaving the true offenders to escape? It is obvious that two things have latterly conspired to increase the indulgence in the worst varieties of intoxicants. The first is, commercial prosperity, with high wages. The second is, the material shortening of the hours of labour. Money to spend, and time to mis-expend it. The state of general prosperity finds whole masses of people mentally unprepared for it, and we see the consequences. Holidays, now more common than they once were, observably aggravate the mischief. The act of parliament lately passed, to give four bank holidays during the year in England, might from its working be almost called an act to encourage idleness and waste of means, for, as is seen in London and elsewhere, all shops are shut and business is suspended on these days. In Scotland, a similar result arises from the half-yearly parish 'fast days.' The large towns view these church fasts as an opportunity for a general saturnalia. The misexpenditure and disorder which they cause is frightful. Surely, there is here work—and good work too—for any one disposed to set about rectifying a serious social abuse. How dif-

ferent might society at this moment have been, had a zealous class of philanthropists abstained from wasting time on what is obviously impracticable. In short, they have disastrously failed to 'put the saddle on the right horse!'

w. c.

SYBIL NUGENT AND THE ARTIST.

'COUSIN EMILY, I wish you were twenty years younger.'

'So do I, my dear.'

'You would be just as good a chaperone, and you would enjoy a little time in London.'

'I do not think, Sybil, that I am quite past that yet.'

'Then we will go. We will take lodgings in a nice part, near everything; and we will shop all the morning, and lunch at a pastry-cook's, and shop all the afternoon, and go to the theatre in the evening. And, when we are tired of all that, we will come back to dear Nutting, and the dogs and mare and cows.'

'A little change will be very nice,' said Miss Emily Needham, who always acquiesced, and was generally loved in consequence. That she had not been particularly loved, was a loss to some one, for she would have made an admirable wife. Her husband would have got his own way in everything; but perhaps that would have been bad for him too, and Miss Emily's celibacy was probably all for the best.

It was very convenient for Sybil's step-father, General Von Flopdollingen, a German soldier and politician, who had married an English widow with one encumbrance, and when he lost the former, felt rather hampered by the latter. He kept her at school as long as possible; but when she reached the age of twenty-one she was independent, as she inherited her own father's fortune, which was a nice little property. The general, indeed, would have liked her to live with him, become naturalised, and bestow her hand and what was in it on one of his nephews; and to this end she spent several holidays in Prussia, and might have left school some years sooner if she had shewn a wish to live abroad. But she called the soil of the Teuton, Step-Fatherland, and did not care much for her cousins-german. So General Von Flopdollingen, who had promised to look after her interests, and who was a conscientious man in private life, was puzzled, till Miss Emily Needham was suggested as a fitting companion for her young and sprightly relative, when he gladly accepted her services.

As for Sybil Nugent herself, she was pleased enough to have Cousin Emily, who had always been a favourite, to live with her. She made an effort at first to promote her into an aunt, but the familiar 'Cousin Emily' rose to her lips, and the attempt had to be given up. Lastly, the position suited the elder lady capitally. She was poor and lonely, and she liked comfort and companionship. A trip to London would be very agreeable; and so they resolved on the excursion. There was a difficulty. Sybil asked Emily if she knew any one at all in London.

Cousin Emily thought a while, and then said: 'There is Jane, Mrs Hinchbrooke's lady's-maid, who married and settled in London, where she lets lodgings. I have her address somewhere.'

'Let's lodgings!' cried Sybil. 'Perhaps they are vacant, and we can have them. Find out where she lives, at once, there's a dear.'

Cousin Emily's huge rosewood desk yielded up a card which announced that Mrs Rogers had genteel apartments, replete with every comfort, in Gower Street.

'It must be in quite a fashionable part,' said Sybil, consulting a map, 'because it is near Oxford Street and the British Museum.'

So Cousin Emily wrote to Mrs Rogers, who had been many years in the service of her principal crony in the cathedral city, and to whom she had presented a work-box on her marriage; and received a reply by return of post to the effect, that, by the most extraordinary accident in the world, her drawing-room floor was vacant.

So, one fine October day, the young maid and the old one found themselves transferred from their bright roomy home in the country to dingy London lodgings, which Sybil commenced at once to brighten up with flowers.

They then commenced a life which the male mind shudders to contemplate—a life of shopping. Not that Sybil had many wants, or made many purchases, but those which she did make went a prodigious way. Supposing she determined to get a mantilla, do you think they went to the nearest shop for such things and bought one? Not a bit of it. They looked in all the windows which displayed such things in St Paul's Churchyard, Oxford Street, and Regent Street, and when they saw something which pleased them, they went inside and overhauled the whole stock, diverging, at the shopman's instigation, into every article of female costume from ball-dresses to stockings, and then left, saying they would think about it.

When hungry, they turned into pastry-cooks' shops, and ate ices and sweet cakes. About five o'clock they were exhausted, and went home to tea; after which they sallied out again to a theatre, a concert, or an entertainment, and then wound up the day with a hearty supper.

This kind of life was all very well for the young one, who had the constitution of a cassowary, but at the end of three days Cousin Emily fell ill. Sybil was much concerned, and wanted to call in a doctor, but the invalid did not consider, that necessary.

'I think, dear,' she said meekly, 'that if we were to dine sometimes, I should be able to stand it all well enough.'

So they adopted more regular habits, and Sybil left off working her chaperone so hard; obtained books from a library, hired a piano, and started a piece of silk flower-work. But as her constitution and habits demanded a good deal of exercise, and she could not walk about London alone, she fraternised strongly with the landlady, Mrs Rogers, and took her about with her, as the best thing in the circumstances.

Mrs Rogers was a lady of considerable conversational powers, but perhaps she was most graphic when she talked about her lodgers, past and present. Her ground-floor was now occupied by an old gentleman, who spent the greater part of his waking life in the library of the British

Museum. The top part of the house was tenanted by an artist, who had many merits, and one great fault, a poverty which caused him to be backward in his rent payments. He was accustomed to go away for weeks, or even months together, without leaving any address; he was thus absent now.

One steady wet day, when Sybil had played, read, worked, till she got the aches in all her restless limbs, a curiosity which had already been awakened, became imperative. She sent for Mrs Rogers, and asked whether she could not see the deserted studio.

'There's only rubbish, miss,' said the landlady; 'but please not to move any of it, or he will go on at me like anything when he comes back. Not that he has any right, being in arrears, but he has a way with him, and I am soft-hearted, and he pays what he can. This is the key.'

Sybil took it, and ran up-stairs. But when she turned the lock, a feeling of shame came over her, as if she were prying, or at least trespassing. However, she pushed the door back, and entered a most untidy apartment. There were cases, one with a half-finished painting upon it; there were various articles of costume, male and female, scattered about; in one corner stood a dummy figure, attired merely in yellow boots and spurs, and a cavalier hat and feather. Specimens of ancient armour lay in a heap, from which protruded likewise a modern musket and bayonet, a cricket-bat, foils and single-sticks. There was a rack of curious pipes, German and Turkish. There were casts of famous statues, and what seats and tables there were, were imitation antiquities. Two large portfolios on stands took up a good deal of room, and the litter was completed by the heaps of pictures, in various stages of progression—very early stages indeed, most of them—piled up here and there. The walls likewise were covered with pictures, some of which were finished. One, an Ariadne, just waking up to the fact of Theseus' desertion of her, was honoured with a very smart frame, which had been hung almost out of sight by the 'Hanging Committee' of the Royal Academy Exhibition. The longer she looked at the picture, the more it pleased her, and at last she got quite indignant with the Academy officials, who had hung it in a bad place; and with the public, who had not bought it. Then, gradually feeling at home, she went in for a regular inspection of all the studies and sketches, and half-formed designs in the room; and at last, even dipped into the portfolios. The result was, that instead of passing the ten minutes she first proposed to herself in the studio, she spent the whole afternoon there, and talked of nothing but her discovery to Cousin Emily all dinner-time. Not content with that, she introduced her to the studio on the following morning, though the weather was fine, and the elder lady took a fair interest in the pictures, though she was not so enthusiastic as the younger: enthusiasm is apt to fail us before our eyes and teeth.

'Oh, Cousin Emily! is it not shameful that such a beautiful painter should get so little for his works, hardly enough to live on, while mere daubers are paid—oh, ever so much?'

'It is a pity he does not try dabbling, then.'

'Oh, he could not do it; real genius cannot be concealed. He is a handsome young man, with melancholy eyes, and beard—dark, of course; but

he is not really melancholy; quite the reverse. And so good: he half supports his mother, who is the widow of an Indian officer, with only her pension to live on; that is why he has debts."

"Why, Sybil! how did you come to know all this Mr. —? What is his name?"

"Doria is his name, but I have never set eyes upon him. Mrs Rogers told me all I have just repeated."

"Oh!" said Cousin Emily, who had experienced the nearest approach to the feminine sensation called a 'turn,' which her placid nature permitted. She was at all events affected.

It became quite a habit of Sybil's to run up and look over the absent artist's sketches, and no doubt she would soon have begun to criticise and find fault, only, before she had time to reach that stage, she left the lodgings.

It was not likely that a well-connected young lady of good fortune, and subject to no authority but the law of the land and public opinion, should be allowed to remain long hidden in London. People who have money always find relations, connections, and friends, who are always glad to see them. In a fortnight, Sybil and Cousin Emily were domiciled in a hospitable mansion in Belgravia.

One June morning, Harry Doria was in his studio painting, and talking at intervals to a friend who was a sad loafer, but atoned for it by buying a picture now and then, and who was at present lounging on a sofa, smoking a Turkish pipe, the flavour of which pleased him.

"Well, how do you get on—pretty well, I hope?" said the loafing friend. "Excuse me mentioning it."

Harry was not the least discomposed. "I am," said he, "certainly doing better this year than I have ever done before: this year, when it does not matter, and I have only myself to provide for."

"Don't talk like that, old fellow; you made your mother's declining years comfortable, and have no cause for regret. As the old ties break, we form new ones. *Appropos*, are you going to marry the heiress?"

"What heiress?"

"Mercenary man! Have you so many in your eye? Why, Miss Nugent, of course; everybody has settled it for you."

"Perhaps everybody has decreed that I am going to have the Koh-i-noor set in a scarf-pin. Poor Miss Nugent! I imagine that she expects to do better for herself than marry a third-rate canvas-spoiler."

"Well, you are pretty intimate at all events."

"I have met her out at parties, certainly, and we talk together a good deal, having many subjects of interest in common; but the idea is ridiculous: she is a great deal too rich."

"That is a fault most fellows would look over; observed the other, laughing.

"I could not," said Doria. "Fancy its being in your wife's power to tell you, whenever you had a row, that but for her you would be a pauper!—that your house is hers; your servants, hers; yourself, a thing she has bought! No, thank you."

"My dear Lucifer, you exaggerate. If you are getting as much for portraits as I expect you will, a couple of years hence, you will be able to marry any woman, and preserve your independence. How

sharply your Academy picture was snapped up this year. It was not sold beforehand, was it?"

"No; and I put an extravagant price on it, out of a sort of bravado, because Jones tried to cheapen it one day, before it was finished. What a funny animal the public is! The price that picture fetched brought me more orders in a week than I have ever had in a year."

"Perhaps the merits of the picture, not its price, did that."

"Not a bit of it; it is not half so good as my Ariadne."

"Oh, you have sold that too?"

"Yes; and to the same person; at least the name is the same: Needham, Miss Needham."

"Another heiress?"

"I don't know; a good customer, anyhow." "Well, good-bye; I have finished your chibouque, and am due presently at a classical concert. By-the-bye, will you come? I have a spare ticket. Perhaps Miss Nugent will be there."

"No, thank you; I hate classical music. Besides, I must work. Good-bye."

When a man announces that he really must work, an idle fit is coming over him: it is equivalent to the 'I won't give in' of one who is just beaten. Directly he was alone, Doria sat down in the place his visitor had vacated.

So people talked, did they? Was there anything in her manner to justify outsiders in thinking that she would have him if he asked her? What did it matter? He certainly would not ask her. But was it prudent to go to places where he was sure to meet her? He must avoid her in the future; she would go back to the country in a few weeks, and then he would forget all about her—'out of sight, out of mind.' He had made a good beginning, by declining to go to the concert.

Poor Doria must have been very far gone, when he tried to deceive himself. He knew well that Sybil Nugent disliked classical music as much as he did, and would certainly not be there. In truth, he had hardly admitted to himself how far his happiness was bound up with the love of a girl. He was not a susceptible man; his affections were stronger than his passions, and both were well under command of his reason. He certainly would not have allowed himself to grow so fond of Sybil had he been aware of her pecuniary position. He had met her at different houses where he was a habitual guest, and from her retiring manners, and simple style of dress, formed the conclusion that she was a poor girl, rather patronised by the friends with whom she was staying. He was one of those men who never catch floating gossip till long after it is stale news to everybody else; and when at last he learned that she was wealthy, and that he was rising rather in estimation as a successful heiress-hunter, he felt the wound go deeper than his pride, and he had a good thick coating of that too. Yes; he had too much pride, but very little vanity, and lack of the latter quality originally confirmed him in his idea that Miss Nugent was poor, probably dependent. Would she listen to him, draw to him as she did if it were otherwise? To him, a poor, little considered artist, with no prospects beyond his art! As for Sybil, she entirely reciprocated his affection, and had made up her mind, at a comparatively early stage of their acquaintanceship, that if she did not marry him, she would never marry any one else. Of course,

in her case, there was a spice of romance about the matter. She got to know and like him before she caught his name, which had been slurred when she was first introduced to him; and so the coincidence struck her very forcibly when she suddenly and accidentally learned that he was the very man whose studio she had examined in so unceremonious a fashion, and whose Ariadne she had purchased in Cousin Emily's name. She felt perfectly convinced that he loved her, and wondered why he did not say so.

Are there any limits to human perversity? Lovers are torn asunder by poverty every day, but here were a couple who positively failed to come together simply and only because one was rich. It was not an ordinary love-affair; they had never talked of love. But their tastes, ideas, sympathies, agreed so admirably, that they seemed positively made for one another; and to friends who knew them both, it seemed more than natural, almost necessary, that they should marry. If of the same sex, they would have been fast friends. Had their ages been very dissimilar, or had they both passed the age of the passions, they would still have been drawn closely together. These cases are very rare, but they occur, and when two such people meet, and marry, they attain a degree of happiness not often vouchsafed to mortals. And yet these two never met again. Doria stuck to his resolution, and avoided Sybil, who went back to the country, and took to Ritualism, and fantastic embroidery.

Another May came round, and Harry Doria had four portraits—three ladies, one 'of a gentleman'—hung on the Academy walls; besides a classical study, which sold for a high price. He excelled mostly in figure-painting, but figures must have foregrounds and backgrounds, and he was not quite satisfied with his landscapes. So, when the season waned, he packed his knapsack, and started off on a solitary walking and sketching tour, for the purpose of studying English skies, streams, and trees. A wandering life of that kind having great attractions for him, and the autumn being remarkably fine, the month which he intended to spend out of town expanded to nearly three, and it was towards the end of October that he entered a pretty village, which took his fancy so much that he stopped, though it was early in the afternoon, and he meant to have gone some miles farther. 'I must have that church porch, and the avenue,' he said to himself, as he turned into the old-fashioned inn, where he left his knapsack, and ordered his dinner, and then went out again with his portfolio and water-colour box, to utilise the couple of hours' remaining daylight.

'What is the name of this place?' he asked his landlord that evening.

'Nutting, sir, Nutting,' replied the host, astounded at the depths to which human ignorance could sink. Nutting! That was the name of the village where Sybil lived. She had often talked about it, and said what a pretty sketch could be made from the churchyard, and how often she had tried to take it, and had failed to satisfy herself. What a strange coincidence, that he should have wandered there; it looked like a fatality.

'You are a stranger in these parts, maybe, sir?' added the landlord.

'Yes; but I have often heard of Nutting, from

a friend who knew it very well. There is a pretty place called Owlstone, here, if it is the same Nutting I mean.'

'Yes, sir, yes; that's right. Shall you want anything more before the bar closes? You see, we are early people here.'

Doria did not sleep much that night. He had made up his mind to avoid the heiress altogether, and yet, now finding himself close to her, the temptation to call was very strong. In the morning, it occurred to him that the struggle might be unnecessary; Miss Nugent had very likely gone from the neighbourhood.

'Who is living at Owlstone now?' he asked when he went down.

'Miss Needham, sir, for the present,' was the reply, which acted on him like a cold-water douche, for he had not believed in his theory of Sybil's probable absence, one jot. At any rate, there was no need for him to hurry away. By-the-bye, what name did the landlord say? Needham? Why, it was a Miss Needham who bought his Ariadne and other pictures, and whose patronage seemed to have been the turning-point in his career, and had brought him such luck. He would certainly call, and introduce himself to a lady of such excellent taste and discrimination. It did not occur to him that Needham was by no means an uncommon name; he was too glad of an excuse to enter the house which Sybil had inhabited.

He spent the morning in sketching the scenes which she had often spoken of with enthusiasm. In the afternoon, he called at Owlstone, and sent in his card.

Miss Needham would see him presently, if he did not mind waiting a few minutes. He was shown into the dining-room, where the first object which met his eye was his own Ariadne, hung in the spot which was most favourably lighted in the room. Other pictures of his ornamented the walls.

Presently, a lady dressed in deep mourning entered the room. Doria introduced himself, and explained that being by accident in her neighbourhood, he did not like to pass on without paying his compliments to so kind and liberal a patroness.

'The pictures were bought in my name, it is true, Mr Doria,' said the lady; 'but there is no harm in your knowing now that my poor friend was the real purchaser.'

'Indeed!' said Doria, rather mystified. 'A friend, you say?—'

'Your friend also, Mr Doria; my dear Sybil reckoned you as one.'

'Sybil, Miss Nugent, was the secret purchaser of my pictures!' cried Doria. 'Oh, how blind I was! But you said your poor friend! Has any misfortune happened to her? You are in mourning; she is away!—'

'Have you not heard?' gasped Cousin Emily, turning very white. 'Poor Sybil, three months ago, caught the typhus fever in a cottage. It was a very deadly type, and she only lived three days.'

The shock may be conceived. From erroneous reasoning he had missed the chance of a lifelong happiness. And how often, from false shame and false conceptions, is such the case? We will not explain the feelings of Doria. They may be guessed at.

One of the best pictures he has ever succeeded in painting represents a village churchyard, in which one grave is conspicuous. He has

been offered a fancy price for it, but it is not for sale. I doubt if it will leave his studio during his lifetime.

A WORD ABOUT T. S.

To the reader, doubtless T. S. is an enigma, but it is one which is easily explained, for it is simply the code by which the Central Station of the Post-office Telegraphs is signalled by wire, and it is the term by which that station is, departmentally, more frequently known. Formerly, it was situated in a small street called Telegraph Street, opening out of Moorgate Street, from which it derived its code-signal 'T. S.:' but now the station occupies the whole of the upper floor of the new Post-office building in St Martin's-le-Grand, and the signal to which we have alluded is still retained for that office. The area of this immense telegraph-room, undoubtedly the largest in the world, is about twenty thousand square feet, and it contains mahogany tables to the extent of two-thirds of a mile. This room is divided into different galleries, in each of which messages of a particular kind are dealt with. The total number of clerks employed in the telegraphic Central Station is, we are told, twelve hundred—of whom seven hundred are females, and five hundred males; and besides, there are two hundred messengers. During the hours from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. female clerks are chiefly employed; but during the hours from 8 P.M. to 8 A.M. males only are employed. Well-grounded reasons for the desirability of extending female employment in the Post-office, are set forth by Mr Scudamore in his valuable Report of 1871 upon the 'Telegraphs,' and it is greatly to his honour that he has effected so wide an extension of such employment since the acquisition of the 'telegraphs' by the government. The large staff of the Central Station is managed by a controller, assisted by two sub-controllers. There is also a matron (who acted in the same capacity in the Electric Telegraph Company), who looks after the comforts of the female portion of the staff; and they are provided with tea and coffee, bread and butter, morning and evening, at the expense of the department. While speaking of the female clerks of the station, it is satisfactory to mention that Mr Scudamore states that their conduct since the transfer, under circumstances of great pressure, and occasionally of some annoyance, has been beyond all praise.

The work of this great telegraphic station is divided into two important classes—namely, that which deals with provincial messages, and that which deals with metropolitan messages. To the work of the former class is devoted the whole of the Central Gallery, which is divided into six distinct sections, each one being controlled by an officer, who is held responsible for the work thereof. The work connected with the provincial messages is, in the technical language of the department, called the 'sortation of messages,' and is performed after the following method.

All messages received at the telegraphic Central Station for retransmission have to be either sent to some part of London, or to some part of the country, or to some place abroad. If to some part of London, they are sent to the Metropolitan Gallery; or if abroad, they are sent to the office of the foreign telegraph company over whose cable they

have to be transmitted. Those messages intended for transmission to some provincial place are sorted to one of the four great divisions in which the provincial circuits have been arranged—namely, circuits for the west and south-west of England and the Channel Islands; circuits for the east and south-east of England; circuits for the north and north-east of England, and for Scotland; and circuits for the north-west of England, Ireland, and the Isle of Man. The control of each of these important divisions is intrusted to a female clerk, a fact which redounds with great credit to the business powers of the fair sex. The sorting-table for messages received by tube from the collecting offices is subdivided into eight 'pans'—namely, one for each of the four divisions just mentioned, the fifth for the Metropolitan Gallery, the sixth for foreign parts, the seventh spare, and the eighth is termed a 'blind' pan—that is to say, it is set apart for messages whose circulation is dubious. All messages passing in and out of the station are recorded and numbered at the sorting-tables to which they may be conveyed; and they are also entered daily in an abstract in accurate numerical order; and, again, at the delivery-table an account is made out every hour of the messages which are sent out for delivery during that period; being thus the means of letting the superintendent of the station see whether the work is progressing at its proper speed or not. It may be mentioned here, as a feature of interest in this great telegraph station, that all the circuits working into and out of it are not only arranged geographically, but also all the circuits serving any one town or district are placed side by side; for instance, all the Liverpool circuits are placed together in one portion of the gallery, and all the Charing Cross or House of Commons circuits are together in another portion. The advantages gained by such an arrangement of the circuits are evident, for, as Mr Scudamore remarks, 'the clerks in charge can at a glance see whether the wires serving an important town or district are all equally busy, and can make arrangements for feeding all circuits equally with messages.' The same geographical arrangement has, we learn, been adopted at all the large towns in the kingdom.

The Metropolitan Section of the Central Station occupies the western gallery of the telegraph room, and, like the Provincial Section, is divided into six distinct sections. The general arrangements of the section are similar to those described of the Provincial Gallery, and the same geographical situation of the circuits is also observed there.

Having briefly sketched the general work of the Central Station of our 'Telegraphs,' it is perhaps right to say a word about the various instruments which are at present in use at 'T. S.' for the despatch and receipt of telegrams. The most ingenious invention in the way of telegraph instruments used at the Central Station, or, indeed, in the telegraphic service generally, is certainly the Hughes' type-printing instrument. At first sight, this instrument resembles a piano, having a keyboard containing a number of keys black and white, similar to those of a piano. It has also a large type-wheel, made to rotate rapidly by means of pedal movement, and when a particular key is depressed, the message which is being transmitted is printed simultaneously at the destination and office of origin, in clear Roman characters, on narrow

slips of paper, which run out from the instruments at both ends of the circuit while being manipulated. The rapidity with which messages are sent on this instrument is marvellous; and it may perhaps be of some interest to the reader to state, that a short time ago, while we had the privilege of inspecting the Central Telegraph Station, the clerk at the Hughes' instrument which communicated with Liverpool, in order to shew us the truly beautiful working of the instrument, sent to that town as follows: 'Here, visitors—please say what weather you have; which we of course saw being printed on the slip running from the instrument at the end at which we were; and in less than one minute the answer came back, being printed on the same slip (which was afterwards handed to us, as a reminiscence of the station), thus: 'Here, very fine.' The fact of being able to communicate with a town as far distant from London as Liverpool and receive a reply in the space of one minute, seems clearly to point at the highly successful state of development at which the science of telegraphy has at the present time arrived. As yet, however, Liverpool and Manchester are the only towns which have messages transmitted to them by this instrument; but it is satisfactory to know that the Post-office authorities have it in view to extend the use of it at the earliest opportunity.—The Wheatstone automatic instrument is one which is used very much in the Central Station, and its construction is also of a very ingenious nature, while its utility is found invaluable on circuits communicating with such busy towns as Leeds, Birmingham, &c. The messages for this instrument are first punched on strips of paper by two clerks, and then passed through the instrument, which at the other end of the circuit becomes printed in the Morse code of 'dot' and 'dash.' One striking feature of usefulness in this instrument is, that when the message is once punched out on the slip, the perforated slip or tape, as long as it is kept whole, may be used for any number of circuits over which the message has to be transmitted, thereby saving a great amount of time and labour, which would otherwise be expended, had the message to be punched out for every town to which it had to be sent. As may be imagined, this is the instrument which is chiefly used for the despatch of press and news telegrams. On the Budget night, this year, we are told that twenty-five Wheatstone's instruments were used, which transmitted no less than half a million of words, or about two hundred and fifty columns of the *Times* newspaper, from the Central Station between the hours of 6 P.M. and 2 A.M.; and the quantity of perforated tape used in transmitting this news is estimated at ten miles; while it is stated that the number of separate holes made on the tape was seven and a half millions.—The Morse printing instruments, which mark the signals in ink on a paper ribbon, are in pretty general use at 'T. S.'; but one does not see many single-needle instruments there. In regard to the latter, however, it may be mentioned, that the Post-office has very largely introduced a greatly improved form. The signals on this instrument are composed of turns of the top of the needle to the right or to the left. In the old form of instrument, these motions were produced by turning a pendent handle; but in the new form introduced by the Post-office they are produced by depressing two tappers or pedals resembling the keys of a piano.

The most simple of all instruments which we find in the Central Telegraph Station, is Sir Charles Wheatstone's ABC instrument, which is chiefly used for the private wire system. Considerable extension, however, has been made in the use of this instrument at the smallest offices of the country, to which it is peculiarly suited; partly on account of its being possessed of a bell or alarum, which enables the sender to engage the attention of the receiver; and partly because, in it messages are spelt out to the sender and receiver by the motion of a needle or pointer round a dial on which the letters of the alphabet are printed, since the smallest offices of the country are kept by persons who are unable to watch the instrument continuously, but require to have their attention called to it from time to time, and who are also not sufficiently skilled to manipulate the more difficult instruments.

We cannot conclude this rough sketch of the gigantic telegraph-room in St Martin's-le-Grand without briefly touching upon the pneumatic tube system, a system so extensively adopted by the Post-office for the wholesale conveyance, as it were, of messages from one district of London to another. There are no less than thirty-two of these tubes at the Central Station, all of which are composed of lead, with the exception of that between the Fleet Street and West Strand offices, which is made of iron, but which will no doubt be shortly replaced by a leaden tube, as iron is not found suitable for the purposes of pneumatic conveyance. It ought to be stated, that at present there are two systems of pneumatic tubes in use in the telegraphic service: that of Mr Latimer Clark, which was used for some time before the transfer of the 'telegraphs' by the Electric and International Telegraph Company; and the newer system of Messrs Siemens and Halske of London and Berlin. The tubes run in all directions in the E.C. and W.C. districts, and the stations therein are connected by a double tube, which forms a complete circuit, and has a column of air always passing through it, and which is moved either by pressure or by vacuum, or by both: the diameter of the tube is three inches. The double tube is well compared by Mr Scudamore to a pneumatic railway having an 'up' and 'down' line, and being worked on the railway block system, for which purpose it is fitted with Tyer's patent train signalling apparatus. London is not now the only city in which the pneumatic tubes are used, for the system is in use at Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and other large commercial towns.

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.

CHAPTER XLII.—THE PLAN OF THE ESTATE.

OF all documents in which the mind of man is visible, there is none perhaps so significant of their writers as their Will. All other indentures and agreements are more or less of a temporary nature, or may be abrogated by change of circumstances, but a man's will is his very last act of all, not to be made public till he has deceased, and become indifferent to the opinion of his fellow-creatures, and in it, therefore, he pleases himself alone, and shews his nature as it is. And thus John Milbank's will was proved to be the very reflex of his own disposition: clear, concise, decisive, without condition, or even suggestion, and, in short,

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'The party proposes to take the whole estate,' said Mr Linch, 'so that you will have no further trouble about it: that spinnery, and the gravel-pit, let me tell you, have hitherto been sadly in our way— But there, I daresay you did not even know that you were possessed of those undesirable properties.'

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'Well, at all events, I have brought you the plan of the estate, with every feature of it indicated, so that you may know exactly what you are going to part with.'

'Perhaps I shall not part with it,' said Maggie quietly, taking the plan, which he had unrolled, from his hands, and regarding it attentively, though more to conceal her own emotions than from any interest in the details.

'Not part with it, Mrs Milbank?' snapped the little lawyer. 'Why, this is worse than anything I could have believed of the unbusiness ways of women! It was at your own request, since you preferred to live in this den of a—' I mean, in this very inferior residence, rather than in your charming cottage, that I advertised the place for sale; and now that I have, with great difficulty, secured a purchaser, and on terms, too, that, let me tell you, are, in my opinion, a fancy price, you say: "I shall not part with it," after all!'

'Nay; I said "perhaps," Mr Linch,' said Maggie with a forced smile. 'Pray, give me a little time; let me have an hour or two to make up my mind about this matter.'

'But you have had plenty of time to do that already.'

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The lawyer then hurried away, lest his client should once more exhibit symptoms of change of

purpose, filled with philosophic reflection upon the incapability of even the most sensible of women for knowing their own minds.

Yet Maggie's apparent vacillation had not been without cause. She was ignorant of business, it is true, and had never experienced that interest in her own property which causes most men (though not all) to investigate it with such particularity. When her eyes, therefore, fell upon the plan of the Rosebank estate, she learnt for the first time that in the centre of that little wood which had so dread an interest for her, was a limekiln; and as she read that word, a certain conviction had flashed upon her. She remembered that the spade which John had used that night, and which she had found in the toolhouse, had been stained with whitish earth, which she now recognised for quicklime. Moreover, she called to mind John's expression respecting what he had put away, that 'not until the earth gives up its dead,' would it ever again be seen of men. Those words, she now reflected, ought to have sufficed her, since she had never known him to speak falsely in the least matter or in the greatest; but with this confirmation of them before her eyes, she felt indeed secure. What a sport of circumstance is our poor humanity! How immense the consequences to us that arise from what to others are trifles light as air! That night, a mere dot upon a map had given Maggie greater comfort than if she had been presented with the fee-simple of a county!

CHAPTER XLIII.—IN THE FOREST.

It is twelve years since the eligible offer, upon which Mr Litch so congratulated his client, was made for Rosebank, and accepted, and almost the same period since the widow of John Milbank departed from Hilton, to take up her residence, even its keenest gossips knew not where, except that it was far afield. The locality of her new home is, in fact, only known to two of her old neighbours, her lawyer and his sister. It is in the heart of the New Forest in Hampshire. The house is but little larger than the old cottage, within whose walls so many strange incidents have occurred, and like it, this summer evening, it shews like a bower of roses, so thickly is its garden planted with that flower. A verandah runs round its front, in which old Herbert Thorne is sitting in an invalid-chair, conversing in a low voice with one who is to us a stranger. The engraver is very feeble now, but his mind is still clear, and he enjoys existence as few men of his age can boast of doing. His companion, his junior by some ten years, and who is the clergyman of the parish, regards him from time to time with interest that is evidently personal. For the most part he listens, while the other speaks.

'I attribute it mainly,' says he, 'to a temperate youth, a comparatively early marriage, and especially, that my life has been unconnected with any startling occurrences. It has followed on so evenly, so wholly without incident or excitement, that I miss nothing the absence of which is wont to make old age so irksome. Above all, except at one time, when my first illness overtook me, I have never suffered from anxiety. I enjoy the inexpressible comfort—the want of which makes fathers old before their time—of knowing that when I am gone, my dear ones will not have

material cause to miss me. Maggie will regret her father, Willie his grandfather, but they will neither have to mourn their bread-winner. That is a great consolation, Mr Gresham, and I thank God for it. Willie's going to sea, is my only trouble—nor would even that distress me—for it is better that the boy should have his way, were it not for his mother's sake.'

The rector did not answer, save by a warning pressure of the old man's hand.

Two figures were slowly crossing the lawn in front of them, engaged in earnest converse—the one, a delicate-featured woman, dark and pale, of matured, but still exquisite beauty; and the other, a lad of fourteen or fifteen years, upon whose shoulder her arm lovingly rested. Rather under, than over the average height of boys of his own age, his frame was exceptionally sturdy and well-built; his bronzed frank face, surmounted by brown curling hair, shewed the picture of health, but his eyes were now cast upon the ground in tender sorrow. It was no shame to his manliness, that they were moist with the thought of leaving his mother on the morrow, for his first voyage. When her gaze was not fixed upon him, it rested not upon the glorious prospect of wooded vale and upland that lay immediately beneath them, the solitary far-spreading oaks, the clumps of beech, the herds of deer amidst the fern, but wandered far to the horizon's verge, where glittered a silver streak, which was the Sea.

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The young lad smiled. 'Your selfishness, mother!' interrupted he, and kissed her hand. The tone, the air, the manner, were the perfection of graceful tenderness and appreciation.

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think of that, my boy, sometimes, and picture your poor mother there, will you not?"

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"The Hillock," from which the cry proceeded, was, with its rustic seat and single fir-tree, a very prominent object, and before he reached it, he was the spectator of a curious scene. Besides the widow and her son, there appeared there a third person; a man clothed in rags, and of so swarthy a complexion that the rector did not for a moment doubt him to be one of the numerous gipsies—ordinarily quite harmless, except for their poaching propensities—that haunted the Forest; from his gestures, this personage seemed to be addressing himself with vehemence to Mrs Milbank, when suddenly the boy sprang at his throat, like a dog upon a deer, and dragged him to the ground. Again the cry, this time unmistakably for Help, rose from the widow's lips, and it was answered only just in time. The gipsy, overpowered by the unexpectedness of the attack of his young antagonist, rather than by its force, had already

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In spite of the journey that lay before the widow on the morrow, and of the parting that awaited her, far more trying to her strength than any physical exertion, she never closed her eyes throughout that night. For the second time during her life, the bitter experience was borne in

purpose, filled with philosophic reflection upon the incapability of even the most sensible of women for knowing their own minds.

Yet Maggie's apparent vacillation had not been without cause. She was ignorant of business, it is true, and had never experienced that interest in her own property which causes most men (though not all) to investigate it with such particularity. When her eyes, therefore, fell upon the plan of the Rosebank estate, she learnt for the first time that in the centre of that little wood which had so dread an interest for her, was a limekiln; and as she read that word, a certain conviction had flashed upon her. She remembered that the spade which John had used that night, and which she had found in the toolhouse, had been stained with whitish earth, which she now recognised for quicklime. Moreover, she called to mind John's expression respecting what he had put away, that 'not until the earth gives up its dead,' would it ever again be seen of men. Those words, she now reflected, ought to have sufficed her, since she had never known him to speak falsely in the least matter or in the greatest; but with this confirmation of them before her eyes, she felt indeed secure. What a sport of circumstance is our poor humanity! How immense the consequences to us that arise from what to others are trifles light as air! That night, a mere dot upon a map had given Maggie greater comfort than if she had been presented with the fee-simple of a county!

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upon her, that when matters seem at their very worst, a worse than that worst is still behind. For years, her existence had been peaceful, serene, secure; the secret that had at one time filled her with such misery and disgust had become, to all seeming, absolutely safe, and indeed was so; her Forest-life, passed in the companionship of the old man and the boy, was all that she desired; an evening calm, which, although premature, was inexpressibly welcome, had settled down upon her soul. Then, suddenly, Willie, who had been always so dutiful and gracious, though profiting but indifferently by the studies which Mr Gresham superintended, exhibited a passionate yearning for the profession of a sailor. She was too wise and too unselfish to shew the pangs this cost her; but she knew that when he should have left her home, the sunbeam that lit it up for her would have gone out, and all within it would become cold and gray, till his return. Her passion for his unworthy father, her tenderness and pity for her dead husband, having lost their objects, had, as it seemed, concentrated themselves in one overwhelming affection for the orphan boy. To be about to lose him for years, perhaps for ever, had appeared to her to be the very cruellest shaft which Fate had in its quiver; but now she knew that it had another, barbed far worse, and tipped with poison. Dennis Blake, whom she had flattered herself his own excesses must long ago have destroyed, was alive, and had found out her present retreat—'tracked her out,' as the wretch had said, which implied that he had discovered her by design. From his manner and appearance, it was easy to understand that his fortunes were desperate, and that no exercise of Mr Inspector Brain's authority would now be of avail—even if, indeed, the lapse of time should have left him any power over him. It was true that Blake was at least equally powerless for any active harm; but there was now another channel through which his malice might work evil, which even her apprehensions, when of old she had forecast her future, had omitted to calculate upon. Willie was now no child, as he had been then; at present, he believed implicitly that Maggie was his mother, and John Milbank his father; but he was only too apt to listen to the arguments of others, and to be swayed by them. And, *What if Blake should tell the boy who his father was, and who had killed him!*

At the idea of this, and of the consequences that must needs flow from it, poor Maggie's feelings experienced a complete inversion; so far from bewailing Willie's going to sea, she rejoiced in it, since it would remove him from this man, and put him out of reach of his adder's tongue. That he was about to depart upon the morrow, was now absolutely a source of congratulation. Would to Heaven that he had departed yesterday! If she could only get him safe on board, without letting this man have further speech or sight of him, Maggie felt that she could still, once more, be almost happy.

CHAPTER XLIV.—EMANCIPATION.

Willie's ship, in which he is about to sail this evening from Southampton, is not 'a king's ship'; the ambition of his adopted mother had not aspired for him so high as the royal navy, or perhaps she had flattered herself that his servitude under a

private firm would be easier, and more open to opportunities in the shape of leave. But the boy was 'a midday' for all that, and had a right to wear that child-uniform of the sea, which moves a woman's heart towards its wearer more than plumes and scarlet. How handsome he looked! How proud she felt of him that evening, as she sat close to his side that evening after dinner at the inn. His captain, with whom, notwithstanding her retiring habits, she had contrived to make acquaintance, in hopes to interest him in the boy—for what will not a woman do in the way of 'bother' or trouble in such a cause—had given him leave up to the last moment, and there was still another hour before their parting. She sat with her hand in his, but spoke but little, for her heart was too full for speech. He was going from her for months, it might be for years, among strangers, and in a strange land, when he should be on land at all; and hitherto they had not been separated even for a day. He had been brought up at home, not indeed like a millson, for he was athletic and manly beyond his age, but he had never left the atmosphere of love that surrounded him at the cottage, to breathe the outer air: and now he was about to experience the rough side of life; hardships, and rude companions, and temptations; and she would not be by to cheer, console, or strengthen him. Such were the thoughts that gave to her full right to call herself his mother: there was nought of self pertaining to them. She did not picture to herself—at all events not now—the house all emptied of its inmate, to which she was about to go back; or the long nights when the wind should be up and wild in the forest, and wilder on the sea, when she should lie awake, and listen and pray—perhaps in vain—for her darling's safety: or the long days, which she should begin to count to-morrow, and which would grow longer as the time drew on for his return, if indeed he did return; the eager lookings for a letter from the sea, by every post; the disappointments and delays; the solitude and the evil that were to be. That these were all to come, she was indeed vaguely aware; but for the present Willie, and Willie's future, were all in all to her. The incident of the previous night had given her strength up to this moment—it had made it seem so important to get the boy on board ship, and out of the risk of Blake's gaining speech with him—that all else had been forgotten, but now that he was safe, or all but safe, her grief became a burden such as she could hardly bear.

They had dined royally, or rather Willie and Mr Gresham had dined, while she had made pretence to do so, and the boy, looking forward into life with such expectation as is only possible to youth or madness, and flushed with the unaccustomed good cheer, was in high spirits. His being so at such a time would not have given her pain—for with all her woman's love, she was in all things sensible—but that it reminded her of his father, from whom he had inherited this thoughtless buoyancy, this audacious independence, and then of the man himself—his father. Then once again the fear smote her—supposing between cup and lip there should be a slip still; supposing Blake had tracked them to Southampton, and should intercept them on their way to the ship. She was lying in the docks, more than half a mile away, and such a thing might happen yet. She knew it was a

foolish thought, and strove to drive it from her, but it would intrude itself. When the chimes of the neighbouring church warned them that it was time to depart, it was with trembling steps that, still hand in hand with Willie, she descended the hotel-stairs, and entered the vehicle that was in waiting to take them to the docks. The light from the shop-windows—for it was now evening—flashed upon the gold about his cap, and made him very conspicuous; suddenly he felt his mother's fingers tighten about his own; 'Quick, quick!' exclaimed she. 'We are late: let us go quicker.'

She had caught a glimpse of a slouching figure in the street, which had looked up at them as they passed with unmistakable and malicious recognition. She did not know that this figure was already running, though with vagrant and uncertain step, behind the carriage, but she knew enough to wish from the bottom of her heart that the boy was well aboard. Past the jetties with their waning lights, and by the water-side, where the rays from the ship-lanterns gleamed from their sterns, and quivered in the wave, to the dock-gates, where a great crowd was gathered. It was long after the hour for closing, but some of these were passengers by the vessel about to sail, and some their friends, who wished to see the piteous last of them ere bidding them farewell; and some had no call at all to press within, but were merely curious to see the ship depart. The officials had work enough to keep back the crush, and decide upon who should be allowed to pass, and who excluded, even at the narrow footway which had hitherto alone offered admittance; but at this new arrival, when the larger entrance-gate had to be thrown open to admit the vehicle, their task became difficult indeed.

'Stop, stop that carriage,' cried a hoarse, half-stifled voice behind them, which went like ice to Maggie's heart; 'I want to speak to'—

'Quick, quick!' cried she again. 'That is the ship, driver,' and she stood up, and pointed out the spot, where, amid the comparative darkness of the docks, shone the light of the departing vessel. She knew its place, and it, though she had visited it but once, as well as its own captain, and would behold it for many a day and night, when it should be thousands of miles away, with every spar and sail distinct as she had seen them that morning. Willie, boylike, wondered to see his mother 'in such a fidget,' when there was still time to spare; but he set it down, as he well might, to her disturbance and distress of mind upon his own account. Once again he folded her in his arms, before they reached the ship, where scoffing eyes might chill their last farewell; but though she passionately returned his embrace, her face was fixed upon the road behind them, striving to penetrate the gloom, and mark if they were followed by that slouching figure, whose hateful tones were still ringing in her ears.

The quay, however, was reached by this time where the departing vessel lay, and in it her precious charge was placed in safety.

'God bless you, my boy,' and 'God bless you, mother'—those simple words that are associated with so many a bitter hour of human life—were duly whispered; and then she tore herself away, and with the rector beside her, silent and sympathising, watched from the shore the ropes cast off, the white sails belly in the night-breeze,

the huge ship slowly forge ahead with all her treasure.

'We had better wait a bit, sir,' said the driver of the carriage; 'there's a great crowd at the gates, they tell me, because of an accident that has happened.'

'What accident?' inquired Mr Gresham, not so much from interest in the matter, as because this talk with the driver would leave his companion more completely to himself.

'Well, some drunken man, it seems, insisted on bursting in, just after we came through the gate; and not knowing his road, and being followed pretty sharp by the police, has come to grief—run right into the dock yonder.'

'And was the poor fellow drowned?'

'Why, no, sir: that he scarcely could have been with so many folks about; but, unfortunately for him, the dock was dry at the time, and he fell a sheer forty feet or more, and was killed upon the spot. They're trying to find out whether anybody knows anything about him.'

'I know him,' exclaimed Maggie suddenly.

'You, my dear Mrs Milbank?'

'Yes; I noticed a person, who I believe to be this unhappy man, following us in the street: if it be so, I know who he is: I can identify him. It is my duty to do so, is it not? Then let me see him.'

In vain the rector opposed her; she was resolute to tender her evidence, and she had her will. It was, as she had expected, nay, had hoped (how could it have been otherwise? somebody was dead, then, surely, better that it should be he than any other); it was indeed the body of Dennis Blake, whose bruised and battered face seemed even in death to menace her. When she saw him lying there, however, his sins beyond her judgment, she felt no anger against him more, we may be sure; but it was not in nature that she should not feel relief from fear—Emancipation.

When her boy came home, there would now be no human being that would have the will or power to sunder her and him; to bid him call her by any less loving name than mother; above all, to estrange him from her, as the wife of him who slew his father. Some explanation, indeed, was due to Mr Gresham, who had recognised the dead man for the intruder of the previous night, whom he had ejected from the Hillock; and she gave it, with certain reservations. A time came when she told all to him; and a time afterwards, when it could do no harm to tell it to the world, else it had not been written now. But why anticipate the inexorable years? Let us rather dwell upon that happy hour when Willie came back from his first voyage, and leave him clasped in his mother's arms. With what devouring eyes she gazes on his sunburnt features, and runs her trembling fingers through his hair, and smooths the down upon his smiling lip! How eagerly her ears drink in his animated talk of tropic wonders! With what mutual joy they two set out his store of far-brought presents—these for grandpapa, those for the Greshams, those for their friends at Alston! The boy has forgotten none; least of all, the only woman whom, as yet, he loves—his mother, as, thank Heaven, he deems her.

Yes, Maggie is happy. Happier, on the whole, even when the boy is absent, and she and her old father pass the uneventful Forest days together,

than most of those who, having thrown away their hearts upon such men as Richard Milbank, on life's threshold, have to pay the penalty of their error to its close. The liability which she incurred thereby was heavy indeed, and at one time went near to break her; but the Debt is paid at last, and she is Free.

THE END.

SOME CHEMICAL DISCOVERIES.

THERE were few discoverers of note in chemical science till the middle of last century. Joseph Black of Edinburgh, and Joseph Priestley, were the most eminent discoverers of their time, and may be said to have laid the bases of chemical science as now practised. The name of Homberg stands out among others before the time of Lavoisier. He was the son of a Saxon gentleman, ruined by the Thirty Years' War, who had emigrated to Batavia; but returning to his native country, he passed through the principal German universities, and had acquired for himself a European reputation when invited by Colbert to come to France. The Duke of Orleans appointed him as his physician, and prepared one of the most beautiful chemical laboratories hitherto seen for his use. But his relations with this prince led to disastrous results. When death struck the royal family with repeated blows, many persons were ready to refer these catastrophes to the Duke of Orleans. Poison was talked of, and Homberg was suspected. The king despised these accusations, but they darkened the last years of the chemist. He left a great number of works, for he was an indefatigable experimenter, not excepting the famous attempt, common in those days, of changing mercury into silver.

Grimm, writing on this science, has traced an amusing portrait of another well-known chemist, Ronelle. "His petulance was extreme, and his ideas were expressed without any clearness or precision, so that it was difficult to follow his meaning. These were innocent distractions, but a chemist may have very dangerous ones. Lecturing to a numerous assembly, he once said: 'You see, gentlemen, this kettle on the brasier? Well, if I cease to stir it for a single moment, an explosion will take place which will send us all into the air.' Saying these words, of course he forgot to stir it, and a serious explosion proved the truth of his words."

Correct views of chemistry were long delayed by investigators having, until the days of Black and Priestley, gone upon one erroneous system. All the efforts to decompose organisms led to no results. Distillation, as a rule, destroyed what they wished to separate; and the alchemist wondered why the different substances he tried to analyse were always reduced into water, oil, and gas. All was disorder and confusion like the dark laboratories where they worked, and which Dutch painters have so often reproduced with a mysterious charm.

The simple bodies, to the number of sixty-four, are the elements of modern chemistry. A great number of these have been discovered during the last century; but many, especially the common metals, were known from ancient times. But metals they considered as *composita*. Beecher, who lived in the seventeenth century, regarded iron as a mixture of rust and what he called

sulphur. Stahl, who lived still later, and adopted his ideas, discovered the theory of combustion, founded on the discovery of oxygen gas. An immense influence was exercised at the time when these two simple gases, oxygen and chlorine, were found, and thus revolutionised all previous science.

The celebrated works of Lavoisier, Priestley, Scheele, Dalton, and Wollaston overturned the old theories, and established the distinction between simple and composite bodies, and placed chemical classification on a solid base.

The two extremes of organic chemistry are, on the one hand, the vegetable or living animal; on the other, the four simple bodies, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and azote, which form the tissue of all organised substance, and still subsist when the mysterious principle of life has departed. Elementary analysis is the chemical operation which brings back organised matter to its lowest element; it performs what death itself does, a veritable destruction, a return to primitive inertia. Then comes in the work of grouping and forming into real species the various substances of which bodies are composed, and of which every living thing contains more or less, such as sugar and albumen, which are neither mineral species, such as chalk or flint, nor organised beings, properly so called, but constitute what science calls *immediate principles*.

Take a lemon, for instance, and subject it to analysis; it is not a simple body. By squeezing it, two fresh matters are produced, one liquid, having a sharp sweet flavour, which is the juice; the other solid and odorous, being the rind. Each has to be studied separately. In submitting the liquid part to the process of isolating the matters it contains without making them undergo any alteration, they may be resolved into a certain number of primitive materials; such as citric acid, grape-sugar, and cane-sugar, a substance closely allied to albumen, and the water which holds them all in dissolution. Each of these bodies separated by the first analysis is endowed with constant and definite properties, and cannot be separated into new substances without wholly changing its nature.

The interest which attaches itself to the study of these principles may be conceived without difficulty, as they are the constant and necessary intermediates between the organic and inorganic state. On the one hand is life, on the other death; and to fill up the abyss, an ambiguous world of forms and combinations, where life chooses the agents of its metamorphoses, and where death is constantly seizing upon all the elements which escape vital action. Since man in his studies can only proceed from the simple to the composite, the first step of biology—that is to say, the science of life—must necessarily be the study of immediate principles. A machine cannot be understood without knowing the different mechanisms which move it, and exercise on each other a mutual attraction.

In the works written at the end of the last century, a list is drawn up of the constituent elements of vegetables; for instance, sap, nucua, sugar, albumen, acids, extractives, anidoud, tannin, gluten, colouring-matter, fine oil, vegetable wax, volatile oil, camphor, resin, gum-resin, balm, caoutchouc, lignine, and salt. Fourcroy says that by separating these twenty component parts from a vegetable, you have its exact analysis. In the present day, this whole series is reduced to *two* immediate principles, sugar and starch.

In the interval between 1813 and 1823, a series of interesting experiments was carried on as to the fatty particles of animal origin, which mark an epoch in the history of this science. By the help of successive washings, M. Chevreul succeeded in extracting from fat the principles which compose it. These were named by him stearine, margarine, oleine, which chiefly produce, when associated together, olive-oil, palm-oil, oil of sweet almonds, the fat of the human being, beef and mutton suet, and goose grease. United to certain odorous and analogous compounds, they constitute butter and fish-oil. He afterwards shewed that all these immediate principles may be resolved into one simple substance, named glycerine, and to one acid fat, which is well known as stearine, of which wax-candles are made, and which when mixed with alkalis makes soap. It was thus shewn that a single series of bodies is owing to mixtures in indefinite proportions of a small number of immediate principles, individually endowed with definite properties.

Almost at the same period a new light was thrown on another kind of substances which play a preponderating part in organic chemistry. Alcohol had been long known; the Arabs had extracted it from wine by distillation, and the alchemists had employed it under the name of ardent spirits. Later, it had been found that, by distilling alcohol and sulphuric acid together, a new liquid called ether was obtained. The next discovery was, that other acids give, equally with alcohol, an etherised product; acid of sea-salt and that of vinegar. Beneath all these was contained a general law, which Gay-Lussac was the first to reach: he shewed by analysis the relation which exists between alcohol, ether, water, and a binary substance composed of carbon and hydrogen. These relations have since been generalised; alcohol and ether have become the types of a numerous class of compounds arranged in chemical uniformity. Other discoveries about the same time as to the decomposition of sugar in alcohol and in carbonic acid, under the influence of fermentation, established the first connection between inorganic substances and those less stable compounds which are only met with in the bosom of organic nature.

Missress of these first secrets, the new science made more and more rapid progress; instead of destroying with a single blow organic substances, it learned to decompose them into their constituent parts, and managed this reduction in so skilful and graduated a manner as to traverse one by one all the steps which separate living organisms from physical inertia. In this systematic study, so prodigious a number of bodies were met with, that their classification became a first necessity: it was necessary to enter them into certain families and types, and so to construct a sort of chemical edifice. Two dominant ideas served as guides to the savants in the midst of this chaos: they sought to bind together the laws for the preponderating part which oxygen plays in the combination of bodies; and, in the second place, they discovered that in organic compounds they could extract one by one the molecules of a single body, to substitute those of another simple body, or even of a radical compound. The scale of combustion and the law of substitution thus became the bases of scientific teaching.

On the first point, the eminent chemist Gerhardt

writes: 'The two extremities of the body are occupied on the one part, at the head, with the cerebral matter, albumen, fibrine, and other more complex substances: on the other part, at the foot, by carbonic acid, water, and ammoniacal liquor. An infinity of scales fill up the interval. The chemist, by applying the reaction of combustion to substances placed in the higher scales, descends the ladder, as it were; that is to say, he simplifies them little by little as he successively burns a part of their carbon and hydrogen.'

During the last few years, it has been proved that chemists may apply themselves with success to the artificial formation of bodies which are in some degree the most characteristic of the organic world. The question arose: Can the edifice which has been thrown down by decomposition and analysis, be reconstructed? To begin with one of the most simple efforts—carburet of hydrogen: one of these binary compounds still belongs to the mineral world; it is the gas which escapes from marshes at the bottom of which vegetable matters are slowly decomposing. Contained in those ancient forests, which are now changed into coal-fields, it produces, under the name of fire-damp, dangerous explosions in mines. Up to this period, this compound of carbon and hydrogen, like a great number of other carburets, which are not found isolated, had only been obtained in laboratories, among the products of the decomposition of the most complex organic bodies. Now, it has been reproduced artificially with the simple elements of water and carbonic acid; bodies which belong to inorganic nature.

The point of departure for synthesis, or the putting together again, being thus assured, it remained for chemists to advance from carburets of hydrogen to oxygenised compounds, by reversing the habitual order of their production. This second step leads us to alcohols and the numerous bodies which are derived from them. Under the generic name of alcohol are included all ternary compounds of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen which can unite themselves to an acid by abandoning the water, and thus form a neuter compound named ether, which does not resemble the ordinary salts of mineral chemistry, because it does not obey the same laws of decomposition. The peculiarities of alcohol and ether do not allow of their being assimilated to any class of mineral compounds; they constitute a distinct group, and possess determinate chemical functions. The reconstruction of these from their elements thus becomes indispensable, and chemists have succeeded perfectly in making them artificially.

Where is the chemist who, living fifty years ago, would have believed that, taking for a starting-point the elements of water, air, carbonic acid, azote, and oxygen, it would have been possible to compose substances which have nothing analogous in mineral chemistry, such as the odorous principles of fruits; the irritating essences of garlic and mustard; the waxy matters known under the names of Chinese wax, and that of whales and bees; the vegetable alkalies, similar to morphine, quinine, nicotine; the sweet scent of mint; and the bitter essences, such as camphor; of cinnamon, anniseed; the acids of ants, of vinegar, butter, and valerian; many fat acids, such as benzoïn, sour milk, and sorrel; the azotic matter contained in the bile; the sugar of gelatine spread

over the tissues of animals! All these, and many more, the chemist creates at his will. If he cannot fix in his retorts the vital principle, he can compose the necessary materials for a living being, and form as he pleases a new world of immediate principles which are not met with in any known organisms. Thus the domain of organic chemistry grows wider as the functions of these composite types become better known; and yet, after gaining such a height, more extended horizons spread before it, new worlds await the bold explorer, and it is scarcely possible to assign a limit to its progress.

A FISH IN THE THROAT.

THE vicious practice of putting pins and small pieces of money in the mouth, has often been noticed as leading to dangerous consequences. As few have heard of a similar or even greater danger from trying to hold a live fish temporarily between the teeth, we present the following account of a remarkable incident of this kind, given by a medical practitioner in Madras, in a letter to the *Medical Times and Gazette* of May 3, 1874. Speaking of a visit to the General Hospital, under charge of Dr George Smith and Dr Paul, he proceeds:

One morning, in the midst of the visit, word was brought to Dr Paul that a man had come to the hospital with a live fish in his throat. Accordingly, there was a general move to the verandah, where we saw a coolie, aged about twenty, walking in, supported by a man on either side, breathing with intense difficulty, and in great distress. The story was soon told. He was that morning employed in emptying a tank, and in catching the fish that were left floundering when the water was drawn off. In his eagerness, he had one under each foot, one in each hand, and, to make sure of a fifth, he tried to secure one by taking its head between his front teeth; but the fish was too quick for him, and, wriggling itself free from the teeth, made its way into the pharynx. A fish of the same sort and size was produced; it was like a perch, about four inches long, with a most formidable dorsal fin, the spines of which, when erected by being pushed the wrong way, stood out at least an inch. A finger passed into the throat easily felt the fish. Here was a very pretty case!—but as the first point was to enable the man to breathe, in less time than it takes me to write it, a bed was brought out into the verandah, and he was laid upon it and tracheotomised. Then what was to be done? Pull the fish out! any one would say; but although it was easy to seize the tail, there were the erect spines of the fins, which would have lacerated the parts past recovery had the fruitless attempt been made. Then it was suggested to push the fish down into the stomach; but alas! it lay doubled up with its head to the left, and this could not be done. Then, when this was ascertained, it was hoped that the head might be turned upwards with a blunt hook, and so be dragged out. But the fish would not move. So it was necessary to leave the patient for a few hours—he was breathing freely, and nourished with beef-tea enemata. Next morning it was found that the fish had become decomposed, and was easily broken up into a putrid pulp, some of which made its way into the trachea, whilst the spines offered the greatest obstacle to any removal by the mouth. In

order to afford room for clearing the throat, the wound made in tracheotomy was enlarged upwards through the junction of the alve of the thyroid; but the patient was very exhausted, and died before relief could be given. I believe this accident is pretty well known amongst fishing communities, and that there is a preparation in the museum of one of the Scottish universities shewing a pharynx with the fish impacted. A short time afterwards, the history of just such a case was related in the Indian newspapers as having occurred in Ceylon. It is said that the fish was allowed to putrefy in the pharynx, whence it was ejected piecemeal next day, and that the patient recovered. But in order that such a policy may be successful, the patient must be provided with means of breathing, and the fish should have no spines.

JULY DAWNING.

We left the city, street and square,
With lamplights glimmering through and through,
And turned us toward the suburb, where—
Full from the east—the fresh wind blew.

One cloud stood overhead the sun—
A glorious trail of dome and spire—
The last star flickered, and was gone;
The first lark led the matin choir.

Wet was the grass beneath our tread,
Thick-dewed the bramble by the way;
The hicken had a lovelier red,
The elder-flower a fairer gray.

And there was silence on the land,
Save when, from out the city's fold,
Stricken by Time's remorseless wand,
A bell across the morning tolled.

The beeches sighed through all their boughs;
The gusty pennons of the pine
Swayed in a melancholy drowse,
But with a motion sternly fine.

One gable, full against the sun,
Flooded the garden-space beneath
With spices, sweet as cinnamon,
From all its honeysuckled breadth.

Then crew the cocks from cooling farms,
The chimney-tops were plumed with smoke,
The windmill shook its slanted arms,
The sun was up, the country woke!

And voices sounded 'mid the trees
Of orchards red with burning leaves,
By thick hives, sentinelled by bees—
From fields which promised tented sheaves;

Till the day waxed into excess,
And on the misty, rounding gray—
One vast, fantastic wilderness,
The glowing roofs of London lay.

On Saturday next will commence in this JOURNAL a
Story, in Thirteen Chapters, entitled
THE MANOR-HOUSE AT MILFORD.

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THE MANOR-HOUSE AT MILFORD.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager,
Of great revenue, and she hath no child.

'Here's Milford at last!' cries a young man, sending himself, panting, on the top rail of a low stile that crossed the pathway leading from out a dark fir plantation, along the side of a commanding slope.

It is the afternoon of a bright winter's day; the sun has only just disappeared in a veil of cloud and orange-bordered mist. The hills around are looming indistinctly through a soft haze; down in the valley, wreaths of light vapour are rising from the winding course of the stream. It is a wooded, fertile vale, inclosed by low, warm-looking hills, of a soft rounded form, cultivated to the very tops, and of a light amble soil, now being turned rapidly over by the plough. Here and there, along the bases of the hills, are hop-gardens, recognisable by their stacks of poles in rounded conical piles, resembling in form the regulation bell-tents of the army. Rising gently from the further margin of the river is a low gravelly slope, on which lies a snug comfortable village, of dark stone houses, intermingled with others of red brick, mellowed by age, some with roofs of red tile, others of shining blue slate. The gray tower of the church, from a corner of which rises a single pinnacle, shews over a tangled network of leafless trees. Apart from the village stands a solitary house, with farm-buildings at the side, which even at this distance wears a severe and melancholy aspect.

There have been heavy rains of late, and the river has overflowed its banks, and lies in pools here and there wide of its bed. The white mill and the miller's ivy-covered house are fairly surrounded with water, whilst the big wheel has come to a stand-still, from pure plethora of motive-power. The water has covered the road, too, in a hollow close by the bridge, and has formed a shallow lake, in which trees and hedges stand mournfully out,

washed by the ripples, that course among them with strange unaccustomed splashing.

Our pedestrian quickly descends the path, and gains the highway, but is soon brought to a stand by this impromptu lake, and halts at its margin, gazing doubtfully before him. The water looks chilly and forbidding. He must wade up to his knees to get through it, and the prospect of soaked garments and boots churning with water, is not inviting, this winter's day. His irresolution is of good service to him, for behind him sounds the rattle of wheels, and presently a light butcher's cart and smart bay horse appear, driven by a man in a blue frock.

'Will you give me a lift over?' cries the young man.

The butcher pulls up without a word, nods his head, and takes up his passenger. Then he drives cautiously through the flood, the horse pawing the water nervously. When he reaches firm ground on the slope of the bridge, he whips up his horse, who dashes off at a brisk trot.

'Whereabouts?' cries the laconic butcher, lifting up his thumb interrogatively.

'Royal Oak,' answers the rescued pedestrian.

The *Royal Oak* was the inn that stood by the side of the highway, where the village lane joins it. Butcher pulls up with a jerk opposite the inn, and his passenger jumps out.

'Will you have a glass of ale, butcher?' he cries.

The laconic man in blue nods his head, and they enter the inn together.

It is a raw, unfinished-looking house: in the entrance lobby is a plain deal counter forming a bar, behind which are a few shelves containing bottles, a beer-engine with two handles, some pewter measures, and a number of white earthenware mugs. A slate hangs to a nail from one of

the shelves, and pinned against the wall is a coloured print of a dog lying dead under a beer-barrel, with the inscription: 'Dog Trust is dead; bad pay killed him.' To the left is the inn parlour, a room with sanded floor, furnished with a couple of long deal tables, and a number of Windsor chairs with wooden seats. A cheerful fire is at one end of the room, on the hob of which is simmering a big saucepan. Widow Booth, the hostess of the inn, is sitting warming herself by the fire. A good-looking girl, with soft, creamy complexion, and sensible resolute face, is on the bench behind Mrs Booth, busily tatting away at some well-fingered edging. This is Lizzie Booth, orphan niece of the landlady. The silent butcher joins a little knot of men who are standing at the bar drinking; but the pedestrian passes forward into the parlour, and looks around him.

Besides Widow Booth and her niece, there is a third person in the parlour—a red-faced, red-nosed man, dressed in corduroy trousers and a white slop, a yellow silk handkerchief round his bull-neck, a clumsy cap of rabbit-skins on his head. Between his knees is a large basket of pedlery, chiefly in the crockery-line. He is tempting Widow Booth with a mustard-pot, a bright thing in crinkly ware, with a spoon of the same. 'Suppesing, ma'am,' he is saying, 'that you should happen to have a bit of cold meat for dinner, hew much nicer your mustard tastes in a helegant pot like this, as'd save its cost in a month, ma'am.'

'I don't want it, thank you,' said Widow Booth resolutely. She turned a cold shoulder to the mustard-pot, and devoted herself to the contemplation of the pot that was simmering on the fire.

The pedler divined that her answer was a final one, and turned to the possible customer now entering. 'Wouldn't you buy a nice pair of vases, to take home to your good lady, sir?' he cried, producing a pair of highly gilt and coloured jars.

The new-comer shook his head. 'She ain't come home herself yet, Mr Pedler.'—Then he cried to Mrs Booth, who still kept her eyes fixed upon the hob: 'Don't you recollect me, Mrs Booth? Don't you recollect Tom Rapley? You haven't forgot me, anyhow, Lizzie,' he went on, holding out his hand to that young lady, who gave a little scream of astonishment, and turned a pretty mother-of-pearl pink all over her face. The old lady was a little hard of hearing at times, but Lizzie shook her and shouted into her ear. The widow nodded graciously at Tom, and examined him with critical eye.

Tom has been shaking hands for a long time with Lizzie, and now he sits down on the bench beside her.

'Have you been pretty well since I left, Lizzie?'

'Pretty middling,' replied Lizzie with a soft sigh, which Tom fondly interpreted to mean, 'pinning a little for you.' She looked at him softly, with a kind of dreamy admiration in her eyes. And, indeed, he is a good-looking fellow, with

a nice florid complexion, luxuriant whiskers, a mouth that is good-natured, if a little undecided in expression, and a fine long aquiline nose.

'Did I hear say as Master Tom Rapley had come home?' asked one of the group at the bar, putting his head into the parlour—an elderly man, with scanty grizzled locks, a clear-cut healthy face, and bright intelligent eyes.

'Is that you, Sailor?' cried Tom. 'Why, you look younger than ever. Come in.'

Sailor now introduced the whole of his person into the parlour. He was dressed in a pea-jacket, over a blue worsted jersey, which had a small open-work square in the breast of it. His red comforter shewed just above his jersey; his nether garments were of ordinary corduroy, tied below the knees with string. He was a cheery, hale old fellow, a good worker, and handy odd man, equally fond of a social glass and improving conversation.

'Bless you, I don't worrit myself, I don't,' he replies, in a high cheerful voice; 'so I ain't no call to get old. Well, you have grown a good-looking young chap, Master Tom! I suppose you don't recollect about the hunt we had that time you and young Dick Durden would have it you viewed the hare 'cross the six-acre fild, as turned out to be old Sally Baker's cat—ha, ha!'

The pedler, seeing no further chance of doing any business, drank his mug of ale, and swung his basket on his shoulders. 'You won't let me leave the mustard-pot then, ma'am?' Mrs Booth shook her head. 'Well, have you ne'er a rabbit-skin or two to sell, ma'am?'

'Lizzie!' cried Mrs Booth; but Lizzie was deeply engaged in talk with Tom, and the widow rose herself, and went out, bringing back with her three or four skins, which she sold to the pedler. 'Here, Liz,' she cried to her niece, putting three-halfpence into her hand—'here's your parquise!'

'My! aunt,' cried Lizzie, rousing herself, 'you've never sold all those skins for that? Why, one of them's worth the money.'

Tom looked at her admiringly. Lizzie was evidently sharp at a bargain, and a faculty of that sort is worth as much as a small fortune to a girl, he thought.

'Well, but, miss,' remonstrated the pedler, 'what's them others good for? Shrivelly bits of things, that ain't no account. They ain't a bit of use to me, without it's to mend my old cap.'

'Well, a bargain's a bargain,' cried Lizzie; 'only, it's well you hadn't me to deal with.'

'You wouldn't have done no better, miss.'

Lizzie tossed her head, and walked away to the window, and began to look out, in an abstracted kind of way. Tom followed her, and took up his place beside her.

'Lizzie!' he said in an undertone.

'Well, Tom?'

'Ain't you got anything warmer to say to me than that?'

'It was about as warm as what you said to me.'

'Ain't you pleased to see me back again, Lizzie?'

'My! won't your aunt Betsy be proud of you!' said Lizzie, casting over him a glance that might be appreciative, or might be sarcastic.

'But, are you proud of me, Lizzie! Don't you think I'm improved?'

'Well, you're changed,' replied Lizzie evasively. 'Your whiskers are grown a good bit,' she went on, after a moment's reflection, holding her hands out before her face, as if trying to gauge their length.

'There's one thing I'm not changed in, Lizzie.'

'What's that?'

'You know, Lizzie, don't you?'

'Your nose, perhaps; it isn't any longer, I think, Tom.'

Tom was rather vexed at this: his nose, though a handsome one, hypercritical persons might object to, as over-long for strict proportion. He turned away from the window, with heightened colour. Meanwhile, Sailor settled himself for a yarn about his adventures at sea. Skim leant forward, eagerly intent on putting in his word whenever he could; his experience had been limited, but he made the most of it.

'I remember when we was roun' Cape Horn, and the waves running mountainous high'—

'I've seen 'em worse than that,' cried Skim eagerly. 'Me and another chap was sawing down Upchurch way, and the waves ran right into the pit—drowned us out, they did.'

'Ah! that was the tide,' said Sailor contemptuously. 'You never saw such a sea as when we was roun' Cape Horn.'

'Tell you the waves was right roun' me,' cried Skim. 'I says to my mate: Met, says I, I'll have a wash; and I goes down to the water, as I thought; but lor, it was nothing but lather.'

'Ah!' said the mistress, with reminiscences of Margate in her mind, 'don't they waves foment!'

'Umph!' snorted Sailor; 'you ain't none of you had no experience of the sea. If you'd a roun'd Cape Horn, and seen the waves! There was a storm that blowed that violent as you have no idea of. It was all hands to shorten sail, and me and Jack Waters'—

'That was Jack's widow as died a year ago last spring,' cried Skim, almost in a shout, so eager was he to plunge into the stream of talk. 'Tell you I carried her things about time her sale was.'

Skim's harsh voice drowned the lighter tones of Sailor, who cut off his yarn in despair, and listened, in a resigned disappointed way, to Skim's description of Widow Waters's sale.

Lizzie had gone back to her station by the window, and Tom, drawn by a sort of irresistible attraction, had followed her.

'Then you are glad I'm come back?' he began weakly.

Lizzie nodded. Time was short, after all, and it was not well to be too coy.

'You ought to know what there is about me that isn't changed—it's my heart, Lizzie.'

She sighed softly, but made no reply.

'Do you remember,' cried Tom, 'the last time we met, over at the stile by the fir plantation, on the field-path to Biscopham?'

Tom's pretence of looking out of the window was a very shallow one. He had turned away from the prospect outside, and was ardently gazing into Lizzie's face. She was looking downward, curiously regarding the hem of her apron. Sailor, Skim, and the mistress were sitting with their backs to the window, absorbed in their discussion; whilst stolid Butcher, who had uttered not a word, but who had absorbed more than his fair share of the ale, had fallen asleep with his head on the table, forgetful of horse and cart, and was sleeping stertorously. Nobody thought of Tom and Lizzie. It was just the same as being alone. Lizzie's face gradually approached Lizzie's pink cheek, which didn't seem repelled from the contact—she thus expressing what a woman's coyness inclines to decline uttering in words.

Just at that moment, a black heavy object seemed to intrude itself between them, and something rapped fiercely at the window-pane. It was the butt-end of a driving-whip; and Tom saw, in dismay, that a carriage had stopped opposite the window, and that a lady, who sat in the driver's seat, was prodding vigorously at the window with her whip-handle.

'O my!' cried Tom, with a shudder of dismay, 'here's Aunt Betsy!'

Aunt Betsy was in a four-wheeled chaise, with a male companion. It was a very old chaise, with a leathern hood over the front seat, and a little perch behind, that seemed cut off altogether from human sympathy, very brown and rusty, its iron frame protruding at all the folds of the leather-work. The horse in the shafts was a young one, with long shaggy coat, and fetlocks fringed with coarse hair.

Lizzie and Tom were a long way apart by this time, both looking very red and flurried; but Lizzie followed Tom with a reproachful glance as she saw him vanish without making his adieux, and run out to greet his aunt.

'Well, aunt, how do you do?' said Tom hurriedly. 'I got Butcher to give me a lift over the flood, and so I went in here to treat him to some ale, and I staid a few minutes, and—Hollo, it's Mr Collop. How do you do, sir?'

Tom came to a full stop; his aunt regarded him with a cold stony stare, that seemed to freeze up his powers of speech; her companion, a tall, thin elderly man, with thin pursed-up lips, hollow eyes, and prominent spade-shaped nose, threw up the whites of his eyes, and shook his head solemnly.

Aunt Betsy was a stern, rigid-looking woman, dressed in a black silk poke bonnet, a brown stuff dress, with little hard black buttons sprinkled over it. She had a thick faded Paisley shawl closely folded round her neck, and wore black kid gloves, the knuckles and finger-joints of which were stretched and swollen. She had the face of a hawk, a fierce hooked nose, and prominent cheek-bones, which shewed through the yellow parchment skin that was drawn tightly over them. Her cold gray eyes looked out from a network of minute wrinkles, and she had a way of staring steadfastly at people, as if they were almost invisible with the naked eye, and could only be recognised by a fixed attentive stare.

'Thomas,' she said, after a pause, 'have you come to see me, or have you come to see the Royal Oak? You can make your choice, you know.'

'O aunt, I only just'—

'Hundreds of young men have gone to destruction through only justing, Thomas. Jump up behind, and come home with me.'

Thomas crawled into the small perch behind, and settled himself—his knees almost up to his chin, his nose flattened against the leathern hood—conscious that the whole company he had just left were gazing out of the window at him—Sailor, Skim, the butcher's red face, Widow Booth with her gray locks, and last of all Lizzie, contemptuously smiling. Yes, he owned himself a craven, to desert her so readily at Aunt Betsy's nod!

Aunt Betsy's chaise passed through the village of Milford, and presently took to a narrow sandy lane, and by-and-by drew up before an ancient stone house, once the manor-house of the village, but now known simply as Milford's. The house fronted the lane with a solemn-looking gable of curved outline, built of the hard gray stone of the neighbourhood, pierced with mullioned windows; over the windows, projecting dripstones, in shape like the top of a capital T. A wing projected at right angles from the south end of the gabled part, and in the corner, now in deep shadow, was the hall-door. Above this angle, rose a massive chimney-stack, adorned with handsome brick mouldings, that gave an air of dignity to the house. Behind this recessed wing was a projecting outbuilding, containing a back-kitchen, wash-house, and scullery, with a bedchamber above, a modern addition to the house; and beyond this was the garden, with numerous gooseberry-bushes, and raspberry vines, and a few rows of desolate-looking winter cabbages. From the gable-side of the house, a low wall was continued flush with the lane which formed one side of the straw-yard; behind which were stables and cowsheds, now little used, and falling out of repair. Above these peered the ancient roof of the hop-kiln, with a white cowl at the top, with a long vane standing out of it, that veered to and fro with the wind, creaking mournfully. A handsome clump of trees shewed in the background a soft and delicate screen of twig and branch.

'Jump down, and hold the horse, Thomas,' cried Aunt Betsy.

In the meantime, who is Aunt Betsy, and who is Tom Rapley?

Aunt Betsy was the elder of two sisters—daughters of a small smock-frock farmer—who had married, the one a shopkeeper, the other a farmer and maltster. The tradesman's wife gave birth to Tom Rapley. Aunt Betsy's union with Rennel, the sporting farmer and gay maltster, proved unfruitful. Mrs Rapley's marriage turned out badly; her husband drank away his character and capital, and ended his days as shopman to an old apprentice, one Collop, who employed him more out of charity, as it seemed, than that the broken-down man was of any use. He survived his wife, however, who died in the middle of their troubles. Tom, the son, had served his time with Collop, and in due course, went to a big draper's shop in London, and became the smart shopman we have just seen.

Aunt Betsy's fate was more propitious: her husband, indeed, was as little of an exemplary character as her sister's, but he had quite another sort of person to deal with; a vigorous, capable woman, fully alive to her own interests, and with a firm hand to maintain them. The reins that

fell from her husband's trembling fingers, she seized and retained. Thanks to her, her husband died in the odour of outward respectability, and left his stock plenishing and household goods intact to her careful disposal. Under her management, the business thrived and increased, till Aunt Betsy became the richest farmer and largest capitalist in all the county. Not that she made her money out of the Manor Farm; clever as Mrs Rennel was, she was not clever enough to make much money out of farming; but from her hops, which she had planted and grown successfully for many years; from her malt-houses, which she had established all over the county; and also out of Collop's shop in the High Street of Biscopham, for which she had originally found the capital. With her, money had bred money.

Collop the shopkeeper was a widower, and had made many ineffectual attempts to induce Aunt Betsy to marry him. He had an only daughter, a clever and virtuous, but extremely ugly girl. Mrs Rennel was not to be won. She had a great respect for Collop, and employed him constantly in her affairs, but she wasn't going to set him or any other man in authority over her.

One consideration, however, greatly troubled Aunt Betsy. There must come a time when she would be obliged to renounce the care and arrangement of all her affairs; she couldn't expect to live for ever. Aunt Betsy had been fighting so long for her own hand, that she had not the slightest wish to benefit any one else by her acquisitions. She loved her own possessions, the comfortable house, the good farm that she had bought and paid for with her own money. She loved her chests of linen; her wardrobes, filled with good clothes; her well-polished furniture, and fat feather-beds, but it was with a jealous exacting love, to which it was a cruel pang to realise that these objects of her affection must eventually be enjoyed by some one else. Aunt Betsy had not been a religious woman during her prosperous career; but of late years she had been much taken with the tenets of a sect, popularly known as the 'Tomorrow-morningites,' the leading tenet of which was, that the world was to be destroyed and renovated at a very early date, perhaps to-morrow morning. A small remnant of people—those who accepted the belief of the Morningites—were to be saved from destruction, and to become the heirs-general of humanity.

This foolish faith was in itself so pleasing to Aunt Betsy, that she accepted it with an alacrity that was a wonderful contrast to her caution in other matters. When she saw the young, the happy, and the sociable, and contrasted the bright warm lives of some people with her own sordid contracted existence, it was perhaps a solace to her to believe that this would hereafter be redressed, and that all these thoughtless happy people were destined to be cut off and destroyed, whilst she should be snatched like a brand from the burning. No awkward wrench in her life: no parting with pleasant possessions, and going out into the cold gloom of death: everything was to go on prosperously with her as of old.

Not that she was always steadfast to this fond belief. There were times when the realities of life obtruded themselves, ghastly witnesses, and would not be denied. Then she saw herself unlovely and, unloved, sinking to an unregretted grave, no

human soul caring one way or the other, except for that which she might leave behind. Then, with a pang, she thought of how others would live easy, comfortable lives on that which had cost her a life of pain and toil to acquire, and yet how to arrange matters so that her death should not benefit a single human creature, it was hard to contrive. Not that facilities were wanting: every morsel of this accumulated wealth of hers was at her disposal; lawyers were waiting to do her behests in life, judges and solemn courts held themselves in readiness to see that every jot of her bidding should be done after her death. And yet she found it difficult to determine what these behests should be.

At these times of gloom and doubt, another sort of fear possessed her. She had a great dread and terror at the thought of being buried alive. Her memory was well stored with incidents of this ghastly nature. She realised vividly and with exaggerated accessories, the horror of such a death, and yet she confided her fears to no one, and she was doubtful as to whether any directions she might leave would be faithfully carried out. Who would care when once she was gone?

She was a wary old dame, too, this Aunt Betsy, and was fully alive to the danger latent in any extraordinary testamentary dispositions that might give rise to suspicions of the testator's sanity. The world, she knew, would scoff incredulously both at her beliefs and fears, would call her a mad old woman for her pains; and that was an all-sufficient reason why she should keep everything to herself.

All this time we have left Tom Rapley standing by the head of his aunt's horse, an animal who was far from shewing any disposition to run away. Despite his grandeur of appearance, and the good opinion Tom had of himself, he couldn't keep up his dignity before his aunt and Collop. To them he was still the mere boy, the disobedient, troublesome orphan, the refractory, unprofitable apprentice.

'What have you done with your luggage, Thomas?' cried Aunt Betsy. 'Carrier going to bring it—he'll charge you sixpence for it. Why couldn't you bring it yourself? Always high and mighty, Thomas, and nothing to keep it up with. You'll never have a penny from me, Thomas. Ridiculous ape you've made of yourself.—Look at him, Collop.'

Collop looked at Tom with sour abstracted gaze. 'What's your turnover a week?' he said at last.

'At our establishment? Oh, about a thousand!' cried Tom grandly.

'Ah, a very good business that! And what does your master think about you?'

'Oh, I don't know; he's going to give me a rise this Christmas.'

'And how long holiday has he given you?'

'Oh, a week,' said Tom.

'If I were you,' said Collop, 'I should go back a few days before the time, and tell your master you were too zealous for his interests to stop away longer.'

'That would be ridiculous,' said Tom.

'Tom, you're a fool!' said his aunt. 'Take the pony round to the stables, and tie him up; and, Tom, you'd better out some chaff for him; I don't think there's any done—and then, come in to tea. We've got a visitor—here Aunt Betsy tried to

assume a knowing kind of smile—'somebody you used to be very fond of before you left.'

Tom couldn't think who that could be. He hadn't been fond of anybody, lately, except Lizzie Booth, and it wasn't likely that his aunt had invited her to tea. But he took the pony up the lane to the stables, and being a youth very fond of animals, he spent half an hour pleasantly in attending to the pony.

Collop and Aunt Betsy had entered the house, and were talking earnestly together. Collop had cautiously handed to Mrs Rennel a bag containing specie, at the same time earnestly warning her against keeping the same in the house. No one slept at the manor but Aunt Betsy; the female servant she kept going back at night to her own house in the village.

'Do be advised by me,' said Collop, 'and let the money remain in the bank in my name.'

'Well, there's no danger as long as Tom is here,' said Aunt Betsy.

'But when Tom goes? Do be persuaded, Mrs Rennel, now, pray.'

'I can't abide people sleeping in the house.'

'Then why don't you get some labouring man and his wife to sleep in the outbuilding? There's a door between the upper room and your kitchen chamber, but that might be easily fastened up. The man would look after your garden and pony in his leisure time, and you'd let him have the place rent-free for his pains, and then he'd be at hand; if you wanted anything, you'd only have to knock for him.'

Aunt Betsy rather liked this idea, and took Collop over the house to see how it could be arranged. As this old manor-house is the scene of the greater part of our story, it is well that you should thoroughly understand its plan and construction. The gabled wing was the oldest part of the house, and had evidently formed a portion of some much larger mansion. This contained on the ground floor Mrs Rennel's parlour, a staircase to the upper rooms, a small lobby, and a large storeroom. These latter had once been the hall of the more ancient house, and shewed here and there traces of fine oaken panelling. Two large bedrooms above still bore the names of the hall chamber and the parlour chamber. The other wing, built a century or so later, but still of a respectable antiquity, contained a fine roomy kitchen, with a noble hearth and chimney, now nearly all bricked up; a small mean modern grate, with an oven and boiler, occupying the place of a range where once huge spits had revolved and vast joints and fat capons had roasted simultaneously before a capacious sea-coal fire. In one corner was a door, that opened on a stone staircase, which led to the cellars under the ancient part of the house. At the foot of the stairs was a well, covered with a stone slab, a wall reputed to be of fathomless depth—the water from which, bright, and cold, and sparkling, was drawn by a force-pump in the kitchen. Much of Aunt Betsy's celebrity for butter and cheese in former days had been due to the quality of the spring-water, and to the cool equable temperament of these cellars, which she had then used as a dairy. They were now almost empty. A few old frames of hop-bins stood in one corner, and from the roof hung some dry geranium roots, that had long been stored there, and forgotten. A small jug of milk, and a few

tea-cakes on a plate, were all the solid and liquid stores now visible.

There were two chambers above the kitchen, accessible by a back staircase, and then came the outbuilding, which will hereafter be more particularly described. There was nothing remarkable about the farm-buildings, except the barn, which was built in a very strong and massive way. Rumour said that this barn had once been the banquetting-hall of the former house, and certain carved oaken beams in the roofing seemed to countenance the idea that it had once been devoted to other uses. Rumour, too, spoke of subterranean passages from the old house to the barn, and also to the churchyard; and there was an unauthenticated story of a priest who was said to have been forgotten whilst hiding in one of these passages, and to have died a long lingering death of starvation. Such stories, however, gather about old houses as naturally as cobwebs and ivy, and none of the well-informed, respectable inhabitants of Milford put any faith in them.

When Collop and Aunt Betsy had examined the arrangement of the outbuilding and its communication with the kitchen chambers, they returned to the parlour, and continued their discussion.

'Yes, I think it would do very well,' said Aunt Betsy; 'I should feel more comfortable, I own. But there would be a difficulty in finding a man to exit me.'

'I think I know of one,' replied Collop. 'A man who lives in the village—a rough fellow, but honest, I really believe.'

'His name?' asked Aunt Betsy.

'The name he always goes by,' said Collop, shifting his eyes uneasily, 'is Skim.'

Aunt Betsy knitted her brows, and threw a searching glance at Collop, who bore it with apparent unconcern.

'Yes,' she said, 'I have heard about him. Well, Collop, if I can oblige you, as well as benefit myself, I don't know why I should not. Here comes Emily; I see, and Susan with the tea-things. I shall send Emily to call Tom.'

Tom came in presently, looking rather sulky. Emily had always been his particular aversion. It was a pity, for she was a very good girl; but she had weak eyes, a mottled, jaundiced complexion, was rather lame, and had no more figure than a hop-pocket. But Aunt Betsy was quite facetious about the two all tea-time, and rallied Tom about Emily, and Emily about Tom, till the pair could hardly look one another in the face. The idea of marrying Emily was a melancholy prospect for Tom; and yet, so strong-willed and determined was his aunt, that she feared she would eventually compel him to do it, if she had set her mind upon it.

It appeared that she had set her mind upon it, for, after Collop and his daughter had gone, Aunt Betsy thus addressed her nephew, as he was taking his candle to go to bed: 'Collop and I have been talking things over, and we have come to this conclusion: you and Emily are to be married, and your father-in-law is going to take you into the business. So no more *Royal Oaks* and barnyards! Do you hear?'

'You can't expect me to make up my mind all of a minute,' said Tom, who really hadn't the courage to fly directly in his aunt's face.

'Pooh! You haven't got a mind, Thomas; you're a fool altogether, a vanity-stricken, empty-headed

creature! Be guided by me, and you may live decently and respectably, with a quiet, affectionate wife, to keep you out of mischief. But go your *Royal Oak* ways, if you please, and steer for destitution; you'll have no help from me.'

Tom was a good deal moved by his aunt's words: he couldn't help owning that there might be prophetic wisdom in them. Perhaps, if Emily had not been so very ugly, Tom's fidelity to his Lizzie might have wavered.

But, as it was, Tom made up his mind to disregard his aunt's warnings. He had plans of his own. He had saved a little money, and a fellow-shophman of his, a speculative but not over well-principled young fellow, who possessed two hundred and fifty pounds, had proposed to him to put their capital together, and open a shop in Holborn. Tom had mapped it all out in imagination: he was to live over the shop, having first made Lizzie his wife. She was a good manager; and they were to keep house for the partner and the assistants. Tom had visions of himself as a prosperous trader, with a handsome, dashing wife at his side, driving out on jaunts into the country, or going to the play in the evenings. A prospect far superior this to the dull shop in the quiet town of Biscopham, living under the rule of his aunt and old Collop, and with Emily tied to his side. Yes, he was determined to have his own way, but still the old woman's words stuck in his mind, and made him very uncomfortable.

Collop, who had driven over in a hired vehicle, on his way home called at a cottage in the village, and asked to see Skim. He was not at home; but Mrs Skim went to look for him, and brought him home presently, a little the worse for liquor.

'I've got you a place, Skim,' said Collop, with whom this man seemed to be familiar: 'I've got you a place with Mrs Remmel. House, rent free; and nothing to do for it except to dig in the old lady's garden every now and then, and to see where she had a fancy for hiding her papers.'

'And what shall we get for the job?' said Skim doubtfully.

'Well, you see,' said Collop, 'I allow you as much as I can afford, but—'

'What's five shillings a week to a gentleman like you!' cried Skim.

'But, consider the house, rent-free.'

'Ah! and break my back over the old lady's garden. No, no; I don't reckon that at anything. Taint worth talking about.'

'You shall have a half-crown extra for a time.' The pair had a good long talk together as to Skim's future proceedings, during which, Emily, who was sitting outside in the phaeton, got quite benumbed with cold.

Notwithstanding his perplexities, Tom enjoyed his holidays, and staid them out to the last. He dazzled his old friends at Biscopham by his smart neck-ties and fashionable apparel. He talked grandly of the offers he had of going into business; and sat upon the counter at Collop's shop, and chatted with the shophman with all the air of a future master. But one or two surreptitious walks with Lizzie settled the matter with Tom. His aunt coming down to breakfast on the day he left for town, found a note from him, stating that he had thought the matter over, and respectfully declined her proposals for his welfare. He informed her, also, that he had been married that

morning to Lizzie Booth, and hoped she would give them her blessing and good wishes.

Aunt Betsy took it very quietly, but she sent for a lawyer forthwith, and made her first will.

CHARITABLE WORKS OF WOMEN.

WHATEVER may be the differences of opinion respecting 'women's rights,' and the 'learned professions' which they may follow, there can be no doubt that single women with time at their disposal, and with a fancy for doing some practical good, may advantageously employ themselves in various ways for the prevention and assuagement of human suffering. There, we think, they have a proper field of duty. We remember seeing, with much satisfaction, the devotedness of the Sisters of Charity in the great hospital at Lyons. Some were acting as nurses of the sick, some as dispensers of drugs, some as cooks, some as house-servants; all according to their respective tastes and capacities. Everything was gone about quietly. There was no parade of fashionable dress. The guiding principle was seemingly a meek sense of duty, and the duty was done.

It is not in our province to make remarks on denominational characteristics. Inquiry into the association of women on a religious basis, be it Roman Catholic or Protestant, is not our *role*. We let all do as they like. That good may be done by united effort, is unquestionable; but there is no reason why much may not be effected by individuals, as taste or fancy suggests. The world is broad enough for all. What cases we have known of daughters sacrificing youth and its gay prospects to succouring and cheering aged mothers plunged in adversity, of sisters toiling and wearing themselves out to help brothers languishing and friendless! There is truly much good in the world unostentatiously performed by women, which the world never hears about. It would be but a narrow policy to inquire into motives, or attempt to square everything off according to some sectarian canon. When the sick are attended to, the abject raised, waifs recovered, the aged and friendless soothed, let us be thankful, and ask no questions.

Latterly, there has been a stir in the direction now indicated. While many English women have, to all appearance, been thinking of lofty and fantastic coiffures, and copiously bunching dresses, or wasting existence on visionary sensationalism, a good number have evidently settled down to works of charity and mercy; each selecting some special objects of solicitude. It cannot but be known, that Maria S. Rye and Miss Lewin adopted a plan for assisting governesses to emigrate. Since commencing operations twelve years ago, they have found honourable occupations in the colonies for about a hundred and seventy governesses, who might otherwise have been pining out their lives in the home country. Encouraged in her good work, Miss Rye widened her sphere of operation, and set about gathering homeless 'gutter children,' and taking them in batches to Canada, where she had a Home prepared for them. The project was eminently successful. The children, after passing through a course of instruction and discipline, are eagerly sought for as 'helps' in respectable families, and a number of them are adopted. We learn from a little book, entitled

Facta, non Verba (Deeds, not Words), which describes the benevolent efforts of this and several other ladies, that Miss Rye 'has crossed the Atlantic no fewer than fifteen times, and has succeeded in finding respectable homes and occupation for twelve hundred girls.' But this is not all; she has made three voyages to Australia and New Zealand, and there procured situations for fifteen hundred female servants. Speaking of her success in providing homes for poor children in Canada, a newspaper of that colony says: 'Miss Rye's scheme goes to the root of the social misery that afflicts the poorest classes in Britain. It takes away its lost and orphan children before they grow up into an ignorant, idle, and vicious, and, therefore, dangerous class of society. It transplants them here, where they find homes, and are cared for and trained up in useful and industrious habits, becoming part and parcel of our own people.'

The next instance of what can be done by women, is that of Annie Macpherson, whose philanthropic efforts, prior to 1866, were chiefly expended among the agricultural labourers of Cambridgeshire. Then we hear of her being busy in instructing the poorer class of children in one of the meanest parts of London, where hundreds of little creatures pick up a scanty subsistence by making match-boxes; some of them, not more than four years of age, toiling to support thriftless mothers, or besotted drunken fathers. From less to more, Miss Macpherson resolved on carrying out a project similar to that of Miss Rye. Her operations, however, were chiefly confined to the emigration of orphan boys, 'street Arabs.' In May 1870, she took a hundred of these poor children to Canada, where they were absorbed in the families of respectable farmers and tradesmen. Returning to England, she crossed the Atlantic a second time; on this occasion taking a band of young girls and young widows, whom she had been invited to bring out. After making arrangements for receiving fresh batches of poor children, she again returned to England, and has since been occupied carrying off a series of detachments. To quote from the work already referred to: 'Miss Annie Macpherson has crossed the Atlantic ten times, taking with her no fewer than one thousand eight hundred of the wild street Arabs of the east end of the metropolis. These she has not only placed in respectable families in Canada, but has established an agency there, of unpaid co-operators, who watch that the boys are well taken care of, and in case they lose their situations by any accidental cause of their own or their employers', immediately find them other occupation. It will thus be seen that as many as three thousand children have been taken from the gutters and back slums of London, and placed in comfortable and respectable homes in the new country. All honour to these women! The only fear we have is, that their efforts to relieve parents of their obligations may help to encourage improvidence, and as regards the dissolute, increase the attractions of London as a *Drum*. This was lately pointed out by us in reference to numerous public charities in London and elsewhere. Charitable efforts, whether by individuals or societies, are only commendable when they do not tend to create the miseries which they are designed to assuage. That seems to be the only safe and proper test for general guidance.

Next, we have the self-sacrifice of Mary Merryweather, who devotes herself to instructing and morally elevating the girls of a large factory at Halstead. She gets up a free evening school, reads, teaches, and with mildness tries to reclaim the disorderly. The girls were difficult to deal with, but the adult women were worse, for, like the men, they frequented the public-houses, and wasted their time and money. It was an uphill job to counteract these depravities, but she did it. 'Another attraction against which Miss Merryweather had particularly to work were the penny dances, which were, of course, accompanied with immoderate drinking and low songs, and were generally got up in public-houses. By degrees, however, she contrived to induce the women to leave them.' We have not space to narrate all the good deeds of this benevolently disposed woman. Let it suffice to say, she 'has superintended the education and training, as well as the direction, of three hundred and twenty-three nurses, each in her way as efficient as a first-class Sister of Charity.' Apart from which fact, 'the nursing of several first-class hospitals is under her management, as well as the poorer and most squalid districts of London.'

Now comes practical benevolence of a different kind. It is the devotion of Johanna Chandler to the poor persons afflicted with paralysis and epilepsy. She began by attending to the case of a carpenter, helplessly stricken with paralysis, whose wife was dying of consumption, and both in a state of poverty. There was a blessing on her efforts. From one thing to another, Miss Chandler 'established and organised a Convalescent Hospital, now doing an immense amount of good.'

Our next heroine, Elizabeth Gilbert, is of a different category. Born in the lap of luxury, she was, at four years of age, prostrated with scarlet fever, from which she recovered only with the total loss of sight. Under this heavy affliction, she was not daunted. With acute intelligence, she pursued her education, and became skilled in music, as well as in the French, German, and Italian languages. Her own infirmity led her to take a deep interest in the condition of the blind. She organised a staff to look after them, established a dépôt in London to find them work, conducted plans for their education, and now, through her various agencies, 'nearly one thousand blind people have in great part placed in their hands the means of supplying themselves by their own labour with the necessaries of life.' One of the specialties of her benevolent efforts has been to provide work for poor blind persons in their own homes throughout the country. The operations of the society she has established extends over twenty counties in England. That estimable lady will have her reward.

We almost daily read of death-rate. In some towns it is much higher than in others. Bad drainage, impure air, deficient house accommodation, cold and wretchedness, are predominant causes of a high death-rate. In almost all such cases, the mortality is principally among children. Adverse circumstances in large towns kill them off rapidly. In some of the close and meaner suburbs of London, through want of warmth and attention, only one child in five reaches five years of age. A shocking account of the population this! It is the more distressing from a considera-

tion of the fact, that every benevolent attempt to succour the poor tends to aggravate their dissoluteness and improvidence, by teaching them to rely on extraneous assistance. Foundling hospitals, for example, were well meant, but they created the evil they were appointed to avert. Much the same thing, we fear, must be said of what the French call the *crèche*, a word signifying the crib or manger. There are various *crèches* in Paris. They are places where women may leave their infants to be attended to during the day, while they go out to some employment. It is a cheap and handy way for mothers getting rid of the trouble of taking care of their children. Only it is a bad and unnatural way, and society must be pronounced to be in an unwholesome state when expedients of this kind are resorted to. How far they should be encouraged, is a perplexing question. The *crèche*, as we gather from the work already quoted from, has gained a footing in London. Through the well-meant exertions of Mrs Hilton, a Quakeress lady, an establishment of this description has been set on foot in the poorest part of Ratcliff, and gives accommodation to more than a hundred infants. Will it not in some sort have mischievous consequences? That is a question to be answered.

Mary Carpenter offers a brilliant instance of feminine and well-considered benevolence. Beginning with the establishment of a reformatory school at Bristol, forty years ago, she may be said to have consecrated her life to the work of social melioration. Her labours are, perhaps, best known in connection with female education in India. She has visited that distant part of the empire three or four times, and stimulated measures for instructing native women, as a means for raising the mental culture of the whole population. Deeply imbedded prejudices were to be overcome, but her task, though difficult, has to a certain extent been successful. Reformatory and Industrial schools for boys and girls, a working-man's club and reading-rooms, are numbered in Miss Carpenter's miscellaneous undertakings. It would need a book to describe her pilgrimages, her labours, and all the practical good she has aimed at. England has reason to be proud of Mary Carpenter.

How to reclaim the intemperate in the dens of Westminster, was the self-imposed mission of Adeline Cooper. Her schemes to wean men from drink, her trouble in getting up a temperance club, her labours among a humble class of easter-mongers, her institution of a penny-bank, her exertions in establishing a model lodging-house, all testify to her philanthropy. Miss Cooper is now Mrs Harrison, and deserves thanks for her many and useful exertions.

The list of women actively employed on philanthropic schemes might be indefinitely extended. We can only glance at the labours of Miss Sarah Robinson, who has done immense good among the wives and families of soldiers—of Miss Weston, who has been equally energetic as regards sailors on their arrival from abroad, and creating among them habits of temperance—of Mrs Wightman, whose sphere of usefulness in the way of reclamation has been at Shrewsbury and its neighbourhood—of Mrs Meredith, whose efforts have been exerted on female ticket-of-leave convicts, and supplying them with honest occupation—of Miss

Mary Whately (daughter of the late Archbishop Whately), who having gone to Cairo, for the benefit of her health, there occupied herself in instructing and Christianising poor Mohammedan children—of Miriam Harris, a Jewish lady, who has endeavoured to improve the poor children of the Hebrew community—of Miss Octavia Hill, who has addressed herself to the work of reforming the dwellings of the poor—and of a benevolent 'quiet-looking little Scotchwoman,' whose name has not transpired, but who signalises herself by waiting at an early hour in the morning at the doors of the metropolitan prisons, in order to speak to female prisoners on their liberation, and induce them to withdraw from the evil associates who are in attendance. Brave little woman! May success crown thy meritorious efforts!

After what we have said, need any one insist on the 'Rights of Women?' In the language of a popular 'Hymn' these rights are:

The RIGHt the wanderer to reclaim,
And win the lost from paths of shame;
The RIGHt to comfort and to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

Are these thy RIGHts?—then use them well,
The holy influence none can tell;
If these are thine—why ask for more?
Thou hast enough to answer for!

W. C.

SEA-TELEGRAPHY.

It was not until the reign of Charles II. that signals were considered necessary in our navy. At this time, a series of signs of the most arbitrary character was established, which required a drawing of the whole ship for their record: they consisted for the most part of various-coloured flags, 'hung out,' as it was termed, in different parts of the ships, and they merely conveyed stereotyped instructions to the fleet.

Things remained much in this state until the close of the last century, up to which period there was no system of telegraphy over the sea. The antiquated arrangements continued; more flags were added, and displayed about the ships without any order or method, and commanding-officers were unable to communicate anything but pre-arranged orders. In 1780, however, Kempenfeldt, the gallant officer who lost his life in the *Royal George* at Spithead, brought the existing arrangements in the navy into something like system. He took the signals then used, and brought out a book with the flags down one side of the margin, and the messages printed opposite the marginal flags. As yet, however, it had never struck anybody how much simplicity and advantage would be gained by employing numbered or lettered flags, and using them in combinations; Lord Howe, in 1792, could only make one hundred and eighty-three signals to his fleet; and no single ship could make more than sixty-eight pre-arranged messages. About the year 1799, the flags were numbered for the first time. The existing flags were taken with some modifications, and numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, to 10; and with these ten flags, three hundred and ten set messages could be sent by the admiral of the fleet; but private ships could only make to him eighty. All this time, there was not the slightest preparation for, or attempt to send messages not pre-arranged.

Before shewing how we fell into a system of sending imprudent messages over the sea, we must refer to what happened on land. It was war which brought about the next advance in telegraphy. During the Revolution in France, the rapid movements of the French army turned men's minds to some method of conveying messages to and from armies at greater speed than had hitherto been possible. In 1795, M. Chappé invented his semaphore, which was used with immense effect by the Revolutionary army. That semaphore consisted of an upright beam and a cross-beam turning on a pivot. At each end of the cross-beam there were two other cross-beams on pivots; very numerous signs could be made by the revolutions of the first cross-beam, in four or five positions, in each of which positions, one or both of the second cross-beams could be made to assume four or five others. In that way, M. Chappé got an immense number of combinations, and was able to send his messages with considerable rapidity. Shortly after the principle of the semaphore became known, many men in England turned their attention to improving it, and producing new systems of telegraphy. Lord George Murray in the autumn of the same year (1795) introduced his shutter telegraph, which may thus be described: He had six shutters, each of which pivoted on a central pivot. When the flat was towards him, the observer saw the shutter; when the edge was presented, it disappeared. The signs were made by exhibiting or concealing a shutter or shutters in succession. In this way he substituted communications to convey his messages by means of a written code. This shutter apparatus was soon after its invention set up between London and Portsmouth, and that was the system by which all messages were conveyed to and from the Admiralty and the outposts during the French war. It was set up from Plymouth to London in 1806, and short messages were sent in from ten to twelve minutes; while longer messages occupied twenty-eight to thirty minutes; a wonderful feat in those days, when a journey from London to Plymouth could not comfortably be performed under three days! It was relatively just as great an advance in telegraphy, as the enormous speed obtained a few years ago of sending one hundred and twenty words a minute from London to Birmingham by the electric wires.

This great advance on land naturally turned the attention of statesmen to the question of sea-telegraphy. It was a terrible thing that an admiral might have the most important message to send his fleet, and yet be unable to have it conveyed because he was confined to the set messages contained in his book.

In 1801, Admiral Sir Home Popham conceived the idea of making a dictionary, every word of which should be represented by a group of letters, which should be recorded by corresponding flags. This system was introduced into the British navy for the first time in Nelson's fleet with which he fought at Trafalgar. It is not generally known that the celebrated signal of Nelson before that fight, 'England expects every man to do his duty,' was given by this system. The injunction not only bore the moral significance then and since attached to it, but it was an experimental trial of one of the greatest advances ever made in sea-telegraphy. The two plans described—that

of numbering flags in combination, to represent set messages; and of lettered flags for messages not pre-arranged—remain to the present day: all that has been done since is in the way of amplification of detail. Whilst, however, this advance had been made by sea in daylight, the state of affairs on the ocean at night remained exactly the same as they were in Charles II.'s time. Lanterns in different numbers and forms, constituted, in 1700, in 1800, and indeed until 1860, the sole means of telegraphing over the sea at night. The plan was singularly defective, and in no degree fulfilled the wants of ships; yet many of the forms of lights used in the fleet with which James II. fought the Dutch, continue in use in the navy at the present moment. One particular signal is worthy of notice. Two lights, one over the other, was the order for the fleet to tack in Charles II.'s time. Ever since that period, whenever a fleet has been at sea, this has remained the signal for it to tack, and it is so at this moment. A great number of plans, always without success, were tried, not only by the English, but by other European nations, to bring up the condition of telegraphing by night at sea to that which it had reached by day.

It was not until 1862 that Major Bolton and Captain Colomb, unknown to each other previously, each made suggestions, one to the United States, and the other to England, to adapt to lights the method so well known to telegraphists as the dot and dash system, and to use it as a means of telegraphing by night in the army and the navy. Trials were made, and the system was found wonderfully efficient. From a station on the Isle of Wight to a steamer at sea, these two gallant gentlemen, acting in unison, succeeded in getting quite as rapid a communication, at a distance of thirty miles, as had ever previously been got at sea at two miles' distance. On one occasion, Captain Colomb, during heavy weather, from a steamer fifteen miles off shore, sent a message through a station on the Isle of Wight across to Portsmouth to the commander-in-chief, and received his answer back in thirteen minutes, entirely by the dot and dash system. Powerful lights were, of course, necessary to send this distance, and use was made of the electric-light and lime-light. We have not space to comment at any length upon the various modes of telegraphing now in existence which must be carried on by signs which are either visible or audible. Visible signs, however, are made distinct by difference in form, in colour, or the motion of the sign, and these can be used either separately or combined. Audible signs are confined to two methods of distinguishing them—namely, the motion or time, and the tone. Motion alone is used in the flashing system—of the dot and dash—sounds long and short, exactly corresponding to the long and short appearances of the light, are used to make the necessary signs. Of tone alone there is no positive rule, but the ordinary bugle-call is really an example of tone and motion combined.

The most prominent of our wants at sea are connected with war. Fleets are required to be kept together; the admiral must be able to convey his messages with promptitude, and his ships must be able to answer him. In case of a naval war, the coast of England would require to be studded with stations, to enable communication to be held with

ships approaching the shore, and passing backwards and forwards, to protect them from the enemy's cruisers, and to direct fleets to where the enemy is to be found. No arrangements at present exist for that purpose. In the mercantile marine, the question of telegraphy is daily becoming more important than it used to be, since the electric wires transmit from the shore to the owner, or the underwriter, all particulars concerning disasters, or state of crew and cargo. At present, only ordinary flags are supplied to merchant-ships, and the range of communication is very small—not more than two or three miles. To extend the range of such sea-telegraphy to ten or fifteen miles would be a most valuable advance. At the present moment, during the night, there is no method of communication between the shore stations and merchant-ships, and this is a great want, which ought to be supplied. The laying of electric cables has brought into close connection with itself the system of telegraphy at sea. When the *Great Eastern* was picking up and laying down the last two successful cables, enormous use was made of the system of flags and the flashing system, when all pre-arranged signals would have been valueless.

Now, there are two wants that have to be fulfilled in sea-telegraphy—one is, to enable a ship to signal to a great number of points at the same time; the other is, to address a single point as rapidly as possible. In electric telegraphy, the business is carried on in the stillness and quiet of an office; while, at sea, the most important messages must be sent when everything, so to speak, is topsy-turvy. No method can be successful at sea that does not recognise these conditions. Signs, to be visible, must be of great size, and, consequently, have to follow in slow succession; and therefore, to expedite the messages, we prepare codes, in which the words, sentences, reports, or orders in common use, are represented by a very much smaller number of signs than their component letters. These signs are then represented to the eye or ear, by forms, colours, or motions—by semaphoric symbols, by the shapes and colours of flags, and by the dot and dash. The growth of codes was originally natural, and had little claim to any underlying principle, such as they now possess. The few original simple signals, to advance, retreat, or perform similar movements, gradually accumulated, and required to be noted in a book. As they were added to, the book grew larger, and at last changed its character, in assuming its modern systematic development. The value of the code is due entirely to the increased speed it gives to sea-telegraphy; and if a speed in spelling equal to about thirty words a minute, were possible in general service, the use of codes would soon become obsolete. The existing codes are, first, the naval; then the international, a most useful and valuable thing, used in every merchant-ship, and adopted by nearly every European nation, so that foreign ships can communicate one with another; lastly, there is the army and navy code, for the joint use of both services. But there is one point that we are all sadly deficient in—that is, that many nations have different kinds of flags—different signs to represent the same letters or figures. If, at sea, a universal flag alphabet could be established, many difficulties would pass away.

To briefly describe the apparatuses in use in England for telegraphing over the sea, we should state, that in the royal navy we have, first, the system of coloured flags, in which the colours are red, yellow, blue, black, and white. Distinction is gained, first, by the shape of the flags themselves—some being long and taper, others triangular, and others nearly square—next, by the disposition of the light and dark colours on each flag; and lastly, to a small extent, by the differences of colour alone. These are displayed either singly, or in groups of from two to four. In all cases, the groups are read from above, downwards. These flags are supplemented by semaphores, and to a small extent in the daytime by the dot and dash of the flashing system. The most efficient instrument for this purpose is a collapsing drum, which closes towards its central hoop, and whose open state for long or short periods represents its dots and dashes, and its closed state the intervals. It was with such an instrument that most of the day-telegraphing between the *Great Eastern* and her consort, when laying the Atlantic cable, was carried on. The raising and lowering of flags for varying periods of time—the waving through long arcs of a flag or a staff, are also efficient means of signalling.

At night, in the navy, the only method of telegraphing is the flashing system. The instrument in use is of uniform pattern throughout the service, and consists of an oil lantern, capable of displaying its light over an arc of one hundred and eighty degrees horizontally, and to a distance not exceeding six miles in clear weather. The motion of a vertical shade exposes and conceals the light, which can be displayed from any part of the gunwale. Height is not required, as the range of the light is considerably within that given by the curvature of the earth. The vertical shade can be worked either by hand, or by an instrument very much on the principle of a barrel-organ, which can be set to any required signal, and turned continuously by means of a handle.

During fog, in fleets, a limited number of signals are conveyed by means of guns fired at varying intervals, and when the distance will admit, steam-whistles and fog-horns are used to produce long and short sounds corresponding to dots and dashes. It is the happy peculiarity of the flashing system, that it adapts itself to all circumstances; and these fog-signals answer so well at short distances, that endeavours are constantly being made to extend the range of the present sounding instruments.

The mercantile marine uses coloured flags in the daytime, in a manner similar to that existing in the royal navy, but at present it has no means of telegraphing either at night or in fogs. It has not yet employed, and does not understand the simplicity and value of the flashing system—the prevailing impression being, that it is somewhat too abstruse for ordinary comprehension, instead of a system whereby any one who can read or write may become an accomplished telegraphist after two hours' instruction. At a period when the attention of the legislature is directed to the many evils which exist in the merchant service, it would be well that the deficient system of telegraphing from these ships be made the subject of inquiry, for it is believed that if efficient means were provided on board trading-vessels for communicating

with the shore a distance of six or eight miles, many accidents might be prevented, and probably many lives saved.

It is not generally comprehended that the success of a system of sea-telegraphy depends mainly on its range—that is, on the distance at which its signs are legible in the ordinary conditions of sea-service. In the mercantile marine, this is an especially marked requirement, for the chief use made of its telegraph is communication with the shore—reporting to electric telegraph stations on the coast-line. Range is obviously important here, and most important at night; for no ships can be legitimately called on to approach shoal-water for the purpose of telegraphing. In order to obtain this range, Major Bolton and Captain Colomb conjointly designed the light now known as the 'Chatham Light.' In appearance, it is similar to the ordinary oil-light, and is now used in the flag-ship of the Channel squadron, when the distance or state of the weather renders a very strong light necessary. The flashes, which are extremely brilliant, and are visible at least twelve miles, are produced by blowing finely powdered magnesium, diluted with resinous substance, into the flame of a spirit-lamp. The apparatus is exceedingly simple and inexpensive, and the cost of an ordinary signal to a station ten or twelve miles off will not amount to more than twopence. Hence, there is no reason why such a light should not be used by the mercantile marine in telegraphing at sea. In our own estimation, however, a still more expeditious and reliable means of telegraphing from vessels can be adopted than any existing form. If every ship were provided with two lanterns, one showing a white light, representing dots, and one red, representing dashes, on the Morse system, they could be made to revolve and transmit messages with great speed. Again, every lighthouse should be provided with the same means, and the men in attendance should be able to receive and transmit messages. An incalculable advantage would be gained by this means: every vessel in distress could communicate its wants to the shore, when within reasonable distance, and be supplied with anchors, sails, provisions, or water in a comparatively short time, whilst the ships would remain in deep water until their wants were attended to, and thus be enabled to proceed on their voyage without delay.

THE TASMANIAN BLUE GUM TREE.

SOME time ago (Dec. 6, 1873), we had a short article on the *Eucalyptus globulus*, or Tasmanian Blue Gum Tree, and its alleged marvellous properties as regards the drying of marshes and prevention of malarious disease. We ventured to ask for precise and trustworthy information on the subject; and the following has been sent to us by a correspondent, which we submit to our readers:

Much interest, he proceeds, has recently been excited among men of science, especially in France, concerning the Tasmanian Blue Gum Tree (*Eucalyptus globulus*), in consequence of the power which it seems to possess of preventing intermittent fever in the most swampy and malarious districts. There is a large amount of evidence to shew that it possesses this power in a high degree, so that not only is intermittent fever unknown where it naturally grows in abundance, although in situations and in

a climate where its prevalence might be expected, but places previously most subject to that afflictive malady, cease to be so when this tree is planted there. If all this is confirmed, as there is good reason to hope it will be, the Tasmanian Blue Gum Tree must be deemed one of the most valuable trees in the world, and to many countries it will prove an inestimable boon.

The Gum Trees, forming the genus *Eucalyptus* of botanists, which belongs to the great natural order *Myrtaceæ*, are almost exclusively natives of Australia and Tasmania. A few species are found farther north in the islands of the Malayan Archipelago and in the Eastern Peninsula. Although ranked in a natural order of which the Myrtle is the type, they are very unlike myrtles in their general appearance, and constitute a characteristic and most peculiar feature of Australian vegetation. Scattered over the face of the country, as the trees of Australia generally are, growing singly or in clumps, like trees in a lawn, instead of being congregated in thick forests, like the trees of most other parts of the world, they differ from other trees by a remarkable peculiarity of foliage. The leaves have not one face turned to the sun and the other to the earth, as trees and plants of all kinds generally have, but they stand with their edges upwards and downwards, so that each surface is equally presented to the sun. There are some species in which this is not the case, but they are only a few among the numerous species of the genus. The leaves of all the Gum Trees are leathery and undivided, and abound in a volatile oil, which has an aromatic and not unpleasant odour. Many of the species abound in resinous secretions, from which they receive the name of Gum Trees. Some of them attain a great size, with trunks sixteen feet in diameter. They are remarkable for their very rapid growth, and are easily felled, split, and sawn; the timber, when green, being very soft, although it becomes very hard after exposure to the air, and is then useful for many purposes, amongst which is that of ship-building. The *Iron Bark Tree* and the *Stringy Bark Tree* of Australia are among the species of this genus most important for their uses as timber trees. *Botany Bay Kino* is a resinous secretion of another species, of some value in medicine.

The Tasmanian Blue Gum Tree grows plentifully in the valleys and on the lower mountain slopes of Tasmania. It attains a height of 200 feet, and sometimes more, and a diameter of stem at the base of 11 to 22 feet. The stem is naked as a granite column, almost to the top, where it sends out branches forming a small crown, with thin foliage. The leaves are lanceolate, or ovato-lanceolate, generally twisted, and of a dark bluish-green colour, with a camphor-like odour. The timber has an aromatic odour, and is scarcely liable to rot, however long exposed to the action of water. It is therefore much used for ship-building, for piers, and for a great variety of other purposes, and is a considerable article of export from Tasmania.

Various medicinal uses have been ascribed to the leaves of this tree, a preparation of which has been represented as even more efficacious than quinine in the cure of intermittent fever. But this and other alleged medicinal properties require further investigation.

There seems, however, to be good reason for believing that this tree acts as a preventive of the

miasmata which produce fever and ague. That Tasmania is free from this malady, or nearly so, whilst in almost all other countries of similar climate it is sadly prevalent, is of itself a significant circumstance; but it could not be inferred from this alone that this particular tree is the cause of its immunity. However, a number of considerations having led to the opinion that this is probably the case, the tree has been introduced elsewhere, and the experiment tried in circumstances in which the result must be regarded as affording very conclusive evidence. Some unhealthy localities at the Cape of Good Hope were rendered perfectly salubrious, apparently through the influence of the Blue Gum Tree, within a few years after plantations of it had been made. It was then tried in Algeria, and on a pretty large scale, in different parts of the country; and places that previously had been almost uninhabitable in the fever season, became at once exempt from all such disease, even in the first year of the growth of the trees. The colonists and their families now enjoy excellent health, where the climate for several months of the year used to be absolutely pestilential. Similar results have followed the introduction of this tree in Cuba and in Mexico. Even in the south of France it has been productive of most beneficial effects. A station-house at the end of a railway viaduct in the department of Var was so unhealthy, that the officials had to be changed every year, but forty of these trees having been planted, its unhealthiness entirely ceased.

There is hope, therefore, for the Campagna di Roma that its cultivation may yet be carried on with the greatest facility and advantage, and the natural fertility of its soil turned to the utmost account. But if so, there is hope also of speedy immunity from sore distress for the inhabitants of many parts of the world, where intermittent fevers prevail at certain seasons of every year. How happy would many North American farmers be, if by planting a few hundreds of Blue Gum Trees, they could secure probable exemption from this disease for themselves and their families. The range within which this tree can be made available must, however, be limited by climate. It does not bear the winter even of the south of England, except when the season is unusually mild; and great part of North America, where intermittent fever is very prevalent every year during the summer months in all low grounds, and on the slopes adjacent to them, is subject to a severity of cold in winter which would certainly destroy every plant of this species. But in the Gulf States of North America, and to some extent northwards in the valleys of the Mississippi and other rivers, and along the coasts of Florida, Georgia, and Carolina, its introduction may probably be found in the highest degree beneficial, as also in the West Indian islands and tropical parts of America. It may, perhaps, be doubted if the climate of the west coast of Africa would not prove too warm for it, although its successful introduction in Cuba seems to prove that it is capable of enduring the heat of the tropics; and as the fevers of that region constitute the chief difficulty in the way of European colonisation there, the acquirement of the means of preventing them would open up prospects entirely new. It will probably not be long till the powers of the tree are fully tested in India, and if they are found to be as great as French naturalists

seen at present to believe, its introduction will probably hasten the cultivation of many a jungle, besides preserving the health and saving the life of many a civilian and many a soldier. One great tract in the north of India seems especially to demand its introduction, and to be in climate perfectly adapted to it—the *Terai*—which stretches along the whole base of the Himalaya, where they slope down to the plains, a tract in many parts extremely beautiful, finely undulating, and rich both in grass and trees, but exceptionally dangerous from the miasmata which it exhales, for which science has not yet been able well to account.

The Blue Gum Tree has been supposed to exert its influence by the aromatic odour which it diffuses in the atmosphere. But there seems to be much reason for thinking that the secret of its power lies in part, at least, in the extreme rapidity of its growth, requiring an extraordinary consumption of water, so that it thoroughly drains the soil around it. A marsh near Constantia, in Algeria, was found to be completely dried in a very short time by a plantation of Gum Trees. Such is the rapidity of growth of the tree, that seedlings, raised on a hot-bed, and planted out in the open air in the south of England, have been known to attain a height of ten feet in the same year. In a warmer climate, the growth is probably still more rapid; but we know of no other instance of such rapidity of growth in the case of any valuable timber tree of the temperate parts of the world.

COMBS.

COMBS are of prodigious antiquity. Rudely made, they are found among the earliest relics of art. A bronze comb, which has been pictured both by Sir John Lubbock in his *Prehistoric Times*, and also by M. Figuier, was found in one of three coffins in a tumulus near Ribe, in Jutland, opened by Worsaae, the great Danish archaeologist: from other findings in the same coffin, it was plainly the property, not of a lady, but of a fighting-man of the bronze epoch. In Jutland we are close upon the footsteps of our own ancestors and of our Danish cousins and invaders. The earlier Celtic tribes seem to have buried their combs as well as their swords in the graves of their warriors. Such customs, indeed, are common to all races in one stage of their culture; his pipe and tobacco-bag were placed beside the dead American Indian, in case he should want to smoke upon his passage. The custom was prolonged, in some cases, into Christian times. When the body of the great Bishop Cuthbert was carried in the boat by his monks and clergy to the island of Lindisfarne, they deposited his ivory comb, 'pecten eburneus'; in the stone coffin beside his corpse. According to Reginald's description of St Cuthbert's comb, it was of a now unusual shape, broader than it was long.

St Cuthbert's comb was probably an episcopal one. This popular national saint of Northern England died at the end of the seventh century; but at least a century earlier in the Gallican Church the comb appears to have formed a part of the appliances used at a solemn high mass, especially if sung by a bishop. These church combs were usually of ivory; sometimes they were quite plain, sometimes elaborately carved and decorated with gems. Specimens of them are to be seen in

the sacristies and treasuries of a few of the greater churches on the continent; and the inventories of the prizes seized from our own churches at the Reformation epoch, prove that they were once as plentiful amongst us. In the treasury of the cathedral of Sens, they shew a large ivory comb inlaid with precious stones, and carved with figures of animals: on it is cut the inscription, 'Pecten St Lupi.' Lupus, the French St Louis, was the most famous of the archbishops of that important see in the Merovingian times. Amongst the relics hanging around the shrine of St Cuthbert in the end of the fourteenth century, the pilgrims saw three combs: one was said to have belonged to St Dunstan, another to Archbishop Malachi, and the third was called 'the comb of St Boyset the priest.' At the Reformation, these and all such portable treasures disappeared, to the loss of the historians of art and manners. Henry VIII carried from the wealthy Abbey of Glastonbury, 'a comb of golde, garnished with small turquoises and other coarse stones, weighing with the stones eight ounces.'

The episcopal comb was used in the church, after the following fashion. If a bishop was the celebrant at the eucharist, the deacon and sub-deacon combed his hair while he sat upon the faldstool, immediately after the putting on of the episcopal sandals. A towel was placed round the bishop's neck during the operation. The old offices contain prayers to be used by the celebrant at his successive assumption of each article of vesture; but I do not know whether any prayer during the combing of the hair is extant. The process is described in a pontifical written in the tenth century by order of an abbot of Corbey. In an *Ordo Romanus* of the end of the thirteenth century, the proper division of the labour is marked out; the deacon is to comb the right side of the bishop's head, the sub-deacon the left side: they are ordered to do their work lightly and decently ('leviter et decenter'). Perhaps some refractory clerks were inclined to use the opportunity, by punishing their spiritual father with a severe dig of the comb. From a ritual of the fourteenth century, belonging to the Cathedral Church of Viviers, it appears that the bishop's hair, at least in that diocese, was first combed by the deacon in the vestry; and then, not merely once, but three several times during the progress of the mass—after the Kyrie, after the Gloria in Excelsis, and after the Creed. No rule as to general European custom, or even national custom, can be drawn from local rituals and pontificals, as every bishop was the ordinary of ceremonies and uses for his own diocese.

The combs figured in our English manuscripts (many of which have been copied by the historians of manners) are nearly always of great bulk, and have coarse teeth. The medieval and renaissance combs were often double—that is, in shape, though not in size, like modern small-tooth combs. In a representation of the arrival of a guest (painted in the fourteenth century), one of the welcoming attendants is pulling off his shoes, while another is combing his hair. The comb in this picture is truly immense. Our old English books of courtesy are full of references to the use of the comb. It was a part of the page's duty to comb his lord's hair: directions 'for combing your sovereign's head' are given by John Russell in his *Boke of Nurture*, also by Wynkyn de Worde in

The Bots of Kervings. Carving was the principal duty of the youth, and all other details of his work are included under it as a kind of general title. The duty of combing, as culture widens, begins to be treated by the writers on etiquette as a duty towards one's self, and not merely towards one's lord. Andrew Borde, in 1557, recommends the frequent use of the comb: 'Kayne your heade oft, and do so dyvrs times in the day.' William Vaughan, in his *Fifteen Directions to preserve Health*, published in 1602, prescribes combing for its intellectual benefits: it must be done 'softly and easily, with an ivory comb,' he writes, 'for nothing recreateth the memory more.' Sir John Harrington in his section on 'the dyes for every day,' of his *School of Saterne* (1624), gives the simple instruction: 'comb your head well with an ivory comb from the forehead to the back-part, drawing the comb some forty times at the least.' It would seem, from the preciseness of his advice, that English gentlemen were still a little slovenly in their own treatment of their hair; when they wished it to be properly treated, they put themselves under the hands of the barber. There is little doubt that the close-cropped hair of the Presbyterian and Independent Roundheads was more cleanly than the long hair of the cavalier with its artificial love-locks. It was a part of the extreme protest of George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, against all the fashions of the earlier Puritan sects, who were masters in England when he began his mission, to wear long hair. When he was preaching in Flintshire in 1651, he says that 'one called a lady' sent for him. 'She kept a preacher in her house. I went to her house, but found both her and her preacher very light and airy. In her lightness, she came and asked me if she should cut my hair. But I was moved to reprove her, and bid her cut down the corruptions in herself with the sword of the Spirit of God.' He learned afterwards that this lady boasted that she had gone behind him and 'cut off the curl' of his hair. At Dorchester, the constables made him take off his hat, to see if he were not shaved at the top of his head; they were sure that so fierce an opponent of the Puritan clergy must be a Jesuit. The long hair of the father of Quakerism, like that of the Frankish kings and chieftains, was necessarily often in need of the comb; and it comes out incidentally, in his journal of the year 1662, that George Fox was so careful of personal neatness as to carry a comb-case in his pocket. When he was seized by Lord Beaumont and the soldiers in Leicestershire as a suspected rebel, that nobleman 'put his hands into my pocket,' says Fox, 'and plucked out my comb-case; and then commanded one of his officers to search for letters.'

The cavalier gentry, who took the Quaker patriarch for a plotter, were great employers of the comb. The huge peruke came in with Charles II.; and a fashion arose amongst the gallants of coumbing their huge head-dresses in public: it is often noticed by the dramatists of the Restoration. It is one of the stage directions, in Killigrew's *Parson's Wedding*, for a group of fashionable gentlemen of the year 1663: 'They comb their heads and talk.' As ladies used the fan in their flirtations with gentlemen, so the artificial swains of the period wielded the comb in their languishing addresses to their shepherdesses. Dodsley has a long note on this custom in the eleventh volume

of his *Old Plays*, and cites a number of illustrations. In his Prologue to the second part of *Almanzor and Almahide*, written in 1670, Dryden refers to the ostentatious public use of the comb by the would-be wits in the pit of the theatre. From the Epilogue to the *Wrangling Lovers*, of 1677, it appears that this free public combing was a distinction which marked off the man of the town from the dull country cousin:

How we rejoiced to see them in our pit!
What difference, methought, there was
Betwixt a country gallant and a wit.
When you did order periwig with comb,
They only used four fingers and a thumb.

The comb has now been for so long an implement in all hands, and has become so cheap in price, that it is scarcely possible to realise the unkempt condition of our ancestors in some out-of-the-way places only a hundred years ago. In the Autobiography of Thomas Wright of Birkenshaw, written at the close of the last century, he says, that half a century earlier, in the village of Oakenshaw, about four miles from Bradford, the people were so rude that their manners became a by-word throughout the district. It was reported of them, that they kept their heads in such a shock-headed condition from Sunday to Sunday, that an iron comb was chained to a tree which stood in the middle of the village for the use of the whole parish. What have been the advances in the use and manufacture of combs since this period need not be particularised.

CAN WE REMEMBER ODOURS?

SOME persons say we can. Others are of opinion that we can only remember those things which have impressed the sight or the hearing. If it be said that the other senses have also their faculty of memory, or the mind the faculty of remembering whatever has forcibly impressed those senses, the objectors say: 'No; you remember the appearance, and this appearance, by what Mr Mill would have called mental chemistry, brings up the association of some kind of odour with the appearance.'

Before we can assert, or deny, the possession of a memory of smells, we must define clearly what we mean by these words. The best way, then, is for each of us to consult his own experience as to actual sensations, and to supply the dictionary-makers with materials for settling the definitions. Meanwhile the controversy has brought forth many curious illustrations from persons who accept the popular belief.

John Fearn, in his *Essay on Consciousness*, states that he never lost the memory of the smell of a baker's shop in a by-street of Bassora, nor that of a Jamaica fruit, luscious to eat, but unpleasant in odour, partaken of twenty-eight years before; nor that of kangaroo meat eaten in Australia. Another remembers both the taste and the smell of some barberies eaten by him thirty years back. A colonist at Melbourne declares that nothing will ever drive from his memory the smell of the first boiling-down establishment he visited in Australia.

—an odour certainly not classed among those of a pleasant kind. All who have lived among the Chinese, or have been familiar with the localities in which the humbler classes of that nation reside, agree that the habits of the people give rise to odours equally indefinable and unwelcome; and the Melbourne colonist relates that this odour remains vividly impressed on his memory, though now far away from the scene.

A lady died when her little child was four years old. Musk had shortly before been brought into fashion by the Empress Josephine; the lady's handkerchiefs were scented with this strong perfume; and the child could not, or would not, go to sleep after her mother's death unless her head rested on one of these handkerchiefs. Long years afterwards, when the child had become an aged lady, she vividly remembered the particular musk odour of those particular handkerchiefs. Whether or not it could be explained by any act of association, to her, at any rate, it was just the same thing as a memory of a smell. An elderly man in 1871 declared that he had a distinct recollection of a smell that was impressed upon his senses in 1813. It was a little out of the common, and had on that account separated itself from other odours belonging to the same general class. Being a time of European war and of scanty crops, bread was very dear; his father, as a measure of economy, adopted the plan of sefiding the family bread to be baked in a friend's oven; the bread was mostly in the form of cakes, one for each child; and the smell of these hot cakes when they came home from the oven seems to have impressed itself indelibly on the memory of one member of the family—the odour all the more welcome because bread was rather scarce. Here one special smell impressed itself in connection with a special incident, and the same may be said (supposing the narrator did not deceive himself) in relation to a fox-hunter, who declared that he retained a vivid recollection of the odour of the first fox he ever bagged, even after an interval of forty-six years. It is hard to say to such a man that he did not remember the odour, that it was only a case of association of ideas; the onus of proof certainly seems to rest on those who doubt the assertion. A similar case is that of a traveller who once, in Algeria, witnessed the roasting of a whole sheep; he could always afterwards recall the odour of that roast as differing from any other he had experienced.

An argument of some strength is derived from the fact that we can compare two or more smells when only one is present. If, on smelling at two bottles exactly similar in appearance, we pronounce one to contain Eau-de-Cologne, and the other sal volatile, this may be said to be independent of anything that can correctly be called memory of smells; but if one bottle only be present, and if we pronounce its contents to be, not sal volatile, but Eau-de-Cologne, it is difficult to escape from the conviction that such a memory must really exist. Bandaging the eyes, and smelling at a bottle

which is not familiar to us by the feel, if we pronounce upon its contents, by what test do we judge except a memory of one or more particular odours? Those who believe that we have no memory either for tastes or smells, have to explain how a man born blind can have a memory of any thing except sounds.

A gentleman who had an antipathy to cats, knew instantly by the odour that a cat had inadvertently been shut into a closet near his own room; it is difficult to conceive how he could have done this unless he had retained a memory of that particular kind of odour. Dr Carpenter says: 'During somnambulism there is great exaltation of sensibility to external impressions. We have seen unequivocal proof that the sense of smell has been exalted to an acuteness at least equal to that of the most keen-nosed ruminant or carnivorous animal.' This keenness of perception would be useless unless accompanied by a power of discriminating one smell from another; and this discrimination certainly seems to require the power of remembering former smells. Humboldt states that the Peruvian Indians can discriminate by the sense of smell between the footprints of whites, Indians, and negroes; here, again, it would seem that they must have stored up somewhere in the memory the differences between these three kinds of odours. The Arabs of the Great Desert have been known to smell fire thirty miles off; they could only have known it to be fire by remembering former impressions of a similar kind.

Interesting facts bearing on this matter have been narrated in relation to deaf persons, to blind persons, and to those unhappy creatures who are both deaf and blind. Such persons acquire a knowledge of the outer world through the organ of smell; and it is difficult to resist the conviction that memory must be at work here to assist the patient in discriminating between one odour and another. James Mitchell, one of the few known persons who have at the same time been deaf, dumb, and blind, had a remarkably acute sense of smell. Dr Kitto has said of him: 'He early shewed great acuteness of the senses of touch and smell. When a stranger arrived, his smell immediately and invariably informed him of the circumstance, and directed him to the place where the stranger was; when he proceeded to survey him by the sense of touch. In the remote part of the country where he resided, male visitors were the most frequent; and therefore the first thing he usually did was to examine whether the stranger wore top-boots. If such were the case, he immediately proceeded to the lobby, felt for and accurately examined his whip; then proceeded to the stable and handled his horse with great care, and with the utmost seeming attention. It occasionally happened that visitors arrived in a carriage; and on such occasions he never failed to go to the place where the carriage stood, and examine the whole of it with much attention. In all this he was undoubtedly guided by the smell and touch only.' Mr Wardrop spoke more decidedly of the use which Mitchell made of the olfactory sense in discriminating persons and objects: 'When a stranger approached him, he eagerly began to touch some part of his body, commonly his sleeve; and after two or three strong inspirations through his nostrils,

appeared decided in his opinion. If it happened to be unfavourable, he suddenly went to a distance with every appearance of disgust; if favourable, he shewed a disposition to become more intimate, and expressed by his countenance more or less satisfaction?

Laura Bridgman, who was visited by the late Mr Charles Dickens during his first visit to America, was not only blind, deaf, and dumb, but was also deprived almost wholly of the sense of smell. Touch and taste were her only two media of communication with the outer world. She did not, therefore, furnish an illustration of the particular subject we are here discussing.

In 1758, a lady was attacked with small-pox of such terrible severity that she became blind, deaf, and dumb, and almost incapable of taking any kind of nourishment. Her case was described in the *Philosophical Transactions*. The knowledge of her infirmities rendered her averse to being seen by strangers, and her friends were obliged to adopt precautions to prevent this. One day a friend called upon her, went up to her chamber, and urged her to come down-stairs and sit with the rest of the family; this she probably urged through the medium of some kind of finger-alphabet; and, to induce her to comply, added that there would be no strangers present. The sufferer at length consented, and went down to the parlour; but no sooner was the door opened, than she started back, and withdrew to her chamber in much displeasure, alleging that there were strangers in the room, and that an attempt had been made to impose upon her. The fact was that strangers had entered the room while the friend had gone up-stairs, so that she had not known of their being there. When the patient was assured on this point, she became pacified. In reply to a question, she stated that she knew them to be strangers by the sense of smell.

In connection with the olfactory sense, we may mention that a lady once publicly advertised for a cure for its deprivation. She addressed the *Gentleman's Magazine* thus, in 1800: 'A constant reader would esteem it a favour if any of your medical correspondents could point out a remedy for a loss of the sense of smelling. I think it necessary to state my case as exact as possible. I am thirty-five years of age, and have always been subject to a stuffing of the nose whenever I take cold. I have for the last four or five years lost entirely the smell of flowers, which I am particularly fond of, and am in the habit of cultivating them for my amusement. Anything strong and disagreeable I can always smell, unless I have a cold. I have applied to several of the faculty, but none of them have given me satisfactory relief.' We do not find that this lady had any favourable response to her query.

A sensible attempt was made in one of our colonies, not usually deemed very deep in philosophy, to obtain for the sense of smell some such measure, standard, or data as we possess in regard to the photometric estimate of light, the prismatic estimate of colours, the thermometric and pyrometric estimate of heat, the vibratory estimate of the pitch of sounds, and other phenomena which affect the senses of sight, touch, and hearing. The Barbadoes Society of Arts, in 1786, offered gold medals for the discovery of 'a mode of distinctly ascertaining by some scale or standard (similar, analogous, or equivalent to the proportional dura-

tion of the monochord in music, or to the prismatic distinction of colours), whereby the progress, order, and enumeration of the primary tastes, or of the primary smells, may be clearly arranged in apt words, and so demonstratively discriminated and ascertained as the notes of music, or the primary prismatic colours are.' Certain it is that we do not, down to the present time, possess such guides, standards, or meters as are here indicated.

THE SEA-FOG.

Upon the cliff's steep edge I stand;
The moaning sea I hear;
But gray mists hang o'er sea and land,
The mists that sailors fear.

The lichen'd rocks, the mosses red
With silver drops are sown;
Each crimson foxglove hangs its head
Amid the old gray stone.

The fearful rock within the bay,
Where gallant ships go down,
Shews but a faint white line of spray,
A glimmering mass of brown.

A broken boat, a spot of black,
Is tossed on sullen waves,
Their crests all dark with rifted wrack,
The spoil of ocean caves.

Now sails my love on sea to-day;
Heaven shield his boat from harm!
Heaven keep him from the dangerous bay,
Till winds and waves be calm!

Oh, would he sat beside our stove,
Where mother turns her wheel;
I know too soon, for you, my love,
What wives of sailors feel.

Oh, that within the wood-fire's glow,
He told us tales of yore,
Of perils over long ago,
And ventures come to shore.

His hand belike is on the helm;
The fog has hid the foam;
The surf that shall his boat o'erwhelm,
He thinks the beach at home.

He sees a lamp amid the dark,
He thinks our pane alight;
And haply on some storm-bound bark,
He founders in the night.

Now God be with you; He who gave
Our constant love and troth;
Where'er your oar may dip the wave,
You bear the hearts of both.

Through storm and mist, God keep my love,
That I may hear once more
Your boat upon the shingled cove,
Your step upon the shore.

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STORY OF LADY GRANGE.

IN the western environs of Edinburgh lies the estate of Dalry, once entirely rural, with a spacious mansion situated in a park, and sheltered on the north by a grove of tall trees. The mansion remains, but the property is now almost covered with houses, intersected with streets, and cut up with a line of railway.

In the days of its rural beauty, towards the end of the seventeenth century, Dalry belonged to a person named Chiesley, a man of considerable ability, but with violent passions, and indeed not altogether sane. He was one of those contentious beings with whom it is dangerous to have any dealings, particularly where money is concerned. Chiesley was married. He had a wife and children, and he used them so badly that they were forced to leave him. Their desertion he did not mind, but he felt dreadfully annoyed at the idea of their claiming from him some means of subsistence. His wife's claim for a separate maintenance threw him into a rage, and the rage rose to a kind of frenzy when she appealed to the law for an alimant. The Court of Session granted an allowance of ninety-three pounds per annum, chargeable on the estate of Dalry. The judge chiefly concerned in giving this reasonable and humane decision was the Lord President, Sir George Lockhart.

Chiesley meditated revenge. The Lord President, as he considered, had done him a wrong, and he did not hesitate to avow openly that he would have vengeance. He even wrote a threatening letter to his lordship. Strangely enough, the President took no notice of his threats, possibly looking upon them with pity and contempt. Knowing the character of the man, he ought not to have been so indulgent. Even in our own times, however, we are not without an instance of fatal indifference to the denunciations of a madman. For an imaginary offence, Bellingham threatened Mr Perceval with vengeance, and was suffered to go at large until he assassinated that unfortunate minister. The case of Chiesley and the Lord President closely resembled that of Bellingham and Mr Perceval.

We are to throw ourselves in imagination back to the state of affairs in Edinburgh shortly after the Revolution. The Stewarts are dethroned, but the castle still holds out for the exiled family. The town is full of the troops of the new government. It is Sunday morning, the 31st of March 1689. Divine service in the several churches into which St Giles' is divided, is about to begin. At the door of one of those churches, where the Lord President has his seat, hovers moodily a tall gentleman wearing a cocked-hat, with one of his hands thrust into the pocket of his coat, and grasping a loaded pistol. It is Chiesley of Dalry. He enters the church, and offers the beadle money to place him in a seat immediately behind that of the Lord President; but the pew is already filled, and he has to go to another part of the church. Chiesley's intention was to shoot his victim in the very middle of the service, and it was only by the accident of the pew being occupied that he could not carry out his design.

At the conclusion of the service, the madman, for we must call him so, preceded the Lord President to the head of the Old Bank Close, a lane situated within less than a hundred yards of the church. It was in this lane that his lordship resided. While he was walking down towards his dwelling, talking to some friends, Chiesley came behind him and shot him through the back; the bullet going in beneath the right shoulder, and out at the left breast. The President immediately turned about, looked the murderer mournfully in the face, and then finding himself falling, he leant to the wall, and asked his friends to hold him. He was carried to his own house, and was almost dead before he reached it. His wife hearing the shot and a cry in the close, rushed out, and took the body in her arms, but immediately swooned. The assassin did not offer to flee. He owned the fact, and was carried off to prison. Chiesley was tried by the magistrates for murder, condemned, and was hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh, with the pistol depending from his neck, and his body was thereafter hung in chains at Drumsheugh. This latter indignity was too much for his friends.

They stole away the body, and buried it underneath the hearthstone of a cottage at Dalry. There, a skeleton, along with the remains of a pistol, were found in recent times, in the course of some alterations.

We have recalled this tragical occurrence as preliminary to the story of a lady, the daughter of Chiesley, on whose character some light is thrown by the conduct of her father.

Rachel Chiesley, made what many thought a better marriage than could have been expected by the daughter of an executed felon, even although that felon had been a landed gentleman. She was married to James Erskine of Grange, an advocate at the Scottish bar, and brother of the Earl of Mar, who was attainted for the part he took in the rebellion of 1716. It was a daring thing for Erskine to ally himself to her, for she was known to have a violent temper, and to be somewhat irregular in her habits. The marriage took place about 1707, the year in which Erskine was raised to be a judge in the Court of Session, when he assumed the judicial title of Lord Grange. A judge's wife does not by usage take the title of *lady*, and why Mrs Erskine should have been habitually styled Lady Grange has never received a proper explanation. As Lady Grange she has always been spoken of, and so too we will call her. For some years the married pair lived pretty harmoniously. Sometimes there were bickerings, but they were smoothed over by the husband temporising as well as he could with his wife's unfortunate infirmity. They lived in a house in Edinburgh, situated in a court at the foot of Niddry's Wynd, a broadish alley leading from the High Street, near the site of the present Niddry Street. There they had a family of children, and kept up a stylish way of living.

At length there was discord—open war—in the household. According to the account of the lady, there had been love and peace for twenty-five years, when all at once Lord Grange took a dislike to her, and would no longer live with her: they must, he said, live separately, he giving her a maintenance of a hundred a year. Forced to agree to this arrangement, in 1730 the lady was sent to reside in the country—discharged from ever setting her foot in Niddry's Wynd. If she did, it would be the worse for her. The hundred a year would be stopped. The account of matters by Lord Grange differed very materially from that of his wife. He said he had suffered long from her unsubduable rage and madness, and had failed in all his efforts to bring her to a reasonable conduct. It is too probable that the latter statement is the true one; although were it more so, it would still leave Lord Grange unjustifiable in the measures he took with respect to his wife. It is traditionally stated, that in their unhappy quarrels, the lady fiercely reminded his lordship—whose daughter she was—darkly hinting that she could resort to means of vengeance like her father, and little more would induce her to do so. Grange became alarmed for his personal safety, and no wonder. But he had other grounds for apprehension. He had carried on some intercourse with Jacobites disaffected to the government, and this the lady had it in her power to make known, and which, if revealed, would at least have compromised his position as a judge. One can with difficulty be brought to believe that a wife would

deliberately and maliciously try to ruin one whom by a solemn vow she is bound to love, honour, and obey. But such things are. The daughter of Chiesley of Dalry, in her mad imaginings, was fit for this degree of heartlessness and villainy.

Random accusations without proof would have been of little avail. The lady had a document in her possession to prove that her husband was a traitor. In the statement of Lord Grange, he tells us that some time before the separation, he had gone to London to arrange the private affairs of the Countess of Mar, then become unable to conduct them herself, and he had sent an account of his procedure to his wife, including some reflections on Sir Robert Walpole, who had thwarted him much, and been of serious detriment to the interests of his family. This document she retained, and she threatened to take it to London, and use it for her husband's disadvantage, being supported in the design by several persons with whom she associated. While denying that he had been concerned in anything treasonable, Lord Grange says, 'he had already too great a load of that great minister Walpole's wrath on his back, to stand still and see more of it fall upon him by treachery and madness of such a wife and such confederates.'

Rather an unpleasant posture of affairs this for Lord Grange. He had a faint hope that things might mend. Her ladyship might calm down. She had gone to the country, and a sight of the beauties of nature—the birds, the trees, and the flowers, to say nothing of the hundred a year, might work wonders on that troubled brain. It was a vain expectation. Lady Grange soon became tired of the country. It was dull and stupid. There was nobody to speak to who understood her exalted notions. Careless of forfeiting her hundred a year, back she came to town, and, like a fury let loose, exhibited herself in the antique court at Niddry's Wynd. There she was, flourishing about with her arms, haranguing porters, chairmen, and footmen, as to her wrongs, and declaring how she would shew up and finish her husband to his lasting disgrace and ruin. We can fancy the horror of Lord Grange in looking out of window upon the uproar in the little court, and seeing his wife declaiming to the party-coloured multitude. 'The Guard,' an old-fashioned military police in the army uniform of George I. was, of course, sent for, on which she vanished, but was never long in again coming upon the scene. She stamped, she raved, shouted at the windows, followed his lordship in the street, and behaved altogether like a maniac. What was to be done?

Lord Grange could have stood the stamping and raving, and borne a good deal besides, but the demoniac threat to report him to Walpole was in his point of view more than flesh and blood could bear. It was the last feather that breaks the horse's back. Now for prompt measures. No one can justify what he did. It was illegal, and for one in the position of a judge, it was disgraceful. Instead of seeking the protection of the law, he arbitrarily resolved to get his wife carried off by force, and furtively sent into exile. He called it 'sequestering her'; the proper term was robbing her of her liberty, and this outrage he was able to effect by concerting measures with a number of Highland chiefs, including the notorious Lord Lovat, who above all had reason to apprehend certain political disclosures.

The whole affair gives us a startling insight into the condition of society in the first half of the eighteenth century. All preparations were made for the abduction.

On the evening of the 23d of January 1732, a party of Highlanders, wearing the livery of Lord Lovat, made their way into the lodgings of Lady Grange. Forcibly seizing her, throwing her down and gagging her, and then tying a cloth over her head, they carried her off as if she had been a corpse. At the bottom of the stair was a chair containing a man, who took the hapless lady upon his knees, and held her fast in his arms till they had got to a place in the outskirts of the town. There they took her from the chair, removed the cloth from her head, and mounted her upon a horse behind a man, to whom she was tied; after which the party rode off 'all by the light of the moon,' to quote the language of the old ballads, whose incidents the present story resembles in character.

If we can believe her own account, Lady Grange experienced no very gentle treatment. The leader of the gang, Mr Forster of Corsebonny, though a gentleman by station, would not allow her to stop for the relief of a cramp in her side, and only answered by ordering a servant to renew the bandages over her mouth. After a ride of nearly twenty miles, they stopped at Muiravonside, the house of Mr John Macleod, advocate, where servants appeared waiting to receive the lady; and thus it is shewn that the master of the house had been engaged to aid in her abduction. She was taken up-stairs to a comfortable bedroom; but a man being posted in the room as a guard, she could not go to bed or take any repose. In this manner she spent the ensuing day, and when it was night, she was taken out and remounted in the same fashion as before; and the party then rode along through the Torwood, and so to the place called Wester Polmaise, belonging to a gentleman of the name of Stewart, whose steward or factor was one of the cavalcade. Here was an old tower, having one little room on each floor, as is usually the case in such buildings; and into one of these rooms, the window of which was boarded over, the lady was conducted. She continued here for thirteen or fourteen weeks, supplied with a sufficiency of the comforts of life, but never allowed to go into the open air; till at length her health gave way, and the factor began to fear being concerned in her death. By his intercession with Mr Forster, she was then permitted to go into the court, under a guard; but such was the rigour of her keepers, that she was not permitted to walk in the garden.

This time passed drearily on until the month of August, during all which time the prisoner had no communication with the external world. At length, by an arrangement made between Lord Lovat and Mr Forster, at the house of the latter, near Stirling, Lady Grange was one night forcibly brought out, and mounted again as formerly, and carried off amidst a guard of horsemen. She recognised several of Lovat's people in this troop, and found Forster once more in command. They passed by Stirling Bridge, and thence onward to the Highlands; but she no longer knew the way they were going. Before daylight they stopped at a house, where she was lodged during the day, and at night the march was resumed. Thus they journeyed for several days into the Highlands,

never allowing the unfortunate lady to speak, and taking the most rigid care to prevent any one from becoming aware of her situation. During this time she never had off her clothes. One day she slept in a barn, another in an open inclosure. Regard to delicacy in such a case was impossible. After a fortnight spent at a house on Lord Lovat's ground (probably in Stratherrick, Inverness-shire), the journey was renewed in the same style as before; only Mr Forster had retired from the party, and the lady found herself entirely in the hands of Frasers.

They now crossed a loch into Glengarry's land, where they lodged several nights in cow-houses, or in the open air, making progress all the time to the westward, where the country becomes extremely wild. At Lochourn, an arm of the sea on the west coast, the unfortunate lady was transferred to a small vessel which was in waiting for her. Bitterly did she weep, and pitifully implore compassion; but the Highlanders understood not her language; and though they had done so, a departure from the orders which had been given them was not to be expected from men of their character. In the vessel, she found that she was in the custody of Alexander Macdonald, a tenant of one of the Western Islands named Heskir, belonging to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Slen.

The unfortunate lady remained in Macdonald's charge at Heskir nearly two years—during the first year without once seeing bread, and with no supply of clothing; obliged, in fact, to live in the same miserable way as the rest of the family; afterwards some little indulgence was shewn to her. This island was of desolate aspect, and had no inhabitant besides Macdonald and his wife. The wretchedness of such a situation for a lady who had been all her life accustomed to the refined society of a capital, may easily be imagined.

In June 1734, a sloop came to Heskir to take away the lady; it was commanded by a Macleod, and in it she was conveyed to the remotest spot of ground connected with the British Islands—namely, the isle of St Kilda, the property of the chief of Macleod, and remarkable for the simple character of the poor peasantry who occupy it. There cannot, of course, be a doubt, that those who had an interest in the seclusion of Lady Grange, regarded this as a more eligible place than Heskir, in as far as it was more out of the way, and promised better for her complete and permanent confinement. In some respects it was an advantageous change for the lady; the place was not uninhabited, as Heskir very nearly was; and her domestic accommodation was better. In St Kilda, she was placed in a house or cottage of two small apartments, tolerably well furnished, with a girl to wait upon her, and provided with a sufficiency of good food and clothing. Of educated persons the island contained not one, except for a short time a clergyman, named Roderick Macleennan. There was hardly even a person capable of speaking or understanding the English language within reach. No books, no intelligence from the world in which she had once lived. Only once a year did a steward come to collect the rent paid in kind by the poor people; and by him was the lady regularly furnished with a store of such articles, foreign to the place, as she needed—usually a stone of sugar, a pound of tea, six pecks

of wheat, and an anker of spirits. Thus she had no lack of the common necessities of life: she only wanted society and freedom. In this way she spent seven dreary years in St Kilda. We learn that she was kind to the inhabitants, giving them from her own stores; and sometimes had the women to come and dance before her; but her temper and habits were not such as to gain their esteem. Often she drank too much; and whenever any one near her committed the slightest mistake, she would fly into a furious passion, and even resort to violence. Once she was detected in an attempt, during the night, to obtain a pistol from above the steward's bed, in the room next to her own: on his awaking and seeing her, she ran off to her own bed. One is disposed, of course, to make all possible allowances for a person in her wretched circumstances; yet there can be little doubt, from the evidence before us, that it was a natural and habitual violence of temper which displayed itself during her residence in St Kilda.

Meanwhile it was known in Edinburgh that Lady Grange had been forcibly carried away and placed in seclusion by orders of her husband; but her whereabouts was a mystery to all besides a few who were concerned to keep it secret. Moved by political ambition, Mr Erskine gave up his seat on the bench in 1734, and went into parliament as member for Clackmannanshire. He had hopes of distinguishing himself in opposition to Sir Robert Walpole; but he ruined all at his first appearance, by a display of oratory against the proposal to abolish the statutes against witchcraft. Affecting a pious horror of necromancy, he maintained that witches ought not to be suffered to live, for such was the injunction of Scripture. For this fanatical harangue he was laughed at by Walpole, and simply finished himself as a politician.

The world had wondered at the events of his domestic life, and several persons denounced the singular means he had adopted for obtaining domestic peace. But, in the main, he stood as well with society as he had ever done. At length, in the winter of 1740, a communication from Lady Grange for the first time reached her friends. Her letter, written from St Kilda, and dated January 20, 1738, had taken two years to reach Edinburgh. It was addressed to the Solicitor-general, gives a narrative of her sufferings, and concludes with the piteous appeal: 'When this comes to you, if you hear I am alive, do me justice, and relieve me. I beg you make all haste; but if you hear I am dead, do what you think right before God.' She subscribes herself Rachel Erskine.

The letter still exists. It is fairly written, though with defective orthography, and has lately been exhibited as a curiosity at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. In it, she says that, if she had paper, she would write to one of her friends, Lord Dun; from which, it would appear that she had had a difficulty in procuring so much as a single sheet of letter-paper. This interesting communication was brought by the minister Maclellan and his wife, who had left St Kilda in discontent, after quarrelling with Macleod's steward. The idea of a lady by birth and education being immured for a series of years in an outlandish place where only the most illiterate people resided, and this by the command of a husband who could only complain of

her irritable temper, struck forcibly upon public feeling, and particularly upon the mind of Lady Grange's legal agent, Mr Hope of Rankellor, who had all along felt a keen interest in her fate. Of Mr Hope it may be remarked that he was also a zealous Jacobite; yet, though all the persons engaged in the lady's abduction were of that party, he hesitated not to take active measures on the contrary side. He immediately applied for a warrant to search for and liberate Lady Grange. This application was opposed by the friends of Mr Erskine, and eventually it was defeated; yet he was not on that account deterred from hiring a vessel, and sending it with armed men to secure the freedom of the lady—a step which, as it was illegal and dangerous, obviously implied no small risk on his own part. It came to nothing.

The poor lady, however, was not destined to end her days in the remote island of St Kilda. The attempt to rescue her, though abortive, possibly stimulated Erskine and his political confederates to hide her in some new and secret place of confinement. She was removed to the mainland, in Ross-shire, and there, after undergoing a few more years of rigorous seclusion, she died in May 1745. She had been illegally detained for upwards of twelve years—a circumstance reflecting great discredit on the public authorities who had been made aware of her case. Erskine, her miserably intriguing husband, spoke lightly of her decease, and, indeed, viewed it as being in the character of a relief. His latter days were in strange contrast with his former position as a judge. He lived in not a very reputable way in a mean lodging in the Haymarket, Westminster. There he died in 1754, and was not regretted.

Such, in brief, without the varnish of fiction, is the story of Lady Grange, the daughter of Chiesley, whose mental peculiarities she had to a certain extent inherited. At the time she lived, there were no other ostensible means of restraint for persons in her unhappy condition, than the common prison, or Bedlam with its straw and its chains. How much reason have we to congratulate ourselves on the improved humanity that provides asylums with gentle treatment for the safety, and, it may be, the recovery of those on whom has been laid the heavy affliction of mental disorder!

W. C.

ANIMAL PHOSPHORESCENCE.

AMONG the marvels which excite the admiration of the student of Nature, not the least strange is the group of phenomena known under the name of Animal Phosphorescence. We are so accustomed to associate light with heat, and to consider that fire of some kind is necessary to its production, that the imagination is appealed to with unusual force, when we find light proceeding from the body of a living animal. Yet, it is well known that the emission of light is not an uncommon characteristic among the members of the invertebrate divisions of the animal kingdom. Travellers have often expatiated on the beauty of the scenes which they have witnessed in the tropics, when the seas or forests have seemed to be illuminated by innumerable sparks of fire; and recent discoveries have

shown that the luminous quality is even more common than was previously supposed. During the dredging expeditions of H.M.S. *Porcupine* in the years 1859 and 1870, so many of the deep-sea animals were found to be phosphorescent, that Professor Thomson has suggested, that the light necessary to the development of the eyeball which some of the specimens possessed may have had its origin in that source. In animal phosphorescence, as in all her works, Nature exhibits an immense variety in the forms in which she displays her power: in one case, the luminosity will be visible in a fluid secretion; in another, it will manifest itself through the action of a minute and complicated organ; one species of animal will shine with a yellow light; a second, with brilliant green; a third, with pale lilac; and we are acquainted with one instance in which the light changes successively to the chief colours of the solar spectrum. The causes which produce these phenomena are still very obscure. Although many forms of life are known in which the luminous quality is present, scientific men are not yet agreed on what the quality depends; and the purposes which the light serves in the animal economy are also little understood. But the phenomena themselves are often very remarkable.

Some strange theories were advanced to account for the phosphorescence of the sea, before the real cause was discovered. In 1696, an ecclesiastic named Tachoud suggested that the ocean absorbed the sun's light by day, and emitted it again at night. About the same time, a better-known philosopher, Robert Boyle, endeavoured to account for the same phenomenon by the friction which, he supposed, the rotation of the earth upon its axis caused between the water and the atmosphere. The problem was finally solved in 1749, by the discovery of luminous animalcules in the water of the Adriatic Sea; and a large proportion of the lower classes of marine animals are now known to be phosphorescent to a greater or less degree. Let us take the invertebrate divisions of the animal kingdom in their regular order, and briefly glance at one or two examples in each. Beginning with the simplest forms of life, the Protozoa, we find in addition to certain Infusoria, the little jelly-like organism to which naturalists have given the name of *Noctiluca*, the phosphorescence of which is largely demonstrated around our coasts.

The Radiated class of sea-animals possess high phosphorescent qualities. Star-fish, sea-pens, jelly-fish, sea-fans, sea-rushes, may be mentioned as cases in which the luminous quality is present among the Radiata. We will take our examples from among the specimens captured during the expeditions of the *Porcupine**. On some occasions, when the dredge was hauled up late in the evening, the hempen tangles which were attached to it came up sprinkled over with stars of the most brilliant uranium green; little stars, for the phosphorescent light was much more vivid in the younger and smaller specimens. The light was not constant, nor continuous all over the star, but sometimes it struck out a line of fire all round the disc, flashing, or one might rather say glowing, up to the centre; then, that would fade, and a

defined patch, a centimetre or so long, break out in the middle of an arm, and travel slowly out to the point, or the whole fire rays would light up at the ends and spread the fire inwards. Doubtless, in a sea swarming with active and pretaceous crustaceans, with great bright eyes, phosphorescence must be a very fatal gift. On one occasion the dredge came up tangled with the long pink stems of a kind of sea-pen, which were replented with a pale lilac phosphorescence like the flame of cyanogen gas; not scintillating like the green light of the star-fish, but almost constant, sometimes flashing out at one point more brightly, and then dying into comparative dimness, but always sufficiently bright to make every portion of a stem caught in the tangles or sticking to the ropes distinctly visible. In some places, nearly everything brought up seemed to emit light, and the mud itself was perfectly full of luminous sparks. The sea-rushes, the sea-fans, and, usually, the sea-pens, shone with a luminous, white light, so bright that it shewed distinctly the hour on a watch. In the neighbourhood of the Madeiras, jelly-fish have been taken which emitted light in flashes, and the same phenomenon has been noticed in other parts, both in respect to jelly-fish, and, as we shall see, in respect to other animals.

Some of the most beautiful, luminous phenomena of the ocean are caused by animals belonging to the Mollusca sub-kingdom, which is nearly as prolific in light-giving species as the Radiata. There is a shell-less mollusc which inhabits the Atlantic, in the neighbourhood of the equator, and resembles a tiny cylinder of incandescent matter. It is microscopic in size, but prodigious numbers adhere together, until a tube from five or six to fourteen inches in length is formed, and the sea sometimes presents the appearance of a sheet of molten lava, from the number of these tubes which are floating in it. Moreover, a singular phenomenon is connected with this form of phosphorescence; the colour of the light is constantly varying, passing instantaneously from red to brilliant crimson, to orange, to greenish, to blue, and finally to opaline yellow. Another highly phosphorescent species of Mollusca belongs to the family of the *Salpidae*, which abounds in the Mediterranean and the warmer parts of the ocean. These individuals also swim adhering together in vast numbers, and produce the effect of long ribbons of fire, sometimes drawn straight in the direction of the currents, sometimes twisted and almost doubled by the action of the waves. In the Mediterranean their phosphorescence often resembles the light of the moon, giving rise to what the French term *une mer de lait*.

Luminosity is not so frequent a characteristic of the marine Articulata; nevertheless, it is exhibited by certain worm-like animals belonging to the class Annelida, and by a large number of the smaller Crustacea. In many instances the light takes the form of vivid scintillations similar to those emitted by the Medusa, or jelly-fish, already mentioned. The appearance is sometimes very brilliant, when great numbers of these organisms are present in the sea, the water, especially when it is agitated, being illuminated by sparks of light, varying in size from that of a pin's head to that of a pea, and vanishing and reappearing in countless myriads. The late Professor E. Forbes recorded instances in which he found individuals of a

* We are indebted to Professor Thomson's *Depths of the Sea* for the following account of phosphorescent animals taken during the voyages of the *Porcupine*.

species of mollusc, whose visceral cavities had been deprived of their natural contents, to contain multitudes of minute crustaceans which emitted bright and rapid flashes.

If we now leave the marine world, and pursue our investigations among the inhabitants of dry land, we shall find the examples of phosphorescence much reduced in number. With few exceptions, the Articulata alone among land animals possess this characteristic, and the class Insects furnishes us with by far the largest number of light-giving species. Thus, naturalists enumerate between two and three hundred kinds of luminous beetles, which are nearly restricted to two families, the *Lampyridæ* and the *Elateridæ*. We may take the common English glow-worm as a type of the former; and the famous fire-flies, said to serve the West Indian belles instead of jewels, as a type of the latter. In both, the organs which emit the light are very similar. Dissecting the abdomen of the glow-worm, two minute sacs of cellular tissue are seen, lying along the sides just under the skin. The cells are filled with a substance which under the microscope looks like soft, yellow grease. When the season for giving light is past, this yellow matter is absorbed, and replaced by the ordinary substance of the insect. A multitude of minute air-tubes surround and ramify through the sacs, terminating in a larger tube and a spiraculum, or air-opening in the skin. Free communication with the outer air is essential to the emission of the light of these two sacs, and we are thus able to account for the frequent disappearance of the glow-worm's lamp by the power which insects enjoy of closing their spiracula at will. But the *Lampyris* can in reality only partially extinguish its light; beneath the last segmentary ring of the abdomen a second pair of still more minute sacs are placed, likewise filled with yellow, greasy matter, and the light of these is not entirely under the insect's control. It may always be seen if the glow-worm be closely examined. The most curious feature connected with the organ has still to be mentioned; each of the points at which the light is visible is covered by a transparent, horny cap, divided into little hexagonal facets, and exactly similar in principle to an apparatus invented by man for increasing the diffusion of light.

The best known species of fire-fly, the *Cocuja* of Spanish America and the West Indies, is an insect which resembles the common English black beetle in size, but it is dark brown in colour, and the divisions of its body are less deeply marked. The light is sufficiently strong to be of use to the inhabitants of the countries in which it is found. By inclosing three or four of the beetles in a glass bottle, a lamp is obtained sufficient for ordinary household purposes, and travellers are said to fasten the insects to the toes of their boots, in order to illuminate the pathways at night. The light proceeds from four yellow spots upon the thorax, two of which are hidden by the wing-covers, unless the insect be in flight, when the brightness of the light is also increased by the quicker respiration caused by the motion. The luminous matter is more largely distributed than in the glow-worm, and if the segmentary rings of the abdomen be gently pulled asunder, the light may be seen shining through the semi-transparent skin of the interstices.

Two East Indian species of luminous beetles are

especially worthy of mention. In the island of Singapore, a *Lampyris* is found which shines with an intermittent light. The insects cluster among the foliage of trees where the ground is damp and swampy, and, in accordance with some strange instinct, flash out their lanterns simultaneously. At one moment the tree will be dotted with bright sparks, which a moment later will have disappeared, excepting two or three. The intervals of darkness are about a second in duration. At these times the insects appear to be settled upon the leaves, and, if they are disturbed, they dart out at random, flashing their lights irregularly, and at shorter intervals. Borneo produces a species of glow-worm which shines with a triple row of lamps. It has been found crawling among dead-wood and leaves, the first row of lights being placed along the back, and the second and third rows along the sides.

Turning to another class among the land Articulata, we may briefly mention the phosphorescence of the centipede and that of the earth-worm. Both phenomena may be seen in England, but are more common on the continent. The centipede, which is tawny brown in colour, and scarcely exceeds the teeth of an inch in diameter, is about an inch and a half in length. It frequents out-houses and arbours, where it may sometimes be found crawling along the ground, and searching for the insects on which it feeds. The phosphorescent property resides in a fluid which it secretes, and with which it can moisten the whole of its body. The light becomes more brilliant when the animal is irritated, and, if the fluid be received upon the hand, it will continue luminous for some seconds. M. Audouin, a French naturalist, residing near Paris, was witness of a remarkable appearance which was caused by luminous centipedes. He was informed that there were 'earth-worms' in a field near his house, glowing like red-hot coals. On going to the place to see, he found merely a few luminous streaks here and there upon the ground; but when a spade was brought, and some of the earth thrown up, a beautiful spectacle presented itself. Great numbers of centipedes, which had collected together for some purpose, were unearthed, and the soil shone with the light which they emitted, the streaks remaining visible for many seconds, if the clods were crushed beneath the foot. Similarly, Professor Moquin-Tandon has recorded a case of the phosphorescence of earth-worms, which he noticed on a garden-walk at Toulouse. The worms were about an inch and a half in length, and looked like little rods of white-hot iron.

It would be out of place in the pages of this *Journal* to discuss the merits of theories which have been advanced to account for animal phosphorescence. As we have already said, Science has not pronounced any final decision on the matter. Some philosophers look upon the light as the result of the slow combustion of some combination of phosphorus contained in the animal secretions; others believe it to be a direct manifestation of vital force, acting through special organs, much in the way that electricity is produced in the torpedo or gymnotus. No doubt the problem will ultimately be solved as we advance in the study of comparative anatomy, and, in the meantime, many experiments have been made, in the hope of assisting the solution. It has been found that the

luminous matter will communicate its peculiar property to liquids or solids with which it may come in contact. The light is extinguished by a cold or boiling temperature, or by strong stimulants; it also disappears in vacuo, but becomes visible again on the admission of the air; and it is increased by moderate heat, and by gentle stimulants. In respect to the glow-worm, the two smaller sacs of yellow matter which we described possess the curious property of shining uninterruptedly for several hours, after they have been removed from the living body, the light from other parts being extinguished immediately under similar circumstances. A simple galvanic current passed through water containing *Noctiluca*, produced no effect; but an electro-magnetic current, on the other hand, caused, after a short interval, a continuous and steady glow to issue from the water. The light disappeared at the end of a quarter of an hour, and could not be reproduced, the animalcules being evidently dead.

THE WRONG PILLAR-BOX.

Mrs TWILLET was originally Miss Eleanor Fussell, with whom it was the destiny of Mr Bygrave to fall in love. Though he was far from handsome, Eleanor Fussell gradually felt a tender regard for him; and being aware that he had, as has been said, a competency, she allowed that tender regard to wax stronger and stronger, until she many a time caught herself sighing and thinking: 'Oh, I wish he would propose!'

Well, he did propose; and yet she became Mrs Twillett.

Now it chanced upon a day, or rather night, that Mr and Mrs Fussell fell a-talking, as anxious parents will do, about the prospects of their children, and, especially, the lovely Eleanor.

'Nelly's rather hard to please, I fear,' said Mr Fussell, with the sigh of a professional man having limited means and a large family, but with the chuckle also of an indulgent father proud of his daughter's personal attractions.

'Not so hard as you think, perhaps,' rejoined Mrs Fussell significantly.

'What d'ye mean?' asked Mr Fussell petulantly.

'Nelly's a dear, good girl, without any absurd nonsense,' said the mother sententially.

'What's that to do with it?' observed the father angrily.

'A great deal, my dear,' responded the mother patronisingly. 'Nelly has admitted to me that she very much prefers Bygrave. And I must tell you, when he was down here he was hanging about Nelly in the most absurd manner, and making her all sorts of presents.'

'He must be brought to book,' said Mr Fussell, with determination. 'I shall have to go to town in a few days, and I shall call upon him at his chambers. I shall give him every opportunity of speaking out like a man, and if he fights shy, I'll speak to him. I can't have my Nelly trifled with.'

'Take care you don't spoil matters,' observed Mrs Fussell warningly. 'You men are so clumsy; my opinion is that Mr Bygrave is very timid and diffident about his personal appearance, although I did tell him, so far as pretty plain hints can be called telling, that he had nothing to fear on that score. Depend upon it, he will propose in due

time, if you keep your awkward finger out of the pie.'

'If he doesn't, I'll know the reason why,' observed Mr Fussell in conclusion.

And he did propose. In fact, he had already proposed at the very time when he formed the topic of conversation between the father and mother of his beloved and loving Eleanor. And the time was April 1, 18--.

Nevertheless, within twelve months of that proposal, though there was no quarrel and no change in Bygrave's circumstances, Eleanor Fussell became the wife of James Twillett, a handsome man enough, but, in other respects, no more to be compared with John Bygrave than a Satyr with Hyperion. Above all, Twillett hadn't a competency; he was a young professional man, with fair prospects, certainly, but with little or nothing beyond the proceeds of his profession.

And why was it that Nelly never told even her mother of the proposal made to her by Bygrave? Until she became Mrs Twillett, she never mentioned that proposal either to her mother or to any other living soul.

Mr Fussell was as good as his word. When he paid his due visit to town, he called at Bygrave's chambers. The black door was inhospitably shut, and on it was pasted a piece of paper, bearing upon it some written characters. Mr Fussell, who was near-sighted, adjusted his glasses, went close up to the door, read the handwriting upon the wall, was for the moment struck dumb, and, so soon as he recovered the use of his tongue, made use of severe expressions. What he had read was: 'Gone to Jericho. Return in about eighteen months.' That was all, except the chronic notice in white letters upon the black door, to the effect, that 'messages and parcels' were 'to be left at the head-porter's lodge.' To that lodge Mr Fussell at once repaired.

'Mr Bygrave appears to have gone abroad!' said he, interrogatively, to the porter.

'Gone to Jericho, sir,' answered the porter pleasantly; 'for a little ontin', sir; comin' home by way of Afriky in about eighteen months. Letters not to be forwarded. Any message, sir?'

'Dear me!' replied Mr Fussell, but not to the question; 'it must have been very sudden!'

'Mr Bygrave's a rather suddenish gentleman, sir,' assented the porter, with a smile. 'I've known him to come home late from the Derby on a Wednesday night, and be off early next mornin', just leavin' a note for his laundress to say, that if anybody calls, he's gone to Beth'lem for a week or two.'

'Beth'lem,' muttered Mr Fussell; 'and a very proper place for him. But,' he continued, in a louder tone, 'I suppose you don't know why he should have gone to Jericho just now?'

'No, sir, I don't know exactly,' replied the good-humoured porter. 'But I can guess why he's gone to Jericho.'

Mr Fussell said nothing, but looked expectant. 'You see, sir,' continued the porter, more confidentially, 'Mr Bygrave's most intimate friend is a painter, a gentleman that paints Scripture subjects, and that's engaged at present, as I have heard, on a picture of the man that fell among thieves; and Mr Bygrave, I take it, has gone to pay his friend a visit.'

Mr Fussell thanked the communicative porter, and departed without leaving any 'message.' For

the only message he could think of was, 'Tell him he's a villain;' and the porter was hardly the proper person to deliver it.

When Mr Fussell reached his home in the country town where he practised his profession, he sought the earliest opportunity of being closeted with his wife. In the conference that ensued both were utterly puzzled. How Bygrave should have behaved as he did, was incomprehensible. And yet while appearing to have fled from and jilted their daughter, the young man had really proposed.

Nobody, however, would have guessed that he had, to judge from Nelly's behaviour. A face as pale as a lily, nights devoid of rest, and pillows wet with tears, followed immediately upon the announcement made to her that Bygrave had gone away; gone, without a word or a letter; gone, after the significant speeches he had made, secretly in her own ear, and openly before her family; gone, not to return for eighteen months at the least; gone, leaving a request behind that letters should not be forwarded, and not leaving any address to which they could be forwarded. Then, apparently, came the stage of womanly pride and just resentment. Her heart was scarred indelibly, but her face recovered its bloom and its brightness. And Twillett became the accepted lover. Twelve months rolled away, and she became Mrs Twillett. The happy honeymoon was over; she returned to her native town to a snug little house on its outskirts; and in the very first week of her return, as she sat in her boudoir waiting for her husband to come home, a letter was brought to her from her father's. The envelope was a large blue one, and bore an address which accounted for its having been sent to her father's—*Miss Eleanor Fussell*. She smiled as she broke open the cover, but the smile was succeeded by a frown and a start when she perceived inside the cover a second letter. This second letter was blood-red, and, as she looked at the handwriting, she trembled exceedingly, and a smothered cry escaped her white lips.

It may be remembered, that on the night of a certain 1st of April 18—, Mr and Mrs Fussell had a conversation about the propriety of bringing Mr Bygrave to propose; whereas Mr Bygrave, it was remarked at the time, had already proposed. Well, at dusk on that same 1st of April, a raw country lad might have been observed in Fleet Street with a letter in his hand, and staring and gaping inquiringly about him. At last a gleam of intelligence and satisfaction lit up his face, and he moved hastily towards an iron pillar-box which stood by the road-side, and near which some mischievous young Arabs of the London streets were playing.

'Want a letter-box? Here you are, my boy: shove it in that hole at the top,' said one of them, in the most friendly and insinuating accents, to the country lad.

'O! know,' replied the country lad, with a look of superior knowledge and experience, as he carefully dropped the letter in at the suggested hole, and walked off with an air of satisfaction.

'Oh! you April fool,' shouted the Arabs after him; but he either didn't know what they meant, or believed in its being impossible that any boy whatever would infringe the law which forbids the making of 'April fools' after twelve o'clock at noon. At anyrate, he went his way regardless of scoffs.

'O dear! O dear!' screamed the treacherously

friendly Arab, laughing as if his very sides would burst: 'he's bin and gone and put his love-letter in the dust-bin; that he have.'

As the country lad passed one of the archways that lead from Fleet Street into the Temple, he was brought to a sudden stand-still by a stentorian shout.

'Thomas!' cried a voice, which made the country lad jump.

'Here oi be, Muster Boygreave,' answered Thomas, with a tug at his front hair, and a broad grin at the gentleman who had called to him.

'So you've posted my letter?' said the gentleman.

'Ees, Muster Boygreave, oi've done it,' answered Thomas with unconscious equivocation.

'Bravo! Thomas,' rejoined the gentleman kindly; 'you've done your first errand in London splendidly. I watched you from here almost as far as the pillar-box; but I couldn't see quite all the way. You didn't have any difficulty, I suppose?'

'No; I fund t' pillar, and I popped un into t' slit a-top.'

'That's all right; and I was glad to see you took no notice of those young ragamuffins who seemed to be laughing at you. Now you can go; good-night.'

And away went Thomas with an expression of unbounded self-content.

Thomas was the son, or, rather, one of the sons of a poor widow who had lately lost her husband by an accident whilst Bygrave was on his visit to the Fussells; and it was only one of those many generous actions which, partly reported of him, and partly known of her own knowledge, had tended to endear him to Eleanor Fussell, when he undertook to find schooling and occupation and a livelihood for Thomas in London. But how came Thomas to be intrusted with the posting of Bygrave's letter? Why, thus: the letter was addressed after a fashion which makes most bachelors living in chambers do their posting for themselves, in order to avoid prying eyes, significant looks, well-meant but offensive allusions, and tittle-tattle; and so Bygrave had intended to post it himself as he walked down to his club, but, having encountered Thomas in the very nick of time, and Thomas not having yet eaten of the tree of knowledge so far as to be able to decipher handwriting or even print, he seized the occasion of giving Thomas a lesson in the art of performing a master's behests. He had directed Thomas to pop the letter into the first iron pillar-box he came to; he had watched Thomas going the right course; he had seen Thomas halt close to the very spot where the nearest pillar-box stood; and he had observed with satisfaction that Thomas promptly returned, and disregarded the many chances that offered of a game or a fight with a round dozen of street-boys. He was as satisfied about the safe lodgment of the letter as if he had dropped it into the box with his own hands; and he never gave it a second thought.

And within ten days, he, to the great astonishment of Thomas, started off on a sudden to Jericho.

Let us return to Mrs Twillett. She had just strength enough left to tear open the blood-red letter and read as follows:

April 1, 18—.

MY DEAREST ELEANOR—These very words will tell you my story; for, if it were not for the confession I am going to make, and the bold request I am about to urge, I ought not, and I should not

dare, to use them. My confession is that I love you, for love is a word that, in my vocabulary, includes everything that longer words are generally used to express; and my bold request is that you will be my wife. Many a time, during the happy days I lately spent at your side, I have been on the point of pleading my cause to you by word of mouth, and asking for your sentence upon me; but I could not bear to hear a possible refusal from your sweet lips. I determined to write; for I know how tender your heart is, and by writing I should spare you the pain that I know you would feel were you to witness the effect it would have upon me if you were to tell me that my case is hopeless. And if it be, I will not put you to the disagreeable necessity of telling me so in writing or otherwise. Let this be our compact: if I have hope, send me one short note, and I will fly to you at once; if I have none, do not write at all. I will wait a week; and if, by the 8th of this month of April, I receive no dear, encouraging, hope-giving, beatifying little note, I shall know that my fate is sealed, and my future misery is insured. I shall go abroad, to Jericho; there I have a friend, a painter of sombre subjects; he will sympathise with me; he is engaged in painting a picture of the man who fell among thieves; he will, figuratively, pour wine and oil into my wounds; he will probably avail himself of my expression for the countenance of the wounded man himself. If I were not aware how excellent your nature is, how lightly you esteem what those who haven't any of it call dress, in comparison with moral worth, and how great a sin you consider idleness, I would add, as if in my favour, that, though I am not rich exactly, yet I have a considerable independent income. However, knowing as I do your noble opinions as to the dignity of labour, it might tell against me rather than for me if I were to suggest that my income of £1500 a year would enable us to scrape along (if I may use the expression), without the necessity of doing anything, mental or otherwise, for a livelihood; but I may surely say that such a position, being regarded by the world as an advantage, would give you a certain influence and certain means likely to be of assistance to you in your efforts to obey the generous instincts which I have always so greatly admired in you. External graces to recommend me, I am fully conscious I have none; my looking-glass tells me so with cruel plainness, and I fear that I am equally badly off for any kind of personal merits, unless, indeed, there be some small merit in having recognised and devoted myself to the best, the loveliest, the sweetest of her sex. Oh! Eleanor, have pity upon me, and make me happy for ever. Each hour will be a hundred years as I wait for the fatal 8th. I shall have my luggage all ready; and if by the morning of the 8th I receive no letter from you, I shall accept my destiny in silent despair, and start forthwith for Jericho. I shall return, if indeed I do return, by way of Africa, where, if I do not court, I shall certainly not shun, the deadly weapon of the savage, and the deadlier fever of his climate; and should we meet in future days, pray behave to me as if this long letter had never been written, as if there had never been anything but friendship between us—Believe me to be, my dearest Eleanor (for I must write it again), your most passionately attached and devoted admirer, lover, and—in any case—friend,

JOHN BYGRAVE.

Mrs Twillett was quite overcome. She kissed the blood-red letter over and over again; and she whimpered, as the tears trickled unheeded down her cheeks:

'His face, the darling, what did I care for his face! But I'd no notion he had so m—m—much as fit—fit—fifteen hundred a year of his own. But what does it all mean?'

And she turned for explanation to the other letter, which ran as follows:

SHADY FARM, May 20, 18—.

Mr Plowman presents his compliments to Miss Fussell. Though I haven't the pleasure of knowing you, miss, I thought it my duty to forward the letter; and I hope it will be in time. The way it came to Shady Farm was singular. Excuse my mentioning top-dressing in connection with a lady, but having had a load of the same down lately from London, and being at work putting it on the four-acre field, we found the letter quite accidentally right among the dressing. Pray, don't be frightened at the colour; it's only Cony's fluid: we thought, considering what the letter had gone through, it might be the better for a good soaking and disfecting—Hoping you'll find it not much the worse, I remain, yours respectfully,

THOMAS PLOWMAN.

'There must have been some dreadful mistake somewhere,' murmured Mrs Twillett; and as the strange fate of poor Bygrave's proposal presented itself vividly before her, her sob became mingled with screams of laughter, until her experienced maid, correctly surmising hysterics, appeared unsummoned, and 'brought her to.' So that Mrs Twillett was quite calm, and had removed all traces of the letters by the time Mr Twillett came home.

Whilst Bygrave was absent, the education of Thomas had been proceeding, and had soon arrived at such a pitch that he knew the difference between the two kinds of pillar-boxes: one for letters; and one—called a 'street orderly bin'—for all manner of dirt and refuse in Fleet Street; and many bitter tears did Thomas consequently weep during his kind master's absence. No sooner did Bygrave return, than Thomas, now almost rid of his rustic dialect, requested an audience, which was granted.

'Well, Thomas,' said Bygrave kindly, 'what is it?'

'Please, sir,' replied Thomas, as pale as a ghost, and shivering with emotion, 'I put that letter in the dust-bin.'

'What letter, and what dust-bin?' asked Bygrave, with a stare of blank amazement.

'The letter you give me to post just afore you went away, sir,' blubbered Thomas.

'Ha!' cried Bygrave fiercely, as his memory returned, and his face, almost blackened by sun and weather, grew stern and rigid; 'what did you say you did with it?'

'Put it in the dust-bin, sir,' repeated Thomas, in a low but distinct voice.

'The boy's mad,' muttered Bygrave. 'Why,' he continued in a louder voice, 'I saw you post it myself; at least I saw you go almost up to the pillar-box and—'

'The wrong pillar-box, sir, please,' interrupted Thomas with a moan.

'Good gracious!' roared Bygrave, starting up from his seat and clenching his fist, 'you don't mean to say you put it in—'

'Yes, sir, yes,' said Thomas, with tearful eagerness, and approaching as if to meet rather than avoid the impending blow—'in the pillar-box where the rubbish is put.'

'You've spoilt my whole life, Thomas,' said Bygrave hoarsely. 'What d'ye think you deserve?'

'Killin', sir, killin', responded Thomas, with a sob, but with an honest, earnest, fearless look into his master's face; 'that's what I deserve.'

'Then consider yourself killed, my boy,' rejoined Bygrave, with a sad smile, unclenching his fist, and laying his hand on the boy's shoulder. 'It was more my fault than yours. It never occurred to me that anybody could mistake one for the other; but I ought to have recollected that you were quite a stranger, and might never have seen what the "street orderly bins" were used for. And, when I come to think of it, they are rather like the letter-boxes. It's all right, Thomas; you may go.'

And, sighing heavily, Bygrave sat down and wept. Don't think it unmanly or unphilosophical of him. He had, at anyrate, just behaved as philosophically towards Thomas as the great Sir Isaac towards Diamond.

But it must be acknowledged that 'the wrong pillar-box' has established curious relations between three people, who are liable to meet pretty frequently in society.

TRAMWAYS.

CURIOUSLY enough, tramways are a German invention. They were made known in England by some German miners in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as a means of easy transit for minerals. The idea of laying down rails, on which horses might draw heavy loads with comparative ease, was eagerly taken up, and put into practice—first, it seems, by a person named Outram—hence, Outramways, or Tramways. The following, culled from an old paper, gives an account of his method of laying down the rails: 'When the road has been traced at six feet in breadth, and when the declivities are fixed, an excavation is made of the breadth of said road, more or less deep, according as the levelling of the road requires. There are afterwards arranged, along the whole breadth of this excavation, pieces of oak-wood, of the thickness of four, five, six, or even eight inches square: these are placed across, and at the distance of two or three feet from each other; these pieces need only be square at the extremities; and upon them are fixed other pieces of wood well squared and sawed, of about six or seven inches breadth, by five inches depth, with pegs of wood. These pieces are placed on each side of the road, along its whole length: they are commonly placed at four feet distant from each other, which forms the interior breadth of the road.' As it does not appear, from this description, that these rails contained grooves, we must suppose that they projected slightly from the surrounding road, as in our railways now, so as to contain the flanges of the wheels, which otherwise would slip off.

So effective were these new ways, that one horse, which before could draw but seventeen hundredweight, could now, with the same labour, draw forty-two hundredweight. Up till 1688, the seventeenth century had been unusually hostile to inventions, but the revolution of that year wrought

a change for the better. Among other benefits, it gave such an impetus to trade in general, and to the coal-trade in particular, that the utmost exertions on the part of the coal-masters could hardly keep the supply equal to the demand. The wooden rails, which all along had proved deficient in durability, now gave way faster than ever, and the want of a substitute which could stand the increased traffic was urgently felt. They appear to have been slow, however, in getting something better, for the iron rail was not introduced till fifty years later (1738). But a horse's load had always been put into one wagon, and these enormous vehicles, containing, as they did, upwards of two tons, at once snapped the rails, which being made of *cast-iron*, of course were very brittle. After an interval of thirty years, the idea was set on foot, that the difficulty might be obviated by using *wrought-iron* rails, and by diffusing the weight. Now for the first time was it discovered, that not only could iron rails be used with profit, but difficulties regarding curves be solved, by carrying in *several smaller wagons* the same weight, and perhaps a greater, instead of the whole in one. Like many other inventions, it seems to us of 1874 curious that it should not have been introduced long before, seeing that thousands of pounds every year might have been saved to the owner of each coal-pit in keeping up the permanent way, owing to the ponderous wagons carrying all before them. The experiment both as to wagons and rails proved completely successful, and both were at once generally adopted. Iron rails seem to have been first made at Colebrook Iron-works, in Shropshire. By the books of that Company, we see that on November 13, 1767, between five and six tons were forged at the instance of Mr Reynolds, one of the partners.

The idea of using the trams for more than coal seems to have first occurred to Mr Edgeworth in 1802. That gentleman published a pamphlet shewing the practicability of rails being 'laid along turnpike roads for the use of stage-coaches, which might be made to go at six miles an hour, with one horse.' This suggestion seemed all the more feasible, that tramways could be laid down, with iron rails, in an eligible situation at one thousand pounds per mile of single line. Such seems extremely moderate, especially when we think of the fabulous sums spent in modern times on many a mile of our railways.

A certain Dr Anderson also became very full of the subject. He asserts that, in an experiment, he saw a single horse, in an incline of one in a hundred, draw (besides the wagon) down forty-three tons, and up seven tons. Although he let this be widely known, as also his conviction that were tramways generally introduced, the necessary number of horses would be lessened by seven-eighths, the idea took so slowly that nothing practical was done till 1825, when George Stephenson's day was dawning. In that year, chiefly through the energy and perseverance of Mr Edward Pease of Darlington, a single line was laid between Liverpool and Manchester. It had at short intervals loop-lines, where cars might pass, and was intended to convey both goods and passengers. It was a carefully made line, for George Stephenson was engineer, and when completed, it proved a signal success.

The passenger cars, which were made to hold six inside, and twenty outside, were drawn by one

horse, at a rate of ten miles per hour. They were always so full that many had to stand, and those whose memory goes so far back, tell us, that on the arrival of a car at the terminus, it looked like the dispersing of a small congregation.

The result had been watched with interest; and no sooner had the success of the experiment been proved, than numerous other projects of the same nature were set on foot, both in this and other countries. Before 1830, besides several in our own country, a tramway had been laid down and put into operation, for goods and passengers, in France, between St Etienne and Andrezieux; in Germany, between Budweis and Linz; and in America, from Quincy to Boston. Now, however, that the locomotive had shewed its powers, nothing was talked of but railways. Tramways were hardly spoken of, and in Britain, at all events, they were considered a thing of the past. Not so in America; our friends on the other side of the Atlantic had made the experiment, it had turned out successfully, and they were not going to let it slip. They foresaw that while railways were a fit means of locomotion for long distances, tramways were adapted from their very nature as a means of communication between cities and their environs, and in all places where populous thoroughfares would render steam objectionable. Accordingly, tramways year by year grew in favour in America, and not only were they laid down in large cities already existing, but as cities sprang up, the invariable appendage was a tramway company. But in other places the system took more slowly; and many years after, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Belgium, and at last Great Britain followed the example at various places.

As with everything else, inventions in connection with tramways have been extremely numerous, and of late years increasingly so. No sooner has one improvement been made, than another seems to be needed, and a new invention is the result. What with cars to go by steam, by compressed atmospheric air, or by mechanical power alone, we ought soon to gain perfection.

A point long under discussion has been, the best motive-power for tramway cars. Horses, though generally used, have proved themselves in many ways deficient, especially in heavy gradients. Steam is not noiseless enough; but small engines packed into a front compartment of the cars, and driven by compressed atmospheric air, have been put upon a number of lines in America. But an invention has recently been patented, which, if we may be allowed the expression, seems likely 'to wipe all others off the slate.' An experiment was recently made in London with a model on the scale of one-sixth, whereby a tramway car was driven by mechanical means alone. Attached to the wheels were cylinders, in which were encased strong springs, like watch-springs on a gigantic scale. The action, which is reversible, made the car run a long way, by simply winding up the springs. As with one winding up these will go farther than any line yet constructed, it is proposed to erect at each terminus a small stationary engine, whereby the cars on arrival might be wound up. By a simple appliance of brakes these cars can be stopped at pleasure. The idea is certainly ingenious, and might be applied in other directions.

Another point, about which there is a great deal of difference, has reference to the best sort of rail. That generally in use at present is about three inches broad, and is laid level with the causeway. In the middle, is a groove an inch wide by an inch deep, which fits the flanges of the car-wheels. The innermost side is roughened, to prevent the horses from slipping; whilst the other side is perfectly smooth, as the wheels run upon it. By this method, the general traffic is in no way impeded; indeed, many vehicles get on much faster, by keeping on the smooth rails.

Another method, and one which finds great favour in America, is to have iron plates, eight inches in breadth, and half an inch thick, laid upon wooden beams. On the outside edge is an elevation an inch and a half broad, and an inch high, which is of the same height as the surrounding causeway. Thus, the pavement between the rails is an inch lower than the street. It is said that while the cars cannot leave the tracks, other vehicles can with ease, and that in many ways this method serves admirably.

Another kind of rail, which found many supporters in Germany, was one which very much resembles those used in our railways. It projects more than an inch from the street, but any vehicle which may attempt to cross it diagonally, invariably gets damaged; generally, indeed, the axle is broken. From these causes, a line of this sort, which had been laid down in Stuttgart, Württemberg, had, in 1865, to be taken up, and replaced by rails which were level with the street. However laid, tramways in large towns with crowded streets are usually a nuisance. They, no doubt, serve a purpose, as regards the easy and cheap transit of masses of people. But they embarrass the general thoroughfare, and if the streets are not perfectly level, the horses attached to the cars are hard, if not cruelly wrought. For these reasons, municipal authorities would need to be on their guard respecting proposals to cut up their streets with tramways.

THE MANOR-HOUSE AT MILFORD.

CHAPTER II.

Hang, beg, starve, die I'll the streets;

For, by my word, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.

In the four years that have elapsed since Tom Repley's marriage, his fortunes have alternately waxed and waned, but the waxing has been temporary and precarious, whilst the waning process has gone on steadily and continuously. He went into business with his speculative friend, and for a time they prospered and made money. Tom was industrious, and not extravagant, and his wife turned out a perfect treasure; whilst the partner supplied dash and enterprise, and was fertile in resources for attracting and entrapping the public. But with some success came much undue inflation. The partner devoted himself to betting and losing persistently, and Tom's patient efforts were like dribbling water into a broken sieve. A crash, as might have been expected, came at last. The stock of Brown and Repley was seized, the firm made bankrupt, and Tom found himself, with a wife and boy of three years old dependent on him, cast upon the world without a penny.

As a forlorn-hope, he tried his aunt. Would she

lend him a couple of hundred pounds or so, he wrote, to start him again? His creditors had been satisfied with his conduct, and the wholesale houses would trust him afresh, if he could only get a start; he would pay ten per cent. interest, and he would ever be grateful; and so on. Aunt Betsy took no notice of his application. Trade was bad; he could get no situation as a shopman; and he found himself and his belongings practically acquainted with the meaning of starvation. He fell ill, too, and became incapable of doing anything. He met with a kind friend, however, in a hospital doctor, who was struck with compassion for this little family group suffering silently and uncomplainingly. Tom must have nutritious diet, and native air, he said; and as Aunt Booth, at this juncture, came forward, and offered them a temporary home at the *Royal Oak*, they thankfully accepted her offer; and by the assistance of the benevolent doctor, who raised a few pounds for them among his friends, they were enabled to leave their miserable lodgings in London, and take refuge at Milford. It was a depressing, wretched affair, this coming back, beaten in the battle of life, and Tom thought with apprehension of his aunt's last warning words. Destitution had come indeed, for Aunt Booth was poor, and couldn't keep them long.

Tom humbled his pride sufficiently to go and call at Milford's; but his aunt wouldn't even open the door to him. He knocked and knocked; and he could see his aunt's nose appearing between the window-blind and the jamb, as she peered out upon him. But the door remained inexorably closed; and when he made his way round to the back, he was met by Skim—now, it seemed, his aunt's servant—who told him that it was no use coming there, as the old lady wouldn't set eyes on him. After that, he met her once driving in the chaise with Collop; but she turned her head away from him, and wouldn't acknowledge his greeting.

Sailor was still living at Milford, hale and hearty as ever. He was the one true friend they had in the village. He was as good as a nursemaid, or rather a great deal better, for he took care of little Bertie, and kept him amused and employed; taught him how to tie knots and sail boats, to make pop-guns out of elder boughs, and whistles out of the shoots of willows, and trumpets out of the ketches that grew in the woods, and generally made the boy's life bright and pleasant to him. Bertie was almost as much at Sailor's cottage as at the *Royal Oak*, and that was a great relief to Lizzie, who did most of the household work for her aunt, as some sort of a recompense for their food and lodging, and had to nurse Tom as well, and keep up his spirits.

Sailor's cottage was in the lane between the village and Aunt Betsy's house—one of a row of small two-roomed cottages, built upon a strip of waste land, by the speculative shopkeeper of the village, and inhabited by agricultural labourers. Sailor's cottage was the trimmest and neatest in the row. He had built a wooden porch, covered with lattice-work, over which he had trained a creeper, and there were two narrow seats inside, where you might smoke a pipe if so inclined. The room you first entered was paved with brick, and the walls neatly whitewashed. There was a small mirror over the chimney-piece, and a bright blue glass rolling-pin with the figure of

a ship upon it hanging beneath. On the wall opposite was a portrait of Lord Nelson, with a very blue coat, and highly gilt buttons, and a tremendous cocked-hat. A capital water-colour drawing of the frigate *Thetis*, in full sail, drawn by one of her officers, occupied a place of honour over a stand by the wall, full of shells and curiosities. A round oaken table, scrubbed to a snowy whiteness, stood in the middle of the floor; and three or four rush-bottomed chairs, also marvelously clean, were ranged round the walls. The fireplace was fitted with a little range, oven, grate, and boiler black-leaded till you could see your face in them. An eight-day clock in the corner, with gaily painted face, marked the flight of time with monotonous inward throbblings.

Sailor's cottage was a perfect fairyland to little Bertie. To turn over Sailor's treasures, to handle the bright cutlass that hung in one corner, to put his ear to the voluted shells, and listen to the soft cooing of the distant sea, or to make a boat of a rush-bottomed chair, and sail a fairy voyage across indefinite oceans—these things were a constant delight to him. His mother was never uneasy at his long absences. It was quite enough that he was with Sailor.

One day, however, Sailor had left Bertie at the cottage whilst he transacted some little business in the village, and, on his return, the boy was nowhere to be found. He had grown tired of being alone, Sailor thought, and had gone home. He went to the *Royal Oak* to see. But Bertie was not there. Without result, they searched the house and outbuildings; they were all blank and silent. Then the misgiving seized upon Sailor: had the boy gone down to the river to sail his boat, and fallen in! The thought occurred to Lizzie at the same moment. Tom ran down the bank one way as fast as his weakness would permit, Sailor the other. But their search was in vain. The river was in flood from recent rains, and flowing sullenly and rapidly onwards. If the lad's foot had slipped, his body might be miles away, floating among the drift and tangle of the swollen stream. Tom and Sailor looked despairingly at one another as they met, after their fruitless search.

'I daren't go back without him,' cried Tom.

'Look here,' cried Sailor; 'he might have run up along the road towards the old lady's. You stop here, Master Tom; you ain't fit to run, and I'll start forwards.'

Nobody had seen the boy in the village, and Sailor pushed on disconsolately past his own cottage, looking in with the forlorn-hope that the boy might have come back in his absence, past the vicarage, that stood back from the road, in the middle of a clump of trees, right away to Aunt Betsy's house. All the way, Sailor's observant eyes had noticed the fresh track of wheels, and now he saw that they had here come to a stand-still. Aunt Betsy had been out in her chaise, evidently. She was very careful of getting her feet wet, and always, on damp days, had a pair of pattens in her chaise. These had cut out round cakes of sand all up the path; but alongside there was another set of footprints, the tiny track of a child. Sailor walked up the path—it was no use knocking, he knew—and he peeped cautiously in at the parlour-window, and there he saw a most wonderful sight. At the table, with jam before him, and honey, a new

loaf, a pot of fresh butter, a tin of biscuits, and a currant-cake, sat the young truant, and Aunt Betsy was standing behind his chair, waiting on him. Sailor ducked his head, and exploded in a fit of silent laughter; then he stole quietly out of Aunt Betsy's gate, and set off running as hard as he could towards the *Royal Oak*.

He saw Tom a long way off, coming to meet him, pale, and almost fainting. Sailor took off his hat, and waved it in the air, as a signal that all was right.

Some hours elapsed before the boy came home, in Aunt Betsy's chaise, driven by Skim. Bertie was full of his adventures—of the funny old woman who had taken him to the big house, of the sweets he had eaten, of the bright shilling she had given him.

Before the day was out, Sailor came from the village to report that Aunt Betsy had sent for her lawyer once more, and that Skim and his wife had been called in to witness her will.

Tom and his wife talked hopefully together that night. Surely Aunt Betsy was relenting, and would do something for them. If she took such a fancy to Bertie, she could hardly avoid helping his father and mother to bring him up.

As Sailor was sitting in his cottage that night busy over some repairs in his habiliments, he was surprised at hearing a knock at his door. Opening it, he beheld Aunt Betsy wrapped up in a thick cloak, over her head a huge hood, called a catash, something in size and appearance like the head of a landau. Sailor had once been on good terms with Aunt Betsy; he had married her old confidential servant Jane, who had left him a widower many years ago; and Sailor had entertained expectations from the rich old woman, which events had not verified. A coolness had arisen between them, which had ended in total estrangement. Aunt Betsy was never known to overlook or forgive any offence against herself, and, Sailor was a good deal surprised at her appearance. She seemed strangely subdued—almost frightened too. And when she entered the cottage, and sat down, she trembled violently. It was some time before she recovered herself sufficiently to speak, and then she began to ask questions about the boy Bertie, studiously avoiding all reference to his father and mother. Sailor spoke of the boy in glowing terms, and Aunt Betsy seemed pleased to hear him talk about the child. Presently, she rose to leave, but hesitated, as if having something on her mind. 'Sailor,' she said, 'I want you to promise me something.'

Sailor said he'd do what he could.

'Promise me, that if you hear that anything is the matter with me—that I am ill, or anything of the kind—you will take a horse, and ride over to Biscopham as hard as you can go, and bid Frewen, the lawyer, come to me at once; and if he isn't at home, you must go to Mr Patch, his head-clerk. And Sailor, as you might have a sudden call, and no money for expenses, here is a sovereign for you to pay for the horse and gates. Only, you mustn't spend it, do you hear! You must bring it to me every Saturday night, to shew me that you haven't spent it.'

'Spend a sovereign as you'd given me, ma'am!' said Sailor; 'it's much more likely I should send it to the British Museum.'

'Well, enough of that, Sailor,' said Aunt Betsy

with some dignity. 'I can trust you to do what I ask, at all events.'

'That you can, ma'am, faithful,' cried Sailor. 'Good-night, ma'am.'

Early next morning, Aunt Betsy's pony-chaise dashed through the village, driven by Skim at full gallop, and took the road to Biscopham. Old Mrs Kennel had been found dead in her bed, he cried to the villagers, as he passed through. Sailor was standing at his door at the time, and presently a horse was splashing through the ford, and galloping away by bridle-paths and cross lanes in the same direction to Biscopham also.

CHAPTER III.

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!

Rap-a-tap-tap! Knocks sounded thick and fast against the outer door of Collop's shop in Biscopham High Street, waking the draper and his daughter out of their morning dreams. Emily peeped out from behind her blind, and seeing Mrs Kennel's chaise standing below, went and called her father, who seemed strangely startled at the intelligence, and went down-stairs with a flannel dressing-gown wrapped round him, his face as white as a sheet, and his hands trembling.

'Missus is dead,' cried Skim hoarsely, as soon as the door was open; 'and I've come for you.'

Collop dressed himself hurriedly, and took his seat in the chaise. 'We must go to the doctor's first,' said Collop.

'What do we want him prying about for?' cried Skim.

'It's necessary; she can't be buried without his certificate.'

They stopped at Mr Burgess the surgeon's, a large red house, curiously ornamented with brick moldings. Having made the requisite intimation, the pair drove on, quickly through the town, furiously when they got out of it. With all their haste, when they reached the manor-house, they found somebody else's dog-cart standing at the gate. Sailor was at the horse's head, nodding knowingly to Skim.

'Who's here?' cried Collop. 'If it's Tom Rapler, I'd have him know!'

But a very different person stood in the doorway of the house—Mr Frewen, the lawyer, a tall, large-boned man, with stooping shoulders, a heavy face, prominent teeth, a glittering smile, and with rough fringes of hair hanging in a tangled way about his face.

'Hollo! Collop,' he said, 'you're in too much of a hurry! There's nothing like quickness in business, but you're a little bit too quick.'

'Excuse me, sir,' said Collop, stiffly; 'but my dear old friend wished me to take everything upon myself at her decease.'

'Then your dear old friend had changed her mind, for I have her will in my possession, dated yesterday, appointing me executor and trustee. Can you shew any later instrument?'

Collop staggered, and caught hold of Skim by the arm.

'Good-day, Collop; I'm sorry I can't give you the funeral order, but the old lady's instructions are precise,' said Frewen, slamming the door in his face. Sailor watched the scene with a delighted grin.

Tom Rapley heard of his aunt's death at the same time that he was told that Frewen had arrived and taken possession of everything. The news excited him greatly. He told himself that he had no hope of any advantage by her death, but at the same time he did hope. At his wife's instigation, he went up to the manor-house, but found that Frewen had placed a woman from the village in charge of everything, with orders to admit no one except the doctor and the undertaker's man, who had been telegraphed for from London. Then, by Sailor's advice, and with him for a companion, he took the carrier's cart to Biscopham, and obtained an interview with Frewen. 'Yes, there was a will, and he was executor; but it wasn't customary to reveal the contents of such documents till after the funeral. None of her relatives would be invited to take part in the funeral; indeed, Frewen didn't know that there were any relatives, except Tom; and the ceremony would be strictly private, and conducted by a firm from London.'

'Won't there be beavers, sir?' inquired Sailor, who acted as *amicus curiæ* in this interview.

Frewen shook his head. 'At the same time,' he went on, 'I shall go to the house on the day after the funeral, which is fixed for Tuesday week, and shall be prepared to read the will to all whom it may concern.'

'A mean old creature!' cried Sailor, when they were on the way home again. 'Nobody had any satisfaction with her when she was alive, and she meant as nobody should have a day's pleasure over her after she was dead. I'll bet a penny she ain't left me a farden, and my wife own servant to her for ever so many years, and me leaving her a cucumber every Saturday while they lasted, for ever so long!'

Aunt Betsy's funeral arrangements caused great excitement in the village. Much indignation was felt at the slur cast upon the neighbourhood by the fact that the funeral preparations were intrusted to strangers, and by the secrecy in which everything was enwrapped. Several men came down, and stopped many days at the old house. Lights were seen there late at night, and mysterious packages were brought to the house in a light spring-van. But where she was to be buried, nobody could find out. It was reported that Frewen himself didn't know, and that a sealed letter was in his possession, not to be opened till after the procession had started, that contained Aunt Betsy's wishes in regard to her burial. Speculation was rife as to the cause of this strange reticence; the explanation offered by Sailor was generally accepted as the most feasible.

'They say,' quoth he, 'that she swallowed a farden when she was a little gal, and as how she was afraid people would dig her up to get at it, if they knowed where she was laid.'

A curious circumstance was, that nobody saw the funeral cortege set out. There was a hearse in the village one night, and next day it was said that Aunt Betsy's body had been removed. The windows were opened, and the house cleaned out, on the Tuesday afternoon, by workmen from Biscopham. There were two or three of them—an upholsterer's man, and a couple of bricklayers—and they were to stay at Milford some days, but for what purpose, they didn't know. Mr Frewen would be over next day, Wednesday, to give them

their orders. Tom was dressed in his best suit on the eventful morning that was to witness the reading of the will.

Lawyer Frewen was waiting for them in Aunt Betsy's parlour. Everything was arranged just as Aunt Betsy had left it on the night of her death, except that there was a jug of cold water and a couple of tumblers on the table. Sailor peered about, in hopes to discover some signs of other refreshment, but there was none. Collop was there, pale and nervous, seated in a high-backed chair. Aunt Betsy's arm-chair, with the cushion in it, was occupied by her big black cat, who assumed a cramped and disconsolate position, and watched the progress of events with dislike and alarm. Lawyer Frewen sat by the window—it was a warm sunny day, although mid-winter—reading letters and papers. Presently, he looked at his watch, rose, and came to the table, unlocked his bag, and brought out a white sealed packet. An irrepressible quiver of excitement went through the audience.

'Ahem! The will of our lamented friend is dated the very day before her death; it was made by my worthy friend, Mr Spokes of Comersham, and is in every respect a carefully drawn and creditable instrument. I will proceed to read it to you; and so he commenced:

'In the name of God, Amen. I, Elizabeth Rennel, of Milford, in the county of —, widow, being feeble in body, but of a perfect disposing mind and memory, do make, ordain, substitute, and appoint this my last will and testament in writing, in manner and form following:—

'Suppose,' said Mr Collop, interposing, 'that as time is valuable, and legal phraseology confusing, you explain to us in plain language what the will effects.'

'As you wish it, and as it will save time, so be it,' said the lawyer. I may remind you once more, that the will wasn't drawn at my office; but I am bound to remark, that it is an extremely well executed instrument. Well, our lamented friend has, I regret to say, made a very singular disposition of her property; there are no legacies, except a conditional one to myself; and the whole of the realty and personalty is settled on trustees, myself and others:—

Collop and Tom drew eagerly forward.

'On trustees—in trust, to invest the rents and profits—subject to necessary outlay for repairs and expenses of management—which are to accumulate until Herbert, the son of Thomas Rapley and Eliza his wife, shall attain the age of twenty-one years, when the whole of the corpus of the estate and its accumulations devolve upon him.'

Tom drew a long breath. Well, his boy, at all events, would be a rich man by-and-by, and surely there would be a sufficient allowance made to his parents.

'In the event,' the lawyer went on to say, 'of the said Herbert Rapley dying before he attains his majority, the estate devolves upon the eldest son of Charles Frewen (myself), provided he lives to the age of twenty-one years (my boy is just the age of yours, I think, Rapley); failing him, to the first of my sons who shall come of age. Should these contingencies all fail, then to the heir-at-law of her late husband. The will expressly forbids any allowance being made for the education or maintenance of the child Herbert, or of any of the

other contingent remainders. Testatrix declaring that she has no desire to relieve the parents of children of the duties they have voluntarily undertaken, or to bring up other people's offspring at her expense. Her object appears to have been to keep her memory alive and the property intact for a certain time, and then to make one rich man. It's a disappointing will, there's no doubt.'

'Pray, sir,' said Collop severely, 'will you inform me the amount and conditions of your legacy?'

'It's a legacy of a hundred a year, under a secret trust to perform certain duties.'

'What duties?'

'I said a secret trust,' said Frewen, with a bland smile, 'and I can't reveal it, except at the bidding of the Court of Chancery.'

'I don't think the will can stand,' said Collop.

'Surely you have no interest in disrupting it, especially as, by one of its clauses, you are to be allowed a whole year to repay the advances made to you by deceased. However, we will talk that over together by-and-by. There are lengthy provisions here for the care of the estate. The house is to be shut up for eighteen years.'

'Shut up!' echoed the company.

'Yes; the windows and doors are to be bricked up from the outside, leaving the rooms, and the furniture, and so on, in the same condition as at the time of her death. The windows inside are to be covered with iron plates, over which are to be placed large boards, screwed down with long screws, and sealed with the seals of the trustees. A respectable married couple are to live in the out-buildings at the back, which they are to occupy rent free, with an allowance of ten shillings a week, and the use of the garden, on condition of their attending carefully to the preservation of the fabric of the house and its inviolability. The pony is to be shot, the cat to be drowned, the poultry to be wrung by the neck, and all to be buried in the straw-yard. It's an eccentric will, no doubt, but there is no reason to doubt its perfect validity. There is one peculiarity about it: testatrix has carefully enumerated all her property, and bequeathed it accordingly, but she has made no disposition of the residue.'

'Then to whom does that go?' cried Tom eagerly.

'Well, there isn't any, as it happens; so there is no use in discussing the question,' said Frewen, with lawyer-like reluctance to give an opinion for nothing.

Tom looked puzzled; he didn't quite understand what Frewen meant.

'Well, gentlemen,' said Sailor, 'I own I felt a little bit remorseful, when I found as there was no legacy for me, and my wife been her faithful servant for ever so many years; but I ain't going to make no more complaint. But for our friend Tom here, who's a gentleman at heart, as everybody says, and ought to have the property—why, I propose, as we're all friends together, as you may say, and nobody injured, only children as oughtn't to be set to rob their parents, let us stick this leathery old document into the fire, and let Tom Rapley come into it all.'

The lawyer laughed, and shook his head, and presently departed, with a rather ceremonious goodbye.

'Well?' said Lizzie, coming to meet her husband as he wearily entered the house.

Tom sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

'Nothing?' said Lizzie.

'Not a penny,' said Tom. 'Everything goes to that young brat, but locked up so that nobody can touch it for near eighteen years.' Tom looked anxiously at his boy, who was playing on the kitchen floor, happily indifferent to the destiny in store for him.

'There, don't take on about it, dears,' said Sailor, who had followed Tom into the house. 'Things sometimes turns out well in the end. Why, when we was pretty nigh shipwrecked, a rounding of Cape Horn, when the waves'—

'O Sailor, this is worse than shipwreck, this,' cried Lizzie.—'But, Tom, tell me all about the will, and what it says. And so Bertie is to be a rich man.—O Bertie, why can't you give up some of it to your poor father!'

'Cheer up, cheer up, my lass!' cried Sailor. 'Why, look here! what I've saved out of the fire, and lain as still, too, in my pocket as though she'd heard the will, and know'd I was her friend. Here's the cat, ma'am, the old lady's black cat, as the old fiend willed was to be drowned; and I collared her as we was coming away, and popped into my pocket. She'll bring you luck, ma'am. Skim says as his missus' soul is gone into that old cat; but then I don't believe him; pussy 'ud be twice as spiteful as what she is. And whisper, ma'am: thinks I, perhaps if I takes the creature, it'll break the will! Don't you see?'

Tom shook his head. 'It's too well drawn for that, Sailor,' he said.

Sailor went out, and left Tom and his wife to themselves. Presently he came in again with further news. 'My goodness!' he said, 'Skim is in a rare taking. It seems as he'd heard from Collop about the man as was to live rent-free in the back part of the house, and have ten shillings a week; and he goes to Charley Frewen, the lawyer, to ask if he might be the man; and Frewen he say not by no means, for the man must be married and respectable; and, says he, I knows you ain't the one or the other.'

'You didn't tell me about that!' cried Lizzie. 'A respectable married man and his wife to live rent-free, and have ten shillings a week! O Tom, if we could only get it! Has Mr Frewen gone? No; his chaise is here still; he is just starting. There he stands, with the whip in his hand. O Tom, I will go and ask him.'

Lizzie ran out into the front, where Frewen was standing beside his chaise, talking to his servant about the horse.—'Would she like to live in the old place, with her husband, and get the ten shillings a week? Well, there wouldn't be any difficulty about it, if they really wished it; but wasn't Mr Rapley going back to his business again?'

Lizzie here tearfully explained, that Tom wasn't likely ever to be strong enough to go back to business, and that they were now a burden to their aunt, who was old and poor, and couldn't keep them much longer. Frewen wasn't inaccessible to the sentiment of pity, at the sight of a handsome woman in distress; and he spoke very kindly to her, promised her that they should have the house and the ten shillings a week; and that, moreover, if Tom wrote a decent hand, and would get into the cramped lawyer-like style, he would give him some copying to do at home, by which he might earn fifteen shillings, or even a pound a week, if he stuck to it.

Lizzie was full of joy and gratitude. Here was a home secure, however humble, and livelihood for them all, if a bare one.

Frewen drove off with quite a warm feeling in a corner of his heart; but he hadn't gone many yards before he stopped suddenly, and put his head out of the chaise.

'Oh, I forgot to tell your husband one thing,' he said; 'perhaps you'll tell him. When Mr Rennel bought the property, the manor of Milford was thrown in; now, the old lady didn't dispose of that in her will. I don't think that Spokes, who drew the will, knew that there was a manor. But there is one, and as Tom is the heir-at-law, he is now the lord of it. The common is all inclosed, and the copyholds are all enfranchised, and there isn't a penny to come from it; but still there it is; you tell your husband.'

As Frewen said, the manor wasn't worth a sixpence; and the only good Tom got out of it was the nickname of 'Lord Tom,' which the villagers bestowed upon him, in sad mockery of his present condition.

A FEMALE EMIGRANT'S LETTER.

We have been favoured with the following extract from a letter written by an intelligent Aberdeenshire girl, who lately emigrated to New Zealand. It was sent to her sisters, who contemplated emigrating, and offers them some practical hints regarding their dress and other matters on their voyage. We give the extract, as conveying information generally useful to girls going out as domestic servants.

Female emigrants sometimes fall into the mistake of taking too many articles with them, which puts them to a great deal of inconvenience. In some cases, they do not bring what will be of real use on board a ship. My advice is, to bring as few things as you can, luggage being one of the most troublesome things possible for single women. Each of you must have one box, that you can get at once a month during the voyage. Into it put all your best things. Each must also have a large carpet-bag, with a good strong lock. In it put twelve shifts, to save washing, for if you have to wash them with salt water, it spoils them. Old ones will do very well. Also, eight or ten pairs of stockings, and two flannel petticoats, besides the one you have on, so that you may have enough to last through the voyage. Have also a red flannel jacket to wear at night, and plenty of pins and needles with you, as well as any work you could bring to do during the voyage—knitting or sewing, thread for tatting, or anything you can get. Also, have a coarse apron to put on, when it is your turn to wash up the dishes for your mess. Bring a towel in your bag; you will find it very useful. Each must have her own bag, which you will be allowed to keep in your berth, and you will get at it when you like. Let the boxes be properly addressed, and stitch an address on each of the bags. You should have a small box to hold three-shilling tins of baking-powder, or you will have nothing to eat but ship biscuits. You get your flour weighed out to you, and you can mix the powder in it, and it will make very good bread. Don't omit that. Carbonate of soda and tartaric acid might do, but not so well as the baking-powder. A large tin of biscuits would be a good thing to bring. Some brandy and

a little ginger-wine is also good to have in the case of feeling a little unwell from sea-sickness or other causes. The female emigrants are divided into messes of six or eight persons, and each mess has a table. You must keep a good look-out for your own share, and keep all your own things locked up. Be frank, obliging, and kind to all; but make a friend of no one, and keep your tongue still, for there is always some scandal and bother going on; so be advised, and keep by yourselves on the voyage. I forgot to tell you to have a hat on when you leave home, not too good to wear on board ship; and have some bits of stuff in your carpet-bag to trim it up after a while, as it will soon look shabby. Also, have a dress in your bag to wear on Sunday, with collar and cuffs. You must also have some light print frocks to wear in the tropics. You would need three, which you can have in your box, as you will get them out, there being a general turn-out of boxes to let the people get their light things for the heat. After that comes the cold, for which you must have worsted cuffs and a good warm jacket to wear all day; also a shawl or cloak to take round you, for the cold is severe. All the clothes you have will get washed at the Immigration barracks when you land. Have some little bits of things to put round your neck; they help to make you look tidy. Above all, do not answer any letters that may be written to you by any of the sailors or passengers, for, as they are not allowed to speak, they write. Take care not to get involved any way with acquaintances. You know they dress and go to church on board just the same as on land. Be sure to have your Bible and a volume of sermons handy to read.

'Father could get land cheap, and it costs nothing to keep the cattle. Here there are no byres [cow-houses], and the beasts are out all winter. There are stables for the working-horses; the rest are out all winter. Wood is cheap, and father could build very nice wooden houses. What splendid potatoes there are here, and peas and cabbages grow with no trouble, and very little manure. I am surprised at the easy way the people farm their land, and the leisurely way the men work. The food they get is also something very superior to what they have, for the most part, been accustomed to at home.'

A shrewd, observant girl, this. A capital specimen of an intelligent Scotch 'servant lassie.' We have no doubt she is married by this time, or deserves to be.

SUMMER NOON.

'Tis mid-day, burning mid-day in mid June;
No breeze in all the realms of air bath birth,
And, stupefied, the scarcely breathing Noon
Lies heavy, heavy on the heat-drugged earth.
Cows seek the shed's, the birds the woodland's shade;
And lazily with every living thing
Goes the hot hour that parches bough and blade,
Save with the insect sporting on the wing.
Blue through the heat, the far-off mountains shew,
Should'ring their peaks, away o'er heath and fen,
Far up the eastern sky. The fierce sun-glow
Strikes to the heart of things; while now and then
Gushes of odour from the south go by,
Borne on light airs that neither live nor die.

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THE DIPSO MANIAC.

On a late occasion, when speaking of the waste of time and trouble in denouncing distillers, brewers, and keepers of public-houses, as incentives to drunkenness, instead of the debased tastes which lead to this odious social abomination, we made the remark that a man cultivated morally and intellectually does not visit public-houses; he is temptation proof. That is true generally. But there are some remarkable exceptions to the rule. As the subject is of vital interest, we shall go a little into its consideration.

The exceptions may be described as of two kinds. Persons who, though of cultivated mind, gradually acquire the habits of a drunkard; and persons who, while equally cultured, have the misfortune to inherit from parents a desire to indulge in intoxicating liquors, which, on a slight provocative, becomes altogether overpowering. In both cases, the desire grows into the character of a disease, in which condition the habitual drinker loses his sense of self-respect, forfeits any good character he may have obtained, frequents the lowest haunts, where he tipsples for hours, and is almost constantly in a state of stupor, if not downright intoxication. He is in a sense mad, barely accountable for his actions. Medically, he is a dipsomaniac. To those who reach this point of degradation, the allurements of public-houses, or of private indulgence, are of course irresistible. A striking evidence of the demoralised state of feeling that has taken place, is the absence of honourable aspirations. The accustomed drinker shuns the society to which he properly belongs; takes up with mean associates, who parasitically prey upon him; gravitates to a lower level. In his perverted mind, the ambition to secure or maintain an honoured name is lost in the paltry glory of excelling in poor buffooneries to set the table in a roar. The great future and its enviable memorials are sacrificed in the despicable and ruinous enjoyments of a pot-house, or—as in a large proportion of cases—in stealthy indulgence, away from society and observation.

We happen to have known several cases of an inherited tendency to drinking. In one instance, the debased inclination was traceable to the father; in two instances of a brother and sister, their mother and also her father were confirmed drunkards. In this as in some other physiological phenomena, the sins of one generation are painfully visited upon another. Obviously, there are incipient drunkards from birth. The inherited tendency only needs development, and an imperfect juvenile discipline will do it. One may pity the victims of a vice which originated in ancestors who are lying in their graves, unconscious of the deep wrongs they have inflicted on their hapless descendants. The very fact of the appetite for intoxicants being transmissible to children, ought in itself to make people cautious how they yield to habits of intoxication; and it should not the less induce the intemperate to pause—if they can—in their maddening career. We should think, it cannot be an agreeable reflection for parents that, by their own idiotic folly, they have doomed their children to the chances of misery and ruin.

Of the wretched system of petty tipping, which, like a vile epidemic, is creeping over certain departments of society, and causing an enormous misexpenditure of means, so much has lately been said in the public press, that we limit our observations to what is usually the termination of habitual and excessive drinking. We place before us a drunkard at that stage in which his depraved propensities have become less or more ungovernable. It may be conjectured, he knows he is doing wrong, but knowing better, he is always doing worse. His appetites overrule the will. Perhaps he sees, and he can scarcely avoid doing so, that through his misconduct he is losing caste, that he is involving wife and family in ruin, that he is sinking under debts and difficulties, and that the sources of his livelihood are in immediate jeopardy. But, nevertheless, he proceeds on the road to ruin, as if under the controlling dominion of a fiend. If he has kept aloof from base companionship, he is probably not beyond recovery. His disease may be vanquished, or at all events his

drinking may be confined to fits and starts, or demonstrated only when the vitiated appetite is provoked by some slight accidental indulgence. Curious cases could be mentioned where men were persistent abstainers, until their fortitude gave way under the effects of a very small quantity of drink mistakenly presented to them as an act of kindness. Persons coming out of a paroxysm of *delirium tremens* may be so far disgusted with what they suffered, so sensible of their abasement, that they, for a time, voluntarily abstain; but just when all is thought to be well, a trifling quantity of alcohol—even so much as is contained in a mouthful of small beer—indiscreetly administered, will rouse the dormant craving, and back they fall into a repetition of former excesses. We lately heard of a gentleman of considerable means who will be a pattern of sobriety for a whole year, and then all at once break down by the slightest tasting of liquor. Living at a distance from public-houses, and ashamed to be seen drinking at home, he resorts to the scheme of procuring a dozen bottles of ardent spirits, which he plants, bottle by bottle, here and there in secret spots in the fields. So prepared, and beginning his rounds, he drinks an allotted quantity at each station, till the stock is exhausted, and he is prostrated by the result of his hideous excesses. The neighbours facetiously speak of him as being a *planter*. The man may be termed an intermittent dipsomaniac.

On the pathology and treatment of *delirium tremens*, some valuable light was, about twenty years since, thrown by Dr Alexander Peddie, whose treatise on the subject is well known to the medical profession. The affection has its origin, he says, in a toxic condition of the system from alcoholic accumulation, acting on a highly irritable and nervous temperament; and its symptoms are peculiar and characteristic. Along with muscular tremors, more especially of the hands and of the tongue when protruded, the patient suffers, he says, from 'complete sleeplessness, and delirium of a muttering, sight-seeing, bustling, abrupt, anxious, apprehensive kind. The affected has not ability to follow out a train of thought, to explain fully an illusion or perverted sensation, or to perform any act correctly.' At times, he is 'suddenly excited by the most ridiculous fancies—principally of a spectral kind—such as strange visitors in the shape of human beings, devils, cats, rats, snakes, &c.; or by alarming occurrences, such as robberies, fires, pursuit for crimes, and the like.' The paroxysm, when not improperly interfered with, usually runs its course in two to three days, and seldom extends beyond the fifth day. It terminates in natural sleep, and the recovery of consciousness. But the casualties of the disease, if it be for a second or third time, or complicated with some injury, or with erysipelas, pneumonia, or other disease, are numerous and serious. As a means of calming down the patient, and inducing sleep, there was at one time a practice of administering large doses of opiates and cordials; but this is now exploded as generally pernicious. The preferable process is to clear the system, when there is much biliary derangement or high febrile excitement, by antimony or some similar agent; and in the milder cases, merely to soothe by gentle means, and to support the physical strength by a moderate allowance of animal nourishment, and thus permit nature

to bring about sleep and the recovery of reason. Fortunate are those who, whether by the force of nature or medical treatment, are saved from paying the penalty of their excesses. In some cases, the condition of the drunkard in his last days is appalling—a prodigiously swollen liver, vomitings of blood, convulsions, fainting-fits, death.

We now come to the question of prevention. Can the dipsomaniac be permanently cured of his madness? If the craving for intoxicants be hereditary, the possibility of cure is doubtful. We are to view the patient as a sufferer from alcoholic blood and nerve poisoning. His whole vascular system is tainted, and his brain and nerve tissues impaired in their condition and functions. Medicine may modify, but not altogether remove the pollution. What alone offers any reasonable expectation of an entire recovery, is the transformation of the physical system. And this change can only be accomplished by complete seclusion for a certain length of time, along with abstinence from stimulants. We have heard a doctor say of a dipsomaniac: 'If I could put that man into an asylum for eighteen months, feed him on a simple but nourishing diet, and keep him in work and amusement, I should send him home to his friends perfectly cured.' The meaning of this is, that the alcoholic blood-poisoning would be removed, and the craving for drink be consequently extinguished. Seclusion from the outer world for a sufficient length of time to insure a thorough alteration of tastes and habits, seems to be the only known means of removing the constitutional derangement of a dipsomaniac. What should be the length of time, will depend on circumstances. It may be from one and a half to two years, or even longer. A short period with occasional exposure to temptations would prove unavailing. Such is the opinion of all who have given earnest attention to the subject.

In the present state of the law, no one has the power to seclude a dipsomaniac. A habitual drunkard is at liberty to ruin himself and his family. He may squander the whole of his means, and nobody has a right to stop him in his mad career. The species of insanity with which he is affected is not in law reckoned to be the insanity which would entitle a magistrate to concur in placing him in a lunatic asylum. Some habitual drunkards are so well aware of their infirmity that in their sane moments they offer to put themselves under temporary restraint. At Edinburgh, in connection with a charitable institution called the House of Refuge, there is an establishment for the reception of female inebriates—some of them of a good station in society—who are inclined to reside in it voluntarily. It is excellently managed, on the principle of a boarding-house, and has, we believe, been eminently successful. Still there are instances in which inmates demand to be liberated before a permanent cure is accomplished, and they are allowed to depart accordingly—perhaps returning, in a woe-begone condition, after a few days' carouse, and praying to be readmitted.

Dr Peddie, to whom we have already referred as a medical authority in regard to *delirium tremens*, strongly counsels such an alteration in the law as would authorise magistrates, on proper evidence, to send notorious dipsomaniacs to retreats specially set apart for their reception and cure. The subject was earnestly taken up by the late Mr Donald

Dalrymple, M.P., at whose instigation a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the best plan for the Control and Management of Habitual Drunkards. The Committee having taken evidence from a number of witnesses skilled in the treatment of the insane, or specially acquainted with the social evils arising from intemperance, brought in a Report, in June 1872, embodying some practically useful recommendations, of which the following is a condensed summary :

‘Sanatoria or reformatories for those who, notwithstanding the present considerations of health, interest, and duty, are given over to habits of intemperance so as to render them unable to control themselves, and incapable of managing their own affairs, or such as to render them in any way dangerous to themselves or others, should be provided. These should be divided into two classes : The first class to be for those who are able out of their own resources, or out of those of their relations, to pay for the cost of their residence therein. These, whether promoted by private enterprise or by associations, can be profitably and successfully conducted. The second class to be for those who are unable to contribute, or only partially. These must be established by state or local authorities, and at first at their cost, though there is good reason to believe that they can be made wholly or partially self-supporting. The admission to these institutions should be either voluntary or by committal. In either case, the persons entering should not be allowed to leave except under conditions to be laid down, and the power to prevent their leaving should be by law conferred on the manager. Though practically this power would be seldom put in force, it will be useless to establish these institutions without it. The patients under the first class should be admitted either by their own act, or on the application of their friends or relatives, under proper legal restrictions, or by the decision of a local court of inquiry, established under proper safeguards, before which, on the application of a near relative or guardian, or a parish or other local authority, or other authorised persons, proof shall be given that the party cited is unable to control himself, and incapable of managing his affairs, or that his habits are such as to render him dangerous to himself or others ; that this arises from the abuse of alcoholic drinks or sedatives ; and he is therefore to be deemed an habitual drunkard.

‘If that proof be deemed sufficient by the court of inquiry, it shall make an order for commitment to an inebriate institution for such a term as it shall think proper, not exceeding twelve months ; and shall also have power, with or without such commitment, to make an order for the appointment of a guardian or trustee of the cited party, person, and estate. The party cited shall have the right to be present, both in person and by counsel, and all the evidence shall be taken on oath. The property of the party shall be liable for maintenance. Persons convicted as habitual drunkards, whose means are inadequate, may be sent by magistrates by commitment to the second class of reformatories. The period of detention should be fixed by the court of inquiry, or by the magistrates, but may be curtailed upon sufficient proof being given that a cure of the patient has taken place. All reformatories should be inspected from time to time by magistrates, and the proceeds of labour in the second

class should be applied to the payment of the entire cost of maintenance.’

Following up the subject, a bill, styled the Habitual Drunkards Bill, was brought into the House of Commons in 1873 ; but after being read a second time, was pushed aside in consequence of the pressure of other business, and finally was withdrawn, as being too late for the session. Owing to the lamented death of Mr Dalrymple, the bill was not again brought forward. It is to be regretted that no member has renewed the attempt at legislation on a matter of so much importance. In the mass of evidence printed in the Blue-book of 1872, will be found interesting details regarding sanatoria for dipsomaniacs in the United States and Canada, and the method of treating patients. All concur in the practical value of these institutions ; and one cannot but wonder that their advantages are so little appreciated in this country. In this respect, we are not only behind Canada, but Australia. Two years ago, a ‘Retreat for the Cure of Inebriates’ was set on foot near Melbourne ; and though on a limited scale, and only adapted, as yet, for male inmates, has proved successful. Patients are received at their own request, or by request of a relative, who gives proper evidence before a magistrate, along with a medical certificate, that the man requires curative treatment. These efforts in a distant colony are a reproach to the misdirected zeal shown in the home-country. We should be glad to know that some small share of the energy expended in attempts to regulate the business carried on in public-houses was employed in procuring a law to restrain dipsomaniacs from ruining themselves and their families, and becoming a scandal to society.

W. C.

THE MANOR-HOUSE AT MILFORD.

CHAPTER IV.

Men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes.

BISCOPHAM town lies in an oval, flat-bottomed vale like a dish, or the bed of some dried-up lake, a warm red town, nestling along the trough of the valley, among hop-gardens innumerable. In winter-time, it seems as though some army had encamped among its streets and lanes, and encompassed it about. Hop-poles everywhere, in conical stacks like huts. What would be a back-yard anywhere else, is here a leamy hop-garden, with its wigwams of poles, and a little kiln hard by. But that the churchyard was inclosed, and occupied long before the hops were a staple in this little town, depend upon it, the good people of Biscopham would have grown hops there too, and buried their dead on the tops of the houses, like the Fire-worshippers, or in cellars or catacombs, as the ancient Egyptians did.

In autumn-time, the very air is loaded with the grateful sleepy fragrance of the hop, and the less grateful fumes, the choky hiccoughy fumes, of sulphur, and all the square pyramidal kilns are vomiting forth vapours from their soiled summits. To the little wooden station on the outskirts of the town, all kinds of wheeled vehicles are struggling with their burdens, from the huge high-piled wagon of the leviathan grower, with its team of fat satin-coated horses, to the rickety spring-cart,

and dilapidated pony of the small burgher, laden with his one or two precious ewe lambs—all of the same stuff—round yellow hop-pockets, huge vegetable sausages, uncomfortably tight and plethoric, in their canvas skins. There are special trains for hops, and the stout railway porters grow thin ere the season be well over, in rolling and hauling these overgrown cylinders from wagon to truck, and from truck to wagon.

By Christmas-time, the excitement is pretty well over, and people know whether they have won or lost; whether they can lay down that pipe of wine, or give that grand dinner-party; whether they can have a month in London or Paris, or give George another half-year's schooling, or pay those long-standing, worrying tradesmen's bills, or float at all, indeed, and keep the head above water; whether it shall be a time of joy and gratulation, or a sad penitential season, to be spent wrapped up in the sacking of unpaid-for hop-pockets, grovelling in ashes from the unprofitable kiln.

It is now getting on towards Christmas, and, judging from the outward aspect of matters, the hop-season would seem to have been a bad one. Anyhow, the street is very quiet and dull this winter's night. There is a drizzling rain falling, the lighted shop-windows hardly serve to shew the dripping footway, and the black night overhead hovers over the town like a huge bird with outstretched wings. The clock strikes eight, and there is a general rattle and clatter all along the line; the shop-boys are banging the shutters up; there are no lagging customers to delay the process. Soon only the glowing red light over the chemist's shop, and the drowsy street lamps mistily shining through the fog, remain to scare the black vulture from his prey. Stay; there is one shop yet open, although it contributes little to the store of light—a shop with a long low-browed window, and deeply recessed narrow doorway, a very cavern of a place, over which is written in faded letters, hardly discernible—JAMES COLLOP, Draper, Clothier, Undertaker, and General Outfitter—Funerals neatly furnished. Entering the cave, you see a light burning here and there, and a subdued glow from an inner recess; from the roof hang stalactites in the shape of corduroy trousers, white slopes, leather gaiters, hotmailed boots, waistcoats with gleaming buttons of glass; and as soon as the eye becomes accustomed to the gloom, you discern a counter on each side, piled high with smocks and frocks, jerseys and pantaloons, and fixtures behind crammed with other various articles of rural habiliments. The smell is powerful of corduroys, kerseys, and other highly scented fabrics everywhere.

Making your way towards the faint glow at the other end of the shop, you come to a little counting-house or office, divided from it by a partition half wood and half glass. Here sits Collop among his books and invoices, at a battered mahogany table, full of the accumulated debris of years of patient trading—a nervous, anxious man, with sunken hollow cheek, compressed lips, and deeply wrinkled brow. The gas is turned low, for he is not writing; he is only sitting there brooding, in hazy profitless thought. He has a paper in his hand, at which he occasionally glances. It seems to be a rough statement of affairs, and an unsatisfactory statement too, as he shrinks away from it, holds it at arm's-length, and yet is obliged to glance at it ever and again.

There is a letter, too, on the table, which also seems to contain a long statement of account. It is written in a round lawyer's-hand, and is signed 'Charles Frewen.'

The year of grace has expired: a year since Mrs Rennel's death; a short year it has seemed, for days fly fast that are days of grace. Now, what is Mr Collop to do? He has no hope of paying Mrs Rennel's executor. There is no way that he can see except the way of bankruptcy and utter ruin, and this he fights against to the very last. He, a bankrupt, who has been so severe upon all other people's defaults! he who has been such a shining light among the peculiar sect to which he belonged!

Somehow, under these circumstances, the leading tenets of his belief did not comfort him as they might have done. If there were really a chance of everything coming to an end before to-morrow morning—such being a prominent article of belief—he need not trouble himself about these matters. But brought face to face with ugly, importunate fact, this belief of Collop's paled and dissolved into a shadow. Inexorable to-morrow morning—to-morrow morning, with all its load of troubles and anxiety, would dawn upon him sure enough, unless, indeed, he took the matter into his own hands, and put an end, as far as he was concerned, to all to-morrows from henceforth.

As he sat thus musing, he heard a footstep in the outer shop. The shopman had gone home, the boy was away on an errand. Collop rose, and looked through the glass screen. A man in a battered wideawake and white slop—was peering curiously about.

'What can I serve you with?' cried Collop, putting his head out of the door.

'With a good many things, Mr Collop,' the man replied; 'if you don't mind trusting me till to-morrow morning; ha, ha!'

'Oh! it's you, Skim,' said Collop, frowning.

'Well, what do you want?'

'Some few words with you, master.'

'Come in here, and be sharp, for I'm busy.'

Skim entered the counting-house, looked about him cautiously, and sat down in an awkward, stiff-jointed way. He had not improved in outward appearance; his face was more blurred than ever, his eyes duller and less human, the occasional gleam of ferocity that lighted them up of a more sinister kind.

'You ain't too busy to see me, governor,' he said with a certain significance. 'Times are uncommon hard with me,' he went on in a kind of suggestive way.

'So they are with me,' replied Collop. 'As I have told you before, Skim, I can do no more for you.'

'But you see it all come upon me at once, losing my house and my garden, and the money as you paid me, and everything.'

'You have only yourself to thank for it, Skim. I paid you for doing a certain thing—and you didn't do it.'

'Twasn't my fault; the old woman was so cunning. Didn't I risk everything for you, master? But come, sir,' said Skim, drawing his hand across his lips, a strange light breaking over his face, 'let by-gones be by-gones. I believe you and I can do a good stroke of business yet.'

'What do you mean?'

'Well, suppose we hark back a little way,

master, and go to the time when the old woman died—in a fit, as we'll say. My! weren't she terrified, when she turns round and sees me standing ahind of her!

Collop shuddered, and turned pale. 'Don't speak of that again. I think I see her now, looking in upon us there—there, Skim!' he cried, leaping hastily to his feet, and putting him between the window and himself. 'Skim, she's there!'

'Bother the man, what a fool he makes of himself,' cried Skim, whose nerves seemed imperturbable. 'Tain't here she walks about, man, but where she's buried her gold.'

'What do you know about her gold?' cried Collop.

'Why, I know all about it, master. Don't you think I was took in by you. You didn't go and pay me seven and sixpence a week just to find out where the old lady put away a few dirty old papers. It was gold we were after, you and I; only the old lass out-maneuvred us. But I've got a scent of it now, master.'

'Now, Skim! Are you sure? Skim, hush! Let me be sure everything is quiet. Here, Skim; come over here, and sit beside me here by the fire; you must be cold.' Collop gave the dying cinders a vigorous poke or two with the hook that did duty for a poker, finally extinguishing the fire, and sending a shower of white ash about the room.

'Ah! I thought I should fetch you there, master,' cried Skim, laughing, and rubbing his hands. 'Never mind the fire, master, only it's dry work talking. I darsay you've got a bottle in the cupboard yonder!'

Collop went out into the shop, and brought out a bottle of gin that was kept in a cupboard there, for the entertainment of good country customers. Skim tossed off a glass of this with relish, and then began his tale.

'A year ago this Christmas, master, you'll remember old Mother Rennel was found dead in her bed—in a fit, as they said—including the doctor—so there could be no mistake about that. Well, as soon as ever old Charley Frewen came down and took possession of everything, I got notice to quit, and he wanted me to clear off immediately. But I knew the law just as well as he did, and says I: No, not afore my notice runs out, and that's next Saturday week. Now, you remember my telling you how we broke open a door-way as the old woman had stopped up?'

'No; you didn't tell me; certainly not,' said Collop; 'you never told me at the time. I didn't sanction it.'

'No; but you put it into my head. I should never have found out about the door that was blocked up between my part of the house and hers, if you hadn't told me. But anyhow, there it was, so as I could crawl about inside there whenever I liked. But, to tell you the truth, master, I was frightened to go in there after she died—there was such strange noises, and there was chaps up and down night and day. It wasn't till the very day as my time was up, and Frewen came driving over, and says he: Now, man, why aren't you cleared out? and says I: Not to-night, master; for I knew he could do nothing, and I wanted to have a bit of fun with him. So says he: Very well, I'll have you out by a policeman, first thing on Mon-

day morning. All right, says I. And then I see him drive off, as I think, home. Well, says I to myself, I'll have a look round for the last time, and see if everything looks decent and respectable; and up I goes into the bedroom, and opens my little door into the old house, and prowls along quietly. The chap as was looking after the things had gone off to the *Loyal Oak*. I'd watched him out; and I was strolling about with my hands in my pockets, as unconcerned as you please, when I comes to the parlour-door, and lo and behold, there was a light there—shining underneath!'

'Yes; go on!' cried Collop, shivering all over.

'My heart turned round in my mouth; and almost afore I could jump behind the kitchen-door, the handle of the parlour lock was turned, and out walks Charley Frewen. It's lucky for him he didn't see me, else, perhaps, he'd a got a nip he'd not have liked; but he walks straight out at the front-door, and leaves it open, as if he'd gone out for a bit of fresh air, like. Thinks I, I'll know what you're after, and I pops into the sitting-room. Well, I didn't wonder as he wanted a mouthful of air, for the room was full of a nasty, sweet, sickly sort of a smell, notwithstanding as the window was wide open, and a fire burning too. There was a kettle on the fire, and thinks I, Charley's having his 'lowance, for there was a jug on the table full of hot water. But no; that wasn't his game at all. There was a letter lying there open, the wax just melted, and it was in the old woman's writing too; and there lay her gold seal, all ready to seal it up with again. And there were pen, ink, and paper, and a bit of Frewen's writing; and I look at one and another, and I see that what Frewen wrote was the same as what Mrs Rennel wrote.'

'A copy of her letter, in fact,' suggested Collop.

'That's it, master. Well, just then it happened, luckily for me, that a gust of wind come in through the window, and blows out the candles, and scatters the papers about the floor; but not the paper he wrote, which I holds in my hand, and so I runs off quick, and hides in the kitchen again; and I hears Frewen come in, and grope about for a light, and muttering and mumbling when he found all his papers blown about, and more still, when he couldn't find that letter he'd wrote. Well, after he'd looked high and low, he takes it into his head that it's blown out of the window, and he goes out there with a candle, and gropes about here and there, while I lay hidden, laughing at him. But I shouldn't have laughed so much, if I'd known what a dance I should have, all along of that letter. Here it is, sir.'

Collop took the paper, and read it carefully.

'Well,' he said, 'it confirms what I always knew.'

'But what do you make of it? Don't it say that that 'ere treasure lies under the bed of herbs? I read it so, certainly. I went to work, and dug and trenched all over the garden; for there was hardly an inch of it where there wasn't mint, or thyme, or some sort of a herb growin'.

'And you found nothing?'

'Nothing but a few oyster-shells and a rusty ha'penny. Such a beautiful lot of carrots too, as Tom Raxley got out of that garden, and all out of my digging, as you may say.'

'What brings you to me, then?'

'Why, you see, master, though I've had education enough to read and write, I ain't the knowledgeable person that you have. You're up to all sorts

of games, and can turn things inside out. You'll know what is to be done. And now, master, I want a bit of money.'

There was a long dispute over this, but eventually Skim obtained a trifling advance, and departed, apparently well satisfied.

CHAPTER V.

But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

One would hardly have recognised Tom Rapley, the smart shopman, in the dejected-looking, somewhat slipshod man who occupied the back part of the old house at Milford. His thin whiskers had given place to a long thick beard, and his mouth was covered by a heavy moustache, that gave a somewhat melancholy and fierce expression to a face that had formerly been bland and good-tempered. He was pale, too, and his eyes were sunken and dim, as of one who had been living in the shade. In the shade, he had been living, both literally and metaphorically, ever since his aunt's death.

Milford Manor faced south-west, and the front parlour and the kitchen had been bright, pleasant rooms, getting plenty of sunshine and warmth; but the outbuilding in which Tom and his wife lived was, as you will remember, in the back part of the house, and had a north-easterly aspect; so that, except in early morning, they were in the shadow all day long, and the place felt cold and vault-like, whenever you entered it. Tom's premises consisted of the back-kitchen, a wash-house or scullery, and a bedroom above, which looked upon a narrow paved yard. At one end of this, was a wood-shed and coal-house; in the middle, a draw-well with windlass and bucket; the brick path-way that ran along the side of the house, debouched upon the yard at the other end. In front, a thick privet hedge reared itself, a great receptacle for slugs and snails, whose nightly wanderings were unmistakably traceable upon the brick pavement of the yard. At the other side of the private hedge was the garden; at this end, planted thick with raspberry and gooseberry bushes; the rest of it devoted to potatoes, cabbages, and onions, and such-like homely products. A narrow strip along the edges of the gravel-paths was ornamented with flowers—marigolds and peonies, straggling beds of white 'pinks,' sweet-williams, and London-pride. There was an orchard beyond, but that was let to a fruiterer at Biscopham, and the gate rigorously secured.

Considering all things, Tom Rapley might think himself fortunate in securing such a haven from the storm in which he had barely escaped shipwreck. He had ten shillings a week for looking after the house, a residence rent-free, the produce of the garden; besides this, he earned ten, or sometimes fifteen shillings a week by copying for Mr Frewen. His wife, too, added to their means by taking in sewing, earning a precarious shilling or two with much toil and painstaking.

Still it was a dull and leaden life. The shadow of the shut-up house seemed to darken their lives. Regrets and vain, unsatisfactory longings for a bright, more varied existence; a sense of injury and exclusion; so that the daily contemplation of unused, hoarded-up means, which might have been theirs to enjoy, ever renewed in their minds, tainted their

lives, and blinded them to the advantages they possessed. Their boy, too, whose future prospects so glaringly contrasted with their present position, did not thrive kindly in the new home. He felt the want of sunshine and cheerfulness, and grew up rather pale and weedy. The village doctor had recommended sea-bathing for him in the summer, and Tom had asked Mr Frewen if he would advance ten pounds to give the young heir a chance of gaining strength among the breezes and sunshine of the coast; but Frewen had refused. There were no funds available, he said; and in justice to his own family, he couldn't lend the money out of his own pocket. Frewen was not a hard-hearted man, but he never lost sight of the paramount importance of his own interests; and he could not forget that Rapley's boy stood in the way of his own children. He would take no unfair advantage, but neither would he throw away any of the advantages he possessed. It was no business of his to look after the health of young Rapley; there was nothing of the sort enjoined upon him by the instrument under which he acted. That his own lad had a better chance of attaining to manhood, from the greater care and attention that his father's means insured him, was one of those favourable conditions that Providence had bestowed on the Frewens, of which he would be foolish to refuse to avail himself.

Thus, Christmas came round again, the first Christmas the Rapleys had spent at their new home—a soaking wet, clammy, uncomfortable season. Young Bertie, pale and thin, and with a hard shrill cough, had gone to spend a week with Aunt Booth. There was generally a good fire there, for the sake of the visitors, and there the boy would sit all day long with a picture-book on his lap, and note the changing faces about him, with shrewd precocious intelligence. It was anything but a merry Christmas for the Rapleys. An event had come upon them, not unexpectedly, indeed, but scarcely welcome—one of those events that are so often the subject of facetious rillery, but that are anything but comedy to the poor sufferer. However, there was one great comfort; it was over. Mrs Rapley was getting on very nicely; and the baby, healthy and vociferous, was the pride and plague of poor Tom's existence. They had been very much cramped for room, of course, during these recent troubles. Tom had stretched some boards over the sink, to make a couch for himself, and Bertie had been put to bed on one of the kitchen shelves.

All this time, the roomy, comfortable house adjacent, with its once sunny chambers, and broad passages, was lying dark, silent, and useless, alongside them.

Tom Rapley sat by a small chilly fire in the kitchen, watching a saucapan of gruel, that was trying to warm itself into a simmer. He had just dined, on a small piece of boiled beef that was very hard and stringy, and a suet pudding, with plums in it, few and far between. Everybody was holiday-making now, Tom thought with a sigh, visiting relations and friends, drinking sherry wine and port, mixing punch, roasting chestnuts, and generally going on gloriously. But Tom had not even a holiday; for a lot of manuscript lay on the little round table beside him, some copying that Frewen wanted done in a hurry, Christmas or no Christmas. It had become quite dark all of a sudden; and

thick gloom was in the sky, betokening a heavy fall of something, rain or snow, and Tom could work no more without lighting a candle. He had half a mind to smoke a pipe, but hardly felt festive enough to manage it. Then he heard a rap, rapping on the ceiling above him, which meant that his wife was knocking on the floor, and wanted to see him. Tom waited to stir up the grate, and see if it was ready for use; but another more impatient rap-tapping on the floor above informed him that Mrs Rappley did not wish to attend his leisure.

'You'll spoil your eyes, Tom, if you go on working by this light,' said Lizzie; 'and then, what will become of us? You had much better go for a nice brisk walk. You may go as far as the *Royal Oak*, if you like, and see how Bertie is getting on.'

Tom went out. The snow was falling quickly and silently, laying a thin silvery coating on everything. All the objects about loomed strangely in the snow-laden air: the old barn looked like a distant mountain; the hedge on the other side of the road, a gloomy, impenetrable wall. He turned up the collar of his coat, pulled his hat over his eyes, and started briskly away—not towards the *Royal Oak*, however; he had no money to spend there, and was too proud to be treated—but along the Biscopham road. His footsteps fell silently on the well-padded track. In the silence and stillness and enwrapping gloom, all things around seemed alike vague and unsubstantial—himself a shadow among shades.

Presently, he heard behind him a muffled sound, which he made out to be the beat of hoofs. A vehicle silently passed him, also ghost-like. It was the carrier's cart. Sheppard the carrier had been to dine with his daughter in the village, and was now going home in his own vehicle. He had picked up somebody on the road too, for a conversation was going on, that sounded with startling distinctness in the quiescent air.

'Old Patch, he be gone at last, then,' said a mellow, leisurely, country voice out of the cart—the voice of Sheppard the carrier, no doubt.

'Ah, to be sure. Well, he didn't ought to complain. I expect he died pretty well off.'

'That he did, you may be sure. Why, as I tell you, he'd been the 'sistant overseer for thirty years, and he'd seventy pounds a year all that time.—How much does that come to, Sally?' cried the speaker, appealing to some one in the interior of the wagon.

'Two thousand one hundred pounds,' said a treble voice, with a promptness that spoke well for the arithmetical training of the national school of the period.

'Think of that! Why, call it two thousand,' said the speaker liberally. 'There's a deal of money—and the interest on it too.'

'Ah, yes,' said the voice of Sheppard; 'but there's a deal to be drawn back out of that. Tom had thirteen children, and he brought 'em all up and educated 'em respectable; then he bought the cottage as he lives in; and there was stationery, and pens, and ink to come out of it, as well as meat and drink. Oh, I expect he were comfortably off when he died, but nothing more.'

The voices were lost in the mist; but all of a sudden the thought occurred to Tom: 'Why, if old Patch be dead, shouldn't I have his place?' He had no hope of emulating the old man, and laying by a fortune out of his salary, but it would be a

very comfortable subsistence for him. The idea put new life and vigour into him.

Now, Frewen was a great man in these matters; he was clerk to the guardians; he was all in all with the local vestries; if Tom could secure Frewen's interest, he would be safe. But there was no time to be lost, for there would be many candidates, and if Frewen promised himself to any one of them, Tom's chance would be gone. He would walk on to Biscopham at once, and ask Frewen for his support this very night. A little before, he had thought with something like a shudder of the risk of crossing Thornton Common, which was on the way to Biscopham, this snowy evening, but all fear of such a peril had now left him; he dwelt only on the danger of being too late for the appointment he had the chance of getting.

He pushed briskly on, singing to himself as he walked. For a mile or two, the way was through an inclosed country, with hedges on each side, and every now and then a cottage, farmstead, or the lodge of some mansion. Beyond that, the road led across the common: it was a good track, with a deep ditch on each side, and under ordinary circumstances it would be impossible to lose one's self in crossing; but in a heavy snowstorm it is dangerous to travel by night along any road that is not inclosed by hedges or walls.

There was enough daylight, however, left in the sky to shew Tom his way across, and by-and-by he came among the hedges now once more, and thought himself nearly at Biscopham. But it seemed a long time before the first gas-lamp shone nebulously in the gloom, and he felt the pavement of the outskirts of the town dim under his tread. The streets were quite deserted; but cheerful lights shined from windows, and the occasional rattle of a piano, or a gust of harmony from within, told that the worthy burgesses of the town were duly celebrating their Christmas revels.

Frewen lived in the centre of the town, in a handsome, warm-looking, red brick house. The windows were all alight, and the forecourt of the house shewed numerous tracks of wheels in the freshly fallen snow. Tom felt a little nervous now; Mr Frewen had a dinner-party, no doubt, and might be angry at being disturbed. But he could not go back without seeing him, after coming all this distance.

A servant opened the door, in whom Tom was glad to recognise a Milford man. He could not disturb his master now, he said, for dinner was hardly over; but by-and-by, when the ladies had gone up to the drawing-room, he'd tell Mr Frewen. In the meantime, Tom might sit down in the hall, if he'd shake the snow off before he came in. Tom sat down, with his back to the wall, on a wooden chair with an upright back; he was tired, and glad of the rest; and presently the door opposite him was thrown open, and, with a great burst of talk and laughter, a dozen or more gaily dressed ladies came clattering out into the hall, and up the broad staircase at the other end. What a different world it was, Tom thought, for the rich and the poor! Tom sitting there hungry, shabby, forlorn, gazing at that long well-furnished table, glittering with crystal, gay with flowers and fruits from the four quarters of the globe! What a contrast between that and the scantily furnished deal-table in the back-kitchen at Milford! And then Tom thought a little bitterly of how, if his

aunt had taken him up as she might have done, he might have been sitting in a black coat and white neck-tie at that very table, with his carriage at hand to whisk him home by-and-by. It would have seemed all right to him, in that case, no doubt; he would not have troubled himself much about the inequalities of society then; but he did feel it very strongly at that moment. Ah! even if his aunt had left him that hundred pounds a year, which had seemed a flea-bite to Frewen, no doubt, what a difference it would have made to him!

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'We shall all be in our graves long before then,' said Widow Booth, in a tone that gave Sailor no encouragement to stay; and he went back to his cottage rather disconsolately. His hearth was cold this Christmas night, and he looked blankly round at the orderly, chilly room. He put his candle on the little round table, took out his pipe, and putting a pinch of tobacco on the top of the extinguished remnant in the bowl, lighted it, and began to puff vigorously away. But he didn't feel at all easy and comfortable in his mind. Sailor was very fond of the Rapleys, especially of Mrs Rapley and her son. He was never tired of making things for Bertie; and the attachment between the boy and the Sailor was warm and reciprocal. Bertie's pale face and wistful precocious expression had struck him with uneasiness and fear. He couldn't bear the thought that perhaps the boy wouldn't live long. After he had rested a while, he made up his mind to go once more to Back Milford's, and see if Tom had come home, and talk to him about the boy. He was always a little nervous at approaching Milford by night; there were such queer tales about the place, and Sailor himself had seen sights there which had not tended to reassure him. Consequently, when, on nearing the house, he saw a light flitting about the empty straw-yard, and then shining in the old deserted barn, he felt a strong thrill of superstitious terror. He was not, however, a timid man, and after mastering his first inclination to turn tail and hurry home as fast as possible, he made up his mind to investigate the cause of this remarkable light. Crossing the old straw-yard, he cautiously approached the barn, and feeling his way to the small side-door at the farther end, he peeped cautiously in, through a hole in the wood-work.

A lamp was burning dimly in one corner of the barn, and several figures—more than one, at all events—were flitting to and fro in its light. There was a subdued muffled sound, as of knocking or digging with a pickaxe. Presently, this ceased, and the light disappeared. Sailor now came to the conclusion, that probably there were tramps encamped here for the night. Curiosity, however, overcame prudence, and opening the side-door of the barn, he crept quietly and cautiously to the farther end. He could see nothing, except that several of the boards of the floor had been removed, and there was a dark chasm in the floor of the barn several feet below

him. As he watched, however, a light shone out again, and Sailor noticed that it proceeded from a subterranean archway that, only a few feet in height, had hitherto been concealed by the boarded floor. Then Sailor bethought him of the old stories of the secret passages leading away from Milford Manor, and of the priest who had been starved to death in one of them, whilst in hiding; and he felt terribly frightened for a moment, lest he should be on the point of beholding some dreadful apparition. Looking hurriedly about him for a place of concealment, he saw hanging up against the wall a bundle of old sacking that had once done duty for the lining of hop-bins, and he concealed himself behind this. Soon he heard a scuffling, scrambling kind of noise, as of people crawling on hands and knees; then two men emerged through the low archway. No grisly phantoms these, but two men plainly enough to be seen in flesh and blood. One, he knew, was Skim; and the other he thought to be Collop, the shop-keeper of Biscopham.

Skim put down his lamp upon the floor whilst he proceeded carefully to replace the boards. 'Now we shall work it, master, I think,' he said, wiping his forehead with the palm of his hand.

'I don't know,' said Collop gloomily; 'it seems to me we are as far off as ever.'

'Come, we know it must be there somewhere; and we can get at the place whenever we like; all thanks to me, finding out this here hole. To think of the old black cat shewing of it me! She shan't shew it no other body, though; just let me get hold of her, that's all. She shan't escape me next time, I'll bet a penny. Look at the nasty thing, how she scratched me. I'll break her back for her. I'll give her just such another nip as I give'—

'Hush, hush!' cried Collop: 'how do you know who may be listening to your wild talk!'

'If there was anybody here, I'd pretty soon settle him!' cried Skim.

After that, Sailor was glad to see them file off towards the door; and when they had passed out, he followed at a respectful distance. It seemed that a dog-cart was waiting a little way up the lane, and the two men diverged to reach it. Sailor took advantage of this to regain the high-road. The snow was still falling fast, obliterating all existing tracks. Sailor thought for a moment: he was intensely curious, and anxious to assure himself that it really was Collop he had seen. If it were Collop, he would presently be driving home to Biscopham. Sailor made up his mind to follow that road for a little while, and wait till the dog-cart overtook him. Then he would stop it, and ask the supposed Collop to give him a lift to Biscopham. If the man refused, he would still have the opportunity of identifying him thoroughly. If he consented—well, it was pension-day to-morrow, and he knew an old comrade who kept a little tavern in the town, who would swing a hammock for him gladly. Sailor trudged away along the Biscopham road; and presently, as he expected, he heard the rattle of wheels behind him, and he shouted loudly to the advancing vehicle to stop.

'What's the matter?' cried Collop—who was alone in the dog-cart—reining up suddenly, and peering over the splash-board into the dark snow-flecked night.

'Can you give a poor old sailor a lift to Biscopham, as is going there to draw his pension, to-morrow?'

Collop recognised the man as a respectable villager, and was not averse to company that dark snowy night.

'Yes, you can jump up,' he said.

It was late at night, and Mrs Rapley was lying awake, wondering what had become of Tom. When he went out for his walk, she had expected him back in an hour or so; but as time went on, she became, first impatient, then uneasy, and after that, seriously alarmed. Up to midnight, there was a possibility that he might be staying at the *Royal Oak*. It was quite unlike Tom to stay out so late, but there was possibly some merry-making there, into which he had been drawn. But, when the solemn bell from the church-tower tolled out the hour of twelve, and nobody came, Mrs Rapley grew more and more terrified. She was all alone. The old woman who acted as nurse had gone home for the night, and there was nobody in the house but herself and her helpless, unconscious infant.

A single rushlight was burning in the room, throwing perplexing shadows of familiar things. There was an awful stillness and silence everywhere, only broken by the ticking of the clock down-stairs. Sometimes there would be a loud crack upon the stairs, as though a person were stealthily ascending them. Sometimes there would be a violent commotion in the next house, and her flesh would creep for a moment, till she assured herself that it was only a mad rush of rats that had caused the disturbance.

After all, her fears were groundless: Tom was coming home; she distinctly heard footsteps. She sat up, and listened greedily. Yes, surely he was coming! But the footsteps died away. It was not Tom; she would have heard him stamping and scraping his feet at the door. This was some stealthy footstep, some truculent midnight prowler, perhaps, one of the hideous band of wandering ruffianhood, for whom the law provides a nightly shelter and repose wherever they may choose to roam. At any moment she might see some lowering face, debased with crime and vice, staring in upon her, lying there helpless.

Then a new terror seized her, for she distinctly heard strange sounds in the old house—footsteps wandering here and there, and the noise of spade or pick. It must be Aunt Betsy, Lizzie said to herself, wandering about, looking for her money; Aunt Betsy, who had been so hard and cruel to them when alive.

Again the footsteps seemed to be approaching; there was somebody in the very next room! Lizzie cried out in the extremity of her terror; perspiration stood in heavy beads upon her face. She tried to pray; she tried to think of some appropriate efficacious prayer, but she could only cry out in terror and agony: 'Heaven, send home my Tom.'

Then there came a tremendous crash. Something had burst through the partition into the room—some black object with fiery eyes: the candle was overthrown, and everything left in darkness. Lizzie gave a wild despairing cry, and sank back fainting on the bed.

When she came to herself, a dull morning glow was lighting up the window. Baby, deprived so long of her natural food, was screaming dreadfully. The black cat was lying on the bed, blinking

angrily at the crying child. There was a great hole visible in the partition opposite, that shewed that her fears had not been groundless. Daylight was here, however, and all horrific forms had disappeared before its cheerful gleam. Morning was here, cold, chill morning; the snow piled high against the window, the glare of it shining on the ceiling—snow everywhere, in great white wreaths, and piled-up drifts. And Tom had been out in it all night! Would he ever more come home?

SMOKE-DOCTORING.

SMOKE-DOCTORING is almost entitled to be called one of the fine arts. It is a notable branch of architecture, though there can be little doubt that the professionals who plan the higher class of houses look upon it with something like aversion, and abominate the whole race of smoke-doctors as a nuisance. The reason for this dislike is, that smoke-doctors inharmoniously mar the finely adjusted outlines of buildings. They put fantastic structures on the tops of houses, in violation, as is alleged, of all harmony of design—an interference ruinous to any architectural reputation.

The case is hard. An architect labouring over his plans produces on paper a terrace of handsome dwellings. The elevation is symmetrical throughout, from foundation to roof. There is nothing to find fault with. On the houses being built, you go, after about twelve months, to have a look at them. The design has been faithfully carried out, but something has been added which the architect in his simplicity took no account of. All along the summit of the row of buildings, there are seen things of the funniest shape. Smoke-doctors having been consulted by each individual householder, as to certain smoky idiosyncrasies of his dwelling, a cure is attempted by planting on the tops of the chimneys a variety of tubular structures. Some are tall, some short; some straight, others crooked, and leaning with a twist in the neck in a particular direction. Some are in the category of weather-cocks, turning their backs to the wind; some wear a kind of cowl, while others industriously whirl about and creak. A look from the top of St Paul's over miles of chimneys, affords a good idea of the many ingenious resources of smoke-doctors. The sight to architects is painful, and perhaps rather humiliating; for what were pridefully pictured in their classic designs have become absolutely ridiculous. It is almost the same everywhere. Many of the finest houses in the finest part of every town in the kingdom are scarcely habitable till they have been smoke-doctored according to those rules of art which have attained to something like a science.

It is no use blaming the smoke-doctors for defacing chimney-tops by their variously droll structures. They do their best to remedy bad work. If there be any fault to be found, it is with the architects. Why do they plan houses in which people cannot live with any comfort until the smoke-doctor has been called on to rectify the imperfections in the chimneys? The Englishman does not care a great deal about pillars and pediments and architraves on the outside of his house. What he chiefly requires is comfort at his fireside, and that, generally speaking, is the very thing that the architectural mind fails to recognise; for the most part leaving it pretty much to chance

whether the smoke will go smartly up the chimney, or loiter about and stifle everybody.

Chimneys, somehow, have never been made a deliberate study. They are trifled with, as of inferior importance. Architects, builders, manufacturers of fire-grates, have conspired to do them injustice. Smoke has no natural disinclination to go up the chimney, and make its escape into the atmosphere. It does not wish to hang about the fire-place, but to be off as fast as possible. We require, however, to give it fair play. In this two or three things are concerned—the shape of the fire-place, the dimensions and height of the chimney, and the relative situation of the building. These and some other matters should be carefully considered; while, in fact, little consideration is usually given to them—the result being a malady which needs to be cured by the prescriptions of the smoke-doctor. As a common error, the fire-place is too spacious. The smoke does not seem to know where to go to. It does not push off up the chimney, because it is entangled with cold air, and cold air does not rise. The consequence of the entanglement is, that the smoke oddies in lazy pulls into the apartment. The prevention of this disorder consists in narrowing the fire-place and throat of the chimney; so that the smoke, which we are to view as a column of warm air mixed with soot, may ascend with a proper degree of alacrity, and never more be heard of.

In cases where a kitchen fire-place has been made too spacious, and where the chimney is not lofty, we have seen the defect remedied by opening a small channel immediately behind the fire, and leading into the chimney about two feet up. This may be viewed as a method of coaxing the smoke to get into the right track. It is generally successful; but at best, it is a bungling way of remedying an error that, all things considered, ought never to have existed. For rooms, a fire-grate has lately been invented in strict adaptation to the principles which regulate draught. By this contrivance—it is, we think, called Wright's Patent Bivalve Grate—the smoke does not go straight up. You do not see the chimney at all. On quitting the fire, the smoke rushes into a semicircular opening behind, and so up the chimney with a velocity that shoots it into the atmosphere. It is amusing to see how it goes off slopingly to the aperture prepared for its escape; never coming back unless beaten down by gusts of wind; and speaking of that, we come to another point, which requires attention. This is the shape of the chimney. The taller it is, the better; for when the column of warm air is sufficiently high, it is not easily beaten down by any exterior pressure. This is well known. The shorter the chimneys are, the worse they are with respect to draught. To try to prevent the beating down of smoke by gusts of wind, short chimneys should, if possible, have several bends; and builders generally are aware that such bending is necessary. The beating down of smoke is sometimes caused by the near neighbourhood of tall buildings, from which the wind, pouring like a cataract on all below, overcomes the column of hot air in the chimney. Where there seems a likelihood of this taking place, every precaution as to narrowing fire-places should be adopted. Neglect on this score leads, of course, to the smoke-doctor and his twirling machinery.

The subject is not yet exhausted. A fire cannot

burn or send its smoke up the chimney unless it is allowed a sufficient quantity of air. Adjusting the supply of air to a room has always been a difficulty. The more direct the stream of air to the fire, the more brightly it will burn. When the supply is deficient, what is the consequence? The fire draws its air down the chimney, and then smoke comes into the apartment. A similar result ensues when the chimney happens to be short, and the air of the room is at a considerably higher temperature than the air outside. In such a case the apartment gets part of its supply by the chimney; and in doing so, the smoke of some adjoining chimney is sucked down. A room having no fire is thus sometimes troubled with 'back-smoke.' The shutting out of back-smoke by smoke-boards is a well understood kind of doctoring, not always perfectly successful. When it fails, and the odour of next door's cookery—such as the frying of herrings or bacon—becomes insupportable in your bedroom, then is the smoke-doctor called in to raise a structure to overtop next door's chimney. It is to contendings of this kind against back-smoke that we are to ascribe not a few of the chimney-top devices. If, in defence, you raise a tube three feet, next door, in self-defence, does the same, and there is speedily a competition as to the lengths to which tubes may be carried. Some of them are so lofty, and so likely to be blown down, as to need stays and moorings. When it comes to this, we can conceive the disgust of architects of a particularly æsthetic turn. But would it not be preferable for everybody, if houses at the outset were provided with such an arrangement and construction of chimneys, as did not require to be supplemented with these grotesque and costly additions?

The insuatory conditions of dwellings are a leading theme of the day. Choking with smoke, with bad air, with overcrowding, with effluvia from insufficient drainage—these are the complaints that have come upon us with startling suddenness. The discussions and papers of learned societies regarding house-construction, with a view to health, have been of wonderfully little avail. Notwithstanding all that has first and last been said about the importance of ventilation, things remain much the same as they did half a century ago. Science is overruled by fashion, and the inveteracy of indifference. The pollution of the air of dwellings, like the pollution of rivers, does not excite serious remark. The smoke-doctor is as rare as ever. The vilest odours assail us, and it would almost appear as if more so at every fresh invention. Take gas-lighting. What an advance on the old system of lighting a room with a couple of short sticks! But then comes the question of consumption and deterioration of air. A moderately sized gas chandelier will vitiate as much air as the breathing of two or three dozen of people; and vitiation of air signifies a low vitality. Indeed, but for open fire-places, with all their wastefulness of heat and fuel, to draw away some of the deteriorated atmosphere, we could barely exist. The notion is propagated that it is a bad thing to live in small rooms. The size of the room is nothing. You will have as good health in a room the size of a sentry-box, as if it were twenty feet square, provided it is properly ventilated. All depends on the introduction of a due amount of pure breathable air. It is not overcrowding that kills people: it is the want

of air. You may pack them as close as you like, and they will suffer no injury as regards health, if you let an abundance of good air get into their lungs. We are instructed and amused with a remark made by Mr James R. Napier, who lately offered some lucid views respecting the economising of fuel for heating purposes. In a paper on the subject, he says: 'A room, however small, may sustain vigorous health, if abundantly supplied with pure air. A crowded open-air meeting is not considered unhealthy; and many live for hours, and do wonderful work, with their heads closed up in rooms or spaces very little bigger than their own heads—in both they have plenty of fresh air. It appears to me that it would be a vast deal wiser policy so to frame the law as, that science should not be ignored, to license lodging-houses not by their capacity, but by the volume of pure air with which each was able to supply its inmates. I see no reason why lodgers should not be allowed to lie on shelves, one above another, in as many tiers in height as they were pleased to mount up to, provided each had an allowance of pure air.'

The constant introduction of fresh air under such safeguards as will prevent colds and catarrhs, seems to be the great desideratum for dwellings, not only as concerns health, but the proper draught of chimneys. We do not, in inclement weather, counsel the opening of windows; for the cure may be worse than the disease. We can speak of a little personal experience in trying to make dwellings of a humble class wholesome. In the erection and remodelling of these houses, we have taken care that each room has an opening over the door of about eight inches square, with fixed louver boards and iron gauze (painted like the rest of the apartment), through which there is a constant supply of pure air. Over concealed beds in recesses in the same dwellings, we have introduced similar arrangements; and the consequence has been thorough comfort and salubrity. The inmates, whether in bed or at the fireside, breathe the fresh outer air without inconvenience. Surely, little points of this kind—not little, if we consider the value of health and human life—are worth the attention of architects and builders, who cannot feel it to be at all complimentary to have their work supplemented by amateurs and smoke-doctors. w. c.

REKLAM BROTHERS:

AN INCIDENT IN METROPOLITAN LIFE.

SOMETHING I saw exhibited in the window attracted my attention, and induced me to enter the shop of Messrs Reklam Brothers. It was certainly not the ticket inscribed 'First floor to let unfurnished'; it was rather, if I remember rightly, a delicate little tazza of genuine Venetian glass, curiously designed, and rich in dainty opaline tints and reflections. I was in a humble way, and for my own gratification simply, a collector of trifles of that kind. The Messrs Reklam were German Jews—or Polish, I'm not sure which—dealing in old pictures, curiosities, articles of virtue, and antiquities. Their house was situated in a dull street in the Soho district. Fashion and gentility had, no doubt, in times past made their home there; they had long since vanished, however, leaving in their stead a sort of

dingy respectability, and an air of trade of rather a torpid character. Shops and private houses were much intermingled, but there were few evidences of business being very actively carried on. The street could not boast much traffic, for although a thoroughfare, it led to nowhere in particular, and offered small advantages as a short-cut. It was bounded on the north by Oxford Street, and on the south by an intricate tangle of courts and alleys. The houses were of a substantial, spacious, old-fashioned class, with rather dimly lit rooms.

The contents of the shop almost defy enumeration. They were such, however, as are usually to be found in the possession of traders in curiosities, had been collected from all parts of the globe, and pertained to every period, with the exception, perhaps, of the present. There were weapons and armour, of course, in great abundance, with carvings in wood and ivory, paintings and enamels, china and glass, gems, coins, embroidery, lace, antique furniture, feathers, idols, stuffed animals, skins, monstrosities of all kinds, and other multitudinous objects. I was impressed by the extent and value of the collection. It filled the shop quite to its remote corners, leaving only a little patch of vacancy in the centre of the floor. Even the ceiling was crowded and umbrageous with precious things—among them, pendent lamps of every device, and chandeliers that were perfect thickets of crystal.

Mr Aaron Reklam, with whom I first became acquainted, was by no means the picturesque Jew of fiction. He was not bent with age; he wore no flowing beard or long draperies; no velvet skull-cap crowned him; his skin was not of parchment, nor was his face hollowed and dented by the hand of time. He was simply dressed, and had the air of a London tradesman of reputable position. In answer to my inquiries, I was wafted by him to the upper floors of the house. The two drawing-rooms were altogether empty: lofty, wainscoted chambers, with heavy cornices and richly moulded ceilings. They led to a third room, long and narrow, looking on to the leads and skylight of the back shop below, and boasting a side-view of a small garden beyond, in which languished a plane-tree and some lilac bushes of rather wan and sickly appearance. In the rooms above, I was given to understand the Brothers Reklam resided, still among stores of treasures similar to those crowding the shop below.

Aaron Reklam did not quit me until I had pledged myself to become the tenant of the vacant first-floor. What moved me to this step, I do not even now clearly understand. It was true that I was at the time under notice to quit the lodgings I had occupied during some years. The house was to be pulled down, so that a new street might be constructed, or some other metropolitan improvement of that nature carried into effect. For this purpose an act of parliament had been obtained, and all due forms observed. And I was in a sluggish sort of way—for there was no special need for haste; I had still some weeks before me—looking out for lodgings. Still, as I have said, I engaged to be the occupant of the apartments.

Next day, repenting of the bargain, I entered the shop again, resolved to excuse myself, and now, for the first time, saw Nathan, the elder brother, who received me with all politeness. To get off, was impossible; besides, I saw that the rooms had

their advantages. In short, I took possession of them, trusting to have some degree of comfort. After a day or two's experience, I had nothing to complain of but a certain degree of mysteriousness which pervaded the dwelling. One or other of the brothers was often hanging about, as if listening or making observations; and occasionally there were loud and unpleasant quarrels in an unknown tongue, which, for anything I knew, might be Hebrew or Polish.

They were certainly a strange people I had got amongst. At times, I meditated running away; but such a step would have involved forfeiture of all my goods. I therefore held on. Some months had passed in this fashion; there had been no change in the situation of affairs, and I had added little to my stock of observations concerning the Brothers Reklam, their proceedings, and ways of life, except in this respect: I had not failed to note that all their collection of treasures, notwithstanding their business, was almost altogether at a stand-still. They were tradesmen apparently possessed of an abundance of wares, but they really traded in nothing. No customers ever entered the shop; or if they did, it was only to quit it again rapidly, without any sale or purchase having been effected. Sometimes, indeed, the shutters remained closed for days together.

Another thing I remarked too, was the late hours they kept. They were seldom absent from the house, and they never, so far as I could ascertain, received any visitors. Yet they seemed to be moved by an extreme repugnance to retire to rest. At all times of the night, I could hear them stirring in the house, restless in the shop, or passing up and down the staircase, or pacing to and fro the floors above me. Their movements were generally of a stealthy kind, as though they were seeking to make as little noise as possible; it might be out of consideration for my comfort. But now and then, their disposition to quarrel asserted itself.

The domestic arrangements were by no means effective, but they answered my moderate wants. There was no regular female servant—only a sort of charwoman, who came in the morning to prepare breakfast, and again appeared for a short time at night. This suited tolerably well, for I did not dine in the house. Odd jobs and errands were executed by a small Jewish boy. The disappearance of this little fellow was the first thing that struck me with surprise. Then, I had fresh cause for astonishment in seeing that the shop shutters were now very seldom removed. My landlords had, as it seemed, abandoned all attempt to carry on publicly their trade as dealers in antiquities and curiosities. But they watched me, I felt persuaded, more closely than ever. I was conscious that my residence under their roof was becoming more and more painful and unendurable.

The summer-time had arrived, and for some days the weather had been almost insufferably sultry. I could scarcely breathe in my murky oppressive apartments. The moulded ceiling and the parched walls seemed now to absorb all the air as well as all the light.

I was sitting in the third room at the back of my bedroom, I remember, which was comparatively cooler than the others, for it was not subjected to the fierce glare of the afternoon sun, as they were. It was night, a very still, airless, summer night. The moon was shining through a sultry mist. I

was smoking a cigar. I had abandoned article after article of dress, and was certainly in rather an unattired condition. But cloth clothes were not to be borne in such weather.

In quest of more air, I had stepped from my window on to the leads beneath—the roof of Messrs Reklam's back-shop. The plane-tree and the lilac bushes, looking more pallid than ever as the moonlight blanched their leaves, were on my left hand. Before me was the raised skylight of the shop below, the dusky panes redoned by the gleaming of a light burning beneath. Scarcely thinking of what I did, as I smoked, I leant over the skylight, and endeavoured to peer through its glass. I could discern, but only in a vague sort of way, the figures of my landlords moving hither and thither, and employed I know not precisely how. There was no mistaking the fact, however, that they were very busy. What they were doing, was by no means clear to me. I stood for some moments observing them. They were surrounded by papers and books—so much I could clearly perceive—and by various packages and bundles, which they seemed to be passing from right to left, as though they were counting and taking note of them; but even of this I could not be quite certain.

On a sudden, and accidentally, for there could not possibly have been any design in the matter, Aaron Reklam raised his eyes from the table before him, and fixed them on the skylight above. Then I became conscious that he had perceived my presence. Probably, my figure, seen with the moonlight behind me, presented a dark object, that was only to be explained by the fact, that some one was looking down upon him and observing his proceedings; or it might be that he had detected me by the light of my cigar. For a moment it seemed to me there gleamed upon me the strange glare of his prominent scintillating green eyes. Then all was darkness. He had turned off the gas. I could see nothing more. In some trepidation, I retreated to my bed-chamber.

I slept very ill that night, I remember; not merely because of the oppressive heat of the weather, and the lack of freshness in the air; but I was greatly disturbed in mind. Moreover, my forehead burned, my heart beat distressingly; I was in a state of feverish restlessness. When sleep at last came to me, my dreams were terrible. I underwent an agonising nightmare—the Brothers Reklam haunted me. I could never lose sight of their pallid faces. In all kinds of strange situations, their gleaming menacing eyes seemed to follow me and find me out, to scorch me up and pierce me through and through, to bring to bear upon me all kinds of pangs and tortures. I became convinced that they were bent upon my destruction, now by this means, now by that. Their only hesitation was as to the kind of death they should inflict upon me. They were at a loss to decide upon one sufficiently painful. At length, as I thought, they had resolved upon my assassination, by a varied system of intense and horrible cruelty, to be gradually applied, with a view, to my greater suffering.

I awoke in a dreadful panic. It seemed to me that a rope circled my neck, and that my landlords by slow degrees were tightening it more and more. I experienced an agonising sense of suffocation. In my alarm, I know, I leapt from my bed, and stood for a moment swaying to and fro upon the

floor like a drunken man. What had happened? I asked myself. Something dreadful, I knew.

There was a strange crimson light throbbing and flickering in the room. The air was thick with smoke, and the stifling fumes of some drug or spirit of extraordinary pungency. I could hear, too, wild cries in the street without, loud knocking at the outer door of the house, and the roaring, crackling sounds of burning wood, and the licking and writhing of mounting flames. The house of Messrs Reklam Brothers was on fire!

There was not a minute to lose. I hastily gathered about me a few articles of dress. My alarm and agitation were extreme, but I had the sense to perceive that I could only hope to escape with life—if even that was still possible. I at once abandoned all thought of rescuing ought else from the flames. Yet it was, even in that moment of panic, with a sigh of deep anguish I turned my back upon all my household treasures and possessions. One glance of farewell, and then I hurried from the door to the door of my front-room, leading to the staircase.

It was locked on the outside. So also were the two other doors that permitted egress from my apartments. The possibility of my escape had been foreseen and provided against. I was a prisoner, and the fire was drawing every moment nearer and nearer to me. Already the smoke was so dense, blinding, and stupefying, that I was crouching on my knees, to avoid it as much as possible.

Much valuable time I wasted in labouring to prise the locks of my doors, and in convincing myself that they had really been made secure against me from without. Then, with desperate violence, and with all the strength I could muster, I dashed a heavy chair against the door of the front room.

The panelling was completely smashed, and through the opening thus made, a thick volume of poisonous smoke poured into the room. But still the lock held fast, and still my escape was prevented, even had the staircase without remained passable, which seemed most doubtful, for already it was burning furiously.

The window was now my sole chance. I looked out. There was a sea of upturned faces—orange-hued, from the reflection of the flames. The police had driven back the crowd, so as to form a semicircle of spectators, with sufficient space in front for the fire-engines to be worked freely. The window was flooded with water, which mirrored brightly the red sky and the leaping fire. Every neighboring window was crowded with scared lookers-on. It was a strange and most exciting scene. The uproar when the dense throng below caught sight of me at the window was indeed alarming. I was cheered and applauded, as though I had been a popular candidate for election upon the hustings. But above all these cries I could plainly hear the mechanical pulsing sound of the engines in full work—the rush and gurgles, the hiss and splash of falling water—and the screaming of the flames, which seemed to issue chiefly from the floors above me, and from the built-out shop at the back of the house.

Trembling all over, I stopped from the window-sill on to the projecting cornice of the shop-front below. I then let myself down gradually, and after clinging to the ledge for a moment, dropped several feet on to the pavement. I was saved from falling by the sturdy arms of a policeman.

I was half-suffocated, and my eyes smarted terribly; my hands were torn and bleeding, and both ankles seemed badly sprained; otherwise, I was uninjured.

In right, I suppose, of my narrow escape, and my lawful interest in the catastrophe, I was permitted to remain near the fire-engines and to watch the progress of the conflagration. I was not conscious for some time that my dress was most incomplete, and that I was up to my insteps in water.

Suddenly, I found Aaron Reklam close beside me. He started back when he observed me—not merely with surprise, but also, as I judged, with alarm and aversion. He was in a state of extreme agitation.

'I never dressed so quickly in my life,' he said, in a tremulous voice, and he rubbed his hands together nervously. He was bareheaded—I could note by the light of the flames his partial baldness; but his attire was complete in other respects, even to the neat adjustment of his shirt-collar and neckerchief. I could not doubt that he had never undressed at all.

He turned his gleaming eyes full upon me; his gaze seemed to me more baneful and maleficent than ever. For a moment I almost dreaded personal violence at his hands.

'You've had a narrow escape,' he said.

'Very narrow.' He looked as though he grudged me my life most bitterly.

'It was an accident; though it broke out in two or three places at once. I can't think how it happened.' And again he glared at me.

'You can't either, I suppose?' he asked.

'I cannot tell,' I said faintly.

'It will be the ruin of me—of the firm—the complete ruin.'

'You're not insured?'

'Yes, we're insured, but not for the full amount—not nearly—only for a trifle.'

'And your brother—Mr Nathan—is he safe?'

'He was, a moment ago. But he went back: I told him there was plenty of time to save some documents of value.'

'And he's not been seen since?'

'No, not since. But it was only a moment ago. He's all right. Nathan knows what he's about!'

The horrid truth then burst upon me. The place had been set on fire for the sake of the insurance money, and I had been decoyed to be a lodger, and destroyed, in order to give a colour to the proceeding. While this passed through my mind, Nathan Reklam made his appearance at the open private door. With a wild cry, Aaron rushed towards him, and shut the door. He wished to be the sole beneficiary. The confusion was so great that few took heed of the brothers. Thick clouds of dust now mingled with the smoke. The crowd was driven farther back by some yards. Even the firemen were forced to retreat.

The outer wall of the house had fallen.

I remember nothing more. I was found, as I afterwards learnt, stretched senseless upon the wet roadway, and was carried, upon the shoulders of friendly by-standers, to a neighbouring tavern. There I remained some days in an alarming condition of exhaustion and delirium.

The Brothers Reklam were not again seen alive. It was generally agreed that they had both perished in the fire of their own contriving—retribution had overtaken them in a terrible way. No trace of them was ever discovered in the ruins of the building. Nor were any relics found of the

treasures that had once filled their premises to overflowing. My own belief was, and is, that these had been carefully and stealthily removed some time before the fire broke out.

Brief paragraphs in the newspapers were devoted to the 'Serious Conflagration in Soho—Two Lives Lost.' Nothing was ever said publicly, however, as to the suspicious nature of the occurrence.

At a later date, I was enabled to ascertain that Messrs Reklam's house and its contents had been insured to a very large amount. Of the early history of the brothers, I could learn nothing. The firemen made no secret of their opinion that the fire was the result of design. The flames, they said, had been seen to burst forth simultaneously from three distinct parts of the house. Something also they did not hesitate to allege as to the employment of naphtha or turpentine to quicken the action of the fire. And they congratulated me, as I congratulated myself, upon my almost miraculous escape.

No relatives or representatives of the brothers ever appeared to claim the amount of the insurance money. No one, indeed, even ventured to own kindred with the departed Reklams. I have often been told that I knew more about them than anybody else. Well, I did not know much; but certainly, to my thinking, I knew enough.

Had any claim been made upon the policies, I was informed that the offices were fully prepared to resist it, simply on the ground of *fraud*, and of this, as in too many cases, there was held to be very sufficient evidence. I have exhausted, however, all my information on the subject.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Most of the parties appointed to observe the transit of Venus are now on the way to their destination, and all hope to make their preparations and be ready to take note of the important phenomenon on the critical day—December 8th. Three of the parties will be stationed in the Sandwich Islands, one in New Zealand, one in Rodriguez—a small island in the Indian Ocean near Mauritius—and two in Kerguelen Island, a miserable spot far to the south of the Cape of Good Hope. Each party is provided with wooden huts, to be used as temporary observatories, with all the clocks, telescopes, and other instruments, including forty-six chronometers required for the observations, and with apparatus for taking photographs of the transit in all its stages. Instructions for their guidance have been drawn up by the astronomer-royal; and considering that all the observers have been under training at Greenwich Observatory for some months, their skill and capability should be equal to the occasion. Part of their training has consisted in a rehearsal of the transit with a model invented by Sir George Airy. This model represented the actual transit: the observer looking through a telescope saw the small dark disc of Venus approaching the edge of the sun, moving nearer and nearer, and at last (apparently) coming into contact. This was repeated day after day for months, till every man was familiar beforehand with the phenomenon as it will actually appear; for the essential point of the observation is to note exactly the moment of contact. On the accuracy with which that is

determined depends, for the most part, the value of the results; but with well-trained observers, and the best of astronomical appliances, we may believe that the coming transit will be observed as transit was never observed before. Simultaneously with the English operations in the south, the Russians will take observations in Siberia and other parts of the north, and the two sets of observations will afterwards be employed in working out the conclusion with a degree of accuracy which would not otherwise be possible.

At the recommendation of the Royal Society, the government have sanctioned the appointment of four naturalists to accompany the expeditions. One will collect plants in Kerguelen, with a view to enlarge and complete our knowledge of the botany of that remote island; the other three are to explore Rodriguez, devoting themselves respectively to the botany, the geology, and the fossil remains of that little territory. It is known that Rodriguez was in former ages the dwelling-place of very remarkable animals, and if their relics can be discovered, there will be great gain for palæontological science. The cost, as we have stated above, will be borne by the government, in addition to the outlay for all the transit expeditions, besides which the *Challenger* is still pursuing her voyage of exploration around the globe. These are facts which may console those unfortunate persons who are always complaining that the English government never does anything for science.

Mr Lockyer, F.R.S., who has for a long time examined the sun and stars by means of the spectroscopic, finds that in the spectrum of the hottest stars pure hydrogen only is to be detected. In stars which are less hot, the metals make their appearance; in others, again, of lower temperature, the metalloids are found; and, ultimately, here in our earth, which is an extinct star, free hydrogen is not to be met with, and the complexity of matter is remarkable. From this we may infer that if 'dissociation,' as chemists call it, could be carried up to its last stage, we should find everything resolve itself into hydrogen. Some day we may perhaps be able to prove that all bodies are simply transformations of hydrogen, due to variable circumstances of pressure, temperature, and electricity. It is a question which must be left to the metallurgy of the future. Meanwhile, much may be done by increasing the temperatures with which we work. Bessemer with his steel-making process, and Siemens with his regenerating furnace, have led the way, and their successors will perhaps find a way to dissociate iron and oxygen, or iron and phosphorus. It all depends on the heat. The late Professor Faraday once said in a lecture, that if hydrogen could be compressed and solidified, it would prove to be a metal.

If the spectroscopic is valuable and efficient in matters celestial, it is not less so in matters terrestrial. For test and analysis as a laboratory instrument, it becomes every day more serviceable. One of its applications is well worth notice—in testing the quality of water. In some places the water is found to be injurious to health. It is perhaps contaminated by infiltration from a sewer or cesspool. How is this infiltration to be discovered? A quantity of salt of lithium is thrown into the sewer or cesspool. After a time, the drinking-water is examined by the spectroscopic. If the 'lithium line' appears in the spectrum, it is a

proof that a portion of the lithium salt thrown into the sewer or cesspool has found its way into the drinking-water, and that the water is consequently poisoned by foul drainage. From this we see that the spectroscopic may be made to do good service in protecting the public health.

In Baltimore a system of scavenging has been in use twenty years which works well for the health and cleanliness of the city. Each household is required every day during hot weather to place the refuse of his house—the animal and vegetable matters in one box, the ashes and dry refuse in another—ready for the 'garbage-carts.' These carts are built with a movable partition, by which the dry and the wet are kept separate, during transport to the outskirts, where a careful conversion of the whole to economical uses is carried on. Bones, rags, scraps of paper, when sorted, yield a handsome profit: old boots and shoes roasted and reduced to powder are used in the case-hardening of iron; and coal and cinders are valuable as fuel or in the mending of roads. Cesspools are emptied by a 'pneumatic suction system,' which mitigates the offensiveness of the operation; the contents are mixed with ashes, and are thereby completely deodorised in fifteen minutes; and this mixture meets with a ready sale as a fertiliser at fifteen or twenty dollars the ton. In answer to objections against the use of ashes, the superintendent of the cleansing-works says: 'I have seen in our Baltimore refuse-grounds splendid tomatoes, pumpkins, citrons, and tobacco growing from a bed of pure coal-ash and cinders.'

In an excavation on the line of the Union Pacific Railway, the labourers having built up a fire-place of lumps of rock, noticed that the lumps took fire. This fact led to experiment and analysis, which shewed the rock to be a shale rich in mineral oil, yielding about thirty-five gallons per ton of rock of two kinds of oil, one suitable for illumination, the other for lubrication. The deposits of shale are said to extend over an area of seven thousand square miles, which may be considered as 'big' enough for even American enterprise.

We have mentioned more than once the Westinghouse air-brake for railway trains, which, being instantaneous, and to a large extent automatic in its action, offers itself as an important means in preventing collisions. Our readers are aware that it has been reported on favourably in this country; and we now learn that a committee appointed by the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia have tested the brake, and are so well satisfied of its efficiency and durability, that they report that 'Mr Westinghouse has become a public benefactor, deserving, at least, of the gratitude of the travelling public; and they recommend that a certain medal and premium set apart for the reward of mechanical inventions, should be conferred on him. In the latest form of the brake, it is applied to the driving-wheels of the locomotive as well as to all other wheels in the train, whereby its power in producing a sudden stoppage is enormously increased.

Professor Ellery, Director of the Melbourne Observatory, is employing the great reflecting telescope, constructed at the cost of the colonial government, in a survey of the stars and other celestial phenomena of the southern hemisphere. In the course of this interesting work, he has discovered 'that some of the large nebulae, especially of

Argus, are undergoing very marked and rapid changes.' These changes are carefully noted, in the hope that further knowledge of the structure of nebulae, and of their cosmical relations, may be obtained. Another branch of work is observation of aurora and of magnetic disturbances; and on comparing the results with observations in Europe, it appears that whenever an aurora or a magnetic disturbance occurs in the south, similar phenomena are observed in our hemisphere. It often happens that the aurora and the magnetic disturbance occur at the same time in the south, but that only one of the two phenomena is seen in the north; and the contrary. These facts are valuable in themselves, and as shewing how science may benefit by combined observations in places at opposite ends of the earth.

Another fact highly creditable to the colony is, that the survey of the boundary-line between New South Wales and Victoria, connecting two termini one hundred and fifteen miles apart, had been accomplished with an error of not more than twelve feet. This is remarkable in so great a distance, and is good evidence that the surveyors have worked conscientiously.

We learn, too, from the same source, that the first clock of large dimensions manufactured in Australia had been set up at the Melbourne post-office. We may perhaps assume that no similar clock has ever been made within the southern hemisphere. It has a mercurial compensation pendulum of such excellence, that the going of the clock is all but perfect. 'Could the barometer,' says Mr Ellery, 'be persuaded to stand always at thirty inches, I do not think the clock would vary two seconds from the true time from one year's end to the other, the first stroke of the hour-bell being usually within two seconds of the true Melbourne time.'

Returning to the northern hemisphere, we gather from the last *Report* of the astronomer-royal, that in addition to the time-signal made at Deal, it has been proposed to drop a time-ball at Portsmouth by direct current from Greenwich Observatory. A signal is sent every hour to the central telegraph office in St Martin's-le-Grand, and from there, it can be accurately distributed in sixty different directions. The 10 A.M. signal is the one most in demand. It is transmitted automatically to twenty-one provincial towns. A sound-signal is also made in the instrument-room at the same hour, and at once, on hearing it, the clerks send a time-current to six hundred different offices. These, again, distribute it farther; and thus the ten o'clock signal may be said to regulate all the post-office and railway clocks in the kingdom. One o'clock is made known to nine towns all in the north except Worcester and Nottingham. The distribution of the hourly signals from the central office is so accurate that, as the astronomer-royal says, those signals being 'based upon the most accurate determinations of time that the observatory can furnish, may be used for accurate determinations of longitude.'

At the Lombard Street post-office, the Greenwich current at noon starts the clock, which stops itself some few seconds before noon every day. At the Westminster clock-tower, a signal is also received for the guidance of the attendant, and a return signal is sent, to let the observatory know the amount of error. For the most part, the error throughout the year is less than one second.

Algeria is making itself known as a metaliferous country: it has excellent iron ores, and iron-mining has become an important branch of trade. At one of the mines, the produce of ore is thirty thousand tons a month, all of which is shipped from the port of Bona. Other mines are to be opened in the neighbourhood of Bougie; and if Moors and Arabs can be persuaded to persevere in hard work, we may hope to see a novel sight—prosperity in a French colony.

The suggestion has been made, that instead of employing wind, which is always uncertain, to move a ship, it would be more advantageous to employ wind-power, as represented by wave-motion. It is very rare that the ocean is perfectly calm; and as the waves are there, it is proposed to build a ship with an apparatus poised in its interior, so as to move freely in all directions, and with each movement to compress and force air into a chamber, where it would be available for the propulsion of the ship and for other purposes. The supply of power would be greatest when most needed; for the more the vessel pitches and rolls, the more air would be compressed in the reservoir. It is argued, that this compromise between sail and steam power would reduce considerably the cost of heavy and expensive rigging—that it would be available even in contrary winds—that while sail-power employs surface to catch the force, this employs mass—and that it could be applied to pumping, to ventilation, to reduction of temperature, as well as to propulsion. And last, it would render unnecessary the cumbersome and costly use of fuel in the working of ships which at present prevails, and employ instead thereof the never-failing power provided by nature, in the ceaseless waves of the ocean.

Lines to a Humblebee.

WHITHER bound, on shining wing,
With varied velvets gay,
In circles bright—thy marmurous flight
Pursuing—whence away?
Seek'st thou the highly cultured bee?
Where rare exotics glow?
Or fragrant spot, before the cot
Where flowers untended blow?
Or is the purple moor thy goal,
Where, o'er each flat and fell,
Thou ro'st a free and happy bee,
'Mid heather and harebell?
Or lonely roadside dost thou seek,
To doze away an hour,
At rest upon the thistle-crest,
Or on the bramble flower?
No inmate thou of straw-clad hive,
Where labour is but loss;
Thy dowy home is in the leam,
Beneath the golden moss.
No sorrow cloy's thy breezy flight,
Or thy sweet monotone;
Content thou art to do thy part,
And leave the rest unknown.
Yet, in the churchyard's sacred shade,
Where dreamless sleepers lie,
I've seen thee—on the garden'd graves,
Singing a lullaby.

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STORY OF JACK SCOTT AND BESSY SURTEES.

THE Scotts are an old and widely diffused Border clan. They have had many distinguished men amongst them; the greatest of all being the illustrious poet and novelist, of whose personal appearance and genial character some of us have still an agreeable remembrance. As an active pushing race, the Scotts have spread far beyond their native glens, crossed the Border, and settled in various parts of Northumberland.

In the early part of last century, there dwelt in Sandgate, an old-fashioned thoroughfare near the Tyne, outside Newcastle, a family of these Scotts, whose occupation lay among the barges and coal-traders on the river. They were an industrious, decent set of people, with no pretensions to gentility, and, as was reasonable, improved in circumstances from one generation to another. The family begins to emerge from obscurity in the person of William Scott, who is apprenticed to a coal-fitter in Newcastle. A coal-fitter is a kind of middle-man between the owner of coal-pits and shippers. He purchases the coal, transfers it to barges called keels, whence it is put on board ships in the river. The word keel, from an old Anglo-Saxon term, signifying a barque, is now lost to the general vernacular, but remains preserved in a popular ballad, *Weel may the Keel row*. The term also keeps its ground in relation to the coal-barges on the Tyne, where owners of keels are men of considerable substance. The William Scott we have been speaking of, rose by his steadiness and intelligence to be a coal-fitter and proprietor of keels, with numerous keelmen in his employment. With a view to keep his men from straggling away among public-houses, he for a time kept a house for their special accommodation, the sale of beer to them adding to his ordinary gains. This concern, however, as not being creditable to a man in his flourishing circumstances, was, after a time, dropped. From being an owner of keels, he, in due course, became an owner of ships, in which capacity few

men attained greater note on the Tyne from Newcastle to Shields and Sunderland.

William Scott was married in 1740 to a Miss Atkinson of Newcastle. It was a happy matrimonial alliance. Besides good looks and placid temper, the lady possessed an excellent understanding, along with all proper domestic accomplishments. A fortunate marriage for the owner of keels and ships! At the time that a child was about to make its appearance, the country was thrown into alarm by the rebellion in the spring of 1745. A rebel army was advancing on the Tyne. The gates of Newcastle were shut and guarded. In a condition which made her apprehensive of deeds of violence, Mrs Scott removed to the village of Heyworth, four miles distant, in the county of Durham. There she gave birth to a male infant; but there was a second child, and, in the urgency of the case, a medical practitioner was sent for to Newcastle. It was during the night; the gates were closed; as delay might be hazardous, the doctor was let down over the wall in a basket, and he arrived in good time to deliver Mrs Scott of a female child. The boy was named William, and we shall soon hear more of him.

It was Mrs Scott's destiny to 'fall into a family.' Returning to Newcastle after the rebellion was over, she again, after a time, had twins, a boy and girl, born on the 4th of June (the birthday of George III.) 1751. The boy was christened John—the John Scott, hero of our story, but who almost until middle life was best known by his friends as Jack, or Jack Scott. Master Jackey was a promising youth while still in petticoats, but scarcely more so than his brother William, who was from five to six years his senior. The two boys had good brains. They grew up fond of books, which is always a sign of acute intelligence, and both had a surprising memory. Of course, they had the ordinary unruliness of boys, performed pranks, and underwent the floggings at school, which at that time were considered a proper academic discipline. At the Free Grammar-school at Newcastle, under the management of the Rev. Mr Moises, to which

they were largely indebted for their future advancement. William was sent to complete his education at Oxford; but the father did not contemplate sending Jack thither, considering the line of life he was likely to pursue. For one thing, Jack was a skilled penman. His handwriting was beautiful, and remained so during life.

Jack was otherwise accomplished. As a small, but handsomely made youth of fourteen, he was one of the best dancers in Newcastle. At the dancing-school, he signalled himself by his gallantry in helping the young ladies to put on their dancing-shoes, it being according to etiquette in those days to render this kind of service, and at the same time offer a small bouquet of flowers. In this way, Jack Scott grew up a beau, and was admired for the gracefulness of his manners. On reaching his fifteenth year, his father began to think what was to be done with him. Nothing seemed more suitable than to bring him up to his own trade as a coal-fitter. William, who, by his excellent abilities, had already gained a fellowship, and occupied the position of a college tutor, did not like the idea of seeing brother Jack a coal-dealer, and persuaded his father to send the lad to Oxford, where something better could be done for him. So, in 1766, Jack goes in the fly to Oxford, and is there entered as a member of the university. Here he did not shun so conspicuously as on the banks of the Tyne, and his Northumbrian burr was not in his favour. Yet he spent three years at college, showed his splendid talents, and, like his brother, obtained a fellowship. In 1771, he wrote an English essay, and gained the prize for doing so—a matter of gratulation to the family.

While everything was going on swimmingly for high academic honours, Jack Scott, at twenty-one years of age, sacrificed all his prospects by a single act. In the course of a journey through the north of England, he attended church at Sedgfield in the county of Durham, and there saw, and instantly fell in love with Elizabeth Surtees, daughter of a banker in Newcastle. Bessy was under the charge of an aunt, to whom Jack contrived to procure an introduction, which opened the way for a conversation with the young lady. His fame as a prize essayist, united with his handsome personal appearance, and black sparkling eyes, gave him an advantage which proved irresistible. After an acquaintance of but a few days, Jack Scott and Bessy had pledged their troth to each other.

Miss Surtees had not yet come out. This important affair in a young lady's life was to take place at a ball given to the Duke of Cumberland—the duke of Culloden notoriety—at Newcastle on the 1st September 1771. Jack took good care to be at the ball, but disconcerted by seeing Bessy led out as a partner by the duke, and that she was ceremoniously treated as the 'belle of the ball,' he did not ask her to dance. For this shyness, he speedily made up. At the weekly assemblies, he not only danced with her, but openly showed that he was an admirer. An arrangement in the rooms was favourable to the young pair. There was a large and a small apartment, with a lobby or stair-head between. In the dances, Jack made a point of dancing with Bessy down the long room into the lobby and the small room beyond—a circumstance he used gleefully to relate in his later days as a skilful piece of generalship.

These dances did not escape notice. The

Scotts were sorry that Jack had entangled himself so early in life, though they allowed his choice was unexceptionable. If he married Bessy, he would lose his fellowship, and where were his means of a respectable livelihood? As for the Surtees, they were furious at the notion of Jack Scott, son of a coal-fitter who once kept a public-house, aspiring to be a match for their daughter. Resolved to do all in their power to check the alliance, they sent Bessy off on a visit to a lady, a high connection in London; trusting she would there be looked after, and the fancy for Jack Scott driven out of her head. Bessy saw much fine company in London, figured at parties in Northumberland House, the Opera, and Ranelagh. Jack was not far off. He found means to have interviews with Bessy while walking under female tutelage in Hyde Park. On these occasions, there was a mutual determination to hold to their plighted troth. This being settled, Jack went for a short time to Oxford, and Bessy returned to her home in Newcastle. If Surtees imagined that the engagement with his daughter was broken off, he was mistaken. Bessy had secretly arranged to elope with her lover. We do not justify elopement. It is a paltry way of beginning an honourable married career. Surtees, however, was not without blame. He thought that he, as a banker, was a much grander person than any of the Scotts, and viewed the proposed marriage of his daughter with Jack Scott as a prodigious downname in dignity. In reality, Jack was as good as he was, intellectually a much greater man; and the amusing fact is, that the whole Surtees family lived to see their error.

The plot now thickens in intensity. The night of November 18, 1772, was selected for the elopement. Mr Surtees, notwithstanding his affected grandeur, lived in a house above a shop in a street called the Smilhill. The shop was that of Mr Clayton, a clothier, who had for assistant a young man named Wilkinson, a friend of Scott. The dwelling of Surtees had an entrance separate from the shop, but its windows could easily be reached by a ladder from the pavement. Wilkinson had no difficulty in secreting a ladder, which at the time appointed he placed against the most westerly window; and down it, under cloud of night, slid Bessy Surtees into the arms of Jack Scott. The thing was well managed. At a respectful distance, a post-chaise was in waiting, and in it the pair drove off for Scotland. The road they took was that by Morpeth and Coldstream, by which they arrived next morning at Blackshields. The design was probably to take fresh horses at Blackshields, and post on to Edinburgh, only two stages distant, where the marriage ceremony could have been effected; but having accidentally learned that the Rev. J. Buchanan, Episcopal minister at Haddington, was in the house, he invited that gentleman to officiate, which he did according to the form prescribed by the Church of England, and afterwards gave them a certificate to that effect. The newly wedded pair immediately retraced their route to Morpeth, where they resided for a day or two.

It need scarcely be said that Surtees was at first implacable in his resentment. The Scotts were more distressed than angry. As what, however, was done could not be undone, they sent their forgiveness, and invited Jack and his bride to their

dwelling. They came, and matters were so far made up. In a few months, there was a softening in the feelings of the old banker. He saw it was no use, or rather worse than useless, to stand out. There was accordingly a treaty of peace by the belligerents. Scott's father settled two thousand pounds on the newly wedded pair, and Mr Surtees settled one thousand pounds, a sum which he afterwards doubled. The annual proceeds were meant as a help to the young couple. They were literally penniless, and the small annual income from these gifts was all they could reckon upon till Jack could make his way in the world. To make the marriage doubly sure, the ceremony was solemnised afresh in the parish church of St Nicholas, Newcastle, 19th January 1773. That may be called the date at which Scott began his memorable career. He and Bessie drove off southwards across the Tyne. The world was all before them. Doubts and darkness hovered over the future; but in these young beings there was the spring of hope and intelligence, with a determinate resolution to fight the battle of life. Jack had formed his plan. It was to enter himself as a student at the bar, and reside during the period of probation at Oxford. He was admitted to the Society of the Middle Temple 23th January 1773. At Oxford, he delivered lectures, taught pupils, and so eked out his small income. Mr Scott proved an admirable helpmate. Studying his husband's means, she made both ends meet. The only entertainments she gave were small tea-parties, and we learn with some interest that one of her occasional guests was Dr Samuel Johnson.

In studying for the bar, Scott made the most strenuous endeavours. Having taken his degree of Master of Arts, he plunged into his legal studies; rose at four in the morning; spent only a few minutes at meals; took little outdoor exercise; and sat up over his books till late at night. He also had the fortitude to keep his brain unclouded. His abstinence was as remarkable as it was exemplary. In the circumstances in which he was placed, he was a model husband; while Bessy, in her tender and loving way, and earnest devotion to his interests, was a model wife. The marriage had been a perfect success. The economising spirit of the pair was, if anything, augmented by the birth of a son in March 1774. Next year, being called to the bar—Scott—for we must drop calling him Jack—went to reside in London. His house was in Curstow Street, near Chancery Lane, afterwards described by him as his first perch, to which in an evening he used to bring from Fleet market twopenworth of sprats for supper. Success in the legal profession is only attainable by intense industry, a fair share of common-sense and tact, along with perhaps a degree of good-luck. Erskine was a surprising instance of a rapid rise to fortune. Thurlow also mounted suddenly by his ingenious reasoning and fervid oratory in the Douglas cause. Scott had not so good a chance, but he lost nothing in perseverance; and he was aided immensely by his powers of memory, as well as by acuteness of judgment. His slender means did not permit his becoming a pupil for twelve months under an equity pleader. For this deficiency he was partly compensated by being allowed gratuitously to study cases in the office of a kind-hearted conveyancer, and so stored his mind with details for practice, as a barrister.

We cannot go into a regular account of Scott's career. That is given better elsewhere by Lord Campbell. For several years he had little practice, and Mrs Scott's housekeeping, as may be supposed, was still on a moderate footing. But he never despaired, went upon circuit, and accumulated experience. His day of triumph came. In 1780, in an intricate contest as to the rights of an heir-at-law to rank as a residuary legatee, tried before Lord Thurlow, Mr Scott offered such convincing arguments as to gain the case for his client. His reputation was made. Briefs came in upon him, and over afterwards he was at ease in his circumstances. In 1783, he received a silk gown. He, about the same time, through his strong Conservative leanings, was elected member of parliament for Weobly. His appearances in the House of Commons, as has been the case of many noted lawyers, were disappointing. In 1788, he rose to be Solicitor-general, and received the honour of knighthood from the king. In 1793, he was promoted to be Attorney-general. Next, in 1799, he was made Chief-justice of the Common Pleas, and created Baron Eldon of Eldon in the county of Durham. Jack Scott, a peer! Bessy became Lady Eldon! How the news spread at Newcastle, and astonished everybody—the Surtees in particular, though they already had occasion to change their opinion concerning Bessy's marriage. Fortunately, Lord Eldon's venerable mother survived to see her son arrive at this distinction; and with proper filial affection, his first duty, on being raised to the peerage, was to acquaint her with the fact—signing himself Emox. One need not learn without emotion that on receipt of the letter, the old lady burst into tears, and exclaimed: 'To think that I should live to be the mother of a lord!' What justifiable pride hath not a mother in the high worldly appreciation of her sons! It is about the most exalted sentiment in which humanity can indulge. Lord Eldon attained still higher honours. In 1801, on the dismissal of Wedderburn, Lord Loughborough, he was appointed Lord-chancellor of Great Britain.

Few men have had such a lengthened judicial and political career. Eldon was Chancellor under three successive administrations. His decisions were sound, and the chief fault imputed to him was his delay and hesitation in bringing suits to a final judgment. In the present day, his political views would be pronounced narrow and ungenial, though no one ever doubted his sincerity, and earnest desire to promote the best interests of his country. In private life, he was fond of jocularities, and mingling in his anecdotes about early struggles and acquaintances; often giving amusing accounts of incidents in which he had been concerned. He never affected to conceal his origin; and, as an instance of his goodness of heart, did not forget, on becoming Lord-chancellor, to confer a lucrative appointment on Moises, his old friend and schoolmaster at Newcastle.

In 1821, he was advanced to the dignities of Viscount Encombe and Earl of Eldon. His 'beloved Bessie' lived ten years to enjoy her new title as Countess of Eldon; and deeply did the Earl mourn her decease in 1831. He himself, after outliving almost all his immediate relations, died in his eighty-seventh year, January 3, 1835, leaving behind him a fortune of over half a million sterling. In his titles and estates he was succeeded by his

grandson. Lord Eldon's brother, William, had a scarcely less distinguished career. He, too, was a lawyer, and ultimately rose to be judge of the Court of Admiralty; in which position, as also in his knowledge of international and ecclesiastical law, he won high distinction. He was raised to the peerage as Baron Stowell; but at his decease in 1836, without male issue, the title became extinct. Lords Eldon and Stowell were two of the most remarkable men of their time. In their lives they presented a memorable instance of two brothers rising to eminence through sheer force of abilities which they are said to have had the good fortune to inherit from their mother. W. C.

SOME PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE WITH PARISH CLERKS.

THE first parish clerk with whom I ever came in contact was a character which has now disappeared, and which, when I look back, seems as if it never could have existed. I was ordained, oh, how many, many years ago it was, to a sea-side curacy. There were two churches, about a mile apart, and I had to walk along the cliffs to get from one village to the other. In the winter it was often quite dark when the afternoon service was over, and I set out on my return home. The path by the cliffs was narrow and dangerous by daylight; in the dark, it was impassable without a light. I used, therefore, to take with me a lantern, which I gave into the clerk's keeping when I went into church. Now this said clerk was a gaunt, gray old man, who had lived all his life amongst seafaring people, though without having himself been to sea, and by force of example had become as one of them. Before I had been in my curacy long, I found that most of the men were smugglers, and the clerk the prime mover on shore of the whole gang; and the way I found it out was this. Several times I had noticed, that as I was in the middle of my sermon, the church door would open, and a strange face would peep in; then in a minute one of the congregation would steal silently out, then another, and another, till, of the usual small assembly, the clerk and one or two more would be the only ones left. I could not help observing that, on these occasions, the clerk could scarcely keep himself in his seat, and that his hands nervously handled the lantern, which for convenience he had concealed under his desk. In a few Sundays, however, the end came. I suppose, as I was a new-comer, he was afraid at first to do what he did at last. One Sunday afternoon, just as I had got well into my discourse—sermons in those days lasted five-and-forty minutes, and were not much appreciated unless they contained plenty of fustles, secondlies, thirdlies, &c.—a head popped in at the door; and whether there was a richer cargo to run than usual, I know not, but with the appearance of the head, a finger beckoned. One by one the congregation got up and went. By custom grown more bold, I suppose, they went with more noise than usual. Still my sermon went on, the clerk got more and more fidgety, till at last, standing up, and holding up the lantern to me in the pulpit, he whispered in his softest voice: 'Ull this be 'uff, mæster, to light 'ee hoame?' It is needless to say that I brought my sermon to an abrupt conclusion, and that for the future, when I saw a face look in at the door, and the congregation begin to go, I cut my discourse short, and dismissed those

who remained with my blessing. When the old clerk got to know me better, he told me all the mysteries of his craft; how a cargo was run—in what way the ship was signalled, and how the excise of the period were done; but I could never persuade him that his office of church clerk and defrauding His Majesty's customs were not quite consistent. Poor old clerk, his smuggling days are over long ago; but if he did nothing worse, as the offence was in those days esteemed, than run a few kegs of brandy, we may fairly say he rests in peace.

One of the most talked-of peculiarities of parish clerks is their ludicrous mistakes in the responding verses of the psalms and hymns. One finds, however, on inquiry, that the mistakes generally attributed to them occur in the uneven verses—namely, those which the clerk has not to say. However, there is no doubt that they do often read their portion of the service in anything but the modern method, and show by their pronunciation that they have never received a first-class education at the inclusive sum of thirty-two guineas per annum. One old fellow, whom I used to sit over, would always read, 'Pastores and all cattul, warms and vetherahd voutls,' not easily understood by the uninitiated reader, but easy of solution to any one who will turn to the authorised version for the last evening of the month. The same old fellow would always read 'staund in a vas, and sin not;' and nothing would persuade him what the three letters a-w-e really spelt. Then, again, one verse used to bring tears into our eyes every time that it recurred; and its repetition never took away the ridiculous sound of the old fellow's interpretation, as he read at the top of a by no means soft or pleasant voice: 'Thur go the shibbs, and thur's that *lively thing*, whom thou's made take hee's lastime thurin.' The poor man's education had not cost much.

If one had to search for clerks of the most advanced type, I suppose the place to go would be to some far western neighbourhood. Devon and Cornwall have always been noted for these fussy and uneducated personages; and there, perhaps, they have still a lingering existence. In the more populous parts of England, they have been pushed aside by advancing manners and tastes. There are not many clerks to be destroyed now. Common-sense has generally done away with the duet between the parson and that functionary, and if there is not a decent choir, at all events the congregation now make the responses. Still, here and there the old stamp of clerk remains, and it has been my lot to come across two decided specimens within the last few years.

One of these was at an important parish church in the suburbs of London. The curate was harassed and overworked, and one Sunday he asked me to say afternoon prayer, and take some baptisms for him. I consented willingly, and that afternoon went through one of the most trying scenes that it has been ever my lot to undergo since I have been ordained. I had only been in the church once before, at a confirmation, and the cold oppressiveness of that service and ceremony prepared me in some way for what I should experience. What happened, however, exceeded all my apprehensions. When I went into the vestry, a fussy stout man, something between an idle cobbler and a station-master at a very small station, presented himself:

'Most time to go in—here's the surplice.' I put the surplice on. It was large enough for three clergymen, and I had much difficulty in finding my hands, and when I walked, it was at the imminent risk of tripping up and falling flat on my face. However, I managed to put on a hood, and then the fussy man produced what he called a scarf: a long broad silk band, like what I had seen noblemen's chaplains and doctors of divinity wear. Not liking its appearance, and being already overburdened with clerical garments, I meekly said: '(for I was much afraid of the fussy functionary) 'I don't wear that sort of thing.' 'But every one does.' 'I don't,' I said, still meek. 'But you must.' 'I don't,' this time a little more positively. 'But you must; every one as comes here does.' Now, I don't like to be bullied. Naturally of a meek temperament, if bullied, I was determined, so I said firmly: 'I shall not,' and turned away. That point settled, his clerkship observed: 'Time to go in. I go first; you give out the hymns. Four baptisms after second lesson. Now, then!' Off he trudged, and I followed. Having been duly ushered into a box, and the door shut and fastened, having duly said my prayer, I began the service.

The congregation consisted of some school children, here and there a servant in the high box pews, and in the gallery two or three singers, who sang the canticles in a gentle kind of way, as if they had had too much dinner; to a very loud and symphonious organ accompaniment, as of an organ that had been leered, instead of oiled, about the pedals. Things progressed very fairly, till after the collect for the day. True, the clerk had all the responses to himself, and sometimes he forgot them. He was out of sight, down below somewhere, so that I could not see in what position or state he was in. After the collect for the day, however, came a loud, and, as if a waking-up, amen; and just as I proceeded to begin the second collect, a hand, unseen, from the side somewhere, pulled my surplice, and a sleepy voice half-whispered: 'You be get too far; and then, as I took no notice, but went on, the same voice, in a more wakeful tone, added: 'No, you hear, though; go on;' and the voice and hand retreated somewhere down below, where I suppose it had been before. Then came the baptisms, in which, what with the old fellow's homeliness of manners, and the squalling of the babies, there was a most unpleasant want of reverence. When one of the sponsors was going off before the service was over, the clerk indecorously called to her all down the church: 'Here you be to come back.' Well, I never saw that old clerk again, nor do I wish to do so; but I know, that in the vestry, after the service was over, he charged two shillings for each baptism, and explained his conduct in church by saying he thought I had got beyond the third collect, and forgotten the hymn!

The second specimen was clerk of the church of which I myself for some years was vicar. When I entered on the living, I would willingly have got rid of the man if I could; for besides being of not the best of characters, he was very deaf, and continually saying amen at the wrong times and wrong places. However, I could not get rid of him myself, and my bishop having plenty to do without attending to his own business and his own diocese, refused to interfere, although I reported his clerk-

ship for turning up one Ash-Wednesday with a black eye. However, I shelved the old fellow, by putting him in the choir, where, after vainly trying to say amen when the choir sang it, his voice was drowned, and at last he subsided into silence. There he is now, and will, I suppose, remain, a clerk in name, but not in sound, until his life's end.

And now I come to my last clerk. I only came into possession of him a few weeks ago. He is seventy years old. What he has been in years past, I know not, but of this I am sure, that he never has, and never will, make any blunders in the responses, for the first thing he said to me on my arrival in the parish, was: 'Doance tak no notus o' mee. I'm a poore ignorant old fella. I can't say it now ee, for I was nater lamed to read.' With this incident, we will let the clerks rest. They are getting fewer and fewer, and I suppose, before long, will be things of the past, like double-basses, serpents, and clarionets. Their loss will not lessen the decency and order of our church services, though it may displease the lover of old times and old manners.

A MOMENTOUS LIFE IN INDIA.

It is doubtful whether any three brothers, serving their country in one of her distant possessions, ever did and suffered so much, deserved so well, and gave so useful an example of duty, firmly, judiciously, and fearlessly performed, as John, Henry, and George Lawrence. The first of them has obtained the distinction—as some men count distinction—of a peerage; the second sleeps in a glorious grave; and the third has lately published to the world his *Reminiscences of Forty-three Years in India*. And what years were those, and what critical periods did they include! During those forty-three years, he who is now Lieutenant-general Sir George Lawrence, K.C.S.I., C.B., was intimately and personally acquainted with the events which preceded, accompanied, and followed the ever memorable disaster of Cabul. He was himself 'given as a hostage, and remained eight and a half months in captivity.' He was, meanwhile, 'in almost daily communication with Sirdar Mahomed Akbar Khan and other leading Afghan chiefs;' and the opinion he formed of their character ought, therefore, to be carefully considered by those with whom it rests to decide upon the policy to be adopted by us in our dealings with the Afghans. In 1846 he became the chief political authority at Peshawur; he struggled heroically against the tide of the great Sikh revolt; he was at length overpowered, made prisoner, and kept in captivity and imminent peril; and to him, when the Sikh leaders were rendered hopeless by defeat, 'they applied frequently for advice, and made him the channel of confidential communication between themselves and the British government.' In March 1857, he was appointed 'agent for the whole of Rajpootana;' and so successful was his administration, that, 'during the momentous period between May 1857 and February 1859, when our power in India was shaken to its foundation, not one of the nineteen states or princes of Rajpootana wavered in loyalty, or withheld a cheerful and hearty support to the paramount power.'

So much by way of prelude. The reminiscences of a man who was so great a part of so notable a

portion of history, deserve to be considered more in detail. George Lawrence was one of the Honourable East India Company's almost innumerable good bargains. He attended the Military College of Addiscombe; received a cornetcy on their Bengal establishment; arrived at Calcutta on the 10th of September 1821, and was immediately posted to the 21 Regiment of Light Cavalry. 'Mind you study the native languages, sir,' was the excellent advice he received from the Governor-general (Hastings), with whom he had the honour to dine. He joined his regiment at Keitah, in Bundelcund, on the 15th of January; nine months after was placed in charge of a troop; two years later became lieutenant and adjutant, and held the adjutancy until 1834, when he resigned it.

All this time India was in a state of profound peace; but an incident occurred illustrative of times now bygone, and of the spirit that was working in young Lawrence. He went to Nee-much to see what had been described to him merely as a 'tomasha' (an extraordinary sight). It turned out to be a case of suicide. Lawrence, seeing a number of his own troopers present, asked them whether they would stand by him if he attempted to rescue the woman. They were quite willing; and he, approaching the funeral-pyre near enough to address the woman, told her that he was ready to save her life if she desired it. She expressed her gratitude for the offer, but declined it, saying that she was quite willing to die. 'Immediately afterwards the flames enveloped her, and in a few seconds she was burned to ashes. Her calm intrepidity was most astonishing, especially as she had not even the excitement of her husband's body to be consumed with her, only a portion of his clothes, as he himself had died far from his home.' But the long spell of inactivity was ere long to be broken by something more tremendous than the prospect of saving the victim of a barbarous custom; there came the welcome order, in September 1838, to prepare for service in the field; and Lawrence's regiment 'was ordered to join the army of the Indus, then being concentrated at Ferozepore on the Sutlej, for service in Afghanistan, to restore to his throne the Ameer Shah Soojah-ool-Moolk.' At first, all goes well; Ghuznee is stormed and captured, and Lawrence is 'appointed prize-agent by the Bengal column.' As the force advances, however, towards Cabul, trustworthy information is brought to the effect, that Dost Mahomed, Shah Soojah's rival, had escaped with his family; and Lawrence forms one of a party which, under the command of the gallant Captain Outram, starts off in pursuit. The pursuit is fruitless; and they who went upon the wild-goose chase, have to give it up, and make the best of their way to Cabul, where they arrive 'to hear the usual fate of the unsuccessful; including, of course, the banter of kind friends. However, 'now that Dost Mahomed had fled the country, and no active opposition to the government of Shah Soojah was manifested in any quarter, affairs were considered pretty secure, and Lawrence was installed temporarily in the post, which he afterwards filled as permanently as the course of events permitted, of military secretary to Mr (afterwards Sir William) Maenaghten.

Coming events now begin to throw their dismal shadows before; and an appalling description

is given of the celebrated Khyber Pass. The day of English humiliation, however, was not yet fully come. Dost Mahomed surrendered; and suddenly, as if by magic, the whole of Afghanistan assumed an appearance of tranquillity—a specious and a short-lived tranquillity. The city of Cabul was perfectly quiet until a certain day in November 1841; and then news was brought to Lawrence that 'the shops were all closed, and crowds of armed men were filling the streets, and surrounding the houses of Sir Alexander Barnes and Captain Johnstone, which had been set on fire.' What man could do, Lawrence did, to inspire others with a little of his own dash and decision; but, alas! neither Brigadier Shelton nor General Elphinstone would listen to him, and, commencing with the murder of Sir Alexander Barnes, whose house was at the same time burnt, a series of incredible disasters was inaugurated. 'Vacillation and incapacity,' says General Lawrence, in his *Reminiscences*, 'ruled in our military councils, and paralysed the hearts of those who should have acted with energy and decision. By their deplorable pusillanimity, an accidental émeute, which could have been quelled on the moment by the prompt employment of a small force, became a formidable insurrection, which ultimately involved the ruin of a gallant army, and brought down on our country a stigma, from which, in the East at least, she will never totally recover.' Things went from bad to worse; the British troops became demoralised; the Afghans saw that 'we were afraid to act on the offensive; * to act on the defensive was ruin; and 'Retreat! retreat!' was the cry. Sir William Maenaghten protested, but in vain; and, as a last resource, negotiations were re-opened with the Afghan chiefs. Then followed that fatal conference between Sir William Maenaghten and Mahomed Akbar Khan. Lawrence himself was present; but he did not actually witness the murder of his chief. He was himself suddenly disarmed, pinioned, and carried off a prisoner; and all he saw, as he turned round, was Sir William 'with his head down the declivity, struggling to rise, and his wrists locked in the grasp of Mahomed Akbar, horror and consternation being apparent in his face.' But it afterwards came out that, 'quick as thought, Akbar shot Maenaghten through the body with one of Lawrence's 'own pistols,' which Akbar had lately expressed a fancy for, and had been presented with. The tragedy took place on the 23d of December; and on the 27th of the same month, Lawrence was liberated, through the influence of the formidable chieftain, named Ameenollah Khan, by whose advice Lawrence urged on 'General Elphinstone the expediency of avoiding the Khoord Cabul passes in his retreat, as they were under the authority of Mahomed Akbar Khan and his Ghilzyes, who were not to be trusted, but to proceed through the Zoomunt country.' General Lawrence speaks in disparaging terms of the apathy shewn, on the occasion of Sir William Maenaghten's murder, whilst he eulogises Sir William himself as his 'beloved and ever-to-be-lamented chief,' whose 'own service and his countrymen at large have reason to be proud of him, and to respect and cherish his memory, falling, as he did, a martyr to his public duty.' As to the charge of unpathy, he says: 'Thus, almost within musket-shot of our intrenched position, and in broad day, a British envoy had been

barbarously murdered, and his mangled body allowed to remain for hours where he fell, and finally to be carried off by a savage mob, to be insulted in every possible way, and paraded through the city, without an attempt being made on our part to save any of the party, or to avenge this unequalled outrage.' It is hard to believe that such language is applied to the behaviour of Englishmen confronting Orientals, of Englishmen akin to those of whom it might have been said during the Indian Mutiny, 'One man of you shall chase a thousand.' But, certainly, an Afghan is not as some other Orientals are. No wonder, then, that the Afghans began to swerve, and that Sultan Jan should have declared to Captain Lawrence, as he then was, that 'one Afghan was equal to five European soldiers.' But Captain Lawrence was equal to the occasion. 'Sindar,' he instantly replied, 'you have never yet met a European in fair fight; and now, little as I am, if Akbar Khan will promise to release me if I overcome you in single combat, I am ready to fight you to-morrow morning, big as you are.' The tempting offer was not accepted.

To resume. Captain Lawrence, as has been said, was liberated, and sent back to the English cantonments. December ended; and the new-year opened ominously with heavy falls of snow, and all was gloom, misery, and confusion. Warning was sent to General Elphinstone 'on no account to leave the cantonment, for no trust could be placed in the promises and oaths of the insurgents.' Nevertheless, orders were given 'for each fighting-man to take three days' provisions in his haversack, and the force to be ready to march at daybreak' on the 6th of January. Captain Lawrence 'had solicited to be placed in charge of the ladies and children, with the late envoy's escort of cavalry and infantry, about 150 strong;' and his 'place was assigned in the rear of the advanced guard.' And so the retreat began; and 'at nine a.m. the troops moved off, a crouching, dispirited army.' Not an Afghan was to be seen as they left the cantonment, and slowly picked their way through the snow, 'the men sinking a foot deep each step, even in the regular track, and several feet if they missed it, and wandered off.' But no sooner had the rear-guard 'cleared the gate' than the Afghans, like a swarm of hornets, were upon them. From that moment commenced a scene of horror, suffering, disgrace, and, nevertheless, of individual heroism, the general outlines of which are only too well and too generally known, and the particulars of which, if they were to be described, would occupy more space than can be spared, and, to use the words supposed to have been addressed to Dido by Æneas, would simply 'renew unutterable grief.' Let one example suffice. 'For God's sake, Captain Lawrence, don't leave me here!' an English voice was heard to plead. Lawrence dismounted at once, and found a sergeant of the 44th Regiment, who at first appeared only to have 'lost his left hand,' but, when he was raised up, it was found that, 'from the nape of his neck to his backbone, he had been cut to pieces.' 'What use is there in lifting him up?' said the bystanders; 'he cannot live many minutes.' Lawrence reluctantly assented to this, and told the poor fellow there was nothing to be done for him. 'Then, for God's sake, shoot me!' said the sergeant. 'Even this I cannot do,' answered Lawrence sally. 'Then leave me to

die,' said the sergeant resignedly; and so perforce he was left. Of all this heart-rending retreat, Captain Lawrence may be said to have been an eye-witness; for though, after the first day or two, he was made over as a hostage to Mahomed Akbar, and marched with the Afghans, and not with the British force, he saw all 'the awful spectacle the road presented.' His condition may be considered to have been in some respects better than that of the majority of his brother-officers, fellow-countrymen, and fellow-soldiers; but even his position was far from enviable, when he was liable, at one time, to be surrounded by tigerish Ghilzyes, brandishing 'long blood-stained knives,' pointing exultantly to the heaps of corpses, and with savage menaces, crying that not one would be spared.

At length, after eight and a half months' captivity, during which 'perished our Cabul army, sacrificed . . . to the incompetency, feebleness, and want of skill and resolution of their military leaders,' and the aged General Elphinstone, 'whose suffering of mind and body had been intense, but he bore all with fortitude and resignation,' was mercifully released by death, the happy day of deliverance came, and Captain Lawrence and his late co-captives 'were met,' as he says, 'by the gallant General Sale, my brother Henry, and other officers, with the 3d Dragoons and the 1st Light Cavalry.' It is not remarkable that, after all this, Captain Lawrence had 'a very dangerous illness,' and 'was forced to return on furlough to England.' In September 1846, he was once more in India and in harness; and in the following December 'the Governor-general (Hardinge), he says, "considering, from my intimate acquaintance with the Afghans, that I was suited for the post, appointed me principal assistant to the Resident, and political agent on the western frontier at Peshawar." On Sunday, the 20th of February 1847, he entered the city of Peshawar; the whole city poured out to meet him; and "loud were the complaints of the poor people and their demands for justice, many of them carrying fire on their heads as illustrative of their extreme misery and grief." With what energy, promptness, and success, Major Lawrence, as he appears at that time to have become, proceeded in the discharge of his new duties, may be best surmised from an anecdote related by himself. He and his assistant, Lieutenant Lumsden (now Major-general Sir H. Lumsden, K.C.S.I., C.B.), set out to correct matters in the Eusufzye country. After a while, he came one day upon some 'Sikh soldiers reclining by a well, under the shade of some trees,' and overheard their conversation. 'How is it, brother?' said one, 'that not a Sikh has been murdered this time? Formerly, when we visited Eusufzye, not a day passed without several of us being killed.' 'It must be,' replied a comrade, 'because these people are afraid of the two white faces.' The two 'white faces' were, of course, Lawrence and Lumsden.

Not even a Lawrence could avert the great Sikh revolt. It broke out, and once more he was a prisoner and in peril. His captors, however, were fain to ask advice of him; and a proud day it must have been for him, when, after the famous battles of Chillianwallah and Gujrat, he 'stood by Gilbert, as the Sikh army, consisting of 16,000 men, passed him, each man, on throwing down his arms, receiving a rupee to enable him to support himself until he reached his home.' Major Lawrence was

appointed deputy-commissioner of the province of Peshawar 'under the government of the Punjab;' but, in course of time, his health was so seriously affected by the climate, that he requested 'to be transferred to some other post.' The request was granted in July 1850 by Lord Dalhousie, who, in a very handsomely expressed letter, nominated Major Lawrence 'political agent in Meywar, in Rajpootana.' It is quite a treat to observe the cordial and affectionate but thoroughly manly relations existing between Major Lawrence and his brother Henry. The two were frequently brought together in the discharge of duty; and in 1857, when Sir Henry was removed from the post of 'Governor-general's agent for the whole of Rajpootana,' to the chief-commissionership in Oude, that is to say, to that which was to be his death, he was succeeded by Major Lawrence. 'Feeling convinced,' says the latter, 'that the mutiny was general, and that no portion of the native Bengal army could be relied upon,' from the very first outbreaks at Meerut and Delhi, 'it was not without dismay that I contemplated our position in Rajpootana.' The dismay was certainly not groundless; but it did not prevent him, as has already been remarked, from coming triumphant out of the furnace of trial, and, though the celebrated Tantea Topee thence entered Rajpootana, from keeping the peace, save for a few petty disturbances throughout the region. In April 1859, Lawrence took a well-earned furlough in England; in April 1864, he retired altogether, 'after a service of forty-three years;' and he now rests, comfortably, it is to be hoped, on his laurels. His *Reminiscences* are as interesting as a romance, and as instructive as a course of lectures.

LATE ADDITIONS TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THIS immense national storehouse of objects of antiquity, natural history, art, science, and literature, has recently received vast and costly accessions, and appears to be year after year drawing new classes of visitors. We learn that during 1873, as many as 576,019 persons were admitted to the various departments. Of that number, 442,264 visited the general collections; 103,971 were readers; 1345 were students in the Manuscripts Department, and 6281 in the galleries of Sculpture; and the rest were visitors to those portions of the great building in which are stored the Ornaments, Coins, and Medals, &c. The number of visitors to the great circular Reading-room, for the purpose of study or research, was about 1000 less than in the previous year; and it is curious to notice how slightly the number has varied during the past six years, excepting only in 1870, when the total fell to 98,971. The number in 1873 shews an average of 356 daily (allowing for Sundays and cleaning days), and each reader appears to have consulted, on an average, *thirteen* volumes per diem.

The accumulations in the Department of Printed Books proceed apace, for, during the period of which we are treating, no less than 105,697 *articles* have been received; these *articles* are necessarily

of a very miscellaneous description, and comprise volumes, parts of volumes, pamphlets, newspapers, books and pieces of music, &c. They have been acquired in various ways, partly by purchase, and partly by donation, but mainly by the operation of the copyright laws (which compel the forwarding of a copy of every book published to this and certain other libraries) and of the international copyright treaties. One of the most important acquisitions recently made, is 'a copy, believed to be unique, of the original edition of Tyndale's "Exposition of the fyrste Epistle of seynt Jhon," printed abroad, and issued in September 1531, while Tyndale was at Antwerp. This work was strictly prohibited in England, and in the following year was denounced by Sir Thomas More, in these terms: "Then have we fro Tyndale the fyrste pyste of saynte John in suche wyse expowned, that I dare say that blessed apostle rather then his holy wordes were in suche a sense bylerved of all Crysten people, hadde lever his pyste hadde never ben put in wrytunge." The reprint of the work by the Parker Society was made from a later edition.'

Even languages little studied or known in this country are not neglected, for the Museum authorities purchased, in 1873, a collection of Chinese classical and historical works, which formed a portion of the library of the late M. Parthier; and we may here mention that the somewhat difficult and very laborious task of cataloguing the Chinese books in the library is going on satisfactorily, and that the catalogue is already partly set up in type, and will probably be published early in 1875.—The binding operations in connection with the Museum Library have assumed considerable proportions, for we find that the number of volumes sent to be bound in the course of last year amounted to 11,428; while 539 pamphlets have also been bound, and 452 volumes repaired.

In the Department of Maps, &c. the most interesting acquisition of the year is 'a photograph fac-simile, the exact size of the original, of the superb Mappemonde made at Venice in 1457-59, at the instance of Prince Henry the Navigator, and at the expense of his uncle, King Affonso V., by Fra Mauro of the Canaldalese Convent of San Michele di Murano, on account of which a medal was struck in his honour by the Republic, describing him as *Cosmographus incomparabilis*.'

The Manuscripts Department does not, as we have seen, attract many students at present, but as its existence and value get better known and appreciated, their numbers will, doubtless, rapidly increase. The acquisition of Manuscripts during the past year is as follows: General Collection, 240; Egerton, 129; Charters, 2046 (of which 2826 are comprised in a collection principally formed by Christopher, Lord Hutton, fifteen being of dates before the Conquest). To this Department there has been added 'a very richly illuminated book of the *Hours of the Virgin*, written in France at the beginning of the fifteenth century. The borders are of arabesque work, with birds, and insects, and grotesque figures. The Calendar is illustrated; and there are fourteen larger miniatures, painted apparently by an Italian artist,

or by one shewing strong Italian influence, who has also added to the ornamentation throughout the volume. The titles of the offices are in letters of gold. Mrs Balfe has presented the scores of the operas composed by M. W. Balfe, in his *autograph* (in forty volumes); and Mrs Grote has presented the note-books and collections of the late Mr Grote, connected with his *History of Greece*, together with *Political and other Essays* (in twenty volumes). During the year, sixty-three manuscript volumes have been added to the Oriental collection; they are in fourteen different languages, including Japanese, Persian, Coptic, Chinese, Cingalese, &c. The more remarkable are: 'A poetical account of the Chinese conquest of Cephal in 1790 A.D., written by the Emperor of China—a folio volume, inclosed in curiously carved wooden covers, from the Summer Palace near Peking; the entire text is embroidered in red silk on blue ground, it is said by the ladies of the Imperial family;' and 'a history of the Mikados in Japanese—thirteen volumes inclosed in a box of lackered wood. This work, it is said, was written for private use, and has never been printed.'

In the Department of Oriental Antiquities, we find that 'a temporary case has been placed in the Nimroud Gallery; and a portion of the objects obtained by the mission of Mr G. Smith to Mesopotamia, and presented by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, has been exhibited in it. This mission, which has enriched the Assyrian collection, was carried out at the expense of the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*;' and among other improvements, we are told that 22 Assyrian bricks have been framed and glazed! The number of additions during 1873 was 1163, many of which are of a very curious and interesting nature; such as, the 'Basalt fragment of a dial or clepsydra, having on its representations of Philip Arrhidæus, 324-316 B.C., in adoration to the god Khena, or Min, and other deities; on it is inscribed OCTI, the beginning of the month October.'

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales presented to the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities 'a quadrangular *stèle* of white marble, on the four sides of which is inscribed a decree of the city of Rhodes, recording the raising of a voluntary loan for the defence of the city in some great emergency. The names of the contributors to the loan, and the sums subscribed by each of them, are recorded on the marble. Three transcripts of this decree are ordered to be inscribed on *stèle*, and set up in three public places in the city. From the character of the palæography, this decree may be referred to the third century before Christ; and from internal evidence, it is not unlikely that the emergency for which the loan was raised was the celebrated siege by Demetrius Poliorcetes, 305-304 B.C. This inscription was formerly imbedded in the pavement of the Church of St John, in Rhodes. After the Turkish conquest, this church became a mosque, the vaults under it being used as a powder-magazine. In 1856, the powder exploded, and the church was destroyed. The *stèle* was broken into a number of fragments, but the main part of the text was fortunately unimpaired! Among the purchases we find 'a chalcodony scarab, on which is engraved, in an archaic style, a draped male figure playing on the lyre. . . . The back of the scarab is carved in the form of a

Satyr's head.' A splendid collection of antiquities of various kinds was purchased of Mr Alessandro Costellani, comprising bronzes, fœtile vases, terracottas, marbles, &c., of which we regret that the limits of a brief magazine article will not admit of our giving more detailed particulars. Mr C. T. Newton reports, with regard to the excavations at Ephesus, that Mr Wood has continued the exploration of the site of the Temple of Diana, and has succeeded in determining its area by tracing the remains of the platform on which it was built.—To the curiosities of the Department of British and Medieval Antiquities and Ethnography, there have been added, among many other things, 'a hat of plaited ivory, stated to have belonged to Queen Elizabeth;' 'a "black-jack" with the initials of King Charles I., and the date 1644, and an old English leather "bottle;"' 'an ivory tankard, carved with a bacchanalian procession in high-relief, and set with jewels; a salt-cellar of ivory with similar designs, mounted in silver-gilt; and a gold box with enamels of oriental design, formerly belonging to Queen Charlotte—all bequeathed by Lady Frances Vernon Harcourt.'

In this part of the Return we are informed that 'the Christy Collection is open on Fridays by means of tickets, to be obtained at the British Museum.' Considering that the collection is housed at 103 Victoria Street, Westminster, we are not surprised to find that the effect of this somewhat hasty regulation has been to reduce to a very small number of visitors, for it is hardly to be expected that many people will go all the way to Bloomsbury for permission to inspect the contents of a few rooms in Victoria Street. Some of the additions, however, to this collection are very interesting, especially those classed under the heading, 'Ethnography of Asia.'

The Departments of Natural History are evidently progressing in a most satisfactory manner, if any confidence can be placed in figures, for we find, from Professor Owen's report, that the number of specimens added in the year 1873 was 30,424. Of these, 10,644 have been registered in the Department of Zoology; 18,901 in that of Geology; and 1297 in the Department of Mineralogy. In the Zoology Section, we are told that the most important acquisition for the 'Birds' branch was the purchase of Mr A. R. Wallace's collection of Malayan birds. This gentleman travelled in various parts of the Malayan Archipelago during the years 1854-62, with the object of studying the natural history of those islands, many of which had never before been visited by naturalists, and are still most difficult of access to collectors. An account of Mr Wallace's travels, and the more important results, is given by him in his well-known work, *The Malayan Archipelago*. Many other birds, reptiles, fishes, molluscs, &c. from various parts of the world, have been added to the treasures of our national storehouse; and among the insects, we note especially that twenty species of *Coleoptera* from Japan, new to the collection, were obtained by exchange from G. Lewis, Esq.; two new species of the genus *Figulus*, the first representatives of the genus received from Japan, were among the number.

The Department of Prints and Drawings has been enriched by the addition of 10,015 objects, of which 2017 were obtained by presentation. Further, 'the second volume of the Catalogue of

Satirical Prints and Drawings has been published, and comprises, in nearly a thousand pages, entries about eight hundred in number, dealing with the political and personal satires of the period from June 1689 to 1733, especially those illustrating the contest between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, the wars with Louis XIV., including the war of the Spanish Succession, the final defeat of James II., the French "Universal Monarchy," the High Church and Low Church parties, the Clif's Head Club, the South Sea and Mississippi schemes, the early history of the Opera, the modern stage and pantomime, lotteries, the *Dunciad*, Sir R. Walpole and his Exeter scheme, and the early works of Hogarth. The third volume of the Catalogue is progressing towards completion, and comprehends a list of subjects of equal interest with those which we have just enumerated, and in this Department great progress has apparently been made towards the better arrangement of its very valuable contents.

THE MANOR-HOUSE AT MILFORD.

CHAPTER VI.

Come on, Sir Knave; have done your foolishness, And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

THE dog-cart containing Sailor and Collop drove stealthily along in the gloom and falling snow, and by-and-by they reached Thornton Common. Here the darkness was still more intense. It was only possible to cross the common by trusting to the instinct of the horse, a strong, useful, hired hack, who had a tolerable notion of the direction of his stable. At the same time, in allowing him to select his road, it was necessary to permit him to choose his pace also, and his favourite pace was a slow walk. It became inexpressibly wearisome, this snail-like plodding through the darkness, vainly straining the eyes to make out some leading mark or feature of the landscape that might convey an assurance of being in the right track. Sailor bore it all tranquilly; his life had seasoned him to such patient waiting; but Collop fidgeted and fretted, and could hardly restrain his impatience.

When, as it seemed, they had got into the very middle of the common, the horse suddenly came to a full stop, put his nose to the ground, sniffed and snorted, but refused to proceed any farther; and in answer to the application of the whip, sulked, and began to back.

'Hold hard a bit, there, Master Collop,' quoth Sailor. 'Perhaps there's something in the road. I'll jump down and see.' He suited the action to the word, and felt cautiously all round with his feet. Presently he struck against something soft and yielding—a snow-drift, it seemed, that had a core of some harder substance. A low smothered groan came from out this heap of snow as Sailor tried to kick it away. It was a man, who was lying with his feet in the ditch, and his body across the road.

'What cheer, my lad?' cried Sailor, diving into the middle of the drift, and seizing the man by the waist.—'Here, Mr Collop, here's a craft as has

grounded here. Come and bear a hand to get him off.'

The man was carried to the dog-cart; and by the light of the lamp, Sailor recognised his face—it was Tom Rapley. He was in a sort of trance, and it seemed at first as if it would be impossible to arouse him. Sailor began vigorously to rub his hands and the back of his ears; and presently he opened his eyes, and tried to move. When he had revived a little, they hoisted him into the back of the dog-cart, covered him as warmly as they could with rugs and greatcoats, and started for Biscopham. It was a long, dreary drive: the way seemed interminable; but at last the first faint gleam of a distant gas-lamp shewed them that they had come through the dangerous part of their journey. Tom had recovered his senses a little on the way; and when the trap came to a stand-still opposite Collop's shop, he was able to dismount with a little assistance. Emily was aroused, and Tom was put into a warm bed, and hot drinks given him. When he began to come to himself, he was in a great state of mind about his wife, who had been left alone all the night, and on whom the excitement and suspense might have the very worst effect; however, there was no help for it. It would be impossible to cross the common till daylight had come.

The morning after the snow-storm broke fine and cheery. The fields were covered with a white sparkling garment. The sun rose up from out a haze of violet and gold into a pure blue sky, pale and cold, but cheery.

The early sun made quite a bright and pleasant scene of Back Milford's. The yard was sparkling with flaky, untrodden snow; and the sunbeams were refracted into a myriad of rainbow jewels, in festoons of glittering icicles. The privet hedge gleamed with prismatic colours, and the old wood-house looked like a fairy grotto in frosted silver.

These early sunbeams aroused Mrs Rapley to a full sense of her misery and desolation. Till now, she had hoped against her inward conviction, that Tom had been detained by the storm, and had staid for the night with some friend in the village, waiting for the morning's light to find his way home in safety. But now it was broad daylight, and he had not come. She felt sadly ill and worn; the baby was crying desperately, and would not be comforted. Surely she was altogether abandoned and deserted.

By-and-by, she heard the soft sound of wheels, that ceased at the gate; and then she sat up in bed, with fear and expectation. Yes, there it was, as she had in her secret heart known it would be—the sound of many feet; they were carrying a burden—it was Tom, whom they had brought home dead!

There was Sailor's voice, and another, gruffier, but not Tom's. No; she would never hear that voice again!

'Mrs Rapley, Mrs Rapley!' cried Sailor from below; 'how are you getting on?'

They were going to break it to her gently, but she would know all at once. She sprang from the bed, and ran hastily to the door: 'O Sailor, what have you done with him? Oh, tell me quick, the very worst; what has happened to Tom?'

The next moment, he held her in his arms, and his rough riny beard was against her cheek.

'What business have you out of bed, old woman? You go back directly, and let him sleep, while I talk to you, for I've got good news for you.'

But after the first burst of joy at seeing her husband safe home, there came a revulsion of feeling. Why had she been made to suffer so poignantly; had she not had enough to bear other ways?

As she heard, however, of Tom's doings the night before—of his extreme peril and marvellous escape, she forgot her own sufferings in the thought of what might so easily have been; and when he told her of the appointment that was vacant, and of the chance he had of getting it, the news seemed to be a very satisfactory equivalent for the miseries of the preceding night.

'He's down-stairs now,' said Tom—'Frewen, I mean; that's how I contrived to get back so early. He has driven us over, Sailor and me, in his phaeton. A pair of horses, and everything grand. Oh, he's a regular gentleman, is Frewen! And he's come to look over the house. He's bound to do that once a year, by the will, and the year's just up since Aunt Betsy died.'

'I'm off now, Rapley,' cried Frewen's voice from below. 'I shan't disturb your good wife. I suppose you haven't broken a hole through the wall up there?'

'No, indeed, sir,' said Tom, coming down-stairs laughing. 'Good-bye, sir, and many thanks to you.'

'Tom,' said his wife, when he came up again, 'you misled Mr Frewen just now. Look there! she cried, and pointed up at the hole in the wall.'

'Good gracious!' cried Tom, turning pale. 'Who did that? I must go and tell Frewen about it.'

'Don't be silly, Tom; but sit still and listen, while I tell you how it happened.' Tom listened incredulously to his wife's description of the noises of the night. He attributed them to his wife's imagination and fears. But when she told him of the thing that had jumped through the wall, he couldn't refuse to believe in that, for there was the patent fact of the hole to confirm his wife's narrative.

Tom got on a chair, and examined the break in the wall. Then he saw that there had once been a doorway here, with an open space over the door, which once might have been glazed, but was now only papered over. 'It was the cat,' cried Tom in a voice of derision; 'the old black cat, that was mousing over her old hunting-grounds. She must have seen the light shining through the thin paper, and made a spring right through it? But how did the cat get into the house; and what could have frightened her?'

The strangeness of these occurrences, however, gradually faded from their minds, under the influence of newer and more powerful impressions. Sailor might have thrown some light upon the matter; but Sailor didn't choose to say anything about what he had witnessed that night in the old barn. He was a cautious old fellow; and he didn't care to make an enemy of his neighbour, Skim, who, he knew, how him a grudge already.

Tom Rapley was soon plunged in all the excitement of a canvass and contest for the collectorship. It was a long-protracted affair, and there were many candidates, but Frewen's influence carried the day, and Tom was elected. It was midsummer, however, before he got his appointment, and Michael-

mas before he could get to work, so that he had his hands full to get in the next rate by Christmas. Tom, nevertheless, was full of new-born zeal, and very pleased and proud. He was somebody in the parish now, and could take his part in the evening discussions on parochial matters at the *Royal Oak*, and speak with authority. People left off calling him Lord Tom, and saluted him respectfully as Mr Rapley. He wouldn't, however, give up the rent-free house and the ten shillings a week from Mr Frewen, notwithstanding that they were dreadfully cramped for room. What with the baby and little Bertie, and the cooking and the washing, and the clatter and noise that were always going on, Tom found it desperate hard work to get on with his accounts. And there was the big house lying empty and sealed up beside them.

Tom had got to make the new rate, and fill up all his receipts, before he could begin to collect; and although he tried hard and did the best he could, he was very much afraid that he should be behindhand with his work.

'Tell you what, Lizzie, I shall go clean distracted, and out of my mind, if this goes on,' he cried one day, when the noise and confusion were worse than usual. 'I'm making all kinds of mistakes, and I shall be all wrong with my accounts; and then, what will become of us?'

'Well, I don't see how I can manage any better, Tom,' said Lizzie: 'my hands are full enough—you ought to have a room to yourself, where you can work quietly without any bother.'

'Ought stands for nothing,' said Tom despairingly.

'Stop a bit!' cried Lizzie; 'I've thought of something. Now, don't you bother me for a minute, Tom. Yes, I've got it.' Lizzie ran up-stairs; and when she came down, she told Tom that he had better go for a walk till things were quiet, and that, if he liked, he might call at the *Royal Oak*, and talk to Aunt Booth. In fact, she kept him out of the house all day long, under one pretext or another; and when night came, and it was time to go to bed, Lizzie took him up-stairs with an air of pride and mystery, and showed him a door opening out of their bedroom into the unused house.

'Now,' said Lizzie, 'you see what I have been doing all day long. Walk into your office, Mr Overseer!'

'O Lizzie, how could you do such a thing! Why, Frewen will find it out, and then he'll turn us out of the house, and take away our allowance too.'

'Why, Tom, I've only taken out some nails, and pulled down some laths, and knocked away some plaster, and sawn away a stick or two—that's all!'

'You've only broken into Aunt Betsy's house—that's all!' muttered Tom.

'But come in and look,' said Lizzie coaxingly, 'how nicely I've managed everything.' She opened the door, and revealed a neatly furnished room with a carpet on the floor, and in the middle a mahogany table, with Tom's books and inkstand and blotting-paper laid out in a neat and orderly manner.

'There's light, too, from the skylight in the daytime; they never blocked that up at all.'

'Yes, it's all very nice,' said Tom—'very nice indeed; only, I'm afraid old Frewen will not be pleased.'

'Pooh!' cried Lizzie. 'As for Frewen, I should like to see him coming prying into my bedroom—I'd send him out in a hurry.'

'But it's in the will, dear, that it's to be done,' said Tom solemnly.

'Then it's in my will that it shan't be done, and surely one woman's will is as good as another's.'

On the whole, Tom didn't refuse, next morning, to avail himself of his new office; and he got on so well with his work, that he began to be quite reconciled to the arrangement, and owned to Lizzie that he thought the risk of Frewen's finding them out was very small.

Tom Rapley got on very well indeed with his first collection; very well, that is, as far as getting the money went, for people were inclined to grumble at him, as being far more strict and exacting than his predecessor Patch. 'I'd never a word for you, Tom Rapley, if I'd known you'd be as sharp as this upon us,' was the remark of more than one of his former supporters. Some people, too, were uncommonly spiteful. One old lady, who lived in a cottage by herself, and who had given Tom a deal of trouble before she would pay at all, put the money in coppers upon the window-sill, and bade him take what he wanted. He found, when he came to handle them, that they were pretty nearly red-hot, and he was obliged to drop them more quickly than he took them up. However, he got the money in one way or other; but the next matter that troubled him was, how to dispose of it.

He had the money all in gold. He wouldn't take cheques; Frewen had advised him not to do it. He couldn't be always running over to Biscopham to present cheques; and Frewen told him that any delay in presentation might make him liable to the parish, if any should not be duly paid. Tom was very nervous about his responsibility; but he thought he wouldn't be wrong if he had the money all in good golden sovereigns. As the money grew in amount, however, Tom became more and more uneasy. He had over five hundred pounds in the house. The premises were lightly built and badly secured; many people knew of the money that was lodged at Tom's house, and there were several men in the village whose characters were none of the best—among others, Skim; and, unluckily, Skim had looked in one day when Tom was counting his money, and had seen the sovereigns tumbling one over another on the table; whereat his face had lighted up with a gleam that made Tom shudder. Most people in Tom's situation would have banked the money; but there was no bank nearer than Biscopham, and to take it there involved losing a day, and the expense of hiring a conveyance, unless he went in on market-day and by a carrier's cart. Besides, Tom was nervous about banks also—they broke sometimes. Now, as long as he had got the money in gold under his hands, he was safe; and yet, when he looked at his bag of coin, it struck him how easy it would be for anybody to make off with it, and how useless to try to trace the money, once gone. There was this advantage about gold, however—he could hide it wherever he pleased, and it would take no harm. He might put it down the well, for instance, or bury it in the garden. And yet, he would never know a moment's peace if he left the gold hidden outside the house; he would be always imagining

that somebody had watched him, and was now possessing himself of the treasure.

After much thought, Tom made up his mind to hide the money, and hide it in the empty house. That was guarded and secured at every point, and was further protected by the superstitious fears of the villagers. The house, shut up and abandoned, had acquired the reputation of being haunted; all sorts of tales were told about the place—of lights seen, and sounds heard in the dead of night; and few of the inhabitants of Milford would willingly pass the place after dark.

The arrangements of the old house were all familiar enough to Tom. The room he occupied as an office was over the large front-kitchen, which occupied the whole of the ground floor of that wing. The landing of the back staircase leading to the kitchen was just outside Tom's office-door, and that door once opened, he would have access to the kitchen, and could hide his money under one of the bricks in the floor easily enough. There was no danger of any one getting in there; and if they did, how should they suspect the existence of the buried treasure?

Tom went up to the blacksmith in the village, and telling him that he had lost the key of his cupboard, procured a bunch of old keys and a file. The lock of his office-door was not a complicated one, and with a little filing and adjustment of a key, he soon contrived to open it. Then he went back to his own kitchen, procured a light, looked the outer door, and proceeded to explore his way to the basement of Aunt Betsy's house.

Mouldy and musty, smelt everything about the old place. Dust was everywhere, and cobwebs with great fat spiders, who hurried off into crevices at Tom's approach, and lay there doubtfully, with one cruel hairy talon stretched out, wondering, perhaps, if the end of everything were come, or only a bigger fly than ordinary, that might by-and-by be entangled, and sprung upon, and devoured. In the brick passages below, a settlement of ants had established themselves, and raised a nest; whilst the earthworms had thrown their castings all along the crevices. Tom made his way to the kitchen, looking neither to the right nor to the left, everything seemed so dismal and woful. He had some little difficulty with the kitchen-door, for the lock was of a different pattern, and finally he was obliged to use a screwdriver, and take the lock right off.

The kitchen looked desolate indeed. The black beetles had permanently camped out on its floor, and covered it with their odious battalions. At the sight of Tom and the lighted candle, they retreated indeed, but did not take to flight. 'They were so unaccustomed to man, their tameness was shocking to see.' Like Epic heroes among a crowd of ordinary warriors, huge cooksufers, with extended feelers, ran hither and thither, as if organising their followers, and urging them on to battle; whilst white venerable insects—the Nestors of this murky host—formed the centres of groups which might be councils of war.

Tom stepped gingerly among the black beetles, and coming to the centre of the kitchen, looked curiously around. The range and boiler, which he had known so bright and polished in Aunt Betsy's time, were now covered with rust, and a kind of red, greasy perspiration. Between the stones of the hearth, straggling bleached grasses

had thrust themselves; and the soot that had fallen from the chimney had formed the basis of a sort of mould, on which there was a feeble growth of vegetable life. The saucepans still hung on their nails with their lids beside them, once of a silvery brightness, now rusted and discoloured. Plates and dishes stood all of a row above the kitchen dresser, covered with dust and grime. The eight-day clock in the corner was the only thing that kept its accustomed aspect—its face still shone out bright and clean, and the round moon and the astronomical emblems upon it were the only cheerful things visible.

Tom didn't stop long looking about him, but presently remembered what had brought him here, and he then began to consider where he should dig his hole, and hide his money. It must be in a place he should have no difficulty in finding again himself, and with that view, he couldn't do better than make the hiding-place in the very centre of the kitchen. Tom paced it out from corner to corner, and where his footsteps crossed each other, he prised up the bricks, and dug a hole. He had less difficulty in this than he expected. The bricks came up easily enough, and the ground below was quite loose and friable. He didn't dig very deep, for he was unused to the work, and he adied so badly across the small of the back, that he got quite weary and exhausted.

'This will do very well,' he said to himself. 'Nobody will dream of looking here for it; and people are too much afraid of the house ever to think of getting in.' He put his bag of money into the hole, replaced the earth, beating it carefully down, levelled the bricks accurately, and removed all traces of his work.

'There!' he cried, flourishing his spade over his head; 'that's a good job done, anyhow.' In his flourish he struck the low beam overhead, and hit some brown paper-bags that hung from the ceiling, scattering a lot of dust over himself.

'There go aunt's old dried herbs,' he said; 'all turned to dust, like herself!'

He did not replace the lock on the kitchen-door, and left all the other doors unlocked, that he might have easy access to his hoard, and made his way back to his own part of the house, feeling a good deal easier in his mind. Somebody was thumping against the outer door, and Tom went down to see who it was, leaving his tools up-stairs.

'I want to borrow a spade, Master Rapley!' said a rough husky voice. It was Skim's.

'I haven't got one!' said Tom, in a little confusion. He didn't like to own that his spade was in his bedroom.

Skim went off rather sulkily. Then said Tom to himself: 'If I hadn't hidden my money up so carefully, it would have frightened me to see that fellow about the place.' Skim had hardly been gone a minute, before Mr Frewen came in.

'Well, Tom,' he said, seating himself in a wooden chair in the kitchen, and smiling in an absent kind of way, 'I've come to look round the place.'

'Come to look round the place?' cried Tom, with some dismay.

'Yes,' said Frewen. 'According to the will, you know, Tom, I'm bound to inspect the premises every year, to see that everything is safe and right. I'll go up-stairs now.'

'Oh! that's a pity,' said Tom. 'Lizzie's gone

out, and she's locked up the bedroom, and taken the key with her.'

Frewen tapped his foot impatiently on the floor. 'What's that bunch of keys you've got there?' he cried, pointing to those Tom had unwittingly kept in his hand.

'Oh! those are some I got from the blacksmith; I lost the key of the wash-house.'

'Try 'em, and see if one will fit the bedroom.'

'Lizzie won't like that,' said Tom.

'What! Missus is master here, eh!' said Frewen. 'Come, I'll stand between you and harm. I don't want to have to come here again to look at the place; don't you see?'

'Perhaps Lizzie will be back directly,' said Tom, not knowing exactly what to do, and going towards the door to look out.

'Why, here I am, Tom,' said his wife, coming in at the half-opened door. 'What's the matter?'

'The key, Mrs Tom, the key!' said Frewen impatiently.

'What key?' said Mrs Tom, annoyed.

'Yes, my dear, the key of the bedroom: he wants to look over the place,' cried Tom, looking at her significantly, 'to see that all is kept in good order, you know.'

Lizzie realised the situation instantaneously, but for the moment she was at a loss how to act. Not only would Frewen discover the opening made into the old house—not only would they lose their dwelling and the ten shillings a week, but they would also, probably, incur the lawyer's ill-will, and jeopardise Tom's appointment. Mr Frewen had been a good friend in many ways. It was he who, in conjunction with Aunt Booth, had stood security for Tom's faithful performance of his duties, and if he were offended, and offered to withdraw, where could they get another surety?

'La! Mr Frewen,' she said, 'you can't come into my bedroom. The place ain't fit to be seen.'

'Oh, nonsense!' said Frewen; 'it's only a matter of business; just open the door, and let me look in.'

'Very well, sir,' said Mrs Tom; 'I'm ashamed to show you the place, sir, it's so untidy. Won't you wait till I've tidied it up?'

'Pooh, pooh!' said Frewen; 'I haven't been married all these years not to know what an untidy room is. Come; lead the way!'

'Stop a moment!' said Lizzie.—'Tom, you must fetch little Bertie away. I couldn't have Mr Frewen go near him for all the world!'

'What does it matter?' cried Frewen. 'I've got children of my own.'

'But the scarlet fever!'

'Scarlet fever!' cried Frewen, jumping off from the chair, and running out into the garden. 'Why didn't you tell me that before? Pretty noise my wife will make if she gets to hear of it. I shall be afraid to go home. Is the boy very bad?'

Lizzie looked dreadfully downcast, as she told Frewen that she didn't know how it would end.

Frewen stamped up and down the gravelled path. The thought had frequently suggested itself before; but now that he heard of the illness of the boy, it struck him with tenfold force: What a capital thing for my little lad if his youngster should pop off.

Yes; this contingent prospect, which was so little good to the Rapleys, would be a useful thing for him. That his boy should have a comfortable

landed property waiting for him when he came of age, and all the accumulations of a long minority, would add very considerably to the position and influence of the Frewens.

He was not a man to waste any time in profitless speculation on the future; but the news he had just heard put something into his head that he would not otherwise have thought of. He remembered those barren manorial rights which were useless to the Rapleys, but might be valuable to the Frewens. By-and-by, if his son should succeed to this property, it would render it more complete, if the full title to the manor were acquired.

'Tom!' he cried, beckoning him out. 'There; stand on the other side of that potato-bed.' Mr Frewen carefully took up a position so that the wind should blow from him to Tom—on account of the scarlet fever. 'Now,' he cried, 'Tom, I daresay you wouldn't object to a five-pound note?'

'Certainly not, sir,' cried Tom, with a grin.

'Well, a friend of mine, who owns some land about here, wants to buy a manor—that he may give deputation to a gamekeeper; do you understand? Now, you can give a title—it's worth nothing to you—and if you like to take a five-pound note, one of my clerks shall draw a conveyance, and bring it to you to sign.'

'Couldn't you make it ten, sir?' cried Tom.

'Certainly not. It's not worth five shillings. But as I wanted to do you a good turn— Well, it doesn't matter.'

'Oh, you shall have it, sir,' said Tom, 'at your own price. Am I to have the five now?'

'No; when the conveyance is signed. Well, good-day. Let me know how the boy is. Ready for your audit, Tom? got the figures all right?'

'Yes, and the cash too,' said Tom proudly. 'I've done better than any collector of them all, sir.'

'That's right, Tom—do your backers credit,' cried Frewen, turning to leave the premises.

'What nice order your garden is in, Tom. I didn't give you credit for being such a good gardener.'

'Well, sir, it's thanks to a neighbour of mine it looks so well; he gave it such a thorough digging over last year, that everything has flourished beautifully; and did it for nothing, too.'

'He's a good neighbour to have,' cried Frewen. 'Well, good-day, Tom.'

'What a nice, pleasant man he is,' said Tom, going in-doors to his wife. The unexpected prospect of an extra five-pound note had quite warmed his heart.

'Pleasant he'd have looked,' said Lizzie, 'if he'd gone up-stairs.'

'Ah!' replied Tom, 'wasn't that a capital idea of mine about the key?'

'Much good that would have been,' rejoined Lizzie, 'if it hadn't been for that thought of mine about the scarlet fever.'

'Humph!' said Tom. 'I hope Bertie won't go and catch it after this. I should think it was a judgment. Well, I'm off to Farmer Brown's, to ask him to give me a lift to Discepham to-morrow.'

That night, Sailor was paying his placid addresses to Mrs Booth at the *Royal Oak*, when presently Skim came in and thrust himself into the room uninvited. Neither of them cared for his company, but neither ventured to tell him so.

'Come, Sailor, how dull we are!' cried Skim. 'Come, tell us a story about your sailing round that there mountain.'

'What! about rounding Cape Horn?' said Sailor. 'Well, I don't think I ever finished telling you that story yet.'

'Oh! we haven't time for any stories now,' cried Aunt Booth snappishly. 'I shall story up the house, and go to bed. Come, my lads.'

It was barely nine o'clock; but when Mrs Booth made up her mind to go to bed, go she would. Skim and Sailor departed rather twittingly. Sailor didn't like Skim as a companion; but he could hardly avoid walking with him, as they lived close together. As they went along, Skim began to talk about the old house, and the supposed sounds and sights that were heard and seen there.

'Did you ever see anything of the kind?' asked Skim significantly.

Sailor hesitated. 'Well, mate,' he said, 'I did see something there once.'

'When was that?' cried Skim.

'Why, 'twas the very night she died. I suppose you don't know that she came to see me that very night?'

'No,' cried Skim; 'I never knew that.'

'But she did,' said Sailor, shaking his head; 'and give me the office to go and fetch Charley Frewen; so that was why I went, and not out of no disrespect to you, Skim. Well, after the old lady had left me, I sat up a good bit; and just as I was going to bed, I hears voices outside, and lo and behold, there was Jem Blake, and Bill Edwards, and one or two more, as was going Christmasing; and they fetched me out, and we went round the village, singing carols, and all sorts of fun. And we'd had a glass or two here and there; and as we was coming home, says I: Suppose we go and sing to old Mother Remmel. And they all shake their heads at this; but I was feeling full of spirits, and so I says: Mates, I'll lay you a quart as Mother Remmel gives me a Christmas-box if I goes along there. Well, these other chaps wouldn't go on, and left me at the corner of the lane; and away I went, perhaps not keeping my course as direct as might be. I saw there was a light in the best bedroom window—a twinkling kind of light, as looked as if it would go out every minute, and I was just agoing to begin my song, when I see the light move, and shine in another window, and next I catched sight of it over the hall-door, and then it shewed right in the kitchen window. Well, I walks up the path to the window, and looks in. What do you think I see, mate?'

'I don't know,' cried Skim, who was all of a tremble.

'I see Aunt Betsy, I tell you! robed all in white, with a candle in one hand, and a spade in the other, looking ghastly enough to freeze the very marrow of your bones!'

'Well,' cried Skim; 'go on!'

'She stood for a bit knocking on the bricks with her spade, and then she moved off: and I moved off too, as fast as my legs could carry me; I was so skeared with her looks.'

'Was that all? Did you see nothing else?' cried Skim, feeling underneath his jumper as if for some concealed weapon.

'That was enough for me. I tell you I cut and run fast enough.'

'Where did you say you saw her stand ?'
'Right under them bags of herbs as hung in the kitchen—in the very middle of it.'
'Herbs did you say ?' cried Skim, springing up half a foot into the air.

'Why, what's the matter, mate ? Where are you off to, my lad ?'

By this time they had reached the row of cottages, and Sailor paused at his own gate, astonished—for Skim, instead of turning into his cottage, started off in a sort of slinging trot on the way to Biscopham.

'What's his little game to-night ?' mused Sailor, as he let himself in. 'However, it don't concern me, anyway.'

CHAPTER VII.

Sweet are the uses of adversity.

In the dark little counting-house at the end of his gloomy cavern of a shop, Mr Collop held solitary converse with his own thoughts late on one soft dripping night in December. These thoughts

were not cheerful or enlivening. He had kept himself afloat another year, but at what a cost ! Last year if he had failed, he would have failed with the reputation of an honest but unfortunate man. This year, there would be another sort of tale to tell. All this time Collop had worked hard from morning to night, had lived penuriously, and drawn nothing but his bare expenses out of the concern. And yet so ill had he managed matters, that if he were obliged to suspend payment to-morrow, the chances are that he would have to submit to a criminal prosecution, on a charge of obtaining goods on credit for the purpose of pledging them to get money. What was the hidden drain, then, upon his resources ? In a word, Frewen. The lawyer had cleared a little fortune out of Collop—all in a perfectly legitimate and honourable way, all in the way of costs, which Collop had paid from time to time, to avoid the extremity of an execution. And in the end Collop had not shrunk his debt one whit. He owed Frewen more than ever, although he had paid him hundreds and hundreds of pounds. Frewen had fastened on him like the octopus on his prey, unfolding him with a net of legal tentacula, and draining the life-blood of him, whilst leaving his outward shell intact. Nor was there anything exceptionally harsh in his treatment, if it should be admitted that such an attorney must needs live. How would it be possible for Frewen to keep up his hospitable mansion and provide for his offspring in accordance with their way of life, if he didn't squeeze a man when he had a chance ? Like the honest fair-trading Greek who owns the swift-sailing felucca—if you be well manned and armed, he will deal with you as if he were a brother ; but waterlogged, helpless, and unmanageable, hoisting signals of distress—unfortunate merchantman that you are, better go to the bottom at once than signal for help to our disinterested Greek.

It was maddening to be the subject of this treatment, to be obliged to forfeit honest name and self-respect, to rob and deceive trading connections and creditors for the sake of a hated enemy, and without the slightest permanent effect. Collop had been driven to it step by step, and now he saw himself at the last extremity—his credit gone at last, threatened on every side, writs showering down upon him daily, Frewen waiting with keen intelli-

gent eyes to give a last squeeze to him on his own account, before sweeping everything away in the interests of the estate he represented. Collop had paid him ten pounds—the last ten pounds he had in the world—for a day's delay, hoping—he hardly knew what—perhaps, that the general ruin and destruction that To-morrow Morning was to bring might spare him from an ignominious end.

'Shall I come and post up the ledger, father ?' said Emily, putting her head in at the counting-house door.

'No,' said her father sullenly, 'no. I don't think it will ever want posting again.'

'Why, father, what's the matter ? Are you going to give up business ?'

'I'm going to fail, Emily—to be a bankrupt—to see everything I have seized upon and sold—everything—do you hear?—except the clothes on our backs !'

'How are we to live, father ?' cried Emily in consternation.

'I shall have to live in a prison ; you, in the workhouse.'

'Can nothing be done ? Can nothing save us ?'

'Only a miracle.—Hush, Emmy ! Who is that in the shop ?'

Collop shook all over, as he did now at any unaccustomed footstep.

Emily went out to see whom it could be. She returned presently. 'It is that labouring man who has been to see you so often lately.'

'Tell him to come in, Emmy ; and you go and get your supper. Don't wait for me ; and act as much as you can, for I don't know where another meal is to come from.'

Emily, in deep sadness and distress, but with that submissive meekness to which a life of abnegation had accustomed her, sat down to her solitary meal. She heard the murmur of talk going on in the counting-house, and thought it never would cease. The conference lasted a long while, and at the end of it, Collop put in his head at the sitting-room door to say that he was going out. He had received a sudden funeral order, he said, in reply to his daughter's inquiring glance. 'Don't sit up for me.'

Emily sat up, however, in the cold dull room, that was pervaded by the smell of corduroys and fustians : the fire went out, and the night grew colder and colder, but still she sat wrapped up in her shawl, shivering in her hard horse-hair-covered chair. Twelve o'clock struck—one and two, still her father had not returned. She grew seriously alarmed now, and would have set out to search for him, but she did not know in which direction to go.

At three o'clock he came in, with a strange light and excitement on his face.

'Where have you been, father ?' cried Emily.

'Never mind where I have been, girl,' he said, sitting down to the bread and cheese that was on the table. 'I have met with a friend in need.'

Perhaps I spoke too lustily just now. I may tide over my difficulties yet. At all events, Emmy, we won't starve. Here,' he said, taking out a canvas bag—'here is a hundred pounds in gold. Keep it always about your person. Sew some of it in your stays, and some in your petticoat, and some keep in your pocket ; do you hear ? You must do it this very night, for we don't know who may be here to-morrow morning.'

'O father, but is it right?'

'That money doesn't come out of the business, I tell you,' said Collop, 'but from an old friend; but you must keep it about you, for if we have an execution in to-morrow, the men may seize it.'

SPONGE-FISHERIES.

SPONGES, to speak of them in a general way, are zoophytes, half-animal, half-vegetable. They grow on rocks in the sea, and fishing for them is a regular trade on the coast of Greece, Syria, the West Indies, and elsewhere. In some instances they are secured by diving, and in others by being pulled up by a pronged instrument. Some new and interesting information respecting the Syrian sponge-fisheries, is condensed as follows in the *Pall Mall Budget*, from the commercial Report of a British vice-consul at Beyrout for 1873. 'The total value of the sponges fished on the coast of Syria is from twenty to twenty-five thousand pounds. The production is, however, falling off through excessive fishing, and the consequent exhaustion of the fishery-grounds. About two hundred and fifty to three hundred boats are at present employed in this industry on the coast of Syria, manned by about fifteen hundred men. The centres of production are Tripoli, Ruad, Lattakia, and Batroun on the coast of Mount Lebanon. The best qualities are found in the neighbourhood of Tripoli and Batroun; but the boats visit all parts of the coast, from Mount Carmel in the south, to Alexandretta in the north. The majority of the boats used are ordinary fishing-boats, three parts decked over, and carrying one mast with an ordinary lug-sail. They are from eighteen to thirty feet in length, and are manned by a crew of four or five men, one of whom is specially engaged for the purpose of hauling, while the rest are divers. In some cases, the men own their own boats, but generally they are hired for the season, which extends from June to the middle of October. No wages are paid; the remuneration consists in an equal share of the produce of the fishing. The profits of a good diver reach as high as forty pounds a season. Diving is practised from a very early age up to forty years, beyond which few are able to continue the pursuit. It does not appear, however, that the practice has any tendency to shorten life, although, as the diver approaches forty, he is less able to compete with his younger and more vigorous brother. The time during which a Syrian diver can remain under water depends, of course, on his age and training. Sixty seconds is reckoned good work, but there are rare instances of men who are able to stay below eighty seconds. The men on the coast, however, make extraordinary statements as to the length of time their best hands are able to remain under water, and gravely assert that eight and ten minutes are not impossibilities. The manner of diving is as follows: The diver—naked, of course,—with an open net around his waist for the receptacle of his prizes, seizes with both hands an oblong white stone, to which is attached a rope, and plunges overboard. On arriving at the bottom, the stone is deposited at his feet, and keeping hold of the rope with one hand, the diver grasps and tears off the sponges within reach, which he deposits in his net. He then, by a series of jerks to the rope, gives the signal to those above, and is

drawn up. In former years, the Syrian coast was much frequented by Greek divers from the islands of the Archipelago. Their number is now restricted to five or six boats annually, the skill of the Syrian, combined with his superior knowledge of the fishing-grounds, enabling him to compete successfully with his foreign opponent. Although they vary much in quality and size, sponges may be generally classified as—1. The fine white bell-shaped sponge, known as the 'toilet sponge'; 2. The large reddish variety, known as 'sponge de Venise,' or 'bath-sponges'; 3. The coarse red sponge used for household purposes and cleaning. Two-thirds of the produce of the Syrian coast are purchased by the native merchants, who send it to Europe for sale; while the remainder is purchased on the spot by French agents, who annually visit Syria for the purpose. France takes the bulk of the finest qualities, while the reddish and common sponges are sent to Germany and England. The revenue derived by government from this industry is a tenth of the value of the produce. The annual import of sponges from all countries into the United Kingdom amounts in value to about one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds.

AT THE OLD GATE.

AND so, we have met here again, love:

Here is my hand once more;

And with it the heart, now stricken—

So proud in the days of yore.

I knew not how much that I loved you,

When that word was spoken by me

That sund'ered our lives that night, dear,

And sent you over the sea.

Here I have sat all alone, love,

In the first fresh hours of Spring,

When the blackbird filled the twilight

With the songs that it used to sing

In the golden fall of that Autumn

That buried my heart's delight:

But never a song could I sing, love,

In the calm of the falling night.

I have waited long by this gate, love,

For a gleam of the days of old,

When the sunsets of Summer came down, love,

On their wings of amber and gold,

And lingered amongst the tassels

Of that bright laburnum tree:

There was glory above, 'mid the branches,

But never a gleam for me.

You thought that my heart was cold, love—

I knew that it seemed so then;

But maidens of seventeen years, dear,

Are not to be judged with men.

There's a beauty of trust we must soar to,

There's a love to which we must grow;

And these years have unsaid that word, dear,

That I spoke to you long ago.

There's a lingering kiss on my lips, love—

It has lain since yours touched mine;

There's a love in my life that is yearning

To cling to your heart as its shrine:

Ah! now you have taken that kiss, love,

And with it crushed out the past;

I have waited long, long at the old gate—

I have waited, but found you at last!

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THE SNOW-SHRIEK:

A TALE OF THE PRAIRIES.

'HARK! There is the snow-shriek again—loud, wild, and mournful. Listen; and, if you are wise, make use of the warning.' Such was the admonitory remark of Hiram Pell, an aged hunter in the north-western prairies, in addressing three young persons, whom he accidentally encountered on the border of a small creek. One of the three was a young lady, Metella Stewart, about eighteen, daughter of Colonel Stewart, proprietor of a well-stocked farm in the district; the others were two gentlemen little more than her own age.

'We are far from disregarding what you tell us, Hiram,' said the sligher of the two young men; 'but we should like to know its precise meaning. Be pleased to explain what is the snow-shriek.'

'The snow-shriek,' replied the hunter of the wilderness, 'is a sign of an approaching and terrible storm of frost and snow. It is not often heard, and few know its meaning. I am now an old man, and have heard it but thrice; but never is the token a false one.'

'The sound, then, portends extremely severe weather?' asked Metella, impressed, despite herself, with the rugged solemnity of the hunter's manner.

'Worse than that miss, a deal worse. When the snow-shriek rings across the plains, folks that have a love for their life, don't care to camp out. The Indians strike their lodges at the sound, and make the best of their way to shelter among the bluffs, or in a wooded tract. As for the settlers, they take wagons, and hurry off to the nearest town, leaving everything behind to its fate. If I were the colonel, now, that's what I'd do, and go for a week or two to Grantville, or Sparta, or even Troy.'

'Running away from the snow!' exclaimed Metella, with a merry laugh, which she could not repress, and in which her two companions joined.

'Wait, young lady, till you see what snow means. Reckon you'll hardly see much then to

laugh at in it,' returned the hunter, much offended. 'I'm going to make tracks, for one, and old Hiram Pell has not the name of being chicken-hearted along the frontier-line. Perhaps you'll wish, later on, you had set more store by the warning of a man who had fought many a tough fight with bears and savages before ever a spade was stuck in the turf of the Territory.—Good-morning to you, miss; think better of it, and ask the colonel to leave home for a bit.' So saying, he lifted his rifle, and strode off along the bank of the creek, in the direction of the town.

'What a queer old fellow that is!' said the taller of the two gentlemen, whose name was Parnell. 'He seems an anachronism here at this time of day, picking up, as he does, a precarious living by trapping and hunting, and occasionally acting as guide and interpreter to some Indian agent bound for the plains. But the colonel has done him more than one kindness, and I have no doubt that his harangue was well intended, although I suspect his account of the snow-storms to be somewhat highly coloured. It might be as well, however, to mention it at home, in case this wind should really be a sign of bad weather.'

Colonel Stewart paid very little attention to the reported words of the old backwoodsman, or to the low shrill shriek of the wind. 'A cold snap, if it comes, will not annihilate us,' he said cheerfully; 'and we rather enjoyed the heavy snowfall of the last winter, with the pleasant sleighing-parties while the frost held. A pretty settler I should have made if I had heeded every croaker who predicted that locusts, drought, and Indian raiders would harry me out of house and home, if I dared to pitch my tent so far to the west. Hiram Pell is a worthy old fellow in his way, but he is vain of his infallibility in woodcraft, and as sad a Jonah as I ever encountered.'

On the day succeeding that on which the hunter's words of caution had been uttered, Mr Parnell, whose residence was about a mile on the other side of Troy, was to take his departure on a journey, the duration of which seemed vague, since he had merely indicated that his absence

would probably be a long one, and that it might even be necessary that he should visit Europe. He had been invited to pass this, the last evening, at the house of the Stewarts, with whom he was on terms of intimacy; but there were circumstances which promised to add pain to the pleasure of these last moments with Metella.

The betrothal of Miss Stewart to Caryl Winthrop was matter of notoriety in the vicinity. In the spring of that year the young man had arrived in the neighbourhood, one of those invalids whom the fashionable physicians of the Atlantic States had despatched to find vigour and health in the pure and bracing air of that lofty tableland, a grassy ocean, lately traversed by only the buffalo and the Red Man, that lies between the great lakes and the Rocky Mountains. He had derived much benefit from even a brief residence in the Territory, and his ailment, a heart complaint, had long since lost all its alarming symptoms, while he himself seemed daily to gain strength. Nothing, now, except the delicate pallor of his face, could denote that Caryl had been accounted, before he left New York, as one of the hopelessly doomed, of those victims on whom reluctant Science passes the sentence of an early tomb. He was well now, though not robust; and bright hopes, of which he had had no idea on his first arrival at Troy, spread themselves before him, and caused him to view his future career through that roseate haze which none but the great magician, Love, can conjure up for our delighted vision. From the first, Caryl Winthrop's name had recommended him to the warm friendship of the Stewarts. It had, years ago, been the fate of the elder Mr Winthrop, a citizen of wealth and eminence in his native state, which was also that of Metella's parents, to render a considerable service to the colonel; and this old act of kindness was gratefully remembered when first the young invalid shewed his pale face, and bright but dreamy eyes, on the threshold of that dwelling where he was soon to find himself as in a second home.

It is an old, old story which teaches us that pity is akin to love, and that the one sentiment often glides, by gentle and almost imperceptible gradations, into the other. Metella had felt much sympathy with the city-bred youth, whom suffering had but rendered more gentle and refined, not fretful or querulous, as it does with some of a coarser nature; and her father and mother wished for nothing better, as Caryl's health improved, than that the friendship of the two young people should ripen into a deep and lasting attachment. Caryl was high principled, well educated, accomplished, amiable, and would, one day, be rich. What more could the most watchful parents desire in a son-in-law? Wherefore, it came about, that when Caryl told his love, and was accepted, and Metella began to receive the congratulations of all her friends, the girl hardly knew whether she loved Mr Winthrop otherwise than as a sister loves a brother, or whether, in truth, there was in existence any passion more ardent than the calm affection which she entertained towards her future husband. One thing was certain, and that was, that with the full consent of both families, she was soon to become Mrs Winthrop, and that Caryl was a most excellent young man, and sincerely devoted to her. She had very little doubt but that a life of quiet happiness lay before her. Very

little doubt, that is to say, until she met with Alberic Parnell, and realised, for the first time, how very different was the sentiment she felt towards him, from the so-called love, which was really liking and esteem, which had been all that poor Caryl could win from her. Yet, as she often told herself, Caryl was by far the handsomer of the two, better off, more highly cultured, than this competitor for her smiles. Alberic Parnell was merely a tall, manly young fellow, with a bronzed face, and dark hair, strong, indeed, and of a dauntless courage, as was reported, but not, like Caryl, a musician, a sketcher, and a poet, to whom foreign languages and art-talk were familiar. Yet, Miss Stewart knew, and was not sorry to know, that Alberic's heart was hers, for had she not seen the love-light shining in his eyes? He had not said to her one word that could be construed into courtship, for to have done so, considering Metella's engagement, and the trustful hospitality which her father and mother had extended to him, would have seemed base indeed to one so honourable as he. But the tell-tale pressure of a hand as it clasp that of the loved one, a chance intonation, a change of colour, may telegraph the true state of the feelings on both sides; and so it was, that when Alberic and Metella found themselves alone together for an instant in the entrance-hall of the colonel's house, when the time came for the former to take his leave, both hearts throbbed wildly, and each felt as if about to part with the one object most beloved on earth.

'You start, then, to-morrow?' said Metella, in a voice which she flattered herself to be firm, but which trembled as does the nightingale's song; and Parnell groined out some hoarsely inarticulate answer. Neither dared to look into the other's face.

'When, I wonder, shall we meet again?' said the girl, rallying all her resolution to feign a tone of indifference.

'Never, perhaps! Safer and better that it should be so,' returned Alberic bitterly. 'Never, at any rate, until Miss Stewart shall have ceased to be. Possibly, then, I may find patience enough to come back, and even to renew my acquaintance with Mr Winthrop's wife. She will be nothing to me!'

The words were rude, the tone was sullen, almost fierce, yet Metella's ear drank in the syllables thirstily, and it seemed to her that never in her life had she heard so sweet a compliment.

'Let us be friends, always,' she murmured softly.

'Friends!' ejaculated the young man. 'Yes, that is the way with you women—you steal the heart, and bewilder the soul of a man, and then, when hope is dead within him, and he is driven forth, as by the flaming sword that barred the gate of Eden, you say to him, let us be friends! Well, Miss Stewart, I will try to follow your prescription, and be content with friendship; but first months and years must pass, and seas roll between us. Come, let the wrench be taken, and the farewell said. If I stay here, I shall say what I might be sorry for, for am I not your father's guest, and is not Caryl my friend? Good-by, Miss Stewart—Metella; forgive the freedom! I shall never call you so again.'

'Good-by, Alberic, good-by!' And their hands met, and their eyes, and Metella's tears fell like

rain, and she sobbed audibly. There was a moment when the young man seemed as though he were about to clasp her in his arms; but by a violent effort he tore himself away, and with a smothered word of adieu, flung open the door, and darted out into the darkness. Very soon afterwards, the quick clatter of his horse's hoofs told that he had mounted and ridden rapidly off on his homeward road. Metella listened until the last faint sound had ceased, and nothing more was to be heard but the wailing snow-shriek, and then retired to her own chamber, and burst into an agony of weeping. It was Alberic's image that haunted her dreams that night, not that of Caryl Winthrop.

Thirty-six hours later, the sad, monotonous sound of the snow-shriek had swelled into a menacing roar, as of angry fiends let loose to ravage and destroy, and a filmy veil that was drawn over the western sky had darkened from white to orange, and from orange to sable, and then, borne on the mighty wings of an icy wind, there broke upon the Territory the force of such a snow-storm as the hardest farmer there had never pictured. Down came the whirling flakes, thick, heavy, pitiless, accompanied by a cruel cold like Death's own touch, that pierced through furs and buffalo-ropes, and numbed the limbs, and chilled the marrow, while still the blinding snow fell, and fell, and swept along before the furious gale, like so many white billows, over the country. And still the wind blew from the cold north-west, and still the snow fell. The deep piled drifts soon began to blot out every sign of man's dominion from the lately subjugated land that had been so recently won from the wilderness. Disused stories were brought in, ere long, of the disasters by flood and field. Rivers had swollen and overflowed their banks, washing down, along with a pack of floating ice, the debris of ruined homesteads and the carcases of drowned oxen. In the pastures, herdsman and herd lay overwhelmed beneath the white waves of snow. In the drifts that blocked the roads, wagons and their teams were walled in, to perish of frost-bite or exhaustion, unless aid came speedily; while many a bewildered wayfarer wandered from the track, and strayed across the desolate prairie until he found a grave in the deepening snow. It was with difficulty that Caryl could force his horse through the drifts that environed Colonel Stewart's house, and when he arrived there, two of the hired men were missing, and a third had come in, half-frozen, from a vain attempt to save the afflicted cattle.

Then did Metella realise the truth of the old hunter's words. She, and those about her, had found out, for the first time, what snow meant, pitiless, inexhaustible whiteness, borne in upon them by the rush of the resistless wind, that howled and raved, with a sound like the cry of ravens on vultures, about the house, and heaped up such masses as cumber the ground, even in those latitudes, but once or twice in a generation. Colonel Stewart, at first incredulous of peril, as it was in his sanguine nature to be, presently began to admit that the calamity was worse than the mere damage to his property. The sheep, hogs, and cattle that he had lost represented but a money sacrifice—an affair of dollars and cents. But when all communications between Stewart's Flat and the outer world were cut off,

and it was too late to fly, and the gathering snow was loading the roof, and darkening the lower windows, and rising, rising ever, he recognised the imprudence of his selection of such a site for his residence, and would have been thankful for escape even at the cost of half his substance. This, however, was impossible. The road by which Winthrop had reached the house was now barred by a wall of snow. The fast-falling flakes threatened to fill up the dell to the level of the hills that commanded it, and all the outbuildings were hidden or unroofed by the weight of the snowfall. And still that horrid snow-shriek, loud and wild now as the war-cry of exulting demons, filled the starried air, as though rejoicing over its prey.

The pangs of impending famine were soon added to the terrors of the situation. Those shut up in the once hospitable mansion at Stewart's Flat had but scanty supplies of food or fuel. It was as much as a man's life was worth to try to reach the great wood-pile. It took severe exertion to bring in, from time to time, a few logs and some broken timber from the yard, while, after the first few hours, provisions ran short. There is little inducement for a settler in that land of Goshen to store up hams and salted meat, flour and biscuit, to any extent; but now that flocks and herds, and barns brimming with wheat and golden maize, had been alike whelmed beneath the sudden snowfall, Want, like a gaunt wolf, began to beset the blockaded household. It was soon necessary to put the family and servants on rations, so as to avert actual starvation as long as possible; and the beleaguered inmates of the dwelling huddled together around the rarely replenished stove, talking in tones that they vainly strove to render hopeful, of the probabilities of a prompt rescue; for it had come to that now. Rescue from without was their only chance. Should the snow-storm continue very long, they must perish of cold and hunger; even if the roof, which they had been forced to prop up in places with casks and pieces of timber, did not cave in beneath the increasing weight piled upon it. The storm went on steadily, and still the wind wailed as before.

It was a group of haggard faces that had collected around the great hall-stove at Stewart's Flat when at last the snow-shriek died away to a moan, and one of the farm-hands brought in the welcome news that, for the time at least, the storm had ceased. By this time the house merely resembled a mound of snow, one heap among many in the blurred landscape. The inmates were as helpless as so many shipwrecked wretches in mid-ocean in a frail boat without sail or oar. For twenty-four hours, most of them had not eaten. The few morsels of food that remained were reserved, by common consent, for the female members of the starving household. The fire was fed, as best might be, with broken furniture and woodwork torn from the walls. Still no help came. Perhaps the people at Troy were powerless to afford it. More likely it was taken for granted that the Stewarts and their servants had effected a timely escape to some place of safety. If so, and should not a speedy thaw set in, death was inevitable. Some hours elapsed, and still there was no sign that the blockaded household had not been forgotten. Ha! what was that? A shot, surely, and then another, and a cheer of friendly voices, and hope sprung up in every heart, and was kept alive

by the occasional report of distant firearms and the sound of shouting.

Yes, rescue was at hand. That much was certain. An attempt to penetrate the girdling wall of snow was about to be made, but what were the numbers or the resources of the adventurous band without, those within the house knew not. There were now but some four or five windows, darkened by snow-wreaths and pendent icicles, whence a partial view of the outer desolation could be obtained. And it was not on that side of the villa that the shouts and shots of the explorers had announced their presence. Some hours of painful suspense, during which at intervals the sound of voices could be heard, succeeded, and then the sobbing of the ominous wind changed into a shrill scream, and a man who had ventured a few paces from the door came in to bring the evil tidings that the snow had again begun to fall. The air was now full of feathery flakes, and the most anxious listener could now hear nothing but the monotonous wail that chilled every heart as it rang around the doomed house. It was beyond a doubt that the well-wishers on the outside must have desisted from their labours, beaten off by the keen wind and blinding snow-fall. The latter lasted through the miserable night, and, soon after daybreak, ceased again, but those within the house had almost bidden farewell to hope. Probably the rescuers would not, until the weather should improve, renew their efforts, toilsome and perilous as they must needs be. And then it would be too late. Privations and care were telling on the beleaguered inhabitants of Stewart's Flat, and on none more than Caryl Winthrop, whose sunken cheek and unnaturally bright eye told of extreme exhaustion.

'We shall be happy together in heaven, dear—not on earth,' he said, more than once, as he looked wistfully into the face of his betrothed one, and chafed her cold hand between his. 'It has become a question, not of days, but of hours and minutes.'

Towards noon, Metella's ear, sharpened by terror, caught the faint, low sound of the clinking of iron tools, mingling with the wail of that dismal snow-shriek. Her companions in misfortune, however, could not hear it, and she was easily persuaded that she had been tricked by her own excited fancy. Hours went by, the snow falling still, though not so heavily, and there was no sign from without. All prepared to perish, for now the scanty store of food was gone, and Caryl and Metella, as they knelt and prayed, side by side, felt that their wedding must indeed be in the world to come, not in this.

'There is one thing I ought to tell you, dear Caryl,' whispered the girl, as they stood side by side in the porch: 'I have not been wilfully untrue to my pledge, but—but there was one who left us but the other day, on whom my rebellious thoughts would dwell, do what I could to school them. It was not that I did not love you—indeed, not—but, it was different when I thought of Alberic Parnell. I shall never see him more. He will learn to forget me, and, had I lived, it should have been my daily task to forget him.—You are not angry, Caryl?'

He kissed her on the forehead, saying gently: 'Indeed, I am not angry. Love, I fear, will not be always reasoned with. It is not your fault,

my poor child, if you saw in Parnell what you have never seen in me. I was to you as a brother, was I not? And you learned, too late, that liking was not love. It matters little, dearest, on the brink of the grave, as we stand now, but believe me—Ha! the noise without is real enough, this time.'

And so it was. There was a distinct clash and rattle of spade and shovel, of axe and pick, vigorously piled, and the loud voices of men, and the thud of falling blocks of snow, and then a cheer, hearty and triumphant, which was echoed, in feebler accents, by those within the house, while the door was eagerly opened to admit the deliverers. And now a crevice, soon enlarged to a cleft, appeared in the snow-wall close in front, and revealed the dark outline of a human form, hewing to right and left with a broad-bladed hatchet, as if cutting a path through the ranks of a resisting enemy. Then a tall, strong man, wet and dripping, and with his dark beard and hair full of glistening snow-crystals, came leaping from the aperture, and reached the threshold. It was Alberic—Alberic Parnell; and the next to struggle through the breach in the snow-wall, spade in hand, was the gaunt figure of Hiram Pell, the hunter; while from behind came crowding up the rest of the bold and hardy band.

Then followed a scene of indescribable excitement and confusion, in which, thanks to God and man for this timely rescue were freely uttered by those who now saw themselves restored to the living world. But Metella, who had seen nothing save Alberic's face in all that mingled group, was overpowered by the rush of her emotions, and was sinking senseless on the floor, when the young man sprang forward and caught her, fainting, in his strong arms. When she recovered from the swoon, her parents were with her; and near the sofa on which they had laid her, stood the old hunter, Hiram Pell. There was food on a table near, for the rescuers had not come empty-handed; but Miss Stewart had forgotten her hunger, forgotten all, save that she had seen Alberic again for one brief moment of happiness. She drank in, thirstily, however, the words of the old backwoodsman.

'Thank him, colonel—Mr Parnell, I mean—not me, for true as Gospel, 'tis to him you owe your lives. Talk of grit! I thought I knew what bravery was, but never the like of that young chap's. He shamed us into sticking to it, squire, fighting every inch of the way, against cold and fatigue, and working more like a young giant than a mere man. Says Mr Alberic, when there was talk of giving in: "Let who will flinch, and leave helpless women to perish; I go on alone, and whoever deserts me at this pinch, never let him hold up his head among honest men. Every dollar I'm worth shall be divided among those that help me." And he, and I, and the rest of the Troy neighbours, we did make a good job of it, spite of frost-bite and beating snow; but it was no sport, colonel, I can tell you that.'

Mrs Stewart, who had left the room during this speech, now came gliding back to her daughter's side.

'Are you well enough, Metella, dear, to speak with Caryl for a moment?' she said, smiling through her tears. 'He is very urgent to say a word to you. He says it is for the last time.'

And almost before Metella had leisure to realise the meaning of these words, Caryl Winthrop,

deathly pale, but with a sweet, sad smile upon his face, such as angels might wear, stood beside her couch. She started up, and then, with a guilty blush, put her hands before her eyes.

'O Caryl, do not blame me!' she said. 'Indeed, indeed, I will be a true wife to you.'

'Not to me, dear Miss Stewart,' answered he softly. 'It is as a brother, darling, not as a lover, that you have regarded me all along; and now I release you, fully and freely from a plight, the keeping of which would be misery to you. I am not selfish enough to hold you to your promise, dear girl. Let your hand go, along with your heart, to your preserver, to Alberic Parnell.' He was very white and haggard as he spoke, but he never once faltered in his address; and before Metella could frame her reply, Mrs Stewart had walked to the door, and returned, accompanied by Alberic.

'This young gentleman,' she said, half reproachfully, 'was just about to slip away from us, and our acknowledgments of his courage and his kindness. He could not trust himself, forsooth, to meet you again, Metella. Even now, I see by his puzzled look, that he hardly can guess the solution of the enigma.'

'This will explain all!' said Caryl, as, to Alberic's amazement, he took the young man's muscular hand and placed it in that of Metella.

'Be happy, sister, with the husband of your choice. After the innocent confession that, when Death seemed to have us in his icy clutch, you made to me, I should commit a sin did I come between you two—between you and the man who, when on his road to New York and Europe, turned back at the bare rumour of this fearful snow-storm, and risked life and health to save the girl he loved.'

Metella could not speak. Clinging to Alberic, as a graceful vine to some towering oak of the forest, she hid her face upon his shoulder, and sobbed aloud. In the timid, trustful rapture of that moment, she scarcely realised that every word which Caryl had spoken had been as a stab to the bosom of the speaker; that his generous self-sacrifice cost him very dearly, when a sudden outcry of voices snatched both of the lovers from their dream of new-found happiness. Poor Caryl Winthrop had sunk helpless on the floor, and was being lifted by Colonel Stewart and the old hunter, who placed him on the sofa where Miss Stewart had so lately reclined.

'He has fainted,' said kind, motherly Mrs Stewart, as she laid his head upon the pillow.

'More than that, I guess. He's going home, if ever I saw death in a face!' muttered the rough backwoodsman. Caryl, who had partially regained his senses, had no illusions on the subject.

'Do not weep for me, darling,' he said, as Metella's tears bedewed his face, and the girl bent over him in tender sorrow. 'The stroke has fallen; but it is in mercy.' He pressed his feeble hand to his heart, and the conviction flashed on all present, that the insidious malady from which he had believed himself to be cured, aggravated by hardship and the cruel emotions of the last hour, was reclaiming its prey.

'Kiss me once, sister,' he said softly; and Metella pressed her lips upon his brow, on which the damps of death were gathering. The young people were kneeling beside him. All surrounded

him. He looked up, smiling, and his lips moved, but no sound came; and then a spasm of pain contracted his features, and the heavy head fell back. He was dead.

It is scarcely needful to say that, some six months later than the date of these events, Alberic Parnell and Metella Stewart were married. Their experience of wedded life has been a happy and prosperous one; but whenever the wind whistles shrilly around the gables, and the white flakes come driving in heavy showers from the desert country beyond the frontier to the north-west, the sound and the sight combine to evoke the recollection of Caryl's early grave, and of the unselfish sacrifice which was the last act of his blameless life.

ROHLFS'S TRAVELS IN MOROCCO.

THE barbarous empire of Morocco is the largest, richest, healthiest, and the least known of all the provinces of Northern Africa, once called Barbary. It is out of the world. 'As Mecca among cities, so is Morocco among kingdoms.' In the classical times, the Berbers preserved their savage independence, but there came an interval of civilisation when the Arabs had conquered the country, and the Spanish occupation of it brought the arts and sciences to dwell there, and the cities of Fez and Morocco became the rivals of Cordova and Seville. Afterwards, through the effects of wars and dissensions, the country sunk into that miserably hopeless condition in which it was lately found by Dr Gerhard Rohlfs, a learned German traveller.*

Morocco possesses extraordinary natural advantages. The mighty chain of the Atlas Mountains intersects it, making two climates for it, and its elevated lands are swept by the winds from the Atlantic on one side, and from the Mediterranean on the other; its rivers are cooled by the melted snow of the mountains, whose lower sides are clothed with rich forests. The loftiest points of the Atlas range have never been explored, but the natives say that their summits are covered with perpetual snow. From their base to the sea, the whole wide expanse of the country is arable, and south of these stretch wide tracts of corn-bearing land. The country might be a paradise of peace and plenty, but for its people, who seem to us, according to Rohlfs's account, to be simply a nation of half-mad fanatics. They have some virtues; for instance, hospitality, though it is an error to suppose, as Rohlfs did, until he nearly paid for his credulity with his life, that a guest is sacred; and they treat their women and their slaves well. But there is little to be said for their intellect, and less for their morals. 'There are no men of distinction in the country. Arts and manufactures exist only in the towns, and are in a miserable state; religion alone occupies the minds of this people. The country people are more virtuous than those of the towns; but theft and deceit are scarcely considered as sinful when practised against another tribe. Lying is so common among the Arabs and the Berbers, that they scarcely ever speak the truth. Crimes of violence are common in all parts of the

* *Adventures in Morocco and Journeys through the Oases of Drava and Taflet.* By Dr Gerhard Rohlfs, gold medalist of the Royal Geographical Society. With an Introduction by Winwood Reade. Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

land which are not patrolled by the soldiers of the Sultan.

There are some beautiful spots, called Oases, which, says the doctor, deserve the name in every sense; and in them the population increases steadily. 'These islands of the blest are as favourable to the growth of men as to that of plants and vegetables; the true reason being that their life and property are secure—war, taxation, and robbery unknown. It is melancholy to read, that in this country of splendid capabilities, famines are common. The Moors never store up large quantities of grain, and are therefore wholly dependent on their crops, and these are liable to be destroyed by drought, hailstones, or flights of locusts.' Even when all goes well, the food is unvaried, and therefore unwholesome, and outbursts of gluttony are followed by disease. The women weaken themselves by prolonged suckling of their infants. Wars and robber raids decimate the men, and the government and clergy bleed them to death. Domestic life is patriarchal in its nature, and kinsmen adhere to one another with fidelity and love. They have no surnames, except that of the tribe or class to which they belong.

Dr Rohlfs was told by Sir Drummond Hay, the then British consul, immediately on his arrival at Tangier, that in order to pursue his design of visiting Fez and exploring the interior, he must become a Mohammedan himself. He decided on doing so, and applying for a surgical appointment in the army of the Sultan. In five days after his assumed conversion, he started for Fez on foot, accompanied by a native, who regarded him with respect, because he carried a bundle, which the native concluded must contain stolen goods, as no Moor, not even the Sultan, takes a change of raiment on a journey. The following was the equipment with which the gallant traveller confronted the utterly unknown and incalculable chances of his daring enterprise: 'I had reduced my baggage to the merest necessities, namely, a bundle of linen, which I carried on the end of a stick over my shoulder. My dress consisted of a *djebala*, a long white woollen shirt, with a hood, yellow slippers on my bare feet, and a Spanish cap, within which I had stitched my whole stock of money, an English five-pound note; finally, a black loose English overcoat served as my burnoose. I had no weapons: a small note-book, with a lead pencil, was hidden in my pocket.' The latter articles would have proved his most dangerous possession if they had been discovered. No true convert would have such unholy belongings. He had to pass by an ancient ruin on one occasion, which was evidently a dolmen—to have examined it would have risked his life.

At the first village, Dr Rohlfs learned the value of his conversion; for he was received into a native house, and admitted to the family circle. Next day, the old father of the family completed the ceremony of the convert's reception by shaving his head with a jagged pocket-knife, an operation which caused him excruciating torments. The next night they lodged in a tent, which was divided in two by a partition of sack, saddle-furniture, water-skins, butter-skins, pots, and wooden dishes. In one compartment slept the tent-master and his wife; in the other, the guests, two children, and a foal. They received many visits during the night from goats and sheep, which clambered over them without ceremony. The following day they were

to reach a town, whose name is spelt Alkassar, but pronounced L'xor; and during the journey, Dr Rohlfs's companion, who had kindly relieved him of his bundle—into which he had packed every atom of superfluous clothing, the heat being excessive, and even his Spanish cap with the five-pound note in it—placed it on his mule, and proceeded to give him a first taste of Moslem fraternity. 'There was water close by,' writes Rohlfs, 'and the sun was high, so we encamped, and ate some dry bread. Then Si-Enbarh [his companion] said he wished to fetch a friend of his from a neighbouring Duar; I must wait for him, and we would then all three go in together. I dared not appear so suspicious as to ask him for the bundle. He went away, and I never saw him again. I waited and waited, but he did not return. Stripped of my property, and left alone on the solitary road, I felt anxious and disheartened, and thought of returning to Tangier. But I was ashamed to go back after only three days in such a plight; so I took a good drink of water, and went on towards the south. I reached L'xor at dusk, and though I did not understand the abuse the people heaped on me, I could plainly perceive I was not a welcome guest. However, some few who could speak Spanish came to my rescue, and assured the populace that I was a true believer, whereupon the abuse became a praise God! And when the interpreters added that it was my intention to visit the House of Refuge (as Wazan is commonly called), and afterwards to enter the service of the Sultan, the mob was pacified.' L'xor is a prosperous town, with an enormous number of storks' nests in the houses and trees, and the country round is the most fertile in Morocco. Market-gardening is little cultivated, though every kind of vegetable grows readily. Asparagus, broccoli, and artichokes are regarded by the Moors as flowers, and they wonder 'Christians' as they always call Europeans, can eat such things. At L'xor, Dr Rohlfs got some useful hints respecting the demeanour befitting a convert; one of these being that it was improper, for the sake of exercise, to walk backwards and forwards—it was too much like a wild beast in a cage.

From L'xor, a day's journey brought him to Wazan, the holy pilgrim town, the Mecca of Morocco, which he approached with some emotion, at the prospect of beholding the object of the almost idolatrous worship of the Moors. In 1861, the Grand Sherif was in his thirty-first year, exceedingly tall, rather corpulent, with dark complexion, and thick lips, denoting his negro blood, a long face, fiery black eyes, and a straight nose. Dr Rohlfs found him dressed in a French military tunic, with epaulets, Alexandrine red trousers, and a Tunis skull-cap, with a gold tassel. As silk and gold are both forbidden by the Koran, the stranger was astonished that they should figure in the costume of a descendant of the Prophet; but he discovered more than lapse from strict orthodoxy on the part of the Sherif, who received him very well, treated him with confidence, and at once procured for him a commission in the service of the Sultan. On Rohlfs's return at a subsequent period, he found that the Sherif, feeling that his departure from the traditional costume was not safe, had resumed it.

Wazan is always crowded with pilgrims, who are received by the Sherif, and entertained at his house in the Sanga or sanctuary quarter. In the

vast grounds, cupolas, adorned with arabesques, and paved with Fez tiles, have been erected, each capable of containing a hundred pilgrims. 'There,' says the traveller, now known as Mustafa, 'they rested at their ease after their journey, which had perhaps lasted several months; there they reposed in the shady verandahs, and admired the beautiful buildings, and praised God that he had brought them safely to Wazan and the son of the Prophet, and to his hospitable board; for all pilgrims, even if there were a thousand of them, are fed twice a day from the kitchen of the Sherif. In the grounds is a fine mosque, where service is performed on Fridays, after which the whole congregation is entertained by the Sherif. When the Saint is at his garden-house, five miles from the town, he leads a busy life, receiving strangers and townspeople, blessing them, writing amulets for them. The house is close to the road, and no man or woman goes by without running up-stairs, kissing the Sherif, and offering a mite.' Rohlf gives the following as an example of the great power of the Grand Sherifs of Wazan: 'No Sultan is recognised as the lawful ruler until he has been consecrated by the Grand Sherif. At the death of the late Sultan there were several pretenders to the throne, and Sidi Mohammed (who died in 1873) owed his success to the fact that his cause was adopted by the Sherif. The ceremony was as follows: the Sherif hastened to Mequinez, and when he met the Sultan, dismounted, and led his horse towards him. The Sultan mounted this horse, and gave his own to the Sherif.' It is not only his sanctity, derived from his descent, which gives the Sherif his power; he is the richest man in Morocco.

Fez, which is fortified on Vamban's system, probably by some European renegade, is a gloomy-looking town, full of lanes so narrow, that two persons meeting in them have to squeeze past each other, and whose main street would not permit more than four to walk abreast. It has open spaces, but only one, that in front of the Sultan's palace, which would hold more than five hundred people closely packed. The houses are all lofty, and have no windows looking on the street; no such thing as pavement is known, so that in summer the dust, in winter the mud, is intolerable. The interiors of the houses are arranged exactly as they were centuries ago—the Moors abhor novelty—and in the middle of every courtyard there is a spring of running water. The town, even in its most elevated parts, is well supplied with pure water, distributed by means of canals. In the houses of the rich, beds are sometimes placed at the ends of the rooms on European bedsteads, but these are regarded merely as a luxury and ornament: no one would ever think of sleeping in them; and, indeed, furniture, in our sense of the word, does not exist. On the flat roofs, made of a stamped composition of clay, chalk, and cement, a room is sometimes to be seen; it is called *mense*, and used by the women for party-giving purposes. The public buildings are the Sultan's palace, the mosques, funduks, or inns, baths, and tombs. Rohlf was never admitted to the palace, of which the citizens of Fez give descriptions which outvie the *Arabian Nights* in splendour, nor even to its gardens, at whose walls and noble trees he often gazed longingly.

At Mequinez, he hired a shop in common with a person named Abdalla, a French renegade, whose

speciality was the making and mending of bellows. Here he set up as surgeon and apothecary, and astonished the natives by exhibiting a mighty signboard, painted in large letters, 'Mustafa the German, Physician and Surgeon,' which attracted crowds from morning till night, and had a great success. He speedily discovered, however, that nothing could be done in Morocco to advance medical science; the people are too immovably superstitious. Surgery is in a more advanced state. They never amputate a limb, holding the practice sinful; and in cases of mutilation being inflicted as a punishment, they carefully bury the hand or foot, so that it may be forthcoming when the criminal, whose future prospects are not at all affected by his conduct here below, shall require it in the Moslem paradise. But, on the other hand, they have ingenious methods of mending broken bones and healing wounds. Doctors in Morocco are only respected where they are also doctors in theology. If they are Sherifs, they enjoy a great reputation, and simply cure by amulets or written charms. 'As for my own reputation,' says Mustafa, 'I obtained it, not because I had studied medicine, nor because I was surgeon in the army of the Sultan, but because I had formerly been a Christian. The Moors believe that Christ was a great physician, and that all Christians possess wondrous remedies, the knowledge of which he communicated to his disciples.' Leprosy, elephantiasis, and many diseases of the eye, albugo, but pulmonary affections are almost unknown. Gout, rheumatism, and dyspepsia are treated by the application of a hot iron, a remedy in great favour among the Moors, notwithstanding the pain it inflicts. Of this institution, Rohlf gives a curious account: 'The fire-doctors sit in the street which joins the old town to the new town. Before them they have an iron pot, with a grate, on which a fire is burning. A little basket, with charcoal on one side, and a goat-skin bellows. A patient appears: he has perhaps slept out of doors in the rain, is ill in consequence, and supposes that he has been bewitched. He presents himself before the famous fire-doctor, Si-Edris, a man all the more famous because he is a Thaleb—that is, he can read—as a proof of which a thick folio lies beside him. The doctor does not read very well—no better, indeed, than a child of six, although he is sixty; but, on the other hand, it is not a book that is very difficult to read, for from beginning to end, it is only one sentence over and over again, "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is His messenger." In the meantime he has worked the fire with his bellows to a glow, and made white-hot several iron rods about two feet long, and with wondrous knobs and hooks at the end. The sick man lies down on his face, and draws up his clothes from his back; the passers-by collect into a crowd; the doctor draws a red-hot iron from the fire, and saying: "In the name of God," passes it with great deliberation here and there over the back and loins, so that it makes a hissing noise, and a smell of burnt flesh ascends into the air. The patient does not utter a cry; he grinds his teeth together, and only the drops of sweat upon his forehead betray the pain he undergoes. The operation being over, he lies for some time upon the ground, as if in a fainting state; the spectators pass their beads through their fingers, and praise God and Mohammed. Presently, the man turns his head,

and says: "Si-Edris, Si-Edris!" "What do you want?" "Another fire." "Then give me my due," replies the doctor. The patient produces a coin (value about one farthing) from a fold of his clothes, and the operation is renewed. Si-Edris is always paid in advance, and will never permit any disputing as to his fee.

Mustafa created a revolution in the faculty at Fez when he announced that he possessed a new remedy, called the *cold fire*, this being lunar caustic; and it had a splendid success; so much so, indeed, that his colleagues began to meditate mischief against him, so that he thought it best to announce that his stock of cold fire was exhausted. He was very wary in his prescriptions, especially when called in to attend the harem of the Sultan. He does not give a fascinating account of the ladies, but says there were no extraordinary beauties among them. They are mostly very young and fat, and their rich dresses and ornaments were very dirty, and some portion of their garments invariably torn. Mustafa took care not to administer any medicines to them himself, although the Sultan had placed at his disposal a medicine-chest presented to him by Queen Victoria. Mustafa was very glad to get away both from Mequinez and Fez, and to return to Wazan, where he resided for a year with the Grand Sherif, who, though his amulets are believed to be such infallible cures that no medicines are sold in the city, does not apply them to himself or his sons, but was a docile patient of Mustafa, who made several expeditions with the Sherif, and had many opportunities of witnessing the frantic processions and rejoicings with which the people greeted him. Some of the details of their welcome are extremely revolting, and Mustafa was persuaded that the object of it was as much disgusted as himself.

When Rohlfs got permission to leave Wazan, and resume his journey, he went to the city of Morocco, concerning which he has nothing interesting to record. The trade of Morocco is small compared with that of Fez, and the citizens lack both skill and enterprise. The once famous leather tanneries lie in ruins, and though there are whole streets where one can buy nothing but red and yellow leather, or shoes made of the same, the finest leather is now made in Fez. Afterwards, he commenced a journey along the coast of the Atlantic; his only companion a Spanish renegade, who was servant, donkey-driver, and assistant as well; and his sole equipment an ass with two panniers containing a few provisions. On reaching Mazagan, the Spanish renegade decamped in the night with the donkey, leaving Rohlfs with nothing but the clothes he had on, and a leathern bag in which he had stowed away his small stock of money, and which he had fortunately used as a pillow. At Asil the traveller enjoyed a brief contact with European civilisation, but availed himself of it with extreme caution. He was too prudent to accept an invitation from the English or French consul; but, finding the inns full, he got a lodging with a Jew, and the English consul provided him with food, plates, a knife and fork, wine, and a table-napkin. This was a memorable event, and no wonder the traveller records with gratitude the first occasion, for two years, on which he had eaten without putting his food into his mouth directly with his fingers. A few days later, he reached Mogador, which, though the most distant port from

Europe, has a greater trade than any of the others, owing to the exertions of the government, to the rich country behind it, and to the fact that, Agadir being closed to Europeans, all articles of export produced by the districts south of Atlas, and even from a part of Soudan, come for shipment here. Tangier is, however, fast rivaling Mogador in the extent of its trade.

After Mogador came the true desert life, chance travelling with caravans, the beautiful, prosperous oases, treachery, attempted murder, and much suffering; finally, the attainment of French territory in Algiers. What Rohlfs has done is a great achievement, and of solid scientific value; but the result is an account of the least interesting of those countries around which the charm of mystery and isolation from European life still lingers.

ANTI-PATHIES.

Some antipathies are so irrational, that they look very much like a kind of monomania. Mr William Matthew, son of a governor of Barbadoes, was troubled with an unreasonable dislike of spiders, which some of his friends thought was more affected than real. One of the doubters, Mr John Murray, afterwards Duke of Athole, meeting Mr Matthew in company, and desiring to raise a laugh at his expense, left the room for a few minutes. On returning, he walked up to his victim with one hand closed. Believing the clenched fingers hid a spider, Mr Matthew became furious, drew his sword, and, but for timely interposition, would have done a mischief to himself or his tormentor. He was only quieted on being satisfied that Murray's hand was empty. A prisoner in the Bastille, who detested mice and hated spiders, had his feelings under better control. Having obtained permission to solace himself with a lute, he was horrified to find his music attracted crowds of long-legged spinners, and bright-eyed mice, who formed a circle round him as long as he continued playing. Loath to deprive himself of his amusement, but unable to enjoy it in presence of such an audience, the musician borrowed the keeper's cat, which he put in a cage, and let loose upon his uninvited visitors when they were most entranced by the strains of the lute. The cat went in for the mice, the spiders staid not for ceremonial leave-taking, and the soloist's future audiences were as select as he could wish.

Everybody knows what those who love not the concord of sweet sounds are fit for, and Pepys might well be astonished to hear Lord Lauderdale vow he had rather hear a cat mew than listen to the best music in the world; that the better the music, the more sick it made him, his especial aversions being the lute and the bagpipes. Oddly enough, Pepys, much as he loved it, found exquisite music affect him unpleasantly too, at least upon one occasion. Going to see the Virgin Martyr, he was ravished by the wind-music when the angel came down; 'indeed,' says he, 'it did wrap up my soul, so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home,

and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any music hath that command over the soul of a man as this did upon me." Music had no charms for thunder-loving La Motte de Vayer, who hated all musical sounds as thoroughly as a certain French officer hated the martial roll of the drum; this latter gentleman, who had clearly no business to be in the army, soon took his discharge by falling dead at the sound of the tattoo. The ringing of a bell sufficed to send a sensitive fair one into a fit; Boyle's philosophy was not proof against the sound of splashing water; Augustus and Caligula forgot their dignity when thunder was about; Lamartine was horrified if Delphine Gay laughed, although the lady laughed well. He was as much shocked as Byron pretended to be, if he saw a woman eat; and—oddest of all, aural antipathies—the utterance of the word "lame" sent a Spanish gentleman into a syncope, and an Englishman nearly gave up the ghost if he heard the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah read aloud!

The secretary of Francis I. used to stop up his nostrils with bread if he saw a dish of apples, to prevent an otherwise inevitable bleeding at the nose. A Polish king had an antipathy to both the smell and sight of this wholesome fruit, and a family of Aquitaine had a hereditary hatred of it. A Flemish dame was sadly troubled by an unconquerable aversion to the smell of bread. Cheest, mutton, mussels, and ambergis was here repugnant; some nasal organs, as to send their owners into convulsions. Gretry the composer could not endure the scent of the rose; neither could Anne of Austria. The mere sight of the queen of flowers was too much for Lady Heneage, bedchamber-woman to Queen Bess; indeed, Kenelm Digby records that her cheek became blistered when some one laid a white rose upon it as she slept. Her ladyship's antipathy was almost as strong as that of the dame who fainted when her lover approached her wearing an artificial rose in his button-hole. A violet was a thing of horror to the eyes of the Princess de Launalle; tansy was abominable to an Earl of Barrymore; Scalliger grew pale before the water-cress; and a soldier who would have scorned to turn his back on a foe, fled without shame from a sprig of rue.

A poor Neapolitan, was always seized with a fit upon attempting to swallow a morsel of flesh-meat of any kind, and Nature thus condemned him to vegetarianism; a sorer infliction than that suffered by Guinerius, whose heart palpitated violently if he indulged in a pork dinner; or by the lady who could not taste mutton of beef without by her lips swelling to uncomfortable dimensions. Dr Prout had a patient who declared honest mutton was as bad as poison to him. Thinking this was all fancy, the doctor administered the obnoxious meat under various disguises, but every experiment ended in a severe vomiting-fit. Another unlucky individual always had a fit of the gout a few hours after eating fish; and a Count d'Armstadt never failed to go off in a faint if he knowingly or unknowingly partook of any dish containing the slightest medicum of olive-oil. A still worse penalty attached to lobster salad in the case of a lady; for if she ventured to taste it at a dancing-party, her neck, before she returned to the ball-room, would be covered with ugly blotches, and her peace of mind destroyed for that evening.

Montaigne rather plumed himself upon his antipathy to physio and physicians, an inherited antipathy of two centuries' standing, springing out of a secret and natural family instinct. He boasted that his great-grandfather lived almost fourscore years, his grandfather sixty-nine, and his father seventy-five years, without tasting physic, the sight of a potion being loathsome to their eyes. An uncle, a valetudinarian from birth, made his crazy life hold on for sixty-seven years by steadfastly keeping the doctors at bay. He would not have shown the complaisance of the man in the play, who once in his life took a dose of physic, in compliance to a cousin who had set up as an apothecary; for, when attacked by a serious fever, and watched by the physicians his alarmed servants had summoned, that if he would not allow them to help him, he would surely die, the obstinate old fellow replied; 'I am a dead man, then!' Fortunately, he lived to laugh at their prophecy. Equally determined, if not so clever at defending her determination, was a bricklayer's wife, who died not long ago, at the age of eighty-four. Whatever ailed her, she never would have the doctor called in, believing if once she swallowed any doctor's stuff, there would be an end of her; and the old lady went out of the world in the faith that she had remained in it so long only because she had never allowed a doctor to have anything to do with her.

According to Burton, a melancholy Duke of Muscovy fell instantly ill if he but looked upon a woman, and another anchorite was seized with a cold palsy under similar provocation; while Weinricher tells of a nobleman who drew the line at old ladies, which did not prevent him losing his life in consequence of his strange prejudice; for, being called from the supper-table by some mischievous friends, to speak to an old woman, he fell down directly he beheld her, and died then and there. What an old woman did for this odd later, an eclipse did for Charles d'Essex, Bishop of Langres. It was his inconvenient custom always to faint at the commencement of a lunar eclipse, and remain insensible as long as it lasted. When he was very old and very infirm, an eclipse took place. The good bishop went off as usual, and never came to again. Old John Langley, who settled in Ireland in 1651, cherished an antipathy quite as obstinately, but had no idea of dying of it. By his last will and testament, he ordered his corpse to be waked by fifty Irishmen, for each of whom two quarts of aqua-vitæ were to be provided in the hope that, getting drunk, they would take to killing one another, and do something towards lessening the dread!

James I. never overcame his horror of cold steel. When he knighted Kenelm Digby, his hand shook so, that, had not Buckingham guided the royal blade, the new knight would have paid for the handle to his name with the loss of an eye. Peter the Great, a man of very different mettle, had at one time such a terror of water, that he could not cross a brook without being taken with strong convulsions; but, ashamed of being the slave of an unmanly weakness, he determined to conquer it, and ultimately became as fond of the water as he had been averse to it. An antipathy must be such a troublesome possession, that one ought to be enough for anybody. Exeter, however, once counted amongst its natives a young lady who not

only had a mortal aversion to all colours, save green, yellow, and white, but was thrown into a perspiration by every funeral that passed her way; and, more wonderful still, became unconscious immediately she set eyes upon a uniform. If this maiden of many antipathies was ever wooed and won, and her fancies survived marriage, her husband must have had anything but a good time of it, and probably had reason to wish she had resembled the Taunton spinster, whose demise was chronicled sixty years ago in these words: 'Lately, in Gray's Alms-houses, Taunton, aged eighty-two, Hannah Murton, a maiden lady. She vowed, several years ago, that no he-fellow should ever touch her, living or dead. In pursuance of this resolution, about ten years since, she purchased a coffin, in which, whenever she felt serious illness, she immediately deposited herself—thus securing the gratification of her peculiar sensibility.'

THE MANOR-HOUSE AT MILFORD.

CHAPTER VIII.

There an't shall please you; a foolish, mild man:
An honest man, look you, and soon dashed.

It is a bright winter's morning. Mr Rapley is up betimes, and performing his ablutions in a fresh-drawn bucket of spring-water from the well beside his door. His face is polished into a healthy glow with friction and yellow soap. He has got his best black trousers on, and is just struggling into his shirt, which is white as driven snow, with wristbands and front stiffened so that they could have stood alone. Mrs Rapley sat up till late the night before getting up that faultless shirt, but the result was worthy of her pains. Tom is off to Biscopham to-day to pay over the rate-money. Farmer Brown is going to drive him in his dog-cart, for it is market-day in the town, the market next before Christmas, and Milford is mustering in some force, meaning to go there. Saunders the carrier is drawn up in front of the *Royal Oak*, collecting his packages and passengers for a start. Two or three tax-carts have passed already, and old Payden was away an hour ago with his donkey and cart laden with geese and poultry.

Tom is come to brushing his hair by this time, with his back to the pathway, and he starts on hearing a voice exclaim: 'Buy a nice 'air-brush this morning, sir?'

'Hollo!' said Tom, turning round, and seeing a pedler standing on the footpath, with a basket slung round his shoulders by a broad leathern strap. 'What, pedler! you think I want a new one, eh! Oh, this old thing will serve my turn for a while; it don't fetch the hairs out, as a new one might, and I'm getting so as I can't spare any.'

'Buy a nice pair of vauses, then, for the good lady?'

'Hollo!' cried Tom again; 'don't I remember you. Didn't I buy a comb of you this very Christmas five years—or six, is it?'

'Praps you did; I can't remember all my customers. Well, will you give me a turn, master?'

'Not this morning, I think,' replied Tom; whereupon the man moved rapidly off without further soliciting custom. He had left only a few minutes, when the helmet of a rural policeman appeared over the garden hedge.

'Hollo, Bridger!' said Tom, 'is that you? It's a fine morning, this.'

'So it is, Mr Rapley. I thought I'd just look in to tell you that there was a man sleeping in your old barn last night.'

'Well, I'm glad the old place has been some use to a fellow-creature.'

'But he don't bear the best of characters—a pedler sort of chap he be. He ain't been out of jail long for passing bad money.'

'He must sleep somewhere, for all that,' said Tom. 'If he don't do anything worse than sleep, he won't harm.'

'I've done my duty by telling you, Mr Rapley; and I wonder you don't pull the old place down. It's a regular harbour for tramps when they come this way.'

'You must speak to Lawyer Frewen about that,' said Tom; 'it's all in his hands now. It'll all come to my son one of these days, and then we shall see the difference.'

Tom was fond of imparting this information about his son. It gave him a kind of reflected dignity to be the father of a lauded proprietor in embryo.

'Ah!' said the policeman, to whom the arrangements of Aunt Betsy's will were known in the indefinite exaggerated form they had assumed in the talk of the country-side, 'you'll have the old place opened up then, and gay doings, I expect.'

'That we shall, you may depend; but then we may none of us be alive to see it.'

'Do you think *she's* there?' said the policeman, pointing mysteriously with his thumb over his shoulder to the empty house. 'Do you think she'll be found there when it's opened—the old woman, I mean?'

'What! my Aunt Betsy? What makes you think that?'

'That's what all the people say, sir, as she is laid out on the best bed, with the string of the 'larum-bell round her hand, so as if she came to life again she could make herself heard. I often thinks, when I comes this way at night: Suppose the old gal should wake up and ring the bell, what'd I do?'

'La!' said Tom, 'is that what the people say! Why, nobody ever said so to me.'

'Tain't likely they'd talk to you about it; but that's what's the story about here, sir, with the country-folk; and they say, too, that Lawyer Frewen has a hundred a year through the old lady's will as long as she's above ground.'

'Upon my word, Bridger,' said Rapley, 'I'm sorry you've told me. I shan't sleep so well at nights now, and shall always be listening for that 'larum-bell.'

'Well, Mr Rapley,' said the policeman with an appreciative chuckle, 'I'd rather you had the job

of taking care of this old place than me. Morning, sir.'

Tom went into the house, where his wife was busy cleaning up, the young heir clinging to his mother's apron, whilst baby was amusing herself with a saucepan lid on the dresser.

'I'll not tell her anything about what they say, or she'll never let me go out of an evening. It's about time I went to get the money.'

'Tom,' said his wife, suspending her cleaning operations for a moment—'Tom, do you know that it's Christmas next week; and, Tom, don't you draw your salary to-day?'

'Why, of course I do,' said Tom. 'You don't suppose I should forget that remarkable fact, do you! I say, old girl, what are we going to have for dinner on Christmas day?'

'I'll speak to butcher about it to-day: a bit of the loin of beef, about three pounds and a half; and a batter-pudding, with currants in it.'

'What would you say to a goose, Lizzie, eh?'

Tom, rubbing his hands, 'nicely stuffed with plenty of sage and onions, and apple-sauce, sweetly browned with some rich gravy, eh; and the pudding baked underneath it?'

Tom nudged his partner rapturously, who contemplated the picture thus called up before her mind's eye with a preoccupied doubtful gaze.

'Where's the money to come from, Tom?' she said at last.

'Oh, you leave that to me,' said Tom. 'Don't I draw my salary to-day?'

'Just think, Tom, how long that money has to last!' cried Mrs. Rapley. 'We ought to have learned a lesson of self-denial by this time.'

Tom's countenance fell. But, then, roast goose was so nice; and it's a poor heart that never rejoices. Tom snatched up his spade, and hurried off.

Mrs. Rapley went to the gate, with the baby in her arms, to watch for Farmer Brown, and presently deserted him, coming down the lane in his dog-cart, a young horse in the shafts, who was shewing a good deal of action, and was already in a lather with heat and impetuosity.

'Tom will be here in a minute,' she called to the farmer, as he drew up at the gate.

'Hurry him on, Mrs. Rapley,' cried Brown, a fresh-coloured, hearty-looking farmer: 'my mare's young, and full of figgets.'

'Tom!' she cried, running up the garden-walk towards the house, 'look alive—Mr. Brown's waiting.'

Tom was kneeling in the doorway, holding on to the door-posts, looking as white as a sheet, and trembling all over. 'Gone!' he gasped. 'It's gone!'

'What's gone? O Tom, is it Bertie?'

No; Bertie was all right; he was clinging to his father's legs, trying to mount on his back; he thought this was some little pantomime gone through for his special amusement.

'The money! the money! it's gone! O Lizzie, we're ruined!'

'O Tom!' cried Lizzie. 'And I told you not to hide it away.'

Tom gasped, as if choking with horror and despair.

'Tom!' cried Lizzie, 'get up and meet it like

a man. Have you really been robbed? Send after the thief; rouse the country; fetch the police!'

'Now, then, Master Rapley,' cried Brown's voice from his dog-cart; 'look alive there, can't you?'

'O daddy!' cried the boy, 'give Bertie a ride in Missa Brown's cart.'

Tom threw the boy off roughly. 'Get away, you brat! You've robbed your father of his birthright; and now he's ruined. Oh, let me die! Lizzie, let me die!'

'Mr. Brown!' cried Lizzie, running to the gate; 'Tom's been robbed. Drive off to the police-office; please, do; and tell them to stop the thief, wherever he may be.'

'Robbed!' cried Brown—'robbed! What's he been robbed of?'

'All the rate-money! Five hundred pounds and more!'

Brown whistled in dismay. What a fool the man was to have all that money in his house! Brown was a friend, but he was also a ratepayer; and one of his first thoughts was, shall I have to pay over again? 'Let me see,' he said; 'I met Bridger coming over Gomersham Bridge; I wonder which way he went? I could overtake him, and bring him back, if I knew. Or, shall I drive in to Biscopham, and tell the superintendent there?'

'Better go to Biscopham. Oh, do make haste, Mr. Brown, please!' cried Lizzie, clasping her hands.

'But I must have some particulars,' said Brown; 'it's no use going with half a tale. Tom must give me a list of the notes and the cheques, so that we may stop 'em at the bank.'

'The money was all in gold!'

'Whew!' whistled Brown, looking glummer than ever. 'All in gold! What a fool! And where did he put it?'

'Tom, where did you put the money?' screamed his wife. He hadn't even told her where he had hidden it.

'I hid it under the bricks,' cried Tom.

'What folly!' cried the farmer. 'But look here, Rapley; you jump in, and come with me to Biscopham. I'd rather you told the story than me.'

Brown had a lurking feeling that it might be better for the interests of the parish that Mr. Rapley should himself be under the supervision of the police.

Tom certainly looked as if he might have been guilty of any crime, he was so haggard and downcast. All his strength and spirit had deserted him. It was a wild improbable tale he had to tell, and he felt that he wouldn't have believed it himself of any other man.

He drove away in Brown's dog-cart, his shoulders rounded, and his chin resting on his chest.

Ill news flies apace, and in some manner—it would be difficult to say how—the whole village simultaneously came to know that Tom Rapley had lost his rate-money. The rumour overtook Bridger the policeman in his rounds, and he forthwith returned in haste to Milford's. He questioned Mr. Rapley narrowly about the matter; but her knowledge of the circumstances was vague and confused. Tom had been robbed, but she couldn't say how, and the money was all in gold.

'Did you see the pedler that he was talking to

this morning, ma'am, that slept in the old barn last night? He was no very good character either.' Lizzie hadn't seen him. There was a gleam of hope here. It was possible this man was the robber, and might be traced and stopped before he could get rid of the money.

'I'll be after him, ma'am!' cried the policeman: 'depend upon it, he's the thief, ma'am; unless,' he added in a low voice, 'it happens to be Tom Rapley himself.'

Hardly had Bridger gone, when Aunt Booth came down, a shawl hastily thrown over her head. 'Is it true?' she cried—'is it true what I hear? Oh, he's ruined us all!'

'What do you mean, aunt? What harm has he done to you?'

'Why! ain't I security for him—Mr Frewen and I—for five hundred pounds; the silly, unlucky fool! O Liz, why did you or I ever set eyes on his monkey face! If he isn't a rogue too!'

'Get out of my house!' cried Lizzie, all ablaze with anger; and then there was a quarrel between the two women, by way of mending matters. No one can say what would have been the issue of it, if Sailor hadn't come up just then, and separated the aunt and niece. He carried off Mrs Booth to her own home, and then came back to comfort Mrs Rapley.

'Why, look here, ma'am,' he said; 'it stands to reason as there can't be any occasion to take on. Either your master's a honest man—and if he be, none of them can't touch him—or else he's collared the money, and there'll be the five hundred pounds to fall back upon!'

At that, Sailor himself was driven from the house, and the door bolted and locked, whilst Mrs Rapley abandoned herself to bitter, unavailing grief.

CHAPTER IX.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed.

Frewen wildly raged when he heard of Tom Rapley's misfortune, and his own involvement as surety, denounced his folly in doing a good turn for any one, and would not hear of any suggestion that, after all, it was possible Tom had been really robbed. He caused Tom to be brought before him in his private office, and spoke to him in a terrible voice. He would listen to no excuse or explanation. 'Find that money, sir, by four o'clock to-day, or to prison you go.'

And the lawyer was not indulging in a vain threat. There was a meeting of magistrates that day at Biscopham. Mr Frewen, who attended there in his capacity of clerk to the bench, mentioned to them the apprehended defalcation at Milford. At his request, they signed a warrant of commitment, to be executed if the money were not paid over before the bank closed. With knowledge of this in their minds, the police were not likely to exert themselves strenuously to find out the alleged robber of Tom Rapley's gold. The superintendent, indeed, took down from his lips a statement of the circumstances under which he lost the money. But when Tom came to describe the place where he had hidden the gold, he hesitated, and gave a very vague account of it. For it occurred to him all of a moment: 'If this money is really gone, and I go to prison, it will be a bit of comfort to know that

Lizzie has a roof over her head, and ten shillings a week to keep her from starvation.' Now, if he disclosed the fact, that he had been roaming about in the empty house, and that they had broken an entrance into it, Frewen would assuredly turn them all out without the shortest respite. The practised ear of the police-officer detected the doubt and equivocation in Tom's narrative.

'Just so,' he said, looking fixedly at Tom when he had finished his story. 'I have no doubt we shall have the man who took the money in custody before dark. I think we know him.'

'And will you get the money back?' cried Tom, plucking up a little heart for the moment at this cheering news.

'I should think you know best about that.'

Something in the man's manner told Tom what he really meant—that they would have Tom himself in custody ere night. He had been experiencing that hard incredulous manner all the morning, and had accustomed himself to look for suspicion, till at last he almost imagined that he must really be the rogue that everybody persisted in believing him. There was only one person in the whole of Biscopham to whom he could go with any hope of having his story credited, or gaining any sympathy, and that was Emily Collop.

To Collop's shop he went, and into the little low-pitched room over the shop, redolent of corlureys and fustians. Emily hadn't heard the story as yet. Tom told her the whole, and she listened with knitted brows. 'Is there anybody whom you can suspect?' she said.

'Then you believe me?' cried Tom. 'You don't think, as other people do, that I've taken the money myself?'

'Of course, I believe you, Tom. Do you mean to say that anybody suspects you?'

'Everybody does.'

'Then you must shew everybody he is a slanderer. Who can have taken the money?'

'There was a pedler who slept in the old barn last night, and—yes, there is possibly Skim, who doesn't bear a very good character.'

'Skim, yes; I know him,' cried Emily; 'he often comes to see father. But it couldn't be Skim. Why, he was with father last night.'

All on a sudden the thought struck her of her father's lengthened absence the night before, and of his coming home with gold, too, that she had still about her person. She felt all over her a cold shudder. Where did her father go with Skim?

'Could you identify any of that money, Tom?'

'No; how could I? Sovereigns are sovereigns, as like one another as peas.'

'And what will happen to you, Tom, if you don't get the money back?'

'I shall go to prison. Frewen has got a warrant against me already.'

'Oh! that's dreadful,' said Emily, shuddering. 'To go to prison like a criminal because you've the misfortune to lose some money! Wait! I hear father; he's just come in. I'll call him.'

Collop came in, looking pale and distraught. 'Do you know what's happened to Tom?' cried his daughter.

'I've heard something about it,' said Collop, shaking his head.—'Oh! Thomas, what would your aunt Betsy have said if she'd seen you in such a predicament?'

'Tell father how it happened,' said Emily.

Tom began the story once more. When he came to speak about hiding the money in the kitchen of the deserted house—for he thought he was safe in being candid with Collop and his daughter—the worthy draper trembled all over, drops of perspiration started from his forehead, and concealed the working of the lower part of his face with his hand. Emily watched them both narrowly, casting quick searching glances at each alternately. But when Tom went on to speak about the pedler who had lodged in the barn the night before, Collop snatched eagerly at the idea of trying to capture him.

'I'll tell you what, Tom,' he said, 'I'll help you. I'll offer a reward of five-and-twenty pounds to anybody giving such information as will lead to the capture and conviction of this man. I'll go with you myself to the police-office.'

When they reached the police-office, and saw the superintendent, Collop found that it would be quite illegal to offer a reward for the capture 'and conviction' of any specified individual. It could only be offered in a general way—for information, that is, leading to the conviction of 'the real offenders.' Collop cooled down very much at this, and said that he couldn't be a party to bringing people who might be innocent under suspicion. 'I don't think it would pay you, sir, to do it,' said the superintendent knowingly.

In the interval, time was drawing on, and Tom was doing nothing to avoid the imprisonment that awaited him. 'What would you advise me to do?' he asked Collop. 'I suppose you couldn't lend me a part of it? Perhaps they'd be satisfied with a part. It's the thought of losing so much money that makes Frewen so bitter against me.' Tom looked eagerly at Collop, who pursed up his lips, and shook his head.

'I'll tell you what,' whispered Collop in his ear, as they left the police-station and walked slowly towards Collop's shop: 'if I were you, I'd cut and run. I davesay you're innocent, but it looks ugly; and, upon my word, Tom, I'd run for it.'

Tom looked at Collop in wonder. That such a suggestion should come from the immaculate Collop, struck him with a lively wonder.

'Get away, Tom,' went on Collop. 'Go to London, and get a situation in another name. I'll—yes, I'll give you a reference, Tom. Send for your wife afterwards. Walk quietly out towards Baldestoke; you can go through my back-yard, and strike into the field-path. There's a train you'll catch at five o'clock, and you'll be in London before they've got scent of your being away.'

'I've got no money,' muttered Tom ruefully. Assuredly the thought of London, and employment, and escape from the imprisonment that threatened him, came temptingly upon him. Innocence would be no good to him if he were in prison—his occupation gone, his wife and children starving. They were in a worse plight now than ever, for he had ruined Aunt Booth, who was the only real friend they had. Now, if he got a situation in London, it was a hundred to one if they found him out, and he would be able to keep his own family from the workhouse. And yet to run—to own himself a criminal!—to see Tom Rapley wiped out of the book of life, even if destined to

reappear under some other designation—no, he couldn't do it, especially as he had no money.

'I'll lend you some,' said Collop, replying to Tom's thoughts rather than his words—'a sovereign. Sleep in London to-night, Tom; it's safer.'

Tom looked at Collop in amazement. Was this the severe moralist! this the man whom he had regarded as in some uncomfortable way much better than the common run of his fellow-creatures! Was it his advice that coincided so completely with those secret promptings Tom had struggled against as the offspring of his own weakness and cowardice!

Collop didn't trust himself to say anything more to Tom, who started on his homeward walk. As soon as he had gone, he retired into his cave. He passed close by Emily, who was standing in the shop beside a pile of goods, but he did not notice her, and let himself into the little dark counting-house. There sat Skim in the master's chair, quite transformed, in a black velvet shooting-jacket, with a bright crimson silk handkerchief knotted round his neck, and waistcoat of scarlet plush, with yellow glass buttons, new white corduroy trousers, and Wellington boots.

Collop looked grimly at Skim, as if he would like to kick him out of the place. 'Skim,' he said, 'we made a great blunder last night. It was wrong of us. That money we got out of the old house isn't ours—we've no right to it. I've found out to-day to whom it belonged. It was Tom Rapley's money, that he'd collected for the rates. We must give it back to him, or he'll be sent to prison. I was willing enough to join with you, Skim, as long as I thought we were only finding money that had been hidden long ago and didn't rightly belong to anybody; but this is robbery, downright robbery; and you might be transported for it, Skim. Do you hear!—give back the money.'

Skim scorned the proposal, and suggested a further encroachment. 'There's more behind, I tell you. We didn't go deep enough. Do you think the old woman would have written falsehoods upon her dying bed? We must go there again to-night. There's thousands there, if we're only bold enough to get it.'

Collop's eye glistened at the thought. He forgot all about Tom's misfortunes; he could only dwell upon the golden treasure that might reward their exertions. After a long conference, the two accomplices separated, having given each other a rendezvous for the night.

Meantime, Tom Rapley was making his way homewards, full of trouble and despair, filled with a sort of blind desire to get back to his own house, to pour out his sorrows into the sympathising bosom of his wife. He avoided the high-road, and made his way by sundry field and bridle paths, till he reached the neighbourhood of Milford's. He had just cleared a young fir plantation, and come out on the brow of a hill that overlooked the valley of Milford's. The river sparkled beneath him under the rays of the wintry sun; the hills were veiled in a soft, sweet vapour; the gray church tower, the white cottages, the red roof of the manor-house, stood out from a network of leafless trees; a thin canopy of pale blue smoke hovered over the village, throwing out a ribbon of almost impalpable haze that followed the winding course of the stream. Sounds were strangely

distinct and clear in the rarefied air. The clink of the blacksmith's hammer, the sound of wheels grating lazily along in a far-off lane, the call of the ploughman to his horses, the rattle of the yoke-chains as they struggled across the broad fallow on the hillside, the impatient bark of a dog in the village, the challenge of chanticleer, and the soft caw of the rooks from that distant turnip-field, fell upon the ear with subdued plaintive resonance. The scene was familiar to Tom, and dear to him; dear, as the scenes of boyhood and youthful scrapes and gambols, and early dreams, and soft, youthful loves. He had thought little of it of late years; absorbed in the carking cares of poverty, he had possessed no eyes for the sweet scenes around him; they had seemed weary and barren to him; but now that he was about to lose all this, to pine within the bare walls of a prison, he began to feel how great a loss he had incurred, and to wonder and regret that he had enjoyed life so little; that groping about among the petty mole-hills of poverty and discontent, he had lost sight of all the fair country that lay behind, free to all who can pluck heart of grace to enjoy it. It was all over now. There was nothing left for him but the thought of what might have been.

Everything seemed so still and tranquil—there was such an atmosphere of content and repose, that Tom found it difficult to realise that this great trouble had really come upon him; that yonder sweet-looking village held for him a budget of unnumbered troubles. But there was one thing that brought him to a lively sense of his present position. On the bridge, where years ago the butcher had carried him in his cart across the flood, stood a policeman, and Tom felt in his heart that the man was looking out for him.

He was cut off from home. Tired, hungry, without a penny in his pocket, he had the option of staying here in this damp plantation, or of giving himself up to the law. He felt so utterly helpless and forsaken, that he had made up his mind to do the latter, and bring the matter to an end, when he heard a footstep approaching, and the cheerful note of a song sung by a thin, cracked voice.

'Tom Rapley, alow!' sung out the voice joyously. I was looking out for you. But don't you come any further. Back you into that 'ere plantation.'

Tom went back into the fir-wood again, where Sailor joined him; and then they left the path, and plunged into the wood, till they came to a warm secluded hollow, fragrant with the scent of the turpentine of the firs, and carpeted with the dried spikes that had fallen from their branches. Here they sat down, and Sailor produced a satchel from under his coat, which proved to contain a bottle of ale and a meat pasty. 'That was her idea,' said Sailor, pointing a thumb in the direction of Milford's. 'When we found that the bobbies were busting about,' says she: 'Sailor, just you run off, and keep Tom out of danger; he'll come over the hill past Brooke's clump,' says she; and then she picks up this here bit of food, in case as you mightn't have had your dinner. No, no, Master Tom; that's all for you. I had a drop afore I started.'

After Tom had eaten and drunk, he felt his courage revive, his mind more capable of facing the troubles before him. Sailor, who had complacently watched the gradual disappearance of the viands, now took his seat on the ground beside Tom. They both lit their pipes, and pro-

ceeded to discuss the situation seriously. Lizzie thought, so Sailor reported, that Tom ought to keep out of the way. There was always the chance that the money might be recovered, and nobody in his senses would submit to be put in prison if he could keep out of it. People said, too, in the village—for a great revulsion of feeling had taken place in favour of Tom, when it was discovered that only his sareties would suffer, and not the parish in general—people said, that perhaps Frewen had gone too far, and might be made to smart for it by-and-by. Frewen had driven over from Dis-copham in a furious temper, accompanied by two or three policemen. Tom's house had been searched, but nothing discovered. They didn't even detect the opening into the deserted house. Mrs Rapley had hung up her gowis so as to conceal the door, and had stood before it all the time the police were there, haranguing them with great vehemence. 'It were beautiful to hear her,' said Sailor, who had been an eye-witness of the scene, and described it with great gusto. 'It were sweet to hear her; she 'bused 'em delightful, sir. There was hardly a name bud enough for 'em, sir; she give 'em their deserts, Master Tom. And the boys hooted old Frewen as he drove through the village.'

They were still, however, on the look-out for Tom. It wouldn't be safe to go home till dark, and not even then by the bridge; but there was a punt down at the mill, and Sailor promised to have this ready opposite Milford's, and ferry Tom over. He would land close to the bottom of the garden, and could make his way in the shadow of the tall hedge to the very door of his home; and when he was once there, he could be hidden in the deserted house. There was no chance of the police searching that place, for Frewen had expressly forbidden them, when they proposed to do it, after the domiciliary visit they had paid to the house at the back. 'He were quite mad with them, Master Tom,' said Sailor, 'when they wanted to do it. He wouldn't have the place broken open on no account, and there was no other way of getting in—not that they knew of,' added Sailor, with a wink. 'It seemed as if he'd got some prime reason why they shouldn't get in there. Do you think he had, Master Tom?'

Tom said he didn't know, but he felt a creepy-crawley sensation down the small of his back when he thought of a lengthened sojourn in that weird deserted house. However, it was better than a prison at all events, and Tom gladly acquiesced in the arrangements that had been made. Sailor left presently, advising Tom to keep in the wood till dusk, and promising to have the punt ready as soon as it was fairly dark.

The night turned out fine, and dark as pitch. Everything went well. Tom was ferried over the river, crept in the shadow of the shrubs to his own door, and was received with open arms by his wife. Sailor came in immediately after. The doors were made fast, a curtain pinned securely across the window, the candle lighted, and Lizzie began to prepare supper. Tom was wondering a little what there would be for supper, for there had been nothing in the larder when he left, and he was as much surprised as delighted when the frying-pan began to fizzle on the fire, and a savoury vapour to fill the air with appetising fragrance.

'We'll have a merry Christmas in spite of everything,' said Sailor, 'just as I recollect as happened as we was roun'ing Cape Horn, and'—

'Hush!' cried Mrs Tom, holding up her hand—a footstep.

They all kept breathless silence, and listened intently, as somebody advanced along the pathway with measured tread.

A WORD ABOUT WEATHER.

THUNDER is one science which is within the grasp of every mind, and which, to be successfully cultivated, requires no preparation, and furnishes an admirable resource for those who have a taste for the observation of natural phenomena. It is what we may call the science of rain and fine weather, but which now receives the higher title of meteorology. The barometer, the thermometer, and the vane, are the simple instruments it employs; its field of observation is the terrestrial atmosphere, the regular movements and perturbations of which it analyses.

This practical part of the science is not to be despised; for though the explanations are often untrue, the facts which form the basis are generally certain. The red moon, for instance, does not merit all the blame that is laid upon it, but the period of the year when it appears is very dangerous for young shoots, too often frosted by the cold night. It is especially in mountainous countries, where the weather is uncertain, and changes with great rapidity, that this local knowledge of climates is most to be appreciated. In the Alps, travellers may trust almost blindly to those excellent guides whose prudence is admirable; if a storm imprisons you in some lonely chisel, the guide goes from time to time to sniff the air at the door, to look at the different quarters of the horizon, and when he gives the signal for departure, you may set off without fear. The way in which the fog climbs the side of the mountain, the height which it reaches, the point where it accumulates, give him valuable indications. The sailors possess a similar science; they know the threatening signs of a storm, the menacing aspect of the sky, the clouds accumulated in dark heavy masses, the colour of the waves, the particular form of foam-like crests which float over the blue water, the indented appearance of the horizon indicating an angry and agitated sea.

Meteorology is not yet a settled science; its efforts have in no one point been crowned with complete success. Its immediate object is the knowledge of the weather, but we speak of this without analysing the complex elements which enter into that simple term. Well or ill, we all feel, more or less, the atmospheric changes around us, as the air is charged with heat and cold, humidity or dryness, and the electric current; these act on our health, our temper, and the development of animal and vegetable life. The change of a fraction of a degree in the mean temperature, would be a decree of death to thousands of animated beings, and the invalid is obliged to go from climate to climate, in search of one which can mitigate his sufferings.

Besides consulting the barometer, we need to know the direction of the wind and the general state of the sky. These elements are most important in appreciating the changes that are

coming. A wise observer will not flatter himself that he can predict cold summers, warm winters, or any remarkable perturbations; that would be to speculate too largely on the credulity of the public. It is only for a short time beforehand that this can be done, and when, by long observation, a perfect knowledge of the climate has been acquired. By watching whence the wind blows, it is possible, with much confidence, to announce what will be the next variation, and deduce from it the change likely to ensue in the weather. This is as much as to say that the law of the wind is not arbitrary, but submissive to a general law.

There is a curious fact connected with the direction of the wind, which is not generally known. A wind blowing from the east may in reality be a west wind drawn out of its course. Let us explain. The researches of the clever German, Herr Dove, have laid down a law of the rotation of winds. The air participates in the rotatory movement of the earth round its axis; nothing at the pole, this movement attains more and more rapidly as it reaches the equator. When, from any particular cause, a mass of air is driven towards the equator, it arrives at a region where the rapidity of the earth's motion is greater than its own: the result is, that this polar current advances more slowly to the east than those parts of the earth which are beneath it, and it appears to an observer on the earth to move from east to west. Thus, it will be understood that all winds coming from the north pole are, in consequence of our planet's motion, deviated from the direct line towards the west, and are gradually changed to east winds. If the current be equatorial, and moves upwards to the north, as it penetrates into latitudes where the movement of the earth lessens, its preserving its first rapidity, veers more quickly towards the east than the parts of the land over which it blows, thus making the wind appear westerly.

All aerial currents originate in a difference of temperature in various parts of the atmosphere. Take an island, for example: the surface of the earth is more quickly heated than the water; the air above the former growing lighter and lighter, will rise higher, and be replaced by that of the surrounding sea, which is what is commonly called the sea-breeze. At night, the inverse phenomena takes place—the island cools more quickly than the sea, and the land-breeze sets in. This may be taken on a larger scale in the great terrestrial masses of the Asiatic continent, and the Indian Ocean, which surrounds it; the sea and land breezes then become what sailors call the monsoons, winds which blow during one part of the year from the burning lands of the interior, and in an opposite direction during the other. Then take the whole world, and it may be understood why the planet being always heated under the tropics, and frozen at the poles, two fundamental and permanent currents are established, blowing in opposite directions. About the equator these are distinctly separated, lying superimposed without mingling; the lower forming the trade-winds, which are so constant and favourable to navigation. In our zone, the hot and cold winds are in continual conflict, and it is owing to this perpetual opposition that the extreme variability of our climate is partly due.

This successive predominance of the winds determines the most general peculiarities of our climates.

The north and north-west winds come from the pole, the air is cold, and consequently heavy, the barometer rises; the air it meets is charged with heat and damp, the north wind grows warmer, and takes possession of the watery vapour, carrying away and dissolving the clouds. In winter, this wind brings a clear cold season; in summer, it also clears the sky, and moderates the heat. In winter, the polar wind has a westerly tendency; in summer, more easterly; and in our part of Europe, the latter reaches us in a dry state, having swept the vast regions of the north of Asia, the Ural Mountains, and Russia.

The equatorial current reaches our latitudes from the south-west; it has passed over the liquid plain of the Atlantic Ocean, and is charged with an immense quantity of vapour. The warmth and damp make the barometer fall; penetrating into a cold country, the vapour is condensed—in winter, causing rain or snow; in summer, rain; and the weather becomes mild, because the many layers of cloud intercept the sun's rays like a screen. If the south-west wind continues to blow, the air recovers its usual temperature, the clouds disperse, the sky is clear, and soon the overpowering heats begin which prepare the storms. It is to the equatorial current that Ireland owes the beautiful vegetation which has caused it to be named 'Green Erin.' The predominance of these winds will also explain why ships can come more rapidly from the United States to England, than the opposite way.

The tempests which arise in the temperate zones are much less important and irregular than those which find their cradle in the tropics. They are apparently owing to the meeting of the polar and equatorial currents, which, instead of crossing or lying in parallel strata above each other, meet directly in front. When one of these masses refuses a passage to the other, it produces a great accumulation of air, and the barometer rises very rapidly. Sadly deceived will he be who, trusting to the barometrical scale, should prophesy a fine season; a frightful storm will soon shew the fallacy of his predictions.

Another remarkable law as regards winds has to be kept in mind. Often in the case of storms, the wind, or it may be hurricane, sweeps round in a circle. It may not appear to do so, because the circle is perhaps very broad. The current, however, is a kind of whirlwind. Thus the wind reported as driving from west to east at the British Channel, may be the same wind which is said to be blowing in a contrary direction in a northern latitude. Hence the great value of meteorological stations, from which notices may be sent as warnings to the navigator.

By the teachings which it affords, meteorology furnishes immense assistance to the marine service; every year, the number of shipwrecks ought to diminish as the laws of nature in her wildest fury are better known, and since the electric telegraph places so many countries in communication. Indeed, that part of the new science is without contradiction the most useful and essential branch, and seamen of all nations now rival each other in adding fresh material to that which Maury first drew up. Terrestrial meteorology is also subject to the same general laws as the seas; but whilst the surface of the ocean offers no obstacle to the winds, the earth, on the contrary, by the variable height of the ground, the particular nature of some

districts, by topographical accidents, and by the ranges of mountains, complicates the phenomena.

The observation of the great physical phenomena of nature is not only useful, but a fruitful source of pleasure, and a perpetual subject of interest; it enlarges the narrow circle into which our passions are too liable to confine us, and shews us the consolation to be found in the contemplation of an infinite world. The murmurs of the forest, the confused accents of a superhuman language, the shore where the waves are for ever rising and falling, the night with its numberless worlds shining upon us, give us the highest kind of sensations; they act on that hidden sense lost in the depths of our being, on the native poetry which sleeps in every animated being. The study of the world consoles and strengthens, provided we seek the divine element in it; the storms of the sky are less dangerous than those of the soul, and it is sometimes wiser to contemplate the capricious forms of clouds, than the variations of men.

ONLY Y?

ONLY a withered violet?

Ah! there's more than the world knows there!

In the eventide she gave it

As I gazed on her face so fair,

When her glad blue eyes were gleaming

With a love that was all for me;

While one little star looked down from afar,

As we kissed 'neath the hawthorn tree!

Only a crumpled letter?

I've had it for twenty years,

And each glowing word is hallowed

By Memory's sacred tears.

And I've lived in the life she gave me,

When first, in each burning line,

She laid at my feet, with a grace so sweet,

A love that was half divine.

Only a golden ringlet?

To the world it is nothing more!

But my soul it clasps in its glory

To the light of the days of yore:

And I thrill to its silken softness

In the depth of my lonely night,

When I think of the grace of a fair young face,

Where lingered its golden light!

Only a life-long vision?

Only a dream of peace?

Well, well, 'twill be something better

When sorrow and pain shall cease;

So, I'll cherish these gifts she has left me,

And I'll render them up to her then:

My dream shall be fled, and my grief shall be dead,

When her blue eyes gaze on me again!

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WILLIAM AND DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

In speaking of Wordsworth as an eminent English poet, it is usually forgotten that, but for the circumstance of his having had a loving sister, who was for many years his friend and counsellor, he would not probably have written some of his finest pieces. Dorothy Wordsworth was about as poetical as her brother, but aspired only to advise and almost worship him. Talking and making rambling excursions together, looking at hills, valleys, rivers, trees, flowers, and other pleasing natural objects, the two, forming a sort of partnership in the realms of fancy, struck out original ideas—Dorothy very often taking the lead in seizing on subjects for composition. In the ordinary Lives of Wordsworth, we hear little of Dorothy, and it is only now that justice has been done by the publication of her *Recollections of a Tour in Scotland*, in 1803, issued under the effective editorship of Professor Shairp, LL.D. of St Andrews. From this, and other sources, we will try in a brief and familiar way to tell the story of the brother and sister. Their mutual help and friendly regard form an agreeable incident in literature, perhaps only equalled by the similar affection which prevailed between Charles Lamb and his sister.

The Wordsworths belonged to a middle-class family in Cumberland. The father was a country attorney and land-agent to the first Lord Lonsdale. He had five children, of whom William, born at Cockermouth in 1770, was the second. Dorothy was a year younger. Unhappily the children lost their mother in 1778, while they were all young, and a still greater misfortune overtook them in the death of their father in 1780. Being left in rather poor circumstances, but with some contested claims against Lord Lonsdale, they were thrown on the bounty of friends and relatives. William received the elements of his education at a school in the vale of Bathwaite, amidst the Cumberland hills, and hence, probably, his life-long attachment to the 'lake country.' Afterwards, he for four years attended St John's College, Cambridge. Separated from Dorothy by family disasters and by his course

of study, he had not the pleasure of her society until 1788, when, returning to old haunts, he pried with her into Yorkshire dales, and from the heights of Cumberland looked northward on the dim mountain-regions of Scotland. In 1790, he made a pedestrian tour through France, then in the early fervours of its great Revolution. His sympathy was first with the principles of the revolutionists, but he was shocked with their proceedings, and in after-life, as was the case with many others, embraced views of a very opposite character.

Returning to England, he had to think of following some profession. His friends wished him to take holy orders, but this step he disliked. He equally objected to the law, and writing for the newspaper press appeared the only eligible pursuit. While pondering on this hazardous experiment, he visited his sister, and in her calming society travelled on foot from Grasmere to Keswick. A fortunate windfall turned the current of his thoughts, as well as future life. A young friend, Raisley Calvert, whom he helped to nurse in illness, died, leaving Wordsworth a legacy of nine hundred pounds. Of this sum part was laid out in an annuity, and part reserved for immediate wants, exclusive of one hundred pounds as a legacy to Dorothy. With this provision, and some small aid from literature, the brother and sister contrived to live for seven or eight years. 'Thus, at this juncture of the poet's fate,' as Dr Shairp observes, 'when to onlookers he must have seemed, both outwardly and inwardly, well nigh bankrupt, Raisley Calvert's bequest came to supply his material needs, and to his inward needs his sister became the best earthly minister. The high hopes awakened in him by the French Revolution had been dashed, and his spirit, darkened and depressed, was on the verge of despair. He might have become such a man as he has pictured in the character of "The Solitary." But a good Providence brought his sister to his side and saved him. She discerned his real need, and divined the remedy. By her cheerful society, fine tact, and vivid love of nature, she turned him, depressed and bewildered alike from the abstract

speculations and the contemporary politics in which he had got immersed, and directed his thoughts towards the truth of poetry, and the face of nature, and the healing that for him lay in these? It was by such social converse, as well as wanderings together, that, as the poet says, he was indebted:

To those sweet counsels between head and heart
Whence genuine knowledge grew.

No wonder that he acknowledges Dorothy's services in the lines:

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy.

The brother and sister first settled in a retired home in Dorsetshire in 1795, and there Wordsworth wrote several poems which he subsequently incorporated in *The Excursion*. Two years later they removed to Alfoxden in Somersetshire, to be near that wayward poetic being, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who had established himself some three miles off at Nether-Stowey. Out of the intimacy thus begun, came the famous *Lyrical Ballads*, as a joint adventure of the two poets. The first piece in the volume was Coleridge's 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner,' now the best known and most appreciated of his works. After some continental rambles, Wordsworth, in 1800, removed with his household to Grasmere, and here he resided with his sister for eight years. Their prospects were considerably brightened by the death of old Lord Lonsdale, and the settlement of the family claim by his successor. The sum paid was about eight thousand pounds, of which Wordsworth and Dorothy received their share. The money must have been very acceptable, for by this time Raisley Calvert's legacy was pretty nigh expended, and as yet no great sum had been produced by literary labour. The mode of living of the brother and sister remained on a plain, frugal scale. They often took little excursions, in which subjects for poetic effusions cast up under Dorothy's acute observation; and when the poems were written, she transcribed them for the press. An important event occurred in 1802. Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson, a friend of his sister, and whose beauty is sung in the lines: 'She was a phantom of delight! The introduction of Mary did not greatly alter domestic arrangements. The young wife shared in the household duties with Dorothy, each in other respects keeping her proper place. The family was a happy trio, and it continued so. There was, however, no large establishment to manage. The house was a cottage of limited dimensions. The small sitting-room, wainscoted, had a single window with diamond-shaped panes. Above, there was a little drawing-room with a 'half-kitchen and half-parlour fire,' not fully seven feet six inches high in the ceiling. In a small recess, there was a library of perhaps three hundred volumes, which constituted the poet's study and composing-room. Outside, there were roses and

honeysuckles on the walls—the whole indicating a simple rustic establishment. The habits of the family corresponded to this modest *ménage*—an early dinner, and tea about six o'clock. No pretentious style was kept up. A visitor has said: 'Contrasting the dignity of the man with this honourable poverty, and this courageous avowal of it, his utter absence of all effort to disguise the simple truth of the case, I felt my admiration increased.'

As an adviser-general, and with an irrepressible love of natural scenery, Dorothy still went off in excursions with her brother. The longest and most interesting of these was the journey into Scotland in the autumn of 1803, on which occasion Mrs Wordsworth was detained at home by the duty of nursing her first child. Coleridge, who had spent some time in Germany, immersed in metaphysical studies, made his appearance in time to participate in the Scotch tour, which, as will be immediately seen, was carried out in a somewhat primitive but independent scale. At that time there were, of course, no railways, and even few stage-coaches to rely on. A horse and car were hired for the journey—the horse not good for much; it jibbed at awkward parts of the road, and was otherwise troublesome. Little attention was paid to dress. Wordsworth was in a dingy russet suit, with a broad flapping straw hat to protect his weak eyes; Dorothy in a little jacket and cloak. Of Coleridge's exterior we do not hear any particulars. The party set out by way of Carlisle, and entered Scotland by crossing the small river Sark, near Gretna. Dorothy is the narrator of all that was seen. She writes simply, and in the form of a diary. We can only give a few extracts. Speaking of Dunfries, she says: 'Went to the churchyard where Burns is buried. A bookseller accompanied us. He shewed us the outside of Burns's house, where he lived the last three years of his life, and where he died. It has a mean appearance, and is in a bye situation; white-washed, dirty about the doors, as almost all Scotch houses are; flowering plants in the windows. Went on to visit his grave. He lies at a corner of the churchyard, and his second son, Francis Wallace, beside him. There is no stone to mark the spot, but a hundred guineas have been collected to be expended on some sort of monument. "There," said the bookseller, pointing to a pompous monument, "there lies Mr Such-a-one"—I have forgotten his name—"a remarkably clever man; he was an attorney, and hardly ever lost a cause he undertook. Burns made many a lampoon upon him, and there they rest, as you see." We looked at the grave with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own verses:

Is there a man whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself life's mad career?

Wild as the wave?

Here let him pause, and through a tear
Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow

And softer flame;

But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name.

When our guide had left us we turned again to Burns's house. Mrs Burns was gone to spend some time by the sea-shore with her children. We spoke to the servant-maid at the door, who invited us forward, and we sat down in the parlour. The walls were coloured with a blue wash; on one side of the fire was a mahogany desk, opposite to the window a clock, and over the desk a print from the *Cottar's Saturday Night*, which Burns mentions in one of his letters having received as a present. The house was cleanly and neat in the inside, the stairs of stone, scoured white, the kitchen on the right side of the passage, the parlour on the left. In the room above the parlour the poet died, and his son after him in the same room. The servant told us she had lived five years with Mrs Burns, who was now in great sorrow for the death of "Wallace."

From Dumfries the party jogged on their way up Nithsdale. The remarks made by Dorothy here and elsewhere in the journey, regarding the open heaths, the want of plantations, and the shabbiness of the accommodation at the roadside inns, all offer a striking evidence of the still backward state of the country, to which the present state of advancement offers a prodigious contrast. Unless to persons who remember what Scotland was seventy years ago, the two things appear irreconcilable. Leaving the banks of the Nith, and getting on towards the higher region of Leadhills, Dorothy graphically pictures the scenery.

'The hills were pastoral, but we did not see many sheep; green smooth turf on the left, no ferns. On the right the heath-plant grew in abundance, of the most exquisite colour; it covered a whole hill-side, or it was in streams and patches. We travelled along the vale without appearing to ascend for some miles; all the reaches were beautiful, in exquisite proportion, the hill seeming very high from being so near to us. It might have seemed a valley which nature had kept to herself for pensive thoughts and tender feelings, but that we were reminded at every turning of the road of something beyond, by the coal-carts which were travelling towards us. Though these carts broke in upon the tranquillity of the glen, they added much to the picturesque effect of the different views, which indeed, wanted nothing, though perfectly bare, houseless, and treeless. Just as we began to climb the hill we saw three boys who came down the cleft of a brow on our left; one carried a fishing-rod, and the hats of all were braided with honeysuckles; they ran after one another as wanton as the wind. I cannot express what a character of beauty those few honeysuckles in the hats of the three boys gave to the place; what bower could they have come from? We walked up the hill, met two well-dressed travellers, the woman barefoot. Our little lads, before they had gone far, were joined by some half-dozen of their companions, all without shoes and stockings. They told us they lived at Wanlockhead, the village above, pointing to the top of the hill; they went to school and learned Latin, Virgil, and some of them Greek, Homer; but when Coleridge began to inquire further, of they ran, poor things! I suppose afraid of being examined.'

In the descriptions offered, Coleridge does not cut an interesting figure. He was often drowsy, and did not seem to care about hills, waterfalls, or other imposing objects. He would have been

more at his ease sitting by the fireside, discussing philosophical theories. At all times in the journey he seems out of place, an encumbrance. By way of Lanark, to see Cora Lin, the party got to Hamilton, where, by some stupid arrangements, they were not allowed to see the inside of the palace of the duke, with its wonderfully fine picture by Rubens, 'Daniel in the Lions' Den.' They then got on to Glasgow, where they were accommodated at a quiet and tolerably cheap inn—Dorothy glad to get some sort of refuge from the noisy carts and disagreeable objects near the highway. Glasgow had already begun to shew indications of commercial prosperity. 'One thing must strike every stranger in his first walk through Glasgow—an appearance of business and bustle, but no coaches or gentlemen's carriages; during all the time we walked the streets, I only saw three carriages, and they were travelling chaises. I also could not but observe a want of cleanliness in the appearance of the lower orders of the people, and a dullness in the dress and outside of the whole mass, as they moved along. We returned to the inn before it was dark. I had a bad headache, and was tired, and we all went to bed soon.'

Pursuing the valley of the Clyde to Dumbarton, they at length enter the Highlands at Loch Lomond. At the village of Luss 'we saw potatoes and cabbages, but never a honeysuckle. Yet there were wild gardens, as beautiful as any that ever man cultivated, overgrowing the roofs of some of the cottages, flowers and creeping plants. How elegant were the wreaths of the bramble, that built its own bower upon the riggins in several parts of the village; therefore, we had chiefly to regret the want of gardens, as they are symptoms of leisure and comfort, or at least, of no painful industry.' Dorothy was a little surprised at the spectacle of human dwellings without windows, and the smoke coming out by a hole in the thatched roof. These and other deficiencies were compensated to the tourists by the view of Loch Lomond. 'On a splendid evening, with the light of the sun diffused over the whole islands, distant hills, and the broad expanse of the lake, with its creeks, bays, and little slips of water among the islands, it must be a glorious sight.'

In a scrambling way, and often put to strains in a country as yet unknown to the mass of tourists, the party got to Loch Katrine, the Trossachs, Invenary, Glencoe, and on by Dunkeld and Stirling to Edinburgh. In point of scenery and places of note, the excursion was full of interest. On reaching Edinburgh, 'drove to the *White Hart* in the Grassmarket, an inn which had been mentioned to us, and which we conjectured would be better suited than one in a more fashionable part of the town. It was not noisy, and tolerably cheap. Drank tea, and walked up to the castle, which luckily was very near.' Next day they climbed Arthur's Seat, and, sitting down near St Anthony's Chapel, indulged in a view of the city, with its picturesque outlines. Dorothy is in raptures. 'It was impossible to think of anything little or mean; the goings-on of trade, the strife of men, or everyday city business. The impression was like the conceptions of our childhood of Bagdad and Babel, when we have been reading the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.' On the day following, to Roslin, and walked by Hawthornclun

to Lasswade to visit Walter Scott, who, until this time, was only known by his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The interview was agreeable. 'Arrived at Lasswade before Mr and Mrs Scott had risen, and waited some time in a large sitting-room. Breakfasted with them, and stayed till two o'clock, and Mr Scott accompanied us back almost to Roslin, having given us directions respecting our future journey, and promised to meet us at Melrose two days after.'

The party proceeded southwards by Peebles and the vale of Tweed. It was now that Wordsworth saw Neidpath Castle, and deploring the recent destruction of the woods around, wrote the celebrated lines denunciatory of the Duke of Queensberry. At Clovenford, the pleasure of turning aside to Yarrow was reserved for a future occasion; hence the poem, 'Yarrow Unvisited.' At Melrose, they had a cordial greeting from Scott, were escorted by him to see the ruined abbey, and dined with him at the inn—he being on his way to a Circuit Court at Jedburgh. There they again met him, when, for their gratification, he repeated a part of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Scott walked with them up the valley of the Jed. 'We were,' says Dorothy, 'accompanied by a young man from the Braes of Yarrow, an acquaintance of Scott's, who having been much delighted with some of William's poems, which he had chanced to see in a newspaper, had wished to be introduced to him; he lived in the most retired part of the dale of Yarrow, where he had a farm; he was fond of reading, and well informed, but at first meeting as shy as any of our Gramere lads, and not less rustic in appearance.' This was Scott's attached friend, Willie Laidlaw, author of the charming lyric, *Luce's Flittin*. Our limited space forbids further notice of the journey, which ended in recrossing the Border on the 24th September.

Wordsworth ultimately settled with his family at Rydal Mount in 1813. Next year he was able to make another tour to Scotland, when he first visited Yarrow. He was accompanied by his wife and her sister. Dorothy—whom he usually addressed as Dora—did not accompany him—remaining at home, probably to tend the children. Again, there was a visit to Yarrow in 1831, when Wordsworth had his daughter with him, also the company of Sir Walter Scott, now in declining health. Poor Dorothy was incapable of any exertion. In 1829 she was seized with an illness in which her mind succumbed. For twenty-six years she lived, but was dead to the world. Professor Shairp's remarks on this calamity can scarcely be read without emotion:

'The increasing strain of years had at last worn out that buoyant frame and fervent spirit. She had given herself to one work, and that work was done. To some it may seem a commonplace one—to live in and for her brother, to do him a sister's duty. With original powers which, had she chosen to set up on her own account, might have won for her high literary fame, she was content to forget herself, to merge all her gifts and all her interests in those of her brother. She thus made him other and higher than he could have been had he stood alone, and enabled him to render better service to the world than without her ministry he could have done. With this she was well content. It is sad to think that when the world at last knew him for what he was, the great original poet of this century,

she who had helped to make him so was almost past rejoicing in it. It is said that during those latter years he never spoke of her without his voice being sensibly softened and saddened. The return of the day when the two first came to Gramere was to him a solemn anniversary.'

Raised to distinction by his poems, appointed poet-laureate on the death of his friend, Southey, in 1843, Wordsworth survived till 1850, when he closed a life so pure and serene, and so devoted to a lofty purpose, that we must go back to Milton to find his parallel. Dorothy outlived her brother five years. She died at Rydal Mount in January 1855, at eighty-three years of age. Considering her condition, it was a happy removal. Those who wish to read of true sisterly and brotherly affection, should peruse the tastefully edited work of Professor Shairp. It is worth a hundred of the modern fictions with which the world is deluged.

W. C.

THE DEADLY CREEK.

THERE is no more pleasant moment in a seaman's life than when he finds himself for the first time the master of a ship. It is a nervous moment too, and puts a man considerably upon his mettle: he feels as if he had the weight of the world upon his shoulders, and is absurdly anxious lest anything should go wrong. Those were my feelings, at all events, as I found myself leaving the white cliffs of old England behind me, and the Channel pilot making for shore in the cutter that had taken him off.

In the first place, I must give you some account of my craft. She was a new iron screw, called the *Orient*, long and low, with two funnels. She was built for the Black Sea trade, and was meant to take in corn in the Danube ports, and bring home her cargo without breaking bulk; and as you couldn't then reckon on over two fathoms' water over the Sulina bar, she was built accordingly. It was my first command, as I've told you; and I was a young man, not more than twenty-five, although I had been some fifteen years a sailor. After my craft, I come to my passengers. I had only one, as it happened, but I thought as much of that one as if she had been a hundred, for she was my wife, and I had only been married three months. Jane was used to ships, being the daughter of a sea-captain; she'd take a turn at the wheel with any able seaman. In fact, I used to think she knew rather too much. 'Why don't you do this, James?' she'd say; 'why don't you let a reef out of this sail?'—always for letting out reefs, mind you, and carrying on, female-like—till I'd have to tell her to mind her own business, and bear in mind that I was the master. The reason that I took her on this voyage was, that I expected to be abroad for two or three years, as I went away with a sort of roving commission to trade in the Levant and the Black Sea ports, or wherever I could pick up a freight.

We had a very good run to Constantinople, where I discharged my cargo, and established my wife in lodgings at Pera—that is, with an Armenian family who spoke English like natives, having lived at Manchester for many years. Here I was lucky enough to be taken up by the Sublime Porte

as a transport with short voyages, and a long while lying idle in the Golden Horn. That suited me very well, for I had plenty of time to spend with Jane. This lasted off and on for a couple of years, and then I took a cargo here and there, doing pretty well for my owners, and not badly for myself.

Altogether, I had been away for three years or more, when I found that the *Orient* must have a complete overhauling. Her hull was foul, so that she lost at least a knot an hour of her speed, and her machinery wanted thorough renovation. All things considered, my owners thought I had better bring her home as soon as I could get a freight for London. Just then, our agent chartered me for Trebizond with a miscellaneous cargo; and after discharging, I was to run across to Galatz, to load with wheat for the English market. After that, I should pick up my wife at Stamboul, and then run home.

Two months would see me back in the Golden Horn, I told Jane, as I parted with her; I remember very well the place, on a hill that looked over Pera and Galatz, and the glittering Horn crowded with shipping, and the dark-blue Bosphorus. There was an old burial-ground close by, and Jane, who was very nervous and out of sorts just then, burst into tears, and said that we should never meet again. I soothed her as well as I could, and told her it was all nonsense, and that we should spend our Christmas at home with her own father and mother, it being then the middle of September; but I own that I felt a sort of melancholy presentiment about me, as though there was some misfortune hanging over us.

There's no doubt that the Black Sea has got a worse name than it deserves, for there are no rocks and shoals to trouble you, and if you haven't much sea-room, at least you've good holding-ground, and with steam to help you, there's no reason why you should get ashore. But for all that, I don't like it. Perhaps it's the contrast from the sunny Mediterranean and the purple Bosphorus, but it certainly strikes me as dark, and cold, and cheerless. It doesn't rise under one like true salt water, either.

We left the castles of Europe and Asia behind us, and had a prosperous trip to Trebizond. I was a long while lying there before I could discharge my cargo, for want of proper facilities, but I got clear at last, and made full steam across the Black Sea, towards the Sulina mouth of the Danube. I was glad to get clear of Trebizonde, because there was a good deal of sickness there.

From having been so long trading about I had picked up rather a miscellaneous sort of a crew. I had an English mate and chief-engineer; all the rest were foreigners, of what nationality I hardly know. They were not much good, as you may suppose. One of my hands deserted at Trebizond, and I supplied his place with an Italian called Giuseppe, a miserable-looking fellow, but the best I could get. I had no great confidence in my mate either, who was a very worthy man, but not much of a seaman, and a peppery fellow into the bargain. He was always falling out with the men, and causing trouble on board. The weather was coarse and squally, with thick driving mists, and I got little rest after we left Trebizond. I knew I was getting somewhere near the opposite coast, but couldn't make out any lights or land-marks, on

account of the constant fog. The water shoals there very regularly, and I felt sure that as long as I kept the lead at work, I needn't fear running ashore; but at last I found it necessary to drop anchor, and wait for a sight of my bearings. The wind was blowing pretty strong right on shore, and we steamed gently ahead, to ease the strain on our cable. We pitched and rolled very heavily, the swell being strong, and our ship very light. The wind rose as the sun went down—invisibly to us—and altogether I didn't feel quite easy as to our position. Those Black Sea gales are sharp enough whilst they last—I have had some experience of them, having been the mate of a ship that was lying off Balacava that night when the *Prince*, a fine steamer laden with all kinds of winter-stores for the troops, was blown right upon the cliffs, with several other vessels, and knocked all to pieces.

I had turned in for a short nap, having given orders to be called if anything went wrong. I slept heavily, having been up for several nights. The howling of the wind; the rattle of the screw, sometimes working slowly round and round, and then whirling with great rapidity, as the heavy ground-swell lifted it out of the water; the occasional snort of the waste-pipes; the general swish and creak and clatter of every timber, spar, rope, and block from stem to stern—all these sounds mingled with my confused dreams of other and happier scenes.

I was aroused from my slumbers by the engineer. He was very sorry to disturb me, he said, but he couldn't answer for his engines any longer. His screw-shaft was weak, and already had in it a dangerous flaw. 'And,' he said, 'I expect every minute that thing will snap; so, if you can't ease the ship, we'd best disconnect the screw.'

I didn't like the thought of trusting altogether to my holding-tackle, for I felt that the gale was increasing, and was doubtful if anything would hold against such a wind and sea; but it would be still worse to be left helpless to the chapter of accidents, as would be the case if the screw were rendered useless. So I bade the engineer disconnect the screw, but to keep up a full head of steam, ready to stand out to sea if our tackle gave way. But as I left my cabin to take a turn or two upon deck, I saw that the fog was breaking rapidly, so that the sky to windward was quite clear, and the stars shining brightly, whilst a great wall of mist was marching away from us, rolled up before the wind just like a carpet. In a few minutes I saw lights twinkling on the coast here and there, and before long I was able to make out exactly where we were. I had run my course to a hairbreadth almost. Those were the lights of Sulina, and that break in the long low coast-line was the mouth of the Danube.

It was rather a risky business running into a strange river at dead of night without a pilot, with such a wind as now was blowing; but I felt that the risk was greater in remaining at my anchorage. I didn't wait to weigh anchor, which might have been a difficult business, but buoyed and slipt my cable, and with a foretopsail and bit of foresail set, made straight for the bar. I had no fear of sticking, our vessel being light, and the easterly winds having piled the water up, so that there was a greater depth than usual upon the bar; but I did dread that the *Orient* would become unmanageable, and drift helplessly on the shore.

However, it was all over in a few minutes. By good luck we got smartly over the bar; we found ourselves in water comparatively still, meeting the strong river current, that formed great eddies with the waters of the sea, making steering difficult in the channel. It's just at moments like these, when the safety of a ship may depend on the smart handling of a sail, that you feel the difference between an English crew and the mongrel set you pick up at eastern ports. I believe we should have made a wreck of it, after all, just because I couldn't get my foretop-sail furled quickly enough, when the wind took the matter in its own hands, and blew it clean out of the bolt-ropes, and rent it to tatters, that went sailing away, looking against the dark purple sky, like so many seabirds. My mate went out of his senses almost at this, and chased the crew down into the fore-castle; we were well into the channel of the river, and the engineer and I could manage the ship between us.

I had some notion that there was a quarantine establishment at Sulina, and that I ought to have obtained *pratique* there; but I had a clean bill of health, and it was their business to stop me if they wanted to do so. 'At anyrate, I thought that a few hundred piastres would set the matter right. So I steamed slowly up the river towards Galatz, congratulating myself on having done the business so neatly. Then I began to wonder what my mate was doing down below so long, and I sent my lad forward to see.

Presently, the lad and he returned together, and as he came within the light of the binnacle lamp, I saw that he looked deadly pale.

'What's the matter, Sims?' I said. 'Have those rascals been mutinous?'

'Come below, captain,' he whispered; 'I've got something to tell you.'

'What is it, man? Speak out,' I cried; 'I can't leave the deck.'

'It's the Italian fellow, who was skulking, as we thought.'

'Well, what of him?'

'He's very bad, dying almost; and it's cholera, cap'n: I've seen it before. He brought it on board from Trebizond.'

The first thing I thought of was my voyage, my ship, and my owners. The illness of this Italian sailor might be the ruin of my prospects. Of course, as soon as it was known that we had sickness on board, we should be kept in quarantine till the man recovered or died, and probably for months and months afterwards. I couldn't bear the thought of it, lying idle in this wretched river, not earning a penny, with the ship expenses running on, and machinery and stores deteriorating as fast as possible. It was now October. In a couple of months, if the winter were at all severe, we should be frozen up in the river. So that, in fact, it might be March or April of the following year before we could get away. And what, I asked myself, would become of Jane meanwhile? That thought struck me the keenest of all. She expecting her trouble to come on in February, and all alone in a strange foreign place: I couldn't bear the thought.

I was not long in making up my mind. I would run out of the river in the morning, at the first appearance of daylight, and make my way home in ballast, touching at Constantinople, to pick up Jane and my belongings at Pera. Perhaps the

man might recover on the open sea. I ordered the anchor to be dropped, the spare one, and brought to in the middle of the stream, waiting anxiously for the morning light. As soon as the ship was made snug, I went down below with Sims, to see the sick man. All his shipmates had shrunk away from him, and he was lying in a bunk in the fore-castle—you could see the gleam of his white dying face, that seemed almost phosphorescent in the darkness. I went up to him, and felt his pulse. It fluttered feebly as I held his wrist; presently it stopped altogether, and I felt a slight shudder pass through his frame.

'What do you think of him, sir?' asked Sims.

'He'll be better for more air,' I said, looking round at the narrow, close fore-castle, with its dirty bunks and bundles of frowsy clothing. 'We'll put him in the deck-house, Sims, and that will give him a better chance.'

We called the engineer, and between us we carried the man upon deck, and placed him in the deck-house on a mattress.

'He's verra still, sir,' said the engineer, looking at him compassionately.

I turned the key in the door, and called Sims and the engineer aft. 'The man's dead,' I said.

'Poor fellow,' said the Scot. 'Ay, I thought he was over quiet to be alive.'

'What did he want to come on board at all for,' grumbled Sims, 'if he meant to die like this?'

Then I told them what would be the consequence of having this death on board; how we should be laid up in quarantine, and be kept prisoners for months and months. What was I to do? To hoist the yellow and black flag, and give out that we were infected on board the *Orient*?

Perhaps, to you sitting in your easy-chair, comfortably reading this yarn by your own fireside, it may seem that this was just what I ought to have done. But I couldn't see it in that way myself. I was a seaman, and not a philosopher. I wanted to do my best by my ship and by my wife Jane, and I didn't care a button for their quarantines and rubbish, that I couldn't see the good of, but a great deal of harm instead—hindering the course of trade, and stopping people from making what they might do out of their craft. So I said to Sims and the engineer: 'This is what we'll do, if you'll stand by me. We'll put this body overboard; the man isn't on the ship's manifest; nobody will know anything about it; and we'll take our cargo at Galatz, and spend our Christmas at home after all.'

They agreed that they'd help me in the business; and we got a hammock, and put the body into it, lashing it round and round securely; then slinging a couple of heavy shot to it, we put it overboard quietly—feeling like murderers all the time.

But when it was done, I felt wonderfully relieved in my mind. As for its being the cholera the man had died of, I wouldn't believe a word of it. No; the man had been drinking heavily on shore, and had died from the effects of his own folly. He wasn't a bit to be pitied; and it would have been monstrous if the whole ship's crew had been made to suffer for him. As the thing was to happen, it had happened very luckily.

As soon as it was daylight, we made up the river to Galatz, which is a pleasant town, upon a steep hill, overlooking the river. Before we reached the port, however, we were boarded by

a health-officer—a Greek in a red *fez* cap and shabby frock-coat, with a gilt sash round his waist. He made a great fuss because we hadn't got *gratias* at Sulina; but as we had a clean bill of health, and there was no sickness on board, he didn't seem inclined to be hard upon us. A little confidential talk in my cabin, and I didn't doubt but that all difficulties would vanish. Still, there were a few formal questions to answer; and as I was always a conscientious man, and hated lying from the bottom of my soul, I called for Sims to answer them. His cabin was on deck, opposite to the house where the man had died; and as he didn't answer me, I opened his door to see if he were within, the Greek being just behind me.

He was lying there, with just the same pallid death-like face as the poor Italian—his eyes staring wide, his forehead covered with beads of perspiration, breathing slowly and painfully. I staggered back horror-struck. The Greek ran hastily across the deck, and descended into his boat, which pushed away from our side, and rowed rapidly ashore. Meantime, we were forging slowly ahead, till we were nearly opposite the town, when a gun from a battery that commanded the river warned us to stop.

Then I made up my mind that I would carry out my first intention—drop down the river, and put out to sea; but as we drifted slowly downwards, another gun from the opposite side roared out at us. I didn't take any notice; and seeing this, the battery fired a shot at us, which went over our heads, and brought down some of our running rigging. As I saw that they would sink us at the next shot, I gave in at this, and dropped anchor.

Presently the Greek came out again with orders to me to follow his boat into a branch of the river, which forks into two or three channels below Galatz, and this I was obliged to do. This seemed to be a sort of back-water, that wound in and out among islands, and banks of reeds and bulrushes, a swampy desolate country that made one wretched to look at. And here, in a creek that opened out of the main channel, I was forced to lay up my ship.

That night Sims died, and the engineer and two of the crew were seized with the pestilence. I was up all night, doing the best I could for them; when morning broke I found that the rest of the crew had deserted; they knew the country, it seemed; and I didn't blame them, for leaving this pest-ship. I never shall forget the horrors of this dismal creek. There was just the cabin-boy to help me to look after these sick men, and he was frightened out of his life, and could hardly crawl about. The two foreigners soon succumbed to the disease, but the engineer made a stout fight for his life. I think he might have recovered under more favourable circumstances; but the miasma of that deathful creek seemed to lower all the vital powers, and gave the poor fellow no chance of recovery. At last, quite sensible and composed, after giving me his final advice as to the care of the engines during the ensuing winter, and sending a few fond messages for his wife and bairns, in case I should have the good-fortune to reach home, he expired.

During this time I had made several attempts to communicate with the town, and obtain medical assistance and comforts for the sick. But all in vain. A picket of soldiers was posted on the narrow peninsula that formed the only connection

with the mainland, and a chain had been drawn across the channel by which we had entered, to prevent our communicating with the town by water. If I attempted to approach the sentries, they menaced me with their firelocks, and on my disregarding their warnings, they blazed away at me recklessly.

Thus thrown entirely upon my own resources, I was forced to dispose of the bodies of my late comrades by throwing them overboard into the river. The current washed them slowly away from me; but for long afterwards I could see the vultures hovering about the windings of the stream, and quarrelling for places on their floating banquets. All this time I seemed to live a charmed life. I wasn't afraid of the cholera, although I expected to share the fate of my shipmates. Indeed, I was rather anxious to have an end made of it all. What I feared most was, that I should be left alone; and as I saw my companions drop off one by one, I felt that it was hard that I should be left with no one to moisten my lips in my last agony, or to close my eyes when I was dead.

The cabin-boy was the only soul now left me, and he, I could see, was rapidly pining away. He didn't take the cholera, but a kind of low fever and ague came upon him, and he lost strength day by day, so that at last I could hardly get him out of his bunk.

Winter came on very early that year along the Black Sea coast. Our creek was frozen up with thick ice, and the marshes about became passable. Snow fell too, and everything assumed a white, wintry aspect. I did what I could to preserve the ship against the weather. I battened down the fore-hatch and engine-hatch, after giving all the delicate parts of the engine a plentiful coating of oil. I rigged up a stove in my cabin with an iron pipe through the poop-deck, and with a kettle of pitch I calked as well as I could the seams of the planks above me. But I did all these things in a half-hearted, mechanical way, not thinking that they could do any good to me or anybody else.

Great flocks of birds now made their appearance—teal, widgeon and wild-duck, and it occurred to me one day that I would take one of the ship's muskets and try to shoot some. Perhaps, if I could get some fresh meat for the boy, and make him some strong appetising soup, he might take a turn, and gain his strength again. The exercise and the excitement of the sport roused me a little, and took me out of myself and my own morbid thoughts. I managed to bag a couple of snipe, and three or four wild-ducks, and made my way back to the ship, feeling quite proud of my success. I had told the lad to keep up a good fire in the stove, thinking that I might have some luck, and that if so, we would have a bit of a feast when I returned.

As I approached the ship, however, I perceived that no smoke was ascending from the stove-pipe, and I shuddered as I saw how cold and deserted she looked, lying there in a field of jagged ice, her wheel and binnacle shrouded in canvas, and covered with a thick coating of snow—her yards all white and rimy; her funnels rusty and discoloured; her boats like snowy mounds; whilst icicles hung from her prow, and all down her weather-stained sides. I, the only living figure in this desolate waste, looking rather like a wild man, than the smart brisk officer of a few months ago.

I was quickly up the ship's side, and ran to the steward's cabin, where the boy was lying, intending to rattle him soundly for not looking after the fire. He seemed asleep, and I shook him, but I found that he was quite insensible, and in a few moments I saw by the quivering of his under-lips that life was departing from him. He died as quietly as an infant going to sleep.

Somehow, I grieved more for that lad than for any of the others, and his death seemed to take away all the little energy that had been left in me. I had no longer any heart for anything—not even to relight the black cindery fire in the cabin. I read the burial service over the lad, and carried him to a great bed of tall reeds about a quarter of a mile from the ship, where I covered him up as well as I could with the dried fragments of the reeds, and left him. When I got back, I filled myself a pitcher of water, and took half-a-dozen biscuits, which I placed by the side of my berth, and then I covered myself with all the blankets and rugs I had, and tried to sleep.

Here was I alone in a frozen-up ship, in an inhospitable part of the world, with no one to help even for the sake of humanity. I thought bitterly of poor Jane, and how she would be watching and waiting and wearying herself away with trouble and disappointment. She would be getting short of money too, and that adds a pang to the worst of troubles. Why did I take her away from her comfortable home to expose her to all this? A few years of mingled happiness and trouble, and then a long blank life before her—to go back and share her father's narrow means; a burden and a trouble; her whole life a failure. It was a bad look-out all round, and I was too sick at heart to have any hope of life.

In the dead of the night I awoke in dreadful pain; the cholera had visited me at last. My brain was all in a turmoil with horrible visions and fancies. I could no longer distinguish what was real from the pictures of my disordered mind. For a day and a night I lay alternately in pain and in stupor—perhaps longer—for I lost count of time. At last the pains and troubles in my head and body began to abate. I recovered the full use of my senses for a time, but only to feel more poignantly the misery and hopelessness of my situation. I was weak and helpless as an infant. I had emptied the jug of water; the dry flinty biscuits I was incapable of swallowing. I felt that with nourishment and stimulants I might have a chance for life; but that, solitary and abandoned by every human creature, it was only left for me to die. I sank into a state of languid torpor, just conscious that I was still alive, and that the numbness and deadness that were stealing over me were the precursors of the last moments.

I awoke after a troubled dream. Still the wretched cabin in the forsaken ship. I was alone and dying. It was daylight, and a chill comfortless light filtered through the doorway and the crevices of the dead-lights. And yet I felt a warmth and comfort about me to which I had hitherto been a stranger. I must still be dreaming, for it seemed to me that I heard the roar of a fire in the stove in the next cabin, and, most assuredly, my organs of scent were sharing in the general illusion, for there was a very savoury and delightful smell. My throat was parched with thirst, and I mechan-

ically stretched out my hand for the emptied jug—and this time I could not be the victim of deception—within my grasp was a tumbler of drink, barley-water, or some such delightful beverage, with a slice of lemon in it; and then actually I saw a figure in the doorway—a young man in eastern robes, an extremely handsome young man; a Greek physician, no doubt, for he held in his hand a medicine-bottle and glass. The figure made a motion enjoining silence, filled the glass, and gave me to drink. I took the draught confidently; it diffused a delicious sense of happiness about me, and I fell into a deep and refreshing slumber.

It was night, and a lamp was burning beside me. I felt wonderfully renovated and refreshed; I felt that I was saved. I longed to thank my preserver, to ask him to what happy chance I owed his presence. I coughed gently; my unwearied attendant was at the door in a moment.

'*Effendi*,' I began, in a weak piping voice, that I hardly knew how to modulate; I was no great linguist, and I didn't know in what language to address him: '*je suis extrêmement*—I'm heartily thankful to you, old fellow.'

To my astonishment, and somewhat to my alarm, the young doctor knelt down at my bedside, and taking my face in his hands, gave me a long and fervent kiss.

'My dear old man'—between laughing and crying—'I never thought to hear your voice again. But talk English, Jamie, I shall understand you better at that.'

'Why, what?' said I, holding my visitor at arm's length; 'you're Jane, my own dear old Jane!'

Yes, it was Jane, who had found me out, and come to me just in time to save me from death. As soon as I was a little stronger, she told me the whole history of how she managed it. It seemed that these Armenians she lodged with were well known to a Greek lady who had married one of the pachas, and who used often to come up to Pera to see her old friends. She took a fancy to my Jane, and was very fond of talking to her about London and England. Well, she found out that Jane was in trouble, not knowing what had become of me, and my ship—a long time overdue; and she took compassion on her, and caused her husband to make inquiries. And he had all the seamen that could be got hold of brought to his divan, and interrogated; but they knew nothing of the *Orient*. Till at last one old salt came forward and said that he had heard of such a craft lying in quarantine up the Danube—that he had heard that all her crew were dead with the plague. Well, with that, nothing would do but Jane would start off to look for me. And here the pacha's wife was her friend again, and sent her with a government escort overland, to look for me; only, to avoid delay and scandal, she made Jane travel in the dress of a Greek physician. That she found me out, you know, but I have no time to tell you of her adventures in the search.

By the Sultan's orders, we were provided with a house in the outskirts of the town of Galatz, where I was removed as soon as I was strong enough to bear it, and, through the influence of the friendly pacha's wife, we were furnished with every comfort and luxury the place would afford. There my eldest little boy was born; and by the

time Jane had recovered, I had got together a crew, and we sailed away from that Deadly Creek, which even now, after many years, I look back on with something like horror!

THE ROD IN OLD TIMES.

GENTLE remonstrance for a fault is of modern date. The old and universally recognised practice consisted of coarse abuse, kicking, and beating. It perhaps is so still in certain parts of Europe. Clarke, in his *Travels in Russia*, tells us that the cudgel goes from morning to night. Things may there be now softened a little; but before being too hard on Russian usages sixty years ago, let us bear in mind, that beating domestics with a stick was common in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is a matter of history that that excellent female sovereign used so to beat her maids of honour that they cried in a piteous manner; and that Her Majesty sometimes got lost her temper and sense of dignity, as to strike her courtiers with her fist. When the appointment of a lord-deputy of Ireland was discussed by her, Sir Robert Cecil, and the Earl of Essex, the last named opposed the wishes of the other two as to the person best fitted for so important a post. Sir William Knollys was named by Her Majesty; but Essex very warmly insisted on Sir George Carew, and turning his back upon her, used a contemptuous expression. The queen, exasperated beyond all the bounds of self-control, gave him a sound box on the ear, and bade him 'go and be hanged.' Instead of receiving the chastisement with humility, he grasped his sword-hilt, and swore 'that he would not have taken that blow from King Henry her father, and that it was an indignity that he neither could nor would endure from any one.' With some further impertinence about a king in petticoats, he rushed from his queen's presence, and withdrew from court.

It is said that George II., when greatly offended by some remonstrances of his prime-minister, Walpole, kicked him out of his cabinet; and as His Majesty had shewn such passion before in the presence of several persons, Fielding took up the idea of printing in his journal, *Common Sense*, a 'Dissertation on Kicks,' which is not wanting in many passages of clever satire. He remarks, that, at the court of France, the sovereign would not disgrace himself by using personal violence. This is too complimentary. Fielding does not seem to have been aware that the French kings liked, on occasion, to indulge their temper in a way very similar to the true Briton. Louis XIII. declined to have noblemen for his gentlemen of the bedchamber, because he could not beat them as he liked, and gave a dozen hard blows to a valet who disputed with the peers the honour of precedence. His brother, Gaston d'Orléans, threw a gentleman into the canal at Fontainebleau, because he had not shewn him sufficient respect. Even Louis XIV., with all his magnificence, so far forgot himself as to raise his cane to the back of one of his servants; and on another occasion, he threw the weapon out of the window, lest he should yield to the temptation of chastising Lauzun. The clever Louvois ran the same risk, and had it not been for the timely interference of Madame de Maintenon, would have suffered by the hand of his royal master.

Thus the courtiers came to consider the stick as the *ultima ratio* in their relations with inferiors, more especially authors. In their eyes, they were *gentil homme*, every time there was a wrong to be redressed, and that was very often. It was an incident of this kind that drove Voltaire into banishment, and led to his residence for some time in our island. The tragedy of *Cedipus* and the poem of the *Henriade* had already made him a name. He was then about thirty-one years of age, and discontented with his surname of Aronnet, which he received from his father, he chose another more euphonious, borrowing it from a small property which his mother possessed in Poitou. This piece of vanity offended the Chevalier de Rohan, and meeting Voltaire at the opera: 'Ah ça,' said he to him, 'how are you to be addressed? Is it to be Monsieur Aronnet, or Monsieur de Voltaire?' 'Monsieur le Chevalier,' replied Voltaire, 'it is better to make one's self a name, than to sully that which has been given to us.'

The chevalier resolved to be avenged. One day, when Voltaire was dining with the Duc de Sully, the servants told him that a carriage was waiting for him at the door. He went down immediately, and was seized by the footmen, who struck him repeated blows with their sticks. The chevalier, seated inside the carriage, watched the proceedings, and encouraged his servants by his approving words. 'Strike, strike!' said he, 'only take care of his head; something good may come out of it.' Like a Frenchman, he could not help uttering his bon-mot to excite a laugh even in such circumstances. His influence was so great with the ministers and the Lieutenant Criminel, that when Voltaire would have brought an action against him, the poor author found himself thrown into the Bastille, and then ordered to exile himself to the other side of the Channel. He just landed in time to see the splendid obsequies accorded to Sir Isaac Newton. This roused in him the desire to know more of those sciences in which he afterwards became an adept, and which, until then, had received but little attention in France.

Had the Pont-Neuf in Paris a tongue, how many of these scenes could it bear witness to. It was the favourite lounge of newspaper writers and wits, thus it became also the classic ground of the law of the stick. Here it was that Monsieur de Bauru, a gentleman and an Academician, was found one morning rolled in the mud, and half dead, from the attacks of the lackeys of a nobleman whom he had offended in a witty song. Some days after, one of these satellites passing near him, began to imitate the cries he had uttered during his punishment. 'Truly,' said Bauru, 'that is a good echo; it repeats the sound a long time after.' When the queen, Anne of Austria, saw him walking with a stick, she inquired if he had the gout. On his replying in the negative, the Prince de Guéméné said: 'Do you not understand that he carries a stick as Saint Lawrence does his girdler; it is the mark of his martyrdom.' His passion for bon-mots could not be restrained, and soon brought upon him another attack from the Marquis de Bourbonne. When he appeared at the Tuilleries after this misadventure, no one knew what to say to him. 'Ah!' he cried, 'do they think me a savage because I have passed through the wood?'

When the *Essay on Satire* was published, the authorship was generally attributed to Dryden.

The Duchess of Portsmouth and the Earl of Rochester, believing themselves to be insulted by some of the remarks, could do nothing better than set the servants of the latter to beat the poor author; and it is also said, but without sufficient proof, that the Duke of Buckingham did the same. Unfortunately, the character of Dryden was not equal in dignity to his talent.

Though the noblemen of the day were generally willing enough to have the wits at their tables, they did not enjoy being altogether eclipsed in society. One of them said to a comedian: 'I warn you, that if from the present time to the end of supper you display more wit than I, you will receive a hundred strokes of the cane.' A critic who would not speak well of an author's work had this remark addressed to him: 'An ass was once made to speak by a blow, but a stick shall make you be silent.' To which the critic replied: 'Well, if you wish me to change my tone, I will say that your piece is charming; for I had rather say a silly thing than be beaten.' Of all the writers of the last century who came in for attacks, La Harpe was the object of hatred, contempt, and bitter satire from all the republic of letters; his very face provoked a blow. After he had given great offence on one occasion, this quib appeared: 'A society of amateurs having offered a prize to the best player on *la harpe*, have adjudged it to Monsieur Dorat; it now proposes to give a double prize to any one who, to the satisfaction of the public, will, by means of rods, draw the sweetest and most harmonious sounds from *la harpe*.'

It is not surprising that actors should in such a period treat the poor authors to blows when they did not like their cast of character; but more than one actress is recorded to have broken her delicate whip in flagellating one who had offended her. A poet who had written an opera, found himself on one occasion surrounded by all the ballet-dancers, who fell upon him with their fists, saying in chorus: 'Why did you write us such a worthless piece?' A young author who had ventured to parody some couplets, and turn them against the actors at a certain theatre, was asked to sit beside the prima donna, who thus addressed him: 'I can understand a good joke, and am not vexed with your wit, but I have need of two or three couplets against some one I know; come, and do me the favour to write them in my dressing-room.' Flattered by this, the author fell into the snare; but hardly had he entered, when all the actresses, armed with long rods, fell upon, and beat him unmercifully, until an officer of police, hearing the cries, interfered. It is said that the Chevalier de Boufflers had written an epigram against a lady of rank. After some coolness, she begged for a reconciliation, and asked him to dinner. But though he went, like a prudent man he put his pistols in his pocket. As soon as he arrived, he was seized by four strong footmen, who, under the very eyes of the lady, gave him fifty strokes. Boufflers, as soon as it was over, with wonderful *sang-froid*, drew out his pistols, cocked them, and desired the men, under pain of death, to do to their mistress as they had done to him. They were obliged to obey, and he counted the lashes; then they were to give the same to each other; which task accomplished, the marquis bowed gracefully, and departed.

But happily the supremacy of the stick began to wane in the last century; literary men raised their

heads above such insults, and would no longer recognise brutal force; the sword and the law were called in to help. The former was of no value but to prove the personal courage of those who used it; but the latter proved the change in public opinion, and the progress of the condition of literary men. Mozart's passion was roused when his patron, the Archbishop of Salzburg, in 1781, treated him like one of his pages; and when the Comte d'Arco kicked him to the door, he declared that whenever he received such an insult, he should return it in the same way. One of the first occasions when justice openly interfered in France was about 1770, when a comedian coming from the theatre at Versailles was attacked by some officers: the patrol interfered, and took up five young men, all belonging to high families and in the king's household. Louis XV. declined to interfere, and justice took its course. Evidently the Revolution was near at hand, as may be shewn by the reply of Piron some time after. He met a noble of high rank, who was shewing a friend out of the door. The latter stopped from politeness, to let the author enter. 'Pass on, pass on,' said the host; 'he is only a poet.' Piron did not hesitate. 'Since qualities are known,' he said, 'I take my rank;' and putting on his hat, went first. The queen, Marie Antoinette, afterwards confirmed this emancipation of literature by reproving one of her courtiers in these words: 'When the king and I speak to an author, we always call him Monsieur.'

Arriving at the nineteenth century, our task is ended; the stick is now a fallen royalty; the aristocracy of birth and that of the pen can meet on level ground without attacking each other. Literary manners are on a much higher level; the author is no longer a valet or a parasite, neither the court-fool, nor the pet spaniel of the duchess. Assaults on the person, of whatever kind, are now so speedily punished by fine and otherwise, that they are little heard of, except among the rude and least instructed of the population—an immense advance on what prevailed even in 'good' society so lately as a hundred years ago.

THE MANOR-HOUSE AT MILFORD.

CHAPTER X.

If I had a mind to be honest, I see,
Fortune would not suffer me.

EMILY COLLOP, when she heard Tom's account of the robbery of his money, had felt a shock of sudden fear and shame; and this was intensified, and her suspicion deepened, when she saw Skim enter the shop, looking like a gorgeous-plumaged jail-bird, and carrying himself with an impudent blustering manner, as if he were the master of everything it contained. Would Skim behave thus in her father's shop if he did not feel that he had some hold upon him? There was no one in the shop, for the boy had gone on an errand, and the shopman had gone home to tea, and Emily glided cautiously to the corner of the shop by the counting-house. There was a crevice between the partition of the counting-house and the wall of the shop, and, by putting an ear to the wall, anything that was said within could be distinctly heard. Emily had acquired a knowledge of this when she was a girl, but she had made no use of it for many years, being far too honourably minded a girl to pry into her father's concerns. In this case,

however, she felt justified. She might be the means of saving both her father and Tom from the consequences of some cruel, wicked deed. What she first heard, enlightened and relieved her mind a good deal. Her father had not intended to rob Tom Rapley—that was evident. He had stumbled upon the money in the search for something else. But, at the same time, it was equally clear that they had got Tom's money, and no doubt, now that he had found out the mistake, her father would insist on Skim's disgorging his share of the plunder.

The final result of the interview astounded her. They were not going to do justice to Tom. He was to be left to his fate, whilst the two conspirators enjoyed the fruits of their robbery. And this was her father! The moment was one of supreme and bitter anguish. Then she remembered that she too was a participator in the crime. She carried about on her person a share of the ill-gotten plunder.

On this one point her course was clear enough. She must at once get rid of the guilty burden she carried, and in a way that might lift the suspicion from Tom. At the same time, her father's safety must not be jeopardised. She would do this now at once, before her father had a chance of getting the money from her.

She took the bag of gold, and hastily wrapped it in a piece of brown paper—first putting inside a slip of paper, on which she had written: 'Restitution from the man who robbed Tom Rapley.'

Then she addressed the parcel to the superintendent of police, and putting on an old waterproof cloak, and a thick Shetland veil, which concealed her features completely, she set out for the police-office. There was no one about when she reached the place, and she made her way to the superintendent's office unchallenged. That was empty too. She left the parcel upon his desk, and hurried away. When she reached home, she found that her father had been searching for her everywhere, and was very angry at her absence.

'Emily,' he said, 'I want some of that money. Ten pounds or so. Give it me.'

'I haven't got it, father,' she said: 'I have restored it to the rightful owner!'

Collop turned quite livid with rage and fear. 'What do you mean, girl? Have you stolen it, you thief?'

'It is not I who am the thief, father!' cried Emily, confronting him with blazing eyes.

Collop quailed under her glance. He sank into a chair, laid his head upon the table, and groaned. 'Then you have betrayed your father, girl? It has murdered.'

'No; I haven't betrayed you, father,' said Emily; 'and I won't! But you must tell me everything; and every penny you have got of Tom's you must refund, and make that villain Skim atone.'

'I can't, I tell you, Emily. I had paid away a hundred and fifty pounds before I had heard of that fool's ill-luck. I should have had the bailiffs in the house if I hadn't.'

Emily burst into tears. 'How could you, father!' she sobbed.

'Look here!' cried Collop. 'Emily, if what I have on hand succeeds, I shall have abundance of money to pay Tom back again, and reward him handsomely for what he may have suffered.'

'O wild, silly schemes!' cried Emily; 'digging for buried treasure that has no existence except

in the muddled wits of a tipsy labourer. Father, has it come to this?'

'I tell you, Emily, it is not a wild or silly scheme. The man is right. The old woman had lots of ready-money! She was constantly coming to me for gold. Why, the very day before she died, she carried home in her chaise five hundred pounds in gold. She always got it through me, and I was glad to oblige her, as it gave me some credit with my bankers to have the handling of so much money. No mention was made of that in her will. Why, I saw the schedule of her effects for probate, and excepting two pounds five in her purse at her death, there wasn't a penny of ready-money. Now, where is it?'

'How is it possible to tell?'

'I tell you, Emily, it's there somewhere! Why, the very last time I saw her—you know how fond she was of picking out a text and expounding upon it. Well, she'd got hold of this: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth;" and there was a sort of tone about her when she said upon earth, that I felt sure she was thinking how clever she was to have got round a text like that. Now, if she'd buried her money, don't you see it didn't apply—because, it was under the earth!'

'O father, Aunt Betsy was never so silly as all that.'

'You didn't know her as I did, child. When she was about business, she was as keen a hand as ever you met; but get her on spiritual matters, and she was wild enough. She thought that she'd found out that there was to be another deluge; and more than once she's said to me: "James, don't you think that in the new world it will be better for those who have saved and laid by money?" And I said to her: "You can't carry your money with you."—"No; but, James," she said, "one might come back to it."—Oh! I knew she'd some scheme of the kind working in her mind.'

'But, father, granting that you are right—even if there is money there—it doesn't belong to you.'

'To me as much, nay, more than any one else. Didn't she always call me her brother? Didn't she promise me continually, that if she were removed first, she would take care that I should be left comfortable? Wasn't it to please her that I began, first to neglect my business a little, and take to mooning after those false prophets? Didn't I work for her and for her schemes for years without ever getting a penny from her—paid with promises, lured on with fair words? And now you tell me I have no claim upon this money, if I find it?'

'I don't think you have, father.'

'Don't tell me!' said Collop. 'Why, for the last year I have kept that man Skim in my employ, and he has spent night after night in digging and delving; and just as we have got the clue, and see success before us, I am to hand the treasure over to Mr Frewen, I suppose!'

'I didn't say that, father.'

'I am to go to Mr Frewen,' cried Collop, who had been working himself gradually into a passion; 'and I am to say to him: "Good sir, you have been my enemy all my life; you have brought me to the threshold of disgrace and destitution; you have preyed upon my vitals, and drained me of every hard-earned penny; and in return for this, here's untold gold—I have found, and kept for you: and now, send me to the workhouse, or the jail, good, kind sir!"'

'Father, you frighten me!' cried Emily.

'I tell you, girl!' he cried, almost foaming at the mouth, 'sooner than this, I'd kill him! yes, kill him! and you too, false girl, if you betray me!'

Nothing she had ever known of her father had prepared her for this ebullition of rage and passion.

'Don't threaten me, father,' she said, silently weeping; 'don't talk to me like that, and I'll be true to you through everything. I'm in the same ship with you, and I can't help taking your part; only, don't rob poor Tom!'

Mr Frewen and the superintendent of police came back to Biscopham together at about nine that evening, the former in a very bad temper. They drove up to the police-station, and Frewen accompanied the superintendent into his office, to see if anything had transpired about Tom. There was the package of money. The superintendent opened it, looked at the slip of paper, and handed it to Mr Frewen.

'Eh! Brown, what does that mean?' cried the latter, looking sharply up from under his shaggy eyebrows. The police-officer, meantime, had been carefully examining the brown paper in which the money had been wrapped.

'It smells of lustian,' said the man, laughing.

'What do you mean?'

'It comes from Collop's shop; he was there to-day, for an hour or two.'

'But the money, the gold, that's right enough, it seems; why should they send back any of it?'

'You've frightened 'em, sir, by being so determined. And more can be got yet.'

'Upon my word, I think you are right,' cried Frewen; 'we'll drive over to Milford once more, and surprise 'em. But we won't knock up either your horse or mine; we'll send to the *White Lion* for a machine of some sort.'

The worthy host of the *White Lion* threw up his hands in amazement, when the order for the carriage came in. 'Trap to go to Milford! Why, they're all going to Milford. There's a regular gathering of 'em over there. What's up, I wonder?'

CHAPTER XI.

Who finds her, give her burying.

Beside this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity.

At the sound of the heavy tread coming up the footpath, all the inmates of the little back-kitchen turned pale. Lizzie rose and opened the door that led up to their bedroom, and pointed to Tom to go. 'Get into the old house,' she whispered as he passed her, 'and I'll take care they don't follow you.'

Tom went softly up-stairs, and passed from the bedroom into his little office. Lizzie followed him, and hung up some dresses over the cracks of the door, shutting out every gleam of light. He staid a long time in the dark whilst a conversation was going on down-stairs. Then Lizzie came up with a light and opened the door.

'It was a policeman,' she said, 'wanted to know whether you had come home. "No," says I. "And what was those voices?" says he. "And then Sailor steps out—he hadn't seen him before: "What, ain't it allowed for people to talk to one another in this free country without a bobby listening!"'

and then he got cross, and said he'd come in and see whether you was here. "No," says I, "you don't; not without a warrant," says I. "Oh, well," he said, "he'd soon fetch that;" and away he goes. But they'll be here again, sure enough. They're regular down upon you, Tom.'

'It's a burning shame,' said Tom. 'They won't help a poor fellow who's been robbed, and make all sorts of game of him; and they're regular slaves to Frewen, because he's one of the big-wigs. It ain't justice, Lizzie.'

'Well, Tom, what we've got to do is to slip our necks out of the noose. They'll be back again directly, Tom; and we must make up this door somehow, so that it shan't look as if it were a door at all. Look here, Tom; take a couple of blankets. You should have the bed, too, only that would be noticed.'

'What! ain't I to sleep in my own bed?' said Tom, ruefully regarding the nuptial couch.

'No, indeed, Tom; you can't. We must make up the door, and you must be on the other side of it. Then take the candle. No, goodness, Tom; you mustn't have that. I forgot; it would betray all.'

'What! stop here all in the dark?' remonstrated Tom.

'Why, yes, old man. The least shine of a light through a chink outside would ruin everything. Now, go, Tom—do—directly, please.'

'Well, if I was in prison,' muttered Tom, 'I should have a light, and a bed to sleep on too, perhaps. If it wasn't for the name of the thing, I'd be better off there.'

Lizzie shut the door upon his remonstrances, and presently hammer and nails were at work on the other side closing up the door.

'It's for all the world as if they were putting me in my coffin,' said Tom, with a shudder.

Another last word, through a slit in the boards: 'Tom, you mustn't stop there; they will hear you cough, or sneeze, or walk on the boards. Go down into the kitchen.'

With hands stretched out before him, blindly groping his way through the thick darkness, Tom, in fear and trembling, felt his way along the passage and down the staircase of the deserted house. He knew the way well, but once or twice he stumbled where a board had sprung, or a lump of plaster had fallen from the ceiling; and, stretching out his hands to save himself, he would shudder at the cold, clammy touch of the wall. How the stairs creaked and groaned as he descended! they seemed to shriek almost, as if they were giving warning of his whereabouts to people outside. He reached the kitchen at last, and stood in the middle of the floor, and wondered what he should do next. He shuddered at the thought of lying down here amongst all these crawling, loathsome insects; yet he couldn't stand up all night shivering and shaking. The night had turned very cold; there was a hard frost; it seemed he could see a bright star twinkling through a crevice where the new brick-work in the window had settled. It would not do to have a light, certainly. The shine of it would be as discernible to any one outside as the glimmer of the star to him within.

As soon as he became perfectly quiet, and the beating of the pulse in his ear ceased to overpower all other sounds, he heard a noise that made his flesh creep upon his bones. The sound itself,

indeed, was not appalling—a comfortable, homelike, domestic sound; it was the circumstances under which he heard it that made it so terrific. Here, in this deserted, abandoned house, given over to solitude and silence for all these years—in this house, so hermetically closed and sealed against the outside world, the clock was ticking loudly!

Clank, clank, with a resonant, cavernous voice, the old clock was going; who could have started it? Tom shivered and shuddered, as in the presence of some new indefinite peril. Who could have set that clock going? In Aunt Betsy's time, no hand but hers was ever permitted to touch that sacred clock. At nine o'clock every Saturday night, the clock was wound up, just before Aunt Betsy went to bed. This was Saturday night, and just after nine. Had Aunt Betsy arisen this cold winter's night, and come to wind up the clock? Tom fancied that something brushed past him, that his hand touched something cold: he could have shouted with terror; he would have run, regardless of all risks, back to his own room, but he felt chained and rooted to the spot. He felt, with his foot, around him, not daring to stir from the place; and his foot came in contact with something that rattled as he struck it. It was a box of lucifer-matches.

Tom didn't think of how the matches got there, or of the danger of striking a light. He was only conscious of an eager desire to dissipate the terrors that surrounded him. He picked up the match-box and struck a light. As the flame leaped into life, there was a gentle rustle and stir about him: beetles, cockroaches, crickets, made a general stampede. If any other forms had lurked in the darkness, they had softly disappeared. The old clock, whose face was in strong contrast to the general dirt and griminess of the place, was placidly ticking away through it all. At his feet there lay a piece of wax-candle.

'There have been thieves here, the thieves who stole my money,' said Tom to himself. 'Surely, if the police saw this, they would believe me; but then there's nothing here but what I could have put myself, so I should be no better off.'

Then Tom became alive to the danger he incurred of discovery. He blew out his light, and began to ponder as to what he should do next. His meditations were interrupted by a low noise of grating and grinding, that came from the direction of the hall-door, and Tom thought that he heard whispered conversation as well. The sounds grew more and more distinct; clearly some persons were trying to get into the house from outside. The police, no doubt, thought Tom; they have caught sight of the light, and they mean to hem me in on all sides. To retreat by the way he came, Tom saw, would be to put his head into the lion's mouth. They had possession of the house by this time, no doubt, and his capture would only be a question of time. But there was one chance: the cellar that ran under the old part of the house, the entrance to which was from the inner corner of the kitchen, the door being close to the clock. Guided by the ticking of the clock, Tom made his way to the cellar door, which was unfastened. When Tom got to the bottom of the cellar stairs, he found himself in a warmer and softer atmosphere—an atmosphere strangely perfumed, too, with the fragrance of drugs and spices. There was no damp or chilliness about these cellars, which had been made centuries

ago. Warm in winter, and cool in summer, they had been splendid wine-cellars in the olden days. Many a pipe of good old port, many a cask of sherry, and butt of generous Madeira, had been drained dry in that famous cellar in days long gone by.

The sounds from the hall-door had ceased. Tom began to think that he had been deceived, and that the noise he had heard had simply been the wind, that was now beginning to rise, and sigh mournfully around. But he had much bettered his position, as he would be than in that dismal kitchen. Everything was quiet above, and he thought he might venture to strike a light, that he might reconnoitre his position, and make himself snug for the night, for he began to feel insupportably weary. The one window in the cellar opened into the garden, and was so overgrown outside with rank vegetation, that there was no danger of his light being seen, even if it had not been properly blocked up.

The candle lighted, Tom looked around him. The cellar seemed altogether clean and bare, just as he remembered it of old. A ledge or table ran all round it, topped with a stone slab, which had formerly held dishes and pans. There was the old cask-stand in one corner; and in the other, there was something new and strange—something that struck Tom with an instinctive terror and dread.

In form and general appearance, this was like a sentry-box, and of the same height and size; but it was shaped at the ends so as also to resemble a boat set on end. Round the edge was a broad border of cork, painted black, so that, if a boat at all, it must be a life-boat. It was inclosed in front with a lid door or deck of polished oak. At the top of this was a narrow grating of brass or gilt metal. A small brass knob, half-way down, indicated that here was the way of opening the lid or deck. Something was tied to this knob by a piece of string, in appearance and reality a letter. Curiosity outmastered fear. Tom advanced and smothered the letter from the knob. It was in Aunt Betsy's handwriting, sealed with her great gold seal, and addressed simply to 'My Successor.'

Tom opened the letter full of strange awe. Yes, it was from Aunt Betsy—a posthumous message from his aunt:

When you, young sir, open this—if you ever do open it, as I hope and sincerely trust you never may—all my hopes will have come to an end, and you may smile at the folly of an old woman who has trusted to lying promises. Laugh yourself, if you will, but do not let any one else laugh. To you, at all events, I have proved a benefactor. Respect my memory and my wishes. My wishes are: that this house be pulled down, and every trace of it destroyed; that my poor body be put in a coffin, with quicklime, and buried quietly in the churchyard of Milford, with a marble monument, and the figure of a shipwreck over it, and that the epitaph upon it shall be: 'Here lies poor Betsy Renneil. She was born before her time, lived after her prime, and lies here in time.' To pay these expenses, and to reward you for executing my wishes, I will give you this rhyme:

Underneath the thyme and mint, the marjoram and the rue,
Dig deep, and you shall find a herb that's safe to please
sure you.

If you can't understand this, you are a fool, and may lose your thousands.

BETSY RENNEL.

'Well, I am a fool, then,' cried Tom, 'for I don't understand a single word of it all. Then this is waiting for the young squire that is to be. And what's inside here, I wonder? Fancy Aunt Betsy writing that kind of stuff! Why, she ought to have been in Beilham; an old!'

Here Tom paused, and his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, for the lid of the box had swung slowly open, and there was old Aunt Betsy standing right before him!

He gave a wild cry of horror and despair, and sank helpless and senseless on the floor.

A VIEW OF OLD CALABAR.

AMONG the many consular Reports presented to the Houses of Parliament this year, and recently printed, perhaps the most remarkable is the account drawn up by Consul Charles Livingstone, brother of the distinguished traveller, of the trade and general condition of the territory of Old Calabar. A melancholy interest is, moreover, attached to it as being one of the latest official acts of a useful public life, the writer, it will be remembered, having died on his homeward passage last autumn.

The consular district under Mr Livingstone's supervision included the oil-rivers of Biafra and Benin, 800 miles of coast—that is, the west coast of Africa, and the island of Fernando Po. The chief exports of this district are, palm-oil and palm kernels; its minor ones are, ebony, barwood, ivory, and india-rubber. The staple imports have not, on the whole, a very civilising tendency; they are, tobacco, rum, gin, cotton, prints, gunpowder, muskets, salt, brass rods, and manillas. These last articles, we should add, are not the cigars owning that name in England, but bronze coins made in Birmingham, not unlike a bracelet in shape and size, and worth about sixpence each; they constitute the native money of Bonny, Opobo, and New Calabar markets. Many other articles are in constant demand, such as soap, African outlasses, iron pots, knives, glass and earthenware, furniture, tin boxes, waterproof cloaks, silk umbrellas, caps, felt hats, and a variety of fancy goods. In years gone by, old uniforms sold readily, and a shirtless chief would pay an official visit in a full-dress uniform coat and hat, without trousers; but shirts and new ready-made clothing have driven old uniforms out of fashion, and improved the comfort and appearance of the natives. In all the rivers, our agents trade only with the tribes that own the river-mouth, who are not oil-producers, but merely oil-brokers or middle-men. Gladly would the nearest oil-producers come and trade direct with the whites, to the advantage of both, but the black brokers are strict protectionists, and allow no trade with white or black, save what passes through their own hands, at their own price. In 1866, sixteen British firms traded in these rivers, and one Dutch. In 1872, the number of Liverpool, Bristol, and Glasgow houses was twenty-four, with one Dutch and one German. These twenty-six palm-oil traders have fifty-five trading establishments in seven rivers, and employ two hundred and seven white agents, clerks, &c.; four hundred and nineteen black coopers, carpenters, cooks, and stewards from our settlements in Accra, Cape Coast Castle, and Sierra Leone;

and two thousand Kroomen from Cape Palmas and other parts of the Kroo Coast. Most of the above live in large airy hulks moored near their cask-houses on the beach, a few have houses on the shore. In the days of sailing-ships, a few wealthy firms had a sort of monopoly of the oil-trade, and made large profits; but large profits are now things of the past. Steam has brought new firms and a keen competition. It has also developed a goodly number of black traders, possessed of some education, little capital, and minds satisfied with small profits and quick returns. The number of these black traders is likely to increase, and the time may not be far distant when the entire trade of the coast will be in their hands, and whites be relieved from the grave risks of such unhealthy localities. The price received for oil in England has fallen of late years, while the price paid for it in the rivers has risen to twice, and even thrice, its former value. It is said to be a losing trade, but, as it is still carried on, there must be some fallacy in the allegation.

The Fernando Po oil-crop never exceeds, indeed seldom equals, four hundred tons a year. A trustworthy observer who trades in various parts of that island states that, from the number of oil-palms he has seen, at least four thousand tons might easily be obtained. But the twenty-five thousand aborigines, or Babes, as they are called, do not choose to work beyond four hundred tons. Their wants are few—a cheap musket, a little powder and shot, pipes, tobacco, and rum, are nearly all. If traders could create new wants, trade might increase. For the benefit of these Babes, a Jesuit mission was established many years ago. The good Padre Campillo lived for years with them, and learned their language. Not a little self-denial did he practice to do them good. Whilst passing between their scattered hamlets, his dinner for many a day was a yam baked in the ashes, and eaten with a little salt carried in his pocket. Very hard did he try to persuade them to improve their condition by working a little more. They wore no clothing, and their huts were frequently only roofs of palm branches, open on all sides. The missionary said to the listening Babes: 'If you work a little more every day, you can get clothes and houses, like white men.' 'But we don't want to live inside clothes and houses,' was the reply: 'you white men work and make slaves of yourselves to buy clothes and houses; we are wiser, and live as God made us, like the birds and the beasts.'

No staple sells better than rum and gin. There is no restriction on the liquor trade; it pays no tax or duty to our own or to any government. In view of the quantity, and especially of the quality, of the stuff sold, terrible results to black consumers might be anticipated; but years of observation, and the testimony of traders and of missionaries, force on the mind the conviction, that somehow liquor, though it does mischief, does not produce the demoralising and ruinous effects there which it does at home. With one solitary exception, wrote Consul Livingstone, I know of no drunkard among the kings, chiefs, headmen, and other brokers of these seven oil-rivers; all are sober men; and while trading largely in rum and gin, their own ordinary drink is the unintoxicating palm-wine of the country. It is an undoubted and creditable fact that drunken natives are rare sights. In half an hour's ride through a northern mining district of

England on a Saturday night, Mr Livingstone states he saw more drunken persons than in five years in the oil-rivers of the west coast of Africa. Though apparently doing but little harm to blacks, the evil rum has caused to whites on this coast is something appalling. Time, property, business, character and life, there, as elsewhere, have been lost through drink, which is thus the most costly article the merchant ever sends to Africa. Two of our firms, to their credit be it said, never sell spirits.

For a quarter of a century, two of the rivers have had Christian missions. In looking at their work, some consideration should be given to the state in which they found the natives, and the influences tending to help or hinder missionary effort. An unlikely field for Christians to spring from must Calabar have seemed. True to life was the midshipman's report: 'Manners they have none, and their customs are beastly.' Twin-children were put to death, and their mothers banished for life. Persons suspected were doomed to eat the fatal Calabar bean, and no man could sicken or die but some one was suspected of bewitching him. When a great man died, a number of his wives and slaves were butchered and buried with him, that he might have power to cook his food, and paddle his canoe in the next world. Human sacrifices were frequent, and heathenism, rendered more cruel by three centuries of slave-trading, crushed the degraded and unhappy race.

Legitimate trade in this country began about the year 1808, and has no doubt contributed largely towards the culture and education of the native mind. Its influence must, on the whole, have been beneficial; but white men could do little or no harm, for the slave-trading heathen could learn no new vice, nor sink lower, having already reached the lowest depths. English traders denounced native atrocities, and ridiculed everything ludicrous in the superstitious customs of the people; and the strong language and the light jest have shaken and shattered the faith of intelligent natives in their baneful fetish system. Our government, encouraged by traders and missionaries, has done good by judicious and well-timed treaties for the abolition of the slave-trade, human sacrifices, twin murders, poisoning, punishments by substitute, &c. When the king died last year, none were suspected of bewitching him, none known to be butchered and buried with him—a happy contrast to former royal deaths.

The slave-trade was begun by Spain in the year 1503, and England shortly afterwards commenced. Early in the present century, the English slave-trade was abolished, and in 1841 our government induced the native authorities to prohibit the traffic still carried on by them in foreign ships. In the treaty made at the time, we agreed to pay to the chiefs of each river 2000 Spanish dollars a year for five years, provided the chiefs and English traders could certify that, to the best of their knowledge and belief, there had been no slave-trade during the year. The treaty appears to have been kept in good faith, as the subsidy was doubtless greater than any loss sustained by the suppression of the foreign slave-trade. Before the last payment was made, the long-worked slave-catching machinery of the interior had rusted and fallen to pieces, and the profits to the river-chiefs from customs' revenue and an increased oil-trade had grown so great, that there was little or no inclination for a renewal

of the odious traffic. All were thoroughly satisfied that their interests lay on the side of legitimate trade; slaves fell in their estimation, and became the victims of practical jokes. A slaver entered Old Calabar River in 1844, and from his place of concealment sent word to King Eyamba, that he had brought the best of rum, and wanted slaves. The king replied that the rum must be delivered at night, to prevent English traders from suspecting him, and he would soon have the slaves ready. After receiving the rum, the king found it difficult to get slaves from the plantations. Night after night passed, and at last the king's sorrowful message to the impatient slaver was: 'English traders watch me too much. I can't send the slaves. Better you take your rum and go. I hear English men-of-war coming soon.' The casks were re-shipped in haste, and the slaver left. King Eyamba had drawn the rum, and filled the casks with river-water. Another slaver entered the Cameroons River in 1860. Directly King Bell heard of it, he sent information to our consul at Fernando Po; a cruiser steamed across, and took the last slaver seen in that region.

The river-chiefs, now oil-brokers, were slave-brokers formerly, and sold to the slavers consignments of slaves received from the interior, whence came most of the slaves for exportation. The poor and aged king of Bimbia occasionally mourns over the loss of his large commissions as a slave-broker, but readily admits that his people are better off in every respect with the palm-oil trade. At times, when the conduct of bad characters among the domestic slaves is worse than usual, a chief may be provoked to wish the trade back again, in order to sell the criminals at a profit, being a loser when he imprisons or kills his incorrigible slaves; but no one really wishes a revival of the iniquitous traffic. The native authorities would oppose it as strenuously as our own merchants. These broker tribes have no surplus population. They have not sufficient labour for their own trade, and have to purchase slaves from the interior tribes, who sell their criminals and orphans. Slaves of good character and ability are sure to rise to positions of honour and trust, and can obtain their freedom with ease. Some of the wealthiest of the oil-brokers were slaves in early life.

We will conclude our summary of Mr Livingstone's Report with a few notes on the material improvements effected by missionaries. School-books and dictionaries have been printed in the Efék and Dualla languages of Calabar and Cameroons. Many natives have been taught to read, and a few trained and employed as schoolmasters. Sunday markets in town have been abolished, and hundreds of decently dressed natives of both sexes regularly attend church; and these, wearing clothes, give employment to dressmakers and tailors, most of whom own sewing-machines. In Cameroons, young men have been taught useful trades. Black brokers now build brick houses, and so find work for those who have learned from the missionaries to be brickmakers, bricklayers, carpenters, and blacksmiths. Some seven years ago, Bishop Crowther began missions in Bonny and in Baus. This excellent man is a native African, and all his clergy are Africans, well able to stand their native climate. Most of them, if not all, were educated at Sierra Leone, where considerable attention is paid to learning, and a good education for teachers and preachers

can be obtained. This is an encouraging phase of missionary enterprise; and, in view of the frightful loss of white life and health, all must hope that the time may soon come when the entire missionary work of the west coast of Africa, and all its trade, will be in the hands of African Christians.

A METROPOLITAN TRANSFORMATION.

A STRANGER visiting London would be considerably surprised to see the change for the better that has lately been effected in Leicester Square. A short time ago, the central inclosure was a scene of ruin and disorder, railings broken or carried off, the grass trodden down—the whole thing a public scandal, more particularly as this part of the metropolis, until the end of last century, was a kind of classic ground. In a house about the middle of the west side, dwelt Sir Joshua Reynolds from 1761 till his death in 1792; and here took place the famous entertainments with Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, and other notabilities. At the south corner on the east side lived William Hogarth; and next door to him lived and died John Hunter. In the narrow street leading from St Martin's Lane to the square, resided Sir Isaac Newton, and afterwards in the same house Dr Burney, and his daughter, who here wrote her novel of *Evelina* . Such is a slight specimen of the former inhabitants.

In these days of its glory, as has been stated in a former number (July 6, 1872), Leicester Square was adorned with an equestrian metal figure of George I., which, at the cost of the inhabitants, was set up in 1747, at the centre of the inclosure. The metal was originally gilt, and therefore a grand thing in its way. But, alas, how it sunk from neglect and bad usage! First, the horse lost a leg, and had to be propped up; then its rider began to lose arms as well as legs; till at length the whole structure disappeared. Meanwhile, the houses in and about the square became occupied with shows and panoramas, or used as the residences of foreigners. Who was to blame for allowing the quadrangular inclosure to sink into so discreditable a condition is not easy to explain, and it might be unpleasant to inquire minutely into the facts. There the square was, a perfect disgrace; and so it might long have remained, but for the spirit and munificence of a single individual, Mr Albert Grant, who is generally known as a successful financier. The feat of transformation is said to have cost about £28,000. On the 2d July 1874, the hoarding that screened the operations was removed, and, to an admiring crowd, there was revealed a charming garden, with grass plots, clumps of shrubs, seats, gravel-walks—the whole to be thenceforward a pleasure-ground for the people. A handsome railing, with gates and lamps partially gilt, surrounds this very pretty piece of ground; and we trust that the regulations to be enforced will prevent a recurrence of the former state of affairs. The property being bought up by Mr Grant from various individuals, has been assigned by him in perpetuity to the Metropolitan Board of Works, under the sanction of an act of parliament.

The most striking feature of the newly laid-out ground is a statue of Shakespeare on a quadrangular pedestal, at each corner whereof are dolphins spouting up into the air the water that falls in double showers into marble basins; and

near the four corners of the garden stand statues, wrought by Durham, Woolner, Marshall, and Weekes, of Reynolds, Hogarth, Hunter, and Newton. For in Leicester Square, or its immediate neighbourhood, as already said, lived Sir Joshua Reynolds, William Hogarth, John Hunter of anatomical memory, and Sir Isaac Newton.

What has been so tastefully effected for Leicester Square, is eminently suggestive of transformations in some other squares in London. In none, indeed, have things gone to wreck; on the contrary, considerable care is expended in keeping the inclosures in order. But, except that they offer the agreeable spectacle of green trees, there is little to recommend them. Sternly secluded by iron railings and locked gates, they have generally a dull look. You seldom see anybody in them. Apparently, they are only used by a few nurserymaids with children. The public are shut out from their walks, or seats, or the cool shelter of their umbrageous trees. As the squares are private property, no one can justly complain of their being so dealt with. We should trust, however, that means might be found to open up at least several of these mooping melancholy squares, and lay them out as 'people's pleasure-grounds,' in something like the style of the renovated Leicester Square. A few Mr Grants are wanted!

THE VILLAGE BEAUTY.

THUS she stands just within the trellised porch,
Her fair face turned to meet the summer air,
Half standing, and half leaning lazily
Against the lattice, thick with flowerets fair.
Here bend the roses heavy from the stem,
And spreads the pansies in profusion sweet;
The grand wisteria droops above her head,
While pink-fringed daisies blossom at her feet.
The eglantine caresses her young cheek,
The soft wind frolics with her shining hair,
And a truant lock escaped from the band
Flutters its gold on her forehead fair.
Her hat hangs listlessly down from her hand,
While her fingers loy with its ribbons blue;
From under her simple but dainty dress
Peeps a tiny foot in a buckled shoe.
She gazes dreamily out on the scene
Of copse, and lane, and sunny field,
With eyes whose lustre their lashes strive
In vain to conceal, though they may shield.
A stillness lies in the scented air,
A delicious languor broods over all,
And nought is heard save the hum of bees,
And the murmur of some brooklet's fall.
Ask not her thoughts, seek not to understand
The subjects which engross her maiden mind,
For if we knew them, they perchance might be
What in so sweet a place 'twere strange to find.
But fondly hope that they would be fit theme
For painter's canvas, or for poet's sonnet;
How it would mar the tender scene to know,
Her thoughts were centred in her next new bonnet!

On Saturday, August 29, will be commenced in this JOURNAL, a NOVEL, entitled

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

By the Author of *A Golden Sorrow*.

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STORY OF LADY GRISELL BAILLIE.

AMONG that small band of faithful contenders for civil and religious liberty in the reign of Charles II., there were two Scotsmen, Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, afterwards Earl of Marchmont, and Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, who were quite as memorable as those eminent sufferers in the same cause, Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney. Polwarth is a small parish near the centre of Berwickshire, deriving some note from its village, ordinarily known as Polwarth-on-the-green—the village being a scattered collection of dwellings in a green or common, on the centre of which once grew a thorn-tree, celebrated in song and local tradition. Sir Patrick Hume succeeded his father as laird of the estate of Polwarth in 1643, while still a mere child, and was indebted to his excellent mother, a pious lady, for the better part of his early education. The dwelling-place of the family was Redbraes Castle, about two miles from the parish church of Polwarth. In due time, Sir Patrick was married, and had a large family—as many as eighteen children, the eldest of whom was a daughter, Grisell, born on Christmas-day 1665.

It need scarcely be told that at this time, Scotland was in a ferment on account of certain severe measures adopted by the ruling authorities against nonconformists, who declined to take the 'test,' and murmured at the arbitrary orders of the court and privy-council. In 1673, when Sir Patrick sat as a member of the Scottish parliament, he was bold enough to oppose the despotic propositions of Lauderdale, and was henceforth denounced as a person dangerous to the state. Two years later, having remonstrated against the measure for establishing garrisons to keep down the people, he was committed to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and subsequently sent to Stirling Castle, in which he suffered six months' imprisonment. He was liberated by the intercession of friends, but not long afterwards was again confined, and altogether suffered imprisonment for about two years. Finding that the Scottish ministers of state were bent on his destruction, he went for a time to

England, and had some friendly intercourse with the Earl of Shaftesbury and Lord Russell.

Returning to his home at Redbraes, Sir Patrick hoped to escape notice, but things were now worse than ever. The persecution of the Covenanters was at its height. On the 22d of June 1679, was fought the battle of Bothwell Brig, at which the insurgents suffered severe loss; twelve hundred of them being taken prisoners, were driven to Edinburgh, and confined in a pen like cattle, till their numbers were thinned by public execution or banishment. Claverhouse traversed the disturbed parts of the country with a troop of dragoons trying people by military law, and slaying without mercy, or, at the least, capturing persons of note, and sending them to Edinburgh for trial by the judiciary court and privy-council. We only glance at a state of things which brought disgrace on the Stewart dynasty, and helped materially towards its expulsion. Perhaps Charles II. was not to blame personally for the inhumanities inflicted in his name; but, by his indifference or weakness, his Scottish ministers—a set of despicable time-servers—were allowed to do pretty much as they liked, and in their caprice or hostility no man was safe.

While Sir Patrick Hume was almost in daily expectation of being seized as a suspected person, we turn for a moment to his friend, Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, who was less fortunate in maintaining a state of immunity.

Special attention had two or three years previously been drawn to Baillie by a somewhat curious circumstance. His brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Kirkton, a nonconformist minister, was one day civilly accosted in the High Street of Edinburgh by a man named Carstairs, who expressed a desire to speak to him in private. Suspecting no evil, he followed the stranger to a mean-looking house, which he no sooner entered than the door was shut and locked upon him, his captor hurrying off in quest of a warrant to place him in confinement. Carstairs was a spy, and to gain a reward as an informer on what he presumed to be a suspected recusant, he had resorted to this manoeuvre. The cries made by Kirkton brought

people to the door, and at his request Baillie, who happened to be in town, was brought to his succour. Carstairs returned, as he said, with a warrant, but he refused to shew it; whereupon a desperate struggle took place, in which he was worsted, and Kirkton got away with his friend. The end of the affair was that Baillie was subjected to a fine, and branded as a favourer of conventicles. This was but the beginning of ruination. Being charged with conspiracy to raise rebellion, and for concern in the Rye-house Plot, with which, if it had any reality, he was no way connected, he was imprisoned, and fined in the heavy sum of £6000, being nearly the value of his whole estates.

At this time Grisell Hume was about seventeen years of age. Well educated, according to the notion of the period, she was also accomplished in household work, such as spinning wool and flax to be woven into webs for domestic use; and likewise skilled in matters connected with the dairy. Her mother, Lady Hume, being, unfortunately, in a weak state of health, the management of the family was assigned to her, and cleverly she acquitted herself. Young as she was, her father took her into counsel respecting public affairs, and the perils with which he was surrounded. On two occasions, she was despatched on a mission to Baillie of Jerviswood while he was confined in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. The journey was full of danger, for the country swarmed with detachments of soldiers, charged to examine travellers, and discover who they were and what were their designs. Grisell carried no papers; the messages transmitted to and fro were verbal, and required a good memory, as well as tact in concealing them from the inquiry of strangers. The journey from Redbraes to Edinburgh was at least fifty miles, and performed on horseback, could not, considering the badness of the roads and the necessity for making a circuit to avoid towns, be performed in less than from two to three days.

In these hazardous excursions, she was sometimes put to considerable straits to avoid being stopped and questioned. In one of her journeys, she took the road by way of Earlstoun, and there learned that the passes northwards were strongly guarded. In her extremity, she was succoured by a party of gipsies, to one of whom, a female named Jean Gordon, she had done an act of kindness. Taking her under their guidance, the party led her by obscure byways to Lowrie's Den, a small and lonely hostel on the top of Soutra Hill, where, disguised in gipsy garments, she was accommodated in an out-house for the night; and next morning she was escorted safely on her way into Mid-Lothian. The scenes she encountered on reaching Edinburgh were sufficiently appalling. Executions were of daily occurrence, and the ports of the ancient city bristled with the heads of so-called traitors. How she managed to gain access to that grim old Tolbooth, is not related. Probably it was through the interest of some friends or relatives of Mr Baillie. At

all events, she was allowed on each occasion to have a private interview with that unfortunate gentleman in the loathsome small apartment in which he was confined, in the east or criminal division of the prison. There she delivered the messages from her father, and received verbal communications in reply. At one, or it might have been at both interviews, Grisell met and conversed with George Baillie, younger of Jerviswood, eldest son of the prisoner. He was over two years her senior. A community of danger and fears led to mutual regard and attachment. At present, thoughts of marriage were out of the question. The feelings of both were centred in the condition of their respective fathers. Grisell's last visit to the Tolbooth was necessarily hurried. She had to hasten home, in consequence of increasing apprehensions as to her father's safety. Not long afterwards, the fate of Baillie of Jerviswood was sealed. On the 23d of December 1684, he was brought before the High Court of Justiciary. He was now so weak as to be obliged to appear at the bar in the dishabille of his dressing-gown, and frequently to take cordials, which were supplied to him by his sister. He solemnly denied having been accessory to any conspiracy against the king's life, or of being unfavourably disposed to monarchical government. The only evidence brought against him were confessions extorted by the torture of the 'thumbikens'—an instrument which, working like a vice, crushed the thumbs, and produced the most excruciating agony. On such imperfect and untrustworthy evidence, he was, on the morning of the succeeding day, declared to be guilty, and sentenced to be executed that afternoon at the Cross of Edinburgh; his body to be dismembered, and portions to be exhibited on the prisons of four different towns. The iniquitous sentence was carried out accordingly. With extraordinary composure, in a pious frame of mind, he ascended the scaffold leaning on the arm of his sister (Mrs Ker of Graden), and protesting his innocence, meekly submitted himself to the executioner.

Thus was ignominiously put to death Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, a man of sterling worth and abilities, and who has been commemorated as the Scottish Sidney. By the forfeiture of his estates his family were completely ruined. His son George, like many others at the time, took refuge in Holland. Our interest is now transferred to the unhappy family at Redbraes. For some weeks, Sir Patrick Hume had gone into hiding. The place selected for his concealment was the old sepulchral vault of the family, underneath the parish church at Polwarth, which, as has been said, is about two miles from Redbraes Castle. Besides Lady Hume and Grisell, only one person was let into the secret of his hiding-place. This was Jamie Winter, a carpenter, who lived a mile off, and used to do odd jobs of work about the house. On the fidelity of Jamie they thought they could depend, and were not disappointed. By the assistance of this man they got a mattress and bed-clothes, a small table

and chair, and some other articles, carried during the night to the vault. In the daytime, the vault was lighted only by a small slit in the wall at one end, through which nobody could see what was below. Here Sir Patrick lived part of the autumn of 1684, without fire, and surrounded by the moldering remains of his ancestors and other ghastly objects. Though infirm in health, he was enabled to endure the privations of this dreary hiding-place, by the strength of his mind, and the affectionate ministrations of his daughter Grisell. For warmth he wore a Kilmarnock night-cap. His chief mental solacement consisted in perusing Buchanan's Latin version of the Psalms, a book which, during his dismal solitude, he learned to repeat from memory. It seems that, when sitting one night at table reading this favourite work, by the light of a small and carefully shrouded lamp, his eye happened to stray towards a skull which lay near his feet. To his surprise, the skull moved. He was at first disturbed in mind by this strange circumstance; but soon recovered his composure. In a short time the motion became too strong to be doubtful. Sir Patrick had the courage to turn over the skull with his cane, when a mouse jumped from the interior, and afforded an explanation of the phenomenon. He used to tell this story in after-life, to shew that people should not be alarmed at things which may appear supernatural.

His daughter Grisell must have possessed a degree of fortitude not inferior to his own. She went every night, alone, at midnight, along a dreary road, to carry him victuals and drink; always staying with him as long as she could, getting home before day. Though possessing some dread in crossing the churchyard in the dark, stumbling over graves, her only real apprehension was the fear of soldiers and parties in search of her father. In these excursions the least noise was alarming. There was another cause of anxiety. This was the difficulty of getting victuals to carry off without arousing the suspicions of the servants. A diverting incident has been related. Her father liked sheep's head. One day, at dinner, this favourite dish appeared at table. While the children were supping their broth, Grisell had the dexterity to convey the greater part of the head into her lap. When her brother Sandy had finished his broth, he looked up with astonishment, and said: 'Mother, will ye look at Grisell; while we have been supping our broth, she has eaten up nearly the whole sheep's head!' This occasioned so much mirth amongst them, that her father at night was greatly entertained by it, and desired that Sandy should have a share of the next.

The damp and gloomy vault became at length unendurable as a habitation, and a new expedient was adopted. With the aid of Jamie Winter, a hole was excavated in the lower floor of the family residence, and filled up with a box to contain a bed, which was concealed under the boards. To this place of concealment, Sir Patrick was brought, and by means of air-holes in the floor, he could contrive to live and breathe. It proved a vain effort. One day, after heavy rains, the bed was full of water, and had to be given up. At this juncture, a carrier arrived from Edinburgh, bringing the news of Baillie of Jerviswood's barbarous execution. As all intercourse by letters was dangerous, this was the first notice they had of the melancholy event. It was now seen that Sir

Patrick Hume should, if at all possible, make his escape from the country. Grisell worked night and day, making clothes in which he would be disguised. When all was ready for departure, he set out early in the morning on horseback, attended by John Allan, his grieve, or farm-overseer, in whom confidence could be placed. The party had proceeded a considerable distance on their way, when Sir Patrick, falling into a reverie, parted company with his attendant, and did not discover the mistake till he found himself close to the Tweed. This, however, was a fortunate misadventure, for soon after his parting with Allan, a company of soldiers that had been in search of him at Redbraes, and followed, in expectation of overtaking him, came up, and would inevitably have discovered and seized him, if he had not been on another track. On learning what had happened, he dismissed his attendant, and, leaving the main-road, reached London through by-ways. During the journey, he represented himself as a surgeon, a character he could have supported effectually; for he carried a case of lancets, and was acquainted with their use. From London he found his way to France, and thence, after a short stay, passed by way of Brussels to Holland. He had an audience of the Prince of Orange, who treated him with particular respect. His estates in Scotland being forfeited, the family were almost reduced to destitution. By pawning some plate, and procuring pecuniary assistance from friends in England, they were able to get to Holland, where all resided, though suffering great straits, until the Revolution.

What followed belongs to history. Sir Patrick Hume made a distinguished figure in the new government of William and Mary. His attainder was reversed by parliament, and, as a testimony of his virtues and sufferings, he was created a peer by the title of Lord Polwarth. In 1696, he was promoted to be Earl of Marchmont. This illustrious patriot died in 1724. He was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, Alexander—the Sandy of the anecdote about the sheep's head—who, having previously married the daughter and heiress of Campbell of Cessnock, added Campbell to the family surname. The Marchmont peerage became extinct through the failure of male heirs in 1793. The claim to be Baron Polwarth was allowed by parliament, in 1835, to Hugh Scott of Harden, whose father had married Lady Diana Hume Campbell, daughter of Hugh, third Earl of Marchmont.

We now have to speak of the fortunes of the heroic Grisell. Returning to England with the Princess of Orange, she was offered to be one of her maids of honour, but this she declined, and chose going to Scotland with the rest of the family. The attachment between her and George Baillie was not made known until the reversal of the forfeiture of the Jerviswood estate, when there being no longer a necessity for keeping the matter a secret, the two by general assent were married. She had now, in virtue of her father's eviction, the title of 'Lady,' and becomes known as Lady Grisell Baillie of Jerviswood. She is stated to have had a peculiarly happy married life, and to have been most exemplary in all the duties of her station. She had two daughters, Grisell and Rachel. The former was married to Mr Murray, afterwards Sir Alexander Murray of Stanhope; the latter, to Charles Lord Binning, eldest son of Thomas, sixth Earl of Haddington, from whom are descended the present

families of Haddington and of Baillie of Jerviswood. The heroine of our story, if it can be called so, died in London in 1746, having outlived George Baillie eight years. Her last expressed wish was to be buried beside him at Mellerstain, and, with characteristic forethought, she left for this purpose a purse of money in her cabinet. Her daughter, Lady Murray, who has written her Memoirs, was unfortunate in her marriage, though we do not learn the particulars. Sir Alexander Murray of Stanhope dying without issue, was succeeded by his nephew, Sir David Murray, who, for his concern in the rebellion of 1745, was condemned to death; but, as an act of royal clemency, his life was spared, and he went into banishment. The Stanhope estates were, however, forfeited, and sold. As regards Lady Grisell Baillie, her memory has been preserved not alone by her heroism in early life. Possessing no mean poetic talent, she is embraced in the list of songstresses of Scotland, her best known piece being the ballad, *Werena my heart licht, I wad dee*, which, original and amusing, is found in most of the popular collections.

W. C.

SIGNAL-LIGHT AT THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THE readers of the *Journal*, under the heading of the 'Month,' or in distinct articles, have learned something concerning a very powerful magneto-electric machine, known by the name of its inventor, Gramme, for producing an intense light; and also of experiments on a signal-light, exhibited high up in the clock tower of the Houses of Parliament. The means have been now afforded us of explaining, in a succinct form, the bearing of one of these subjects on the other.

The purpose of the signal-light is this. Many members of Parliament, at their private residences in the west end of the town, in government offices, at their clubs, or at hotels, would find great advantage in knowing whether the House of Commons is sitting or not at a particular hour on any one evening—a necessity which does not apply in the case of the House of Lords, where the sittings are generally over at an early hour.

In the Commons, no one knows whether a sitting will terminate at five or six in the evening, or not until one or two in the morning. It is at the mercy of any honourable member who moves 'that the House be counted;' the Speaker at once responds to this motion by counting the members present; if they are not forty in number, he shuts up instantly, takes his departure, and no more legislation is done that night, however urgent the state of public business may be. The temptation to adopt this mode of preventing or postponing a discussion which is unpalatable to them, is well known in the House; and the 'whips' or party managers are expected to do their best to frustrate it, by inducing a sufficient number of members to remain to 'make a house.' On other occasions, without any manoeuvres of this kind, the House may sit unexpectedly late, or rise unexpectedly early, according to the interest or excitement which the debates may induce. A member may be willing to go to the House (say) at ten o'clock, after his dinner; but if he knew that the

House had risen early, he would save himself the trouble of a ride or walk. There is much telegraph work now done in London, and the wires are doubtless brought into requisition to communicate facts connected with the sitting or rising of Parliament; but an ingenious idea was started of giving *visible* information on this point, at least over an extensive area of the metropolis.

During about two months out of the six in an average session, the 'Palace of the Parliament,' having windows overlaid with deep-stained glass and heavy architectural tracery, is so dark as to need lighting with gas almost from the commencement of business; while from April to the end of the session there are some hours of available daylight. If, therefore, a visible signal is adopted, to denote whether the legislators are sitting or not, it must be suited either for daylight or for night-light—hardly for both. As, however, the Commons rarely (except on Wednesdays, when the regular closing hour is six o'clock) rise before dusk sets in, a daylight signal is scarcely needed; and as the illuminated clock of Sir Charles Barry's sumptuous building is equally illuminated whether the legislators are at work or not, this is not suited as a signal by night, even if its light shone far enough, which it certainly does not. What is wanted is a bright light, visible afar off, that shall be shining during the (after-dark) hours when Parliament is sitting, and shall be extinguished at the time when the sitting ends. Of course, no automatic or self-acting contrivance would suffice here, as the hour of termination is very irregular. Dr Percy, who has had much to do with the lighting and ventilating of this vast structure, has ascertained that, taking one recent session with another, our legislators work 624 hours per session by gaslight; and this would be the measure of the required duration of the signal-light.

High up in the clock tower, at an elevation of about two hundred and fifty feet from the ground, a temporary gallery or glazed room was constructed, to contain the apparatus for a powerful light. It was at once agreed on that this need not be an all-round light, equally visible in all directions. Eastward of the Palace of the legislature, across the Thames, lies the Lambeth region, where few legislators reside, and therefore no signal is required in that direction. Southward, the clock tower looks out towards Millbank and the Penitentiary, another district hardly needing the signal. North-east we approach the Strand and City region, busy and important in various ways, but not containing the residences or clubs of many persons who are actually concerned in parliamentary proceedings. By this process of exhaustion we come to a definition of the limits within which the signal-light needs to be rendered visible—namely, from south-west, round by west and north-west, to north. Every one knows—every one who has even an elementary knowledge of the action of reflectors and lenses—that a light can be concentrated or intensified in one direction by shutting it off from another. In accordance with this principle, if the signal-light in the clock tower were rendered invisible from the south, south-east, east, and north-east, it might be made to throw out its beams all the more strongly towards the other points of the compass, by a due arrangement of glass lenses or polished reflectors. This was done in the last session of Parliament; and many persons had the opportunity of seeing

how distinctly the light was visible from Primrose Hill, Hampstead, Kensington, Tyburnia, and Belgrave.

The most powerful artificial light known is the electric or magneto-electric light; it exceeds in intensity any form of magnesium, oxyhydrogen, gas, or oil light. But whether it is best fitted for practical use is a question which depends upon a number of circumstances. Gramme's magneto-light machine, the best yet introduced, is costly, and moreover it requires a small steam-engine to supply the power requisite for keeping some parts of the apparatus in rapid revolution. Much space and much money are needed, and it might be that another form of light, more compact and economical, would be sufficiently bright for the purpose, although not so vivid as the magnetic. Two kinds were tried at the clock tower—Gramme's magneto light and Wigham's gas-light—the latter depending, not on any departure from the ordinary quality of street gas, but on a peculiar construction of burners.

Towards the close of the session of 1873, the first Commissioner of Works requested the Trinity House to examine and report upon the two lights, in regard to photometric power and working cost. The Trinity House, as many readers are aware, has the management, the trusteeship for the nation, of all the lighthouses on the coasts of England and Wales; those on the coasts of Scotland and the neighbouring islands are under the control of the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses, in communication with, though independent of, the Trinity House.* The inquiry was placed in the hands chiefly of Mr J. N. Douglas, who, as engineer-in-chief to the Trinity House, has had a large experience in the production and management of brilliant lights. He was assisted occasionally by Sir Frederick Arrow, Master of the Trinity House.

The stipulations under which the lights had been arranged were, that they should illuminate with a white light a sector of the town surface, half a circle or 180° in circuit, and three miles in radius. The electric lamp for the Gramme apparatus was placed within the refracting belt of a cylindrical lens, inclosed within a small temporary lantern, at a height of two hundred and fifty feet above ground. The magnetic machine, connected by a leather driving-belt with the steam-engine, was in another part of the building, and transmitted its power through copper wires half an inch thick, and several hundred feet in length. The Wigham gas apparatus, kept wholly separate from the other, was placed within a semi-lantern of twelve sides, about ten feet high, by eight feet diameter. Near the centre of the lantern were three large Wigham burners, pierced for 108 jets each, but adapted for using with 28, 48, 68, 88, or 108 jets each at pleasure.

The three burners were arranged on one vertical axis, about three feet asunder from centre to centre. In front of the lowest was placed a refracting cylindrical belt of dioptric lenses; in front of the other two were placed two 45-degree refracting panels of a dioptric apparatus for revolving light.

* We may here mention that when Dr W. Chambers was Lord Provost of Edinburgh, he was *ex officio* one of the Board of Commissioners, and accompanied other members of that body in an annual inspection of lighthouses. An account of his visit was given in the *Journal* for 1866, pp. 508, 512, 532.

The panels just mentioned were made to rotate before or in front of the flames, so as to produce a flashing or intermittent light—a kind much in use in lighthouses.

On one particular evening, towards the close of the session of 1873, late visitors on Primrose Hill, or persons walking over it, might have seen rather a remarkable group of men armed with photometric and other apparatus, and evidently bent on some special object. Mr Douglas, Sir Frederick Arrow, Dr Percy, the promoters of the Gramme apparatus, and those of the Wigham apparatus, assembled in a party, and went to the Hill, there to observe and measure the intensity of the two kinds of light at a distance of three miles. The evening was well suited to the purpose; being rather wet and misty, ordinary gas-lights were barely visible at one mile, and therefore it must needs be a very strong light to be visible at thirteen the distance. Between half-past nine and eleven o'clock at night, twenty-six photometric observations were recorded—measurements of the relative intensities of the two lights. It is needless to give the numbers here; the lenses of the electric lamp were changed from time to time, as was the number of jets in the Wigham burner; but it may suffice to say that the gas bore the ordeal well when the flashing was produced by the revolving panels. At other moments, however, when each apparatus was worked at its best, the Gramme vanquished the Wigham; the electric light was equal to the prodigious number of 3060 sperm candles of six to the pound, far greater than the gas. The more rapidly the magneto machine was rotated, the more intense was the light; but the heating of the metal by friction practically imposed a limit.

So far as the clearness and penetrability of the two lights were concerned, it was demonstrated that either would suit for the object in view. Mr Douglas thereupon entered into an inquiry as to relative cost. For the Gramme apparatus, there were the magneto machines, royalty for the use of the patent, lamps and conducting wires, electric telegraph to communicate from the engine-room to the lantern, dioptric or focussing apparatus, coals for the steam-engine, carbons for the electric lamp, wages of attendants, &c.; the primary outlay estimated at £1600, the annual cost at £174, or 6s. 7d. per hour of exhibited light. For the Wigham apparatus there were the gas-holders and appliances, dioptric lenses, lantern, wages of attendants, &c.; the primary outlay estimated at £3370, the annual cost at £160, or 5s. 14d. per hour of exhibited light. This was for one burner of 108 jets, consuming 300 cubic feet of gas per hour; with three such burners, to bring the light more on an equality with the electric, the cost was estimated at £296 per annum, or nearly 9s. 6d. per hour.

All things considered, Mr Douglas gave his verdict in favour of the magnetic light; especially in regard to relative cost for equal intensities of light, and to the facility for temporarily increasing the illuminating power at times when the atmosphere is thick and hazy. This increase of luminosity, he found, could be obtained for an extra cost of 4d. per hour.

We need not pursue the subject further. The session of 1873 terminated soon after the completion of Mr Douglas's observations. Owing to

the general election in January and February, the session of the present year did not commence until some weeks after the usual date; and there was consequently no need for the signal-light till March. Mr Douglas's report was printed and presented to Parliament; but the pressure of public business has, we believe, delayed the settlement of any definite plan at present. As a question in practical lighting, however, the recorded observations of Mr Douglas will possess permanent value—especially in relation to the electric light.

THE MANOR-HOUSE AT MILFORD.

CHAPTER XII.

Are you drawn forth among a world
To slay the innocent? or men.

It is a cold winter's night; the stars are sparkling frostily overhead; the thin pale crescent of the moon has just disappeared behind that dark clump of firs; here and there a light shines in a cottage window, but for the most part the village is abandoned to darkness and repose. A silence that may be felt broods over the scene, only disturbed, as you stand here on the bridge, by the feeble brattle of the stream. A thin white vapour rises from its course, through which you may see the reflected gleam of a star in that still reach. Faintly round about are the shadows of hills, hardly to be distinguished from the sky. There is a light in the belfry tower; the ringers are up there, about to wake the bells into music.

Now the sound of wheels breaks into the stillness that was almost oppressive, and a dog-cart, without lamps, driven by a tall thin man, another stouter burlier man sitting beside him, rattles over the bridge, and turns sharp round to the right towards the village of Milford.

They pass through the village, and drive on till they come to the row of cottages tenanted by Sailor and Skim. Here one of them dismounts, and enters the cottage—it is Skim; and he comes out, carrying a lantern in one hand, a mattock and pick in the other. He leads the horse past the cottages, and opens a field-gate. There is a rough sort of cart-shed here, and beneath this the horse is tied up. Then the two men make their way rapidly on foot towards the manor-house. They both wear goloshes, and move silently along, like ghosts. Whilst they were yet a little distance from the house, Skim, who was slightly in advance, turned round suddenly, and clutched in terror the arm of his companion.

'I see a light,' he whispered hoarsely—'a light shining through the brick-work. She's about to-night, she is. What shall we do?'

Collop's teeth chattered in his head, but he affected to be unconcerned.

'What! you afraid, Skim? Why, you used to be as bold as a lion.'

'Ah, but I've had a couple of years of it since then,' cried Skim. 'I tell you I hear her keys jingling lots of times; and when I hear the door of her box creak, I am out of my mind with terror.'

'It's only your fancy, Skim. She's safe enough in, and don't walk about at nights.'

'Tell you she do,' cried Skim, 'and this is one of her nights. O master! let's go back.'

'Go on, you fool. Why, if fifty old women, alive or dead, were in the way, I'd go on now.' Suspense and disappointment, which had made Skim a coward, had made Collop bold. They made their way into the barn, and pulled up the boards in the corner, and crawled on hands and knees into the subterranean passage that led into Milford Manor. Collop went first, and was alarmed at the clink of iron behind him. 'What's that, Skim?' he whispered.

'It's only me, sir, locking up the old grating with a chain and padlock. We'll have no followers to-night, master.'

The passage came out under the cellar stairs in an arched recess, that held a set of wooden shelves. These swung back, and admitted the treasure-seekers into the haunted house. They made their way directly into the kitchen, and Skim silently examined the place with his lantern.

'What's that?' cried Collop, seizing him by the arm. 'Why, the clock's going!'

'Ah,' said Skim, 'I set him agoing. I didn't like the look of her standing always at one o'clock.' So saying, he threw off his smock and waistcoat, and set vigorously to work. He removed the bricks from the middle of the kitchen, and began to dig out a hole. Collop helped, by removing the dirt as fast as it was thrown out. The earth had evidently been previously disturbed, and this gave them encouragement to persevere, and presently Skim's mattock struck with a harsh, ringing sound against some metallic substance.

'We've got him!' cried Skim, jumping out of the hole in great glee. 'It's an iron chest, old man, and full of money.'

Sure enough, as they cleared away the loose earth, the lid of a stout iron chest was revealed to them. There was a handle at the top, as if to lift it by.

Skim seized the handle, and tried to draw up the box, but it resisted all his efforts. Then he put a rope through it, and Collop and he hauled away with their united strength, but they could not make it stir an inch.

'What's to be done now?' cried Skim, looking ruefully at Collop.

'Can't you get the lid open?'

'I doubt it. We must get the box up first. We ain't got nothing strong enough to burst that open. Stop a bit; there's a hop-pitcher in the house somewhere, if I can think where it's put.'

A hop-pitcher is a heavy bar of iron, with a broad-pointed end, used by hop-growers for pitching or drilling holes in the ground about the hop-plants, for the poles on which the vines are trained to be inserted. It forms a very likely instrument for such a purpose as Skim's.

'I remember now,' cried Skim. 'I put it down in the cellar. Come with me down there, won't you! I'm afraid to go alone.'

The two men cautiously descended the steps into the cellar, holding each other by the arms, and flashing the lamp in front of them.

'Don't it smell,' cried Skim, 'like a doctor's shop? Poh! It makes me feel quite queer and giddy.' Here Skim gave vent to something between a shriek and a shout, dropped the lantern upon the steps, and fled up the cellar stairs. 'It's the old lady! It's old Mother Rennel! She's coming out!'

Collop was as much frightened as Skim; but he had more self-control, and he had more at stake. He snatched up the lantern, and advanced into the cellar. Yes, there stood Aunt Petsy at the end, in her habit as she lived—the black poke bonnet; the brown French merino dress; the silk jacket, with fringe on; the black kid gloves, with swollen knuckles and finger-joints.

'My good old friend,' faltered Collop—and then he saw his mistake. The head was loling forward from out the poke bonnet; the chin had fallen; it was only a mummy after all—a poor, dried husk of humanity.

There was something else in the cellar which Collop had not before noticed. Stretched out in front of his aunt's last resting-place was Tom Rapley, who had been in a dead faint, but who now, as Collop watched him, shewed symptoms of reviving animation.

'Skim!' cried Collop, who was now master of himself; 'come down, I tell you. The old woman's still and safe enough. I've shut her up now.' He snatched the action to the word, and closed the door upon the body. It closed with a catch; and a piece of string that was wound round the knob, had probably been the means of releasing the catch when Tom snatched the letter away.

'Skim, come down; here's Tom Rapley down here.'

Skim came down the stairs, half-ashamed of his terror, half-overpowered by it. But when he saw Tom Rapley, his countenance assumed an expression of malignant ferocity.

'I shall do for this man,' he said, 'I'll not have him coming in my way any longer.'

'Don't harm him,' cried Collop. 'Remember thou shalt do no murder.'

Tom here began to move. He raised himself on one elbow, rubbed his eyes with his disengaged hand. 'What! Mr Collop,' he cried. 'Skim!'

'You see,' whispered Skim, 'he knows us. He'll tell upon us. Pop him in the wall afore he gets his strength back.'

The well was at the foot of the cellar stairs, you will remember, its mouth covered by a stone slab—the well, of indefinite depth, and of icy coldness. Skim ran and hastily pulled off the stone covering. A few pebbles dislodged fell in, and presently splashed in the water far below with a faint hollow sound.

Tom was now rising to his feet, bewildered. Skim rushed upon him, and hurled him down. Rapley read his fate in a moment from Skim's face. He was to be murdered—to be flung alive into the well. 'You take his legs, master; I'll take his head,' cried Skim to Collop.

Tom lay there quiet, like one dead; but the moment that Skim laid hold of his shoulders to

drag him along, he began to shriek piteously. 'Help, help!' he cried. 'Lizzie! help, help!'

'Hold that noise,' cried Skim furiously, striking him over the head with the loaded stick he carried beneath his jacket. Tom gave a groan, then all was still. 'I've done it now,' said Skim in a low, husky whisper. 'All we can do after this is to hide it. Take hold of the legs—do you hear?'

Collop obeyed mechanically. It had all happened in a moment; and now he was blind with agitation, sick at heart, and only half-conscious of what he was doing. Then he saw a black chasm open out under his feet, and that Skim was motioning to him to let go.

'I won't, I won't!' cried Collop. 'I won't let him go. Skim, you are a murderer!'

At that moment they both started back in horror, for a voice was sounding shrilly through the house.

'Where's Tom! Where's my Tom? O Tom, Tom, speak to me!'

'Here's his wife,' cried Skim. 'Down with him; down into the water; and her after him, if she will have it.'

'Skim, I won't; I wash my hands of it.'

'Tom, Tom! speak to me, Tom, for the love of Heaven!' repeated the frantic voice above. Still no answer.

'You won't let go—you won't!' cried Skim. 'Let go, I tell you, let go.'

There was a moment's struggle, then a heavy, thunderous roar, and a dull, heavy splash, reverberating hollowly from the sides of the well; then the quick wash of circling ripples beating against the brick-work, after that silence.

'Tom!' cried the voice, yet more piteously and despairingly. Still no answer.

CHAPTER XIII.

This is fairy gold, and 'twill prove so.

When the carriage containing Frewen and the police superintendent drew up at the *Royal Oak*, they were met by Constable Bridger, who was in a state of high importance and delight.

'I've got him, sir,' he cried, as he assisted his chief to alight.

'Who? Rapley?'

'The pedler, sir.'

'Pooh! Nonsense about the pedler.'

'But he have very important evidence to give about the robbery.'

'Robbery—stuff!'

'Wait a bit,' cried Frewen, with lawyer-like caution; 'let us hear what he's got to say. Where is he?'

'Here—at the *Royal Oak*, sir.'

They went inside, and entered the sanded parlour. Pedler sat there by the fire, his basket on the floor in front of him, looking pale and nervous.

'Well, what have you got to say for yourself?' said Mr Brown the superintendent, eyeing the man severely. 'Do you know anything about this gold robbery?'

'Only what I told this gentleman here,' said the pedler, indicating Bridger. 'I slept in the barn last night, sir, close by the old house, and I see two chaps crawl into a hole in the ground.'

'Were they rat-catching?' said Brown with a sneer.

'I don't know what they was catching,' said

pedler, 'but I wouldn't have liked 'em to have caught me.'

'Humph! Well, what happened after your friends had gone to earth?'

'Well, sir, I lay hid among a lot of old hop-vines; and when an hour or more had gone, they came back, and then I see their faces by the light of the lamp.'

'Do you know who they were?'

'I know one of 'em—a chap they calls Skim; the other was a tall, lanky chap I didn't know. Well, sir, they'd got a little bag with 'em, and they sat down and opened the bag, and began to count out money; I could hear it chinking; and they quarrelled a bit at first. The long chap wanted to have the most, and Skim wouldn't stand it; "Fair dealing," he says, "share and share alike." Thinks I for a minute, I'll cry shares too; but then I see the twinkle in the chap's eye, and perhaps, says I to myself, I'll get knocked on the head for my pains.'

'And what happened next?'

'They puts the boards down they'd taken up, and goes off.'

'And you heard nothing more?'

'Only I heard Skim call his friend by his name; but I can't recollect the name; it was a funny one—Cutlet, or Chop, or something like that.'

'Was it Collon?' suggested Frewen.

'That was the very name,' cried the pedler.

After a short consultation between Frewen and the superintendent, it was agreed that pedler should lead the way to the barn and point out the place where the men disappeared. As they went tramping past the old house, they noticed Sailor standing at the gate, on the look-out. He gave them a civil 'good-night,' and Bridger loitered behind for a moment to tell Sailor the news; how he had been the means of arriving at the real truth of the matter, and how probably Tom Rapley would come off clear, owing to his (Bridger's) activity and foresight.

'We're going to the barn now,' said the policeman, 'to find out where the thieves got in.'

'O me!' cried Sailor, the recollection of his own experience in the barn flashing upon him; 'I must go with you; I can give a bit of evidence there—only I'll just run up and tell Mrs Rapley the good news.'

Sailor ran up the garden-path, and presently returned, bringing with him Tom's wife.

'She must come, she says,' he cried apologetically to Bridger; 'she must see fair play to her Tom.'

When they reached the barn, they found that the police had already removed the boards at the further end of the flooring, and were standing, several of them, up to their middles in a shallow excavation beneath.

'It is nothing but a drain,' said Brown.

'Drain or not, it may lead into the old house.'

'I don't believe the story a bit; fancy anybody crawling into this dirty hole!'

'People will crawl into dirtier holes than that for a bit of money,' cried Sailor's voice from among the group of lookers-on. I beg your pardon, sir, but I can give a bit of testimony about this. I see two chaps crawl in here one night, and I believe as it do go to the old house.'

'Very well; there is nothing for it, then, but for some one to crawl up and look.—Now, then, men,

which of you is inclined for a bit of sewer-work?'

No volunteers appeared among the police.

'I'll go!' cried Sailor, throwing off his pea-jacket. 'I'm suppler than you chaps with your helmets, and buckles, and belts, and long-tailed coats.'

Every one drew back from the excavation; and Sailor, tightening his girdle, and kicking off his shoes, descended, and taking one of the policemen's bull's-eye lanterns in his hand, began to crawl up the narrow stone tube. He had scarcely disappeared, however, when he began to buck rapidly out.

'What is it?' cried every one eagerly.

'I can get no farther,' said Sailor; 'there is a grating across.'

'I told you so,' said Brown triumphantly: 'a drain; that's all.'

'But the grating would open fast enough, only it's fastened with a new chain and padlock.'

'Break it open, then.'

'That's easier said than done; I couldn't hardly get at it if I'd the tools. Has anybody got a hammer?'

No one had a hammer; but a man was hastily despatched to the village to get one.

Sailor remained there, crouching by the hole, with his head inside, eagerly listening.

'Hush!' he cried; 'there's people there now; I hear them moving about. They're quarrelling too. I hear somebody struggling. Hark!'

A narrow circle of light, in which white intent faces are distinctly visible, everything else dusky and uncertain. One of the faces nearest to the opening is a woman's, who is listening greedily. Noises sound clearly but hollowly through the passage—a gruff husky voice, a high shrill one, and another. Yes, the woman recognises that voice instantly—it is Tom's, it is her husband's, and he is calling for help! 'Help, murder, help!' in quick agonised tones. They are killing him in that deserted house, and help is far away! Every one hears the voices now, and they gather in a closer circle about the sunken passage. A strange instinctive excitement takes possession even of the stolid constables. A dozen incoherent suggestions are gasped out: Knock the grating in. Blow it up with gunpowder. Tie a rope to it, and drag it out. But nothing is done.

'Help, help, help!' The sounds rang out with fearful but subdued clamour, striking a chill into all hearts, and filling them with a strange agitation. To one ear in that little group the cry came with appalling significance: Lizzie knew the voice, and foreboded at once the worst.

'Some of you men,' cried Frewen, 'get a crow-bar, and break through the brickwork of the windows.'

There were no tools, however, nearer than the village, and nothing could be done with naked hands against stone and iron.

'It's all over now,' said Sailor, looking up; there had been a hollow groan, and then a heavy fall. 'Somebody look after Mrs Rapley.'

She had disappeared. She had run swiftly back to their own house, had torn open the nailed-up door, and was now rushing wildly through the deserted rooms of the old house, calling loudly for Tom. But there was no answer.

At that moment she heard a sound so pitiable and

full of agony, that her heart ceased for a moment to beat and her blood to circulate. It was a smothered sound, almost like a roar of some wild animal caught in the toils; and yet there was a human voice about it too, unintelligible, and yet unmistakable. It was a cry of wild anguish and intolerable despair; and not of one voice alone, but the blending of two voices, one hoarse and frantic, the other shrill and importunate, uniting in a strange horrible discord.

The sound was from the cellar, and she ran down the stairs in frenzy. At the foot of the stairs she stumbled over some soft yielding substance, and almost fell forward, but she recovered herself with an effort. The cellar was not quite dark, for a lamp lay upon the floor, which was smouldering and smoking still; she seized it, and opening the door of the lamp, a breath blew the flame into light. Then she saw what she had escaped: the yawning mouth of the well was open at her feet, and at the foot of the stairs was the body over which she had stumbled—her own Tom, bleeding from a deep cut in his forehead. Where were they? Who had done it?

The pit which the two wretches had dug for another they had themselves fallen into. Skim had slipped at the margin of the well; he had seized Collop, to save himself, and had involved him in the same horrible fate. That terrible cry of anguish and despair was their last farewell to life.

When once they found a crowbar, the police had little difficulty in breaking into the deserted house. They attacked the new brickwork in the kitchen window, and it came away in great flakes, so that a practical breach was soon made. With no little curiosity and expectation, they crowded into the place. The first thing that struck their eyes was the hole in the floor and the half-excavated iron box. Then they followed the tracks of sandy feet to the cellar. Here the sight they saw was at once perplexing and disappointing. Only Lizzie Rapley sitting there on the steps, moaning and crying, with her husband's head in her lap.

Lizzie pointed to the well, but could not speak. 'Well, it looks as if somebody had tumbled in,' said the superintendent, examining the margin of the well. 'There's been a scuffle too—and here's a couple of hats. Where is there a rope?'

'There's one belonging to the windlass of the other well,' cried Sailor.

That was brought; but before anybody could descend, it was necessary to test the air down below. Lamp after lamp that was lowered went out, and then they got together a lot of brushwood from Tom's fuge-stock, and made a fire at the mouth of the well. By this time Tom had recovered a little, and was able to speak. He knew the names of his assailants, he whispered—they were Skim and Collop; but he didn't know what had become of them. Then he was carried off to his own bed, and the surgeon of the village was sent for, who bandaged up his head, and assured his weeping wife that there was no danger to life.

The police bivouacked that night in the old manor; they lit a big fire in the kitchen; Mrs Booth sent them beer, and bread and cheese, and on the whole they were merry enough. Before morning they had recovered the bodies from the well. They were looked firmly in each other's grips, their features distorted with rage, terror, and despair.

Frewen came over in the morning, and the iron box was raised from its bed with much difficulty, as it had been firmly secured to a large stone slab beneath. When it was opened, it was found to be nearly full of gold, all Aunt Betsy's hoardings, no doubt. Counted, the amount proved to be ten thousand pounds exactly, neither more nor less. It seemed that this had been her final place of deposit; and it was afterwards ascertained that she had ordered the iron chest and stone slab to be prepared in London, by a firm she had long dealt with, and that they were fixed there by the confidential servants of that firm. It must not be supposed that Aunt Betsy had dug down to her iron chest every time she made a deposit there. There had been an iron tube let into a slit in the top of the chest, the mouth of which reached to the surface of the ground, and was covered by one of the bricks of the flooring. The old lady had only to remove one of the bricks, and drop her money down coin by coin, and when she had completed her tale, the tube could be unscrewed, and taken away. It was afterwards discovered, from papers in Frewen's possession, that one of Aunt Betsy's leading ideas was, that the inhabitants of the earth were destined to be swept away by a second deluge—all but the faithful; and with a strange mixture of practical sagacity and flighty whimsey, she had come to the conclusion, that even in the new state of things, a supply of ready-money would be an inestimable advantage, and had taken the most ready way of securing it. Flocks and herds, houses and barns, might be swept away, but the floods would surely spare Aunt Betsy's hoard.

The first question that arose was: To whom does the money belong? Frewen had a long fight with himself before he could make up his mind to let it go without a struggle. If he had only got Tom to convey the manor to him before this was found, he would have seized the coin as treasure-trove, and fought both the crown and Aunt Betsy's heirs valiantly, before he would have given it up. As it was, however, he didn't see that he would do himself any good by trying to keep the money; and so he quickly made up his mind that Tom with ten thousand pounds was likely to be more useful as a friend than as a foe.

So he drove over to see Tom a few days after the discovery, and found him sitting up in bed quite convalescent. It was Christmas eve; a fine bright sparkling winter's day. 'Well, Tom,' said Frewen, shaking him cheerily by the hand, 'glad to see you round again.' 'You're very kind, sir, to come and see me, after all that's happened. There won't be much loss though, I think. Skim had spent about fifty pounds of the money, but pretty near all the rest is got back; and I'm sure, sir, if the parish will keep me on, I'll work it all out before long.'

Tom had heard of all the money that had been found in Aunt Betsy's iron chest, but he never dreamt that any of it could possibly come to him. Nothing had been left him in the will, and it had not occurred to him that he could ever take any benefit under it.

'Oh, we'll have a better place than that for you, Tom; you shan't be the assistant overseer of the parish any longer; you shall be the squire of it.'

'What do you mean, Mr Frewen?' said Tom,

quite frightened; he thought this was the lawyer's sarcastic way of telling him he had been dismissed.

'Why, Tom, I've been working hard for you, and I'm happy to tell you that I've succeeded in establishing your claim to the money that was found in your aunt's house. She made no mention of it in her will, and she didn't dispose of her residue, and as there's no reasonable doubt but that it's your aunt's money, it comes to you as her heir. The crown won't claim it, I've ascertained, and there's nobody else to dispute it with you. So I've had the money paid into the bank to your account; and all I've got to say is, take care of it, for you'll never get such another haul.'

'What, sir?' cried Tom, his lips dry and pallid with emotion; 'aren't you joking, sir—laughing at me? No! Is the money really mine? Ten thousand pounds, and all mine! O Lizzie, Lizzie!'

Tom broke down, and began to cry. Presently, when he had recovered himself a little, he turned to Frewen and said: 'Sir, I've a confession to make. I hope it won't make any alteration about the money, but I must speak out.' Then he went on to tell about the letter he had found in the cellar addressed to Mrs Rennel's successor. 'And I opened it,' said Tom. 'It was very wrong, I know, but I did it.'

Frewen put his hand before his face to conceal a smile. 'Well, and what was there in the letter?'

'Oh, a lot of rigmarole, it seemed to me; but there was something at the end of it that made me think she meant the money for whoever came to the property.'

'Well, you know,' said Frewen, laughing, 'that's their look-out. I know all about that letter. Like you, I thought it all rigmarole; but you see there was something in it after all. It was meant for her successor; well, let him have it, and you stick to the money.'

'Then you think there is nothing in that letter to take it away from me?'

'Certainly not,' said Frewen.

'Another thing I want to ask you,' said Tom: 'how did she come there?'

'Oh, that was in the secret instructions she left me. She was to be kept there in her life-boat all the time the house was shut up. She forgot to say how she was to be kept; and as I didn't want to raise the parish against me for a nuisance, I sent for some Italian chaps to come and petrify her.'

'To petrify her?' cried Tom in amazement.

'Yes,' said Frewen, chuckling: 'a new device they've got. They couldn't do it in their best style, of course, the time was so short, but they warranted her to keep for twenty years; and as I got a hundred a year for acting as her guardian, there she shall stop till her time's up.'

'And you're going to have the house blocked up again?'

'Yes; as soon as the inquest on Collop and Skim is over.'

'Well, old woman,' said Tom, as soon as Frewen had gone, 'there's plenty of time for you to run over to Biscopham and get a new bonnet; and just to test the thing, Lizzie, and make sure it's true, call and ask at the bank if they'll let me have a five-pound note.'

Lizzie borrowed Mr Brown's dog-cart, and drove over to Biscopham, returning in a few hours laden with packages. There were warm bright things

for the children, a bonnet and shawl for herself, a gay scarf for Tom, groceries for the Christmas pudding, and above all a goose, a very paragon of geese, young and fat, and of enormous size.

'Then they gave you the money at the bank?'

cried Tom.

'O yes. They said you ought to have sent a cheque, but it would do if I signed your name for you, as you were ill; and so I did; and O Tom, when I saw the money come out so easily, I was sorry I didn't ask for more.'

Sailor was the only guest at the Rapleys' Christmas dinner, in gala costume, with the medals he won in China hanging on his best blue coat. 'I call this first-rate,' he cried, as they all drew round the kitchen fire, a jug of fragrant punch mellowing on the hob. 'And now, comrades, I'll finish telling you about what happened to me and Jack Waters when we were rounding Cape Horn.'

But here a doleful wail from the baby caused Mrs Rapley to hurry away up-stairs; and then Farmer Brown came in to congratulate Tom on his luck, and drink success to him in the often replenished jug, and in the noise and clatter, poor Sailor's voice was finally lost and swallowed up.

The inquest on Collop and Skim resulted in a verdict of accidental death; and after that, the old house was once more walled up, the secret passage filled in, and Aunt Betsy left to her repose. Many years have yet to run before Milford Manor will be opened to the light of day, and the old lady's bones finally consigned to consecrated earth. Young Herbert Rapley, however, bids fair to live to claim the prize; for since the lucky discovery of Aunt Betsy's hoard, he has been brought up in the sunshine, with plenty of modest comforts about him.

Tom Rapley still lives at Milford, in a neat little house that he has built for himself at the end of the village, beyond the *Royal Oak*. He has invested part of his money in the brewery at Biscopham, and drives over there daily to look after his affairs. He has a young family growing up about him; and Emily Collop acts as their governess, and lives with the Rapleys as friend and companion. Sailor superintends the garden and poultry-yard and the amusements of the boys, and might live with them altogether if he liked, but he will not abandon his old cottage. Aunt Booth and he still carry on a time-honoured placid flirtation, which shews no signs of developing into any warmer attachment or nearer tie.

Coming down the hill from Brook's clump, you may see the village of Milford lying warm and snug in the sunshine; the mill is grinding merrily, the ducks are squattering about noisily in the placid stream. The resonant hum of a thrashing-machine in yonder stackyard tells of the golden grain that is pouring plentifully into the farmer's sacks; the lark is shrilly singing at heaven's gate; and the bells from the old gray tower are clanging out a lazy chime. Everything tells of tranquil pleasant life and passable content. But from one time-stained roof no curling smoke ascends; the barns and stables about it are empty and bare of stock or store; a chilly silence has brooded long over the place. Even the home-loving swallows refuse to build under its eaves; it is shunned alike by man, and beast, and bird. No one could be got for love or money to act as custodian of the dismal house at Milford. One or two, tempted by the advantages offered, have tried it for a while,

but have soon given it up, declaring that starvation is better than a residence at Milford Manor. Still, after a fashion, Aunt Petsy has had her way, and kept her memory green, though in very sorry fashion; and thus it will remain till time shall rid this pleasant valley of its dismal blot.

THE END.

REMINISCENCES OF A SOLDIER.

ONE of the most amusing books recently given to the world is that by Colonel W. K. Stuart, C.B., late of the 86th Regiment, styled *Reminiscences of a Soldier*. The work, which is full of interesting as well as instructive anecdotes, will amply repay perusal. The British soldier of the past is lamentably depleted. If any one believes in the 'good old times,' as connected with our army, or denies that civilisation has benefited the condition of its rank and file, let him read the colonel's book, and confess his error. The very dedication of the work speaks to its authenticity, since it is addressed, not without pathos, to the very regiment in which he served so long and creditably—"To the dear old corps, the Royal County Down, in which, as an officer, I passed thirty-five happy years, in which my father served for the same period, and in which my only son is now serving, I dedicate these Reminiscences." They may, therefore, be relied upon.

When Ensign Stuart first joined his regiment, corporal punishments were 'at least' of weekly recurrence. A few years ago (for it is now practically abolished) a commanding officer would hesitate to inflict fifty lashes upon even an incorrigible scoundrel; but, in the first five days of our author's military career, he saw a recruit of eighteen years old receive three hundred lashes for being absent from tattoo! After remaining a long time in hospital, the lad deserted, was brought back again, and received another three hundred. He then deserted again, and we are glad to say, got safe off to America. Well, indeed, may Colonel Stuart assert that military men of the present time—that is, young and middle-aged officers—will scarcely credit the scenes which he describes, and of which he was an unwilling eyewitness. For having dirty trousers on upon parade, a man received two hundred lashes; and next morning the mess waiter paid a similar penalty for not bringing the carving-knife to the mess sergeant. 'I have heard from my father of men whose backs were so lacerated by repeated floggings, that they had to receive the lash upon the calves of their legs.' One man while being thus tortured, cried out in bitter rage: 'There's still the soles of my feet for you left, colonel!' There are still, of course, men of brutal natures to be found to protest that, after all, such a system could not be very faulty since it 'worked so well'—the usual argument of the thoughtless and the base: but when they have finished these volumes, even the 'working' will not perhaps appear to them so perfect. That these flogged men made excellent fighting material, is certain (when they did not desert, or kill themselves or their officers), but it is by no means shewn that this was owing to the discipline of the halberets: good 'soldiers,' in any high sense of the term, they did not make. They were, many of them, habitual drunkards; one of them, after receiving his three hundred, turned round to his commanding officer, and offered—mutilated and bleeding as he

was—to take 'the same over again' for a bottle of rum. 'What a dreadful system that could thus degrade human beings far below the level of brute beasts,' writes our author with indignation, which in *his* case it is a credit to feel, since he was brought up from boyhood (for he joined the regiment at fifteen) among these hideous scenes, and passed his military life among companions who approved of them. He is, of course, familiar with their arguments, if such they can be called, reproduces them, and charitably allows whatever force they may possess. Their chief point seems to have been, that the British soldier was as incapable of shame as themselves, and when his pain and punishment were over, thought little more about it. In some cases, our author admits that this was the case. 'Flogging was such a customary occurrence, happening almost every morning and evening, and for such trivial offences, that the victims only gloried in bearing the punishment, as they said, "like men;" and for years, while this disgraceful and degrading system still existed, the men in my regiment had in each company a "subscription club," which, if a man took his two or three hundred lashes, or whatever it might be, without giving tongue, gave him three or four pounds. If on the contrary, he gave tongue, he would in all probability get so good a thrashing from his comrades as would sometimes have the effect of sending him into hospital again. And with what fortitude I have seen them bear this agonising torture! I recollect two very little men, named McAdovey and Crammesley, who received five hundred lashes each, and coolly counted every lash themselves.' One man (for mutiny) took one thousand lashes (!), and walked away, unassisted, from the triangles, while his two companions fainted before half the punishment was over, and were removed till they were well enough for the remainder.

The moral effect of this so-called deterrent system was, that 'by twelve o'clock in the day the guard-room was crammed with drunken men,' and 'the scenes that took place, though the halberets were in constant requisition, were horrible to contemplate: the daily sight of punishment, so far from impressing the men, only rendered them more reckless and despairing.' A very curious example is given by Colonel Stuart of the difference of character between Irish and Scotch soldiers at this period: the former, when in their cups, were violent and outrageous, the latter were always 'canny.' One regiment, composed almost entirely of Scots, had quite a good name for sobriety, but, as one of its officers himself confessed, 'if our men were paraded in line, at tattoo' (that is, the end of the day), 'and you gave a good shove to the right-hand man of the grenadiers, the whole regiment would go down like a pack of cards.' Nor were the officers of that date much better in this respect than those to whom they were supposed to set a good example. The commanding-officer of our author's detachment in the West Indies 'drank morning, noon, and night—in fact, I could hardly say he was ever sober.' He would inspect his company in a calico dressing-gown and straw-hat, and taking a musket, look down the muzzle, 'cocking his eye like a drunken magpie, as if he expected to find it full of something valuable,' while the detachment, if need scarcely be said, was in roars of laughter. This gentleman, however, was tried

at last by a general court-martial for being drunk on duty; there was a good deal of contrary swearing, and he was acquitted; 'but if he was not guilty, the authorities must have contrived to try him on the only night of the three hundred and sixty-five that he was ever sober.' Not one officer out of ten seems to have had any sense of his responsibilities, and a court-martial was conducted with disgraceful levity and carelessness. 'I have seen officers during almost the whole of the proceedings reading a novel; others engaged in the newspaper; others drawing caricatures, and handing them from one to the other; and all this time evidence being given that might endanger the life of a fellow-creature, or at least consign him to long imprisonment or transportation.' Once a reproof was administered to such a court by a prisoner, when called upon for his defence, such as must have made their ears tingle. "What is the use," cried the poor fellow bitterly, "of my saying anything in my defence! Why, half the officers do not know what has been going on for the last half-hour. Captain H—— has been wrapt up in that book he has now got hid under the table; Lieutenant S—— has been engaged with the newspaper ever since the court sat; and Captain P—— has drawn as many caricatures as would fill a scrap-book. Defence? No, indeed; it is useless. But if you will have something—well, I did call Major B—— an old drunkard; and it's quite true, and every man in the regiment knows it, and [this in the tone of the greatest contempt] perhaps you had better put all this down in the 'proceedings of the court.'" The prisoner was a person of education, very different from the ordinary soldiers of that day, not one of whom in twenty could read or write, and who were wont to be tried by such judges without remark, and 'had a bombshell fallen on the middle of the table,' says our author, 'I do not think the president and members would have been more astonished.'

These terrible revelations of old army times are fortunately relieved in Colonel Stuart's narrative by a hundred stories full of wit and vivacity, such as the author of *Charles O'Malley* would not have disdained to transfer to his own bright pages, and every one of them drawn from the life. The Royal Down was, of course, an Irish regiment, though at one time commanded by that Colonel Donald Macdonald, whose eccentric will occasioned two trials, of late years, in Edinburgh. On one occasion, Neilson, a Scotch soldier of bad character, was brought up before all the officers for some dereliction of duty, and the then colonel, who was a great wag, thought to get a rise out of 'Old Mac,' at that time major. 'Here,' said he, addressing him, 'is that fellow Neilson come up again; he is the greatest ruffian in the regiment, and I am sorry to say a countryman of yours.' Mac made no reply to the colonel, but looking steadfastly at the prisoner, said: 'Neilson, my mannie, ye must have been a terrible scoundrel to have enlisted in an Irish regiment.'

Another Scotchman, when a subaltern at Gibraltar, was one day on guard with a brother-officer, who fell down a precipice four hundred feet high and was killed. Nevertheless, the survivor, in filling up the guard report, added the usual formula: 'Nothing extraordinary has occurred since guard-mounting.'

This naturally awoke some surprise.

'What!' exclaimed the brigade-major, 'do you call it "nothing extraordinary" when your brother officer on duty with you has fallen down four hundred feet and been killed?'

'Weel, sir,' replied the other, 'I dinna think there's anything extraordinary in it ava; if he'd fann down a precipice four hundred feet high and *no been killed*, I should ha'e thought it very extraordinary indeed, and wad hae put it down in my report.'

Besides the interesting general experience which might have been acquired by any man during so many years and in such stirring scenes, Colonel Stuart seems to have been exceptionally favoured in his personal relations. There are half-a-dozen incidents which he describes—and we have no doubt with truth—as having occurred to himself, that might form the skeleton of a romance. His very servant in the regiment must needs be Patrick, the brother of that William Hare, of the dreadful firm of Burke and Hare, of which most of us have heard. Curiously enough this man too was tried twice for murder, though in the one case acquitted, and in the other sentenced, and that unjustly, to but a short term of imprisonment. On coming out of jail, his brother's atrocities, combined with his own misfortune in having taken two men's lives, though by what may be called misadventure, so preyed upon his mind that he fell into a rapid consumption. The most extraordinary anecdote, however, to our mind, in this very extraordinary book, is the account of a certain duel in India. The conviction is certainly general that the demands of so-called 'honour' could only be appeased by an appeal to the sword or the pistol; but two officers, one Irish, and the other a German, 'of whom in those days there were considerable numbers in command of German troops in our army,' satisfied themselves on one occasion with a much more homely weapon. Not choosing to wait till daylight for the settlement of a quarrel by shooting one another in the orthodox fashion, they found in the mess-room a large pair of scissors, the only dangerous weapon at hand. The German broke the scissors in two, and fastened the two parts to sticks. With these unusual weapons they commenced their extraordinary encounter. For nearly ten minutes they continued prodding at one another, 'and when at last they were separated, had succeeded in doing as much mischief to one another as heart could desire.' The whole book teems with stories as strange and exciting as those with which Captain Gronow was wont to favour us, with this marked difference, that Colonel Stuart's stories are, we are persuaded, authentic; but the most interesting portion of it is the comparison he makes between 'now and then,' and the vast improvement in the position of the British soldier that is thereby established. One can scarcely credit that a common form of punishment for trifling offences being flogging, men so sentenced had the option of escaping that torture by volunteering into a West India corps to serve for life. These poor wretches were called 'commuted men,' and were, in fact, sentenced to transportation to the end of their days for being late at roll-call or duty on parade. Their home-sickness was often terrible to witness, and one poor fellow, after twenty years of banishment, being—wonderful to relate—permitted to go home, was so delighted with the thought of doing so, and once more

beholding his mother, who was still alive, that he died of joy. It is needless to say that we commit no such murders in the present day. The soldier is now treated not only with justice and humanly, but with true consideration. He has everything done for him in the way of education: lectures are given for his instruction, coffee-rooms and reading-rooms are established to lure him from the canteen, and his comfort is well looked after. Instead of, as in the old time, married men and their wives being placed in the same room as the single men, some attention is paid to decency and order. What our author still complains of is, that the pay is not sufficient for a married soldier and his family to subsist upon. He is almost always weak and ailing from sheer want of food, for the small sum that his wife obtains for the soldiers' washing is scarcely enough to keep soul and body together. In the West Indies, the wife and children receive rations; in the East Indies, pay. 'Why should not enough be given to them at home also to enable them to exist?' Colonel Stuart considers that the pay of our soldiers generally is still insufficient to secure a good class of men, though something has been added of late years. Another grievance upon which he insists with justice is, the long and vexatious delay in apportioning prize-money. The payment is often put off for eight years, and even ten, which is truly red-tapeism with a vengeance. 'I have no doubt many things I have written will not suit every one,' concludes our author modestly; but that reader must be hard to please, and incapable of benefit, who does not derive both amusement and instruction from his pages.

FERNs.

THE study and cultivation of ferns is essentially of modern, and even recent growth. The poets and artists of the last century knew nothing of them. Even Cowper, whose placid and homely muse has embellished so many of the humble plants of the road-side and field-path, has neglected the fern; and his contemporary, William Gilpin, the well-known writer upon the Picturesque, who did so much to create and foster a taste for the beautiful in nature, can see in them nothing but noxious weeds, and ranks them with 'thorns and briars and other ditch trumpery.' Gilpin, too, it must be remembered, lived all his life in that paradise of ferns, the New Forest. So late as 1828, Phillips published a standard work upon ornamental plants and shrubs, and from beginning to end never once mentions any member of the tribe. At first sight, nothing would appear to be more in harmony with the character and peculiar exigencies of Gothic design than the delicate tracery and exquisite filigree of the fern leaves and fronds, and yet we seldom find it employed. In the beautiful decorations of Southwell Minster, which are said to comprise amongst them an almost perfect stone Flora of the neighbourhood, there is no representation of the fern in any shape. The rehabilitation of the fern seems to have been primarily due to Sir Walter Scott, and ferns may be

said to have come into fashion with oak furniture, ancient armour, and the revival of mediævalism in general. Scott looked upon them with the eye of a forester and a poet, and pleads their cause in that charming little pastoral, the *Essay upon Planting*. As a poet, he is never tired of painting

The patches bright of bracken green

which relieve the monotony of the cold gray moors, whether

The lone hill-side,

Where heath and fern are waving wide,

or in the dank copse of low underwood,

Where the morning dew lies longest,

Where the Lady Fern grows strongest.

The Lake poets had also much to say about them; and from their time to ours, the fern has never been without its laureate.

The French, however, had never associated the fern with such gloomy ideas, and seem to have been before us in discovering its beauty. Diderot quotes a lively song of the seventeenth century in its praise, beginning—

Vous n'avez point, verte fougère,

L'éclat des fleurs qui parent le printemps;

Mais leur beauté ne dure guère;

Vous êtes aimable en tout temps;

and by a rather forced conceit, dedicates his fern to Bacchus, on account of the use made of its ashes in the making of wine-glasses.

The chief cause of the many superstitions which have gathered round this plant, is probably the mystery involved in its reproduction. All the other members of our native Flora, except the lower and less noticeable *Cryptogamia*, flowered and seeded in due course, but the fern shewed no visible way of continuing its species. The Greeks and Romans believed that fern produced no seed. Our ancestors, wiser in their generation, concluded that there must be seed of some kind, but believed it to be invisible; and by a singular process of reasoning, founded upon the fantastic doctrine of signatures, they concluded that he who possessed this wonderful seed would himself become invisible. Until the early days of the microscope, the scientific folks were inclined to believe with Pliny that the fern grew without seed; and this opinion is alluded to in one of Butler's satires, who compares his undeserving court favourite to

Fern, that vile unuseful weed,

That springs equivocally without seed;

but the unscientific people were firmly persuaded that the plant brought forth its seed every year at midnight on Midsummer-eve—the festival of St John the Baptist, and that the scattering of its seed rendered people invisible. Shakespeare alludes to this belief in *Henry IV.*, when Gadshill says of himself and company: 'We have the receipt of fern-seed; we walk invisible;' and Andrew Marvell tells us

Of the witch that midnight wakes

For the fern, whose magic weed

In one moment casts the seed,

And invisible him makes.

All parts of the fern were more or less connected with ideas of *diablerie*. When the stalk of the common bracken is cut through obliquely, the section will be found to exhibit an appearance which is said by the country-people in many parts of England to be a miniature representation of the devil's foot-print. In the northern counties, the young unexpanded fronds were often twisted into the semblance of a human hand, and sold as amulets against witchcraft, under the name of 'St John's hands.'

The variety called *Lunaria*, or moon-fern, has become surrounded by another group of myths. It was believed to possess such a singular affinity for iron, that it often drew the shoes from the feet of horses who were grazing in fields where it grew. Culpepper, the famous herbalist, tells of a troop of Roundhead horse, under the command of Earl Essex, who lost all their shoes from this cause, while riding over a Devonshire moor. Culpepper's rival, Coles, laughs at him for this story, and is confident that although 'moon-wort be the moon's herb, yet it is neither smith, farrier, nor pick-lock.' There are some lines in Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas which allude to this singular idea :

Horses that feeding in the grassie hills,
Tread upon moon-wort with their hollow heels,
Though lately shod, at night go barefoot home.

Another variety, the beautiful *Osmunda* fern, which grows chiefly in wet places, has some folklore connected with it, which has not yet been recovered. Gerard speaks of it under the poetical name of 'The hearte of Osmund the waterman.' Wordsworth, however, in one of his prettiest allusions to ferns, has turned the waterman into a queen, without, we fear, any authority, and writes of

That tall fern,
So stately, of the queen *Osmunda* named
Plant lovelier, in its own retired abode
On Gersmere's beach, than Naiad by the side
Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere
Solo-sitting by the shores of old romance.

The old herbalists abound in curious things about fern. It was said to bear a deadly enmity to the reed; and they cited in proof of this the fact, that the one invariably perishes when the other is planted; but Parkinson very sensibly believes that 'this happeneth rather from the soiles, a reede not joying in a dry ground, nor the ferne in a wet.' On the supposition of this antipathy, the fern was applied by the old surgeon to all wounds caused by reeds. The roots of some of the species were highly esteemed as a vermifuge, and a decoction of the lady-fern was recommended as a sovereign remedy for melancholy in men, but was never given to women, because it would infallibly render them barren! It was also considered powerful against snakes and venomous reptiles. Pliny advises travellers, and those who are obliged to sleep in the open air, to make a pillow of a sheaf of fern, or, better still, to make a fire of it, and the fumes will answer the same purpose.

How much healthier a taste now prevails for ferns in all their varied beauty! The gracefulness of the waving bracken lends an additional charm to silvan dells, and what greenhouse is considered to be furnished with plants to delight the eye,

which has not at least a dozen kinds of the multifarious fern tribe? We hail this change as testifying to an immense improvement in the love of the beautiful in nature.

ADVENTURE IN THE DACOTAH TERRITORY.

IN the autumn of 1871, an expedition was organised to explore the almost unknown region of the Yellowstone Valley, and report upon the possibility of locating proposed crossings over the Missouri. The party consisted of General R— and a staff of about twelve engineers, with teamsters, cooks, &c., and an escort under the command of General W—, of several companies of U.S. Infantry, some Gatlin guns, and a company of Indian scouts (Dacotahs or Sioux). The country to be traversed was unknown, and full of Sioux Indians, professedly hostile to the proposed railroad, and determined to oppose it, on the valid ground, that the hunting, their sole means of sustenance, would be spoiled.

Owing to a peculiar circumstance, though only having been a very short time in the United States, I had the offer of an appointment on General R—'s engineer corps; and as such an opportunity of seeing the country rarely presented itself, I gladly availed myself of it. It was hardly my first experience of travel, as I had already visited many parts, including Australasia; but this was a new experience, and having in youth, like most English boys, had an intense desire, inculcated and fostered by the marvellous books of Cooper, Mayne Reid, and others, to see the noble savage in his own domain, I was delighted with the opportunity.

Three guides who professed to know the country were engaged; but they were of little use: indeed, as General R— observed, if we had secured the services of one or two more, we should have been hopelessly lost; as it was, their peculiar avocation seemed to be to mislead us, and malign each other, and it was found that, by putting two under arrest, and ignoring the other, we facilitated our movements considerably.

We rendezvoused at Fort Rice on the Missouri—as the troops were drafted in companies from the different frontier forts and marched there, or came up or down the river, as the case might be, in flat boats—and left September 8, 1871. The great object was to prevent surprise, as with our forces, unless the Indians were able to concentrate their bands, we were tolerably safe from open assault; so on the line of march we had skirmishers constantly thrown out, and beyond them, riding up every eminence, a cordon of scouts to give notice of the slightest Indian signs. For several days we saw none, but knowing the facility with which the red-skins hide, and the secrecy of their movements, we never could be assured there were none about.

Many of the officers, and particularly General W—, had been selected on account of their having seen service on the frontier, and being acquainted with Indian wiles and stratagems; and after the day's march was over, sitting in the mess-tent after a meal of antelope steaks, that

would have produced dyspepsia or dissolution in many, and over the inevitable and invaluable pipe, many a story was told of Indian warfare, and cruelties of the late Minnesota massacre; till, notwithstanding the triple line of sentries and outposts (necessary indeed, but not always effectual to prevent surprise), the first impulse of any one, if by any chance he did wake up in the night, was to carefully feel his head, and ascertain the safety of his scalp. Once or twice Indian signs were plainer and fresher than usual; the prints of a horse's hoof, denoting that one of their scouts had been around, or, in one or two cases, the ashes of a smouldering fire, shewed how closely we had come to a small party, but still no living red-skin had been seen by any one. Game was plentiful; and any quantity of antelope, black and white tailed deer and elk, were killed by the skirmishers and mounted scouts; but no one seemed much inclined to stray far from the main body, knowing the tendency of the enemy to pick off stragglers.

One day, General R—, with the engineer corps and one company of infantry as escort, was engaged taking levels and observations along the dry bed of a river, on each side of which rose a hilly country, with boulders of granite sprinkled at intervals (relics of the ice period), looking as if some giants had been pelting each other with rocks; and a few scattered shrubs at long distances from each other. Fringing the river was a thin belt of light cotton-wood, and undergrowth of bullberry bushes covered with clusters of bright red and currant-like fruit.

From the high-water mark, plainly visible by the washed-up debris of beaver-cut logs, &c. the river had, after the spring rains, been one of considerable depth and swiftness; but now dried by the summer sun, little was left but a few pools at intervals, and a spongy bottom, of the nature of quicksand, not at all calculated to facilitate the crossing of the heavy train and artillery that constituted our main body. This of course necessitated a *détour* for them, and a comparatively easier march across the plateau of prairie country beyond the hills, which was taken, both parties agreeing to meet at a little eminence, visible some miles off, and there pitch the camp. Naturally, in following the course of the river, our way was very devious, while the train made as straight a course as possible. After an hour or two, I stopped for a time behind the rest to take the topography of one of the hills, and by the time I had finished, saw they were too far off to follow, and accordingly started off across the country, with a view of making a course to the probable locality where the camp would be pitched.

I went along very quietly, not being at all anxious to arrive before the tents were up, the 'correll' of wagons made, and the eight or nine hundred mules, which constituted our draught-power, safely inclosed, picking up at intervals on my way pieces of petrified wood, moss agates, or some of the small pieces of granite of countless variety of shade and colour, which characterise that section of country, till I found myself on the top of a higher point of hill than any of the surrounding ones.

Having in my course described the chord of the arc represented by the direction of the movements of the train, I imagined myself to have nearly

reached the proposed camping-ground, and after lighting my pipe, sat down and looked around.

The sky was intensely blue, not a cloud to be seen; all around, the country rose and fell in fantastic shapes; far in the distance rose a cloud of smoke-like dust, marking the progress of the train, and the dark line of cotton-wood trees, dividing off to a mere thread in the distance, showed the course of the river. The chirp of the cicada, and humming of various insects, seemed the only signs of life; unless the lazy waving of the prairie-grass could be so called, and I felt very much alone. The sun was hot, and feeling tired I laid myself down behind a large boulder, some four feet high and rather overreaching, and fell asleep. After I suppose an hour's rest, I awoke, and getting up looked around to ascertain the position of the train, and see if they were making preparations to camp.

The sun was lower, and the column of dust nearer than when I looked before, but they were evidently on the move still; the rifles of the advance-guard glistened at intervals, and in the rear the commissariat beeves, guarded by the commissariat 'bull-punchers,' dragged their weary lengths along. Still looking round I saw three or four black objects on a nearer hill-side, and after a hasty reconnoitre discovered them at once, from their appearance and manner of riding, to be mounted men and Indians.

A 'good' or friendly Indian is very seldom met with on the plains, and none would be likely to feel well disposed towards one of a party who had an avowed intention of crossing their hunting-grounds; so I immediately made a dive, flattened on the ground, and crawled under cover of a rock, from which I cautiously looked, hoping they had not seen me, and trusting to their going another way on the approach of the train. The reader may imagine my feelings when I saw them ride straight towards the bluff I occupied. I am not covetous, but certainly never wished more for the sole possession of any piece of land than I did of that hill; still, I never thought they would ascend to the top, but merely felt they were too near to be pleasant.

From behind the stone I looked, exposing as little of myself as possible, when, to my intense horror, after a short conversation at the bottom, they began to ascend. Carefully dragging myself along, so as to make as little trail as possible, I wedged myself in under the same rock, beneath which I had been asleep a few minutes ago, hoping against hope that the near approach of the troops would prevent them making a long stay, and trying to imagine they would not discover me.

What would I not have given at the time for my well-beloved and trusty Winchester repeating rifle; but, alas! it was then, I knew, carefully placed in a baggage-wagon; my only weapon was a French Lefauchaux revolver—of the pepper-box species, not reliable; and rendered still less so, by some horribly bad German pin-cartridges I had purchased in St Paul's, Minnesota, for it; not to be depended on for a moment, in short, when accurate shooting was indispensable. However, I at once took out all the cartridges, reloaded the weapon very carefully, and cocking it quietly, lay there, shadowed and sheltered by the rock, and awaited the result.

Thoughts of all the cruelties I knew were

practised by the Sioux on their captives, and the impossibility of making anything like a fair and even fight of it—as they all had rifles or carbines, ran through my mind; and even then, amid all the horror of the situation, I could hardly repress a smile at the thought of the painful disappointment the reds would feel in endeavouring to ‘lift’ my hair, as, in accordance with a habit contracted in the East Indies, it was little over three-quarters of an inch long, certainly not long enough to afford sufficient hold for them to take my scalp.

I cannot say how long I remained in this position: perhaps a few minutes, but it seemed hours. Thoughts of home, and places I should never see again, flashed through my mind: and the idea of dying in that way seemed all the more dreadful, as I thought of the proximity of the troops, and how little they were aware of my fate. Vague ideas as to whether my body would be ever found, floated through my mind, amid a general piling up of mental agony. I could hear the footsteps nearer and nearer, the stumbling of a horse over a loose stone, and the guttural grunts of the rider were more distinctly audible as they approached the top, and in a few more seconds I was aware by the sound they had reached the summit, and had, as I judged, dismounted.

Can a much more unpleasant situation be supposed? Within a few feet of savage enemies, who would certainly not pay any attention to the etiquette of civilised warfare, whose language was unintelligible to me, and mine to them, and the certainty of being discovered by their keen eyes the moment they had looked around the surrounding country. I must certainly confess to a very bad scare; all sorts of wild schemes revolved through my brain; rushing down the hill in a desperate effort to escape and reach the train presented itself, and was dismissed as vain and futile.

Then the calmness of desperation seemed to come, and with a vague, dreamy feeling of pitying myself as one in a bad way, I lay, revolver in hand, meditating whether it would not be better to reserve the last bullet for myself, so as not to fall alive into the hands of savages.

At last the climax came. An exclamation from one shewed an object of interest, and I could hear them cluster together and talk rapidly. From the inflection of their voices, I knew they had discovered something. What could it be? In a moment I remembered; in my haste I had left a small metal match-box (an old travelling companion) where I had lit my pipe, and it had been discovered. Then, footsteps were heard all round, and close to my hiding-place; so drawing a long breath, I jumped up with my pistol presented, and confronted—an Indian certainly, and a Sioux, too—but to my intense relief I recognised the peculiar features of ‘Tartanka Morza,’ or ‘Iron Buffalo,’ one of the scouts attached to the expedition.

Our mutual surprise was great. I never felt so lovingly disposed towards an Indian in my life. He himself could not tell what to make of the apparition of a white man suddenly springing from behind a rock, with such a decidedly hostile appearance; and we stood looking at each other, all with the intuitive perception of an Indian, the whole thing seemed to burst on his mind, and we both exploded into a roar of laughter (it is a mistake to say red-skins do not laugh), in which the rest joined.

Sitting down, we discussed the affair by pantomime over a pipe, and then seeing below the white tents rapidly rising, and dotting the neighbouring hill-side, while the bugles made themselves heard sounding halt as each company came up, denoting the stoppage for the night, I strolled leisurely down the hill to rejoin my friends, and having got over my fright, amused them that night with the story of it.

TO A WELLINGTONIA GIGANTEA PINE.

Ten years ago, my baby fir,
A weakling from thy birth,
I bore thee to my lawn, and heaped
Thy tender roots with earth.

Nor did my arm ache with the task,
Thy cradle felt so light,
For thou wert but a span across,
A cubit scarce in height.

Ten summers' suns, ten winters' snows,
A thousand show'ers, supplied
The stately strength which drew thee up
To spire my garden's pride.

Our puny saplings, envious, eye
Thy girth; the birds more blest
Twitter around thee, and the wren
Trusts to thine arms her nest.

Unnumbered fancies greet me when
My gaze upon thee rests;
From thy light green-tipped glooms fly forth
Bright thoughts and grave behests.

Symbols and types upon thy bark
Like lichen-splashes writ,
I read; thought-germs, too, from thy boughs
Haug, aiding mother-wit.

The darkness which thine arms enclose,
Lit up by points of green,
Tells life is not a web of woes—
Bright hues are shot between.

The last gleams of the dimmest day
Gleam from thy ruddy bole;
Patience in grief brings evening-light
To every steadfast soul.

My children in thy shadow play;
Belong, both they and I
Go hence, but thou wilt yearly yearn
Still higher towards the sky.

Teach me the lesson now! thy bulk
Then will not grow in vain,
Reminding all that life's true task
Is heaven to attain.

Thus He who gave our oak and elm
To type enduring Will,
In this world's storms, has given us thee
For nobler teachings still.

Next Saturday, August 29, will be commenced in this
JOURNAL, a NOVEL, entitled

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

By the Author of *A Golden Sorrow*.

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THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A GOLDEN SORROW.'

CHAPTER I.—A PAIR OF FRIENDS.

TWENTY-ONE years ago, the railway system of the south of Scotland left much to be desired. The main lines, by which passengers were conveyed from the English to the Scottish capital, were indeed in full activity, and the iron road had pushed its irresistible way in the direction of the Highlands, but branch-lines in the south-westerly portions of Scotland did not exist, and certain primitive methods of locomotion were still retained among the customs of the country. The dwellers in Galloway and the Stewartry were accustomed to make light of distances which would appal us and them, now-a-days, if they had to be performed without the help of railroads; and the hospitalities of the southern counties were of a solid, durable, and costly kind, almost realising 'the rest day, the drest day, and the prest day' of the time of Sir Walter Scott and Miss Ferrier. Giving a dinner-party always implied having a house full of people 'from a distance,' for one night at least; anything within five or six miles was regarded as the immediate neighbourhood. Giving a ball meant several houses being filled with guests for the occasion, and a 'racer' lasting for two or three days after the special festivity, according to the popularity of the host, and the vigour of the choice spirits among the guests. On such occasions, stables, coach-houses, and court-yards presented a scene of crowd and bustle, only equalled by the bedrooms and dressing-rooms of the hospitable mansions, where bags and boxes had been unpacked, and the toilettes of the ladies, who came from beyond full-dress-in-a-carriage distance, were in progress.

Twenty-one years ago, a scene of much activity and bustle prevailed inside and outside of Barholm, the dwelling-house of Sir Alexander Mervyn, a Scottish baronet of ancient lineage but

moderate fortune. Barholm was situate in the south-westernmost corner of Galloway, on a strip of land boldly jutting into the channel, and placed as inconveniently as it could be placed, for all the purposes of social intercourse with the dwellers in the district. Barholm was almost equidistant from all the smaller towns, and more than a score of miles—though of a singularly good road, which wound through beautiful scenery—lay between it and Dumfries. The site was eminently beautiful, and the old house was a picturesque structure; in which convenience had been less consulted than effect, and which recalled at first sight to the mind of the observer, a chivalrous and romantic state of things nowhere more utterly dead and done with than among the Lowland Scotch. A bold, rugged, dentellated sea-wall bounded the house, with an intervening space laid down in brownish turf, on two sides; the other two faced the woods and pleasure-grounds through which the approach lay, and had been modernised by the present owner, who had substituted 'compo' and plate-glass for the diamond-paned casements and rubble of old days. But the 'sea-front,' which was the back of the house, remained unchanged. Grim and bold it looked from the sea, with its castellated turrets, its rough gray walls, lichen-grown and weather-beaten, and its gray stone terrace, on which the shadow of a heavy stone balcony, crossing the face of the wall beneath the second row of windows in the main building, and communicating with the turrets by a narrow door on each side, was flung. From the turf plateau behind the house, a small iron gate gave access by a steep zigzag pathway to a broad rocky platform, beneath which the waves roared and tumbled, covering it with their spray in bad weather, but, in good, dashing harmlessly against its edge. This platform of rock was a favourite

resort with the dwellers in the old house; it formed a delightful open-air drawing-room in summer weather, and in winter it afforded a sheltered nook, from which the wild beauties of the sea and the sky might be observed. It formed a sort of recess as well, for it was closed on both sides by masses of rock, which descended to the sea, and it was the resort of multitudes of sea-gulls and divers. The approach to the old house of Barroholme, after winding through wood and pleasure-grounds, made an abrupt sweep down to the main road, which skirted the sea closely for four miles, with but one other dwelling between Barroholme and the village at the junction of the little promontory with the mainland. From the back windows of the house, or rather, as its inmates preferred to say, from its 'sea-front,' the winding coast-road was visible throughout its entire length, so that all the life and movement that came to Barroholme was perceptible from the sea-front. The land-front was secluded in the dignity of laurel hedges, trim shrubberies—protected by a fringe of well-grown fir plantation from the south winds—prim gardens, and three sets of gates which portioned off the graduated avenue.

A pleasant animation pervaded the old house one fine autumnal day, when the sea was lying still under a hazy sky, and the rich fleeting tints of the sad and beautiful season adorned the woods that thinly clothed the hillsides. Stir and sound had been rife since early morning, and many arrivals had broken in upon the decorous duties of the forenoon at Barroholme, where life was wont to roll on with extreme precision, and an orderly observance of the time-and-place-for-everything rule, presumably associated with feelings not unduly keen or wide-ranging, on the part of the heads of the family. It required a good deal to put Lady Mervyn out of her accustomed groove; but, on the occasion in question, a good deal was going to happen. A daughter of the house was going to be married, and the event was to be celebrated by a ball. A wedding and a ball, in even the best-regulated family, must cause some commotion; when the double event involves a large party of staying company, the commotion is excusably great.

Guests from a distance were arriving, and being shewn to their rooms, while their equipages, generally of the smart dog-cart order, much affected in Scotland, were driven off to stables, which were well removed from the house, and hidden by thick plantations. The marriage ceremony was to take place, according to the Presbyterian custom, at the bride's house, in the afternoon, and the newly-married couple were to make a brief appearance at the ball before starting on the first stage in their joint journey of life. On similar occasions it frequently happens that the individuals most directly and nearly concerned are precisely those who stand most apart from the general movement, and enjoy a degree of leisure undreamt of by others. Sir Alexander Mervyn, Lady Mervyn, and the entire household were positively busy in their several ways, and comparatively agitated; the house-keeper was waiting on her ladyship—some import-

ant matter concerning the supper being in discussion—the maids were engaged with the visitors; the butler and his *aides* were passing in review the tables on which the wedding banquet was spread; even the dogs were restless, and had something on their minds. Sir Alexander Mervyn was shut up in his library—where the medicine bottles were almost as numerous as the books, and much more frequently resorted to—with his man of business, looking over the settlements which were to be signed presently, and giving utterance to peevish discontent with the worry and disturbance caused by the wedding festivities. The people who had arrived were in all the fuss of unpacking and dressing in a strange house; in short, only one member of the family circle seemed to have nothing particular to do, and plenty of time to look about her. This individual was the bride, Marion Mervyn. Her dress was all ready, laid out upon her bed; but she need not begin to array herself in those rich white robes for more than an hour to come, and she is employing that hour very literally in looking about her; having quietly made her way unobserved to the little gate in the sea-wall, and descended the steep rocky path to the platform overhanging the smooth murmuring waves.

The sun of that autumnal day, twenty-one years ago, found few prettier objects beneath his rays than Marion Mervyn, as she stepped cautiously down to the old familiar place where she had passed so many happy hours, both before she had known Gordon Grame, who would be her husband before the sun should have gone down, and since their betrothal. She was a bright, merry, kindly, fair young girl, with blue eyes, rich brown hair, a beautiful figure, a frank and tender smile, and a most unmaternal voice and accent. Life had been very calm and peaceful for Marion Mervyn; she had never known a great sorrow, nor even a serious vexation. Her story might be called commonplace, if cheerfulness, content, and prosperity were common things; it certainly was as unromantic as any life-history in which love has a place could be. She was an only daughter, and surrounded with all the comfort usually enjoyed by only daughters. She had nothing to do but what she liked, and nobody to think of except herself, in any practical sense. Papa was 'tiresome' at times, and mamma was 'hard to get on with,' but these characteristics came less in her way than they came in that of other people who had domestic or social relations with Sir Alexander and Lady Mervyn, who were parents of the kind who do not demand, and indeed would be bored by much demonstration from their children. They were fond of Marion, but Sir Alexander could nurse his gout and his nerves much better without a girl perpetually hanging about him, and Lady Mervyn was too absolutely attached to her own will about everything, and her own way of doing everything, to desire the intrusion even of a daughter on the independent, indeed imperious, concentration of her life. Thus it came about that Marion Mervyn had few or none of those small but exact and systematically recurrent duties to discharge, none of those easy but important services to render, which are of inestimable value in forming the character of women, and which supply their best human safeguard against hardness and egotism. Marion's nature was, however, a fine and a healthy one, and

she was neither hard nor egotistical. When Marion had reached the precise age at which Sir Alexander and Lady Mervyn wished her to 'settle in life,' she met the precise man whom they would have wished to share that settlement, and the result was love at first sight. This not usually safe or lasting sentiment had met with no obstacle. Gordon Graeme was the eldest son of a Scottish baronet of lineage almost as ancient as that of Sir Alexander Mervyn. Gordon was a good-looking young fellow, of amiable disposition and simple tastes, whose ideal of happiness was to settle down with his Marion on a large farm allotted to him by his father, in a neighbourhood where there was remarkably good sport. Not a ripple had troubled the course of true love in this instance, and as the lovers were respectively blessed with easy tempers and complete sincerity of character, their engagement had lacked the affliction of lover's quarrels, and the emotions of flirtation on either side. The wedding-day had come in due course, and, with the exception of a misfit in her wedding-gown, which had happily been discovered and rectified in time, no shadow of care had fallen upon the bride.

As calm and happy as she felt, Marion Mervyn looked, as she stepped upon the rocky platform, and stood still for a moment, viewing the smooth, sunny sea.

'Marion!' said a voice close by, and she turned quickly, and saw a woman sitting in an angle of the rocks at the far end of the platform.

'Anne!' she exclaimed, walking towards her. 'How came you here?'

'How came you here? I think I may well ask the question. I came because the house is hot and bustling, and because all my things are ready; I have nothing more to do until it is time to dress, and I felt unsettled and idle in the house.'

'And I,' said Marion, as she seated herself on a rock a little above the speaker's place, and leaned caressingly over her, 'came here for precisely identical reasons—a happy thought, was it not?—because it gives us time for another last talk, in addition to our solemn gossip of last night. Why, Anne! you've brought your glass! how delightful—I shall see him ever so much sooner now. How stupid of me not to bring a glass! I shall be able to see the dog-cart as soon as it turns the Point.'

She took from a crevice in the rock, by her companion's side, a hand-telescope, and raised it to her eye. The action probably prevented her from noticing, that at her words the girl's face had flushed a burning red.

'He ought to be here very shortly now,' Marion continued; 'the chestnut goes at a tremendous pace, and he was to leave Dumfries at noon exactly. How still the water is. How plainly I can see the road, and the strand, and the bit of black rock at the Point; I declare, I could almost count the tufts of heather! There, a bird has flown across the glass. I'll put it down for a little, it hurts my eyes to look through it long.'

She did so, and then they were both silent; that 'last talk' was not progressing. Marion sat looking at her companion, from whose face the vivid blush had faded, and Anne Cairnes sat looking over the sea towards the road which swept round the curve of the little bay.

The contrast between the two girls was remarkable. Anne Cairnes was perhaps as handsome as

Marion, but she had neither brightness nor bloom, such as formed the chief charms of the bride-elect. Her complexion was dark, smooth, clear, and varying; her eyes were of the deepest, darkest, softest brown; and her hair, of which she had a great profusion, was as nearly black as the hair of any woman of purely European blood ever is. Her features were harmonious and refined, but the chief attraction of her face was its expression, though that expression undoubtedly detracted from its youthfulness, and pointed the contrast between her and Marion. Anne Cairnes looked older than her twenty years; Marion Mervyn looked less than her nineteen summers; in the one face might be read some expression of wintry weather; the other was a dial true to the old legend, marking no hours but those of sunshine. The one face was full of hope and joy, the other of thought and sadness. Anne's stature surpassed that of Marion by a head, but her slight figure had not the graceful roundness of her companion's, nor had her air and carriage the unaffected distinction which Lady Mervyn was fond of alluding to as characteristic of the Mervyns, and an invariable endowment of the Maitlands. Her ladyship was a Maitland. Anne's dress was rich and handsome, a little too much so, for her age; Marion's was perfectly simple and girlish; and something in the respective manner and tone of the two girls carried out the contrast.

CHAPTER II.—SHORN GREATNESS.

'When did you come out here?' asked Marion, once more adjusting the small hand-telescope, and bringing it to bear upon the curve of the bay.

'When Sir Alexander sent for you. I never thought of seeing you again until dressing-time. Shall you not be missed? Is there no risk of your being wanted?'

'Not the least; I cannot be wanted until Gordon comes, and he must come soon. Anne, do you know, I never thought until just now, before I saw that you were here, a thought which I suppose ought to have come into my mind many times, and would certainly have come into yours; supposing I had fallen in love with Gordon as I did, and he had not fallen in love with me, what would have become of me? What should I have done? Died?'

She turned a laughing face upon Anne, but tears rose in her eyes.

'Died!' repeated Anne Cairnes, meeting the smile with a shake of her head and a slight trembling of her lips. 'O no; one does not die of that sort of thing.'

'Doesn't one? Then one might as well, I think, for I am sure life cannot be worth having with that sort of thing in it; and I *know* I should have died if Gordon had not cared for me. Now, I just ask you, Anne, what could I do with myself, if I hadn't him, and the life that is to begin for us to-day?'

'What a useless question, Marion, within two hours of your wedding. I could tell you of, course, but I will not. You call me as it is, you know, a being full of grave discourse, and I don't mean to justify the description to-day.'

'Very well, we will not then touch upon what might have been. Is it not strange that I am not in the least nervous or agitated? I think you are more nervous than I am. I suppose it is because

Gordon and I have been so much together, and everything has gone so smoothly and well with us. It will not be so very much of a change, after all. I wish they would come, though there's not the least sign of them yet.' She was looking through the glass again. 'I told Hannah to hang my red shawl out of the turret-window when she wants me to begin dressing, and I am afraid the signal will be made before the dog-cart comes round the Point; Hannah has such very severe notions about the dignity of clothes, and the impertinence of putting them on in a hurry.'

'I should think so, indeed, on one's wedding-day,' said Anne. 'Who had arrived when you came out?'

'All the staying people, I believe; I heard the Muirs talking, as usual, about horses and dogs, on the stairs, and Gairloch "speering" as he would say, after "Dawrid," who will avoid him religiously when he comes. David grows worse and worse in his intolerance of the good people about here—haven't you noticed it, Anne? He makes mamma quite uncomfortable sometimes; he shews his impatience so plainly. Now Gordon gets on very well with them, though their pedigrees, and their practical jokes, and their entire ignorance of books annoy him also; but then he always says, what does it matter to us? we need not mind them. David does mind them, and it's my belief he hates the place; and when he is master of Barrholme, I don't think he will ever live here.'

'Captain Mervyn has been so long away, and a military life is so different,' said Anne Cairnes hesitatingly.

'Oh, of course, I don't blame him a bit, and if he marries and settles down, it will be all right. Gordon and I often say, what does it matter about the people one lives among; what does anything matter outside one's own home? I suppose David will think so too some day.'

Marion had no notion that any narrowness attended this sentiment, which is not an uncommon one for young folks in love to entertain.

'It is more than time for them to be making their appearance,' she continued. 'They cannot be here for a full half-hour after we shall see them come round the Point. I hope nothing has gone wrong! Just fancy if David should have missed the mail from London last night, or the train from Carlisle this morning, and Gordon should not have found him at Dumfries! How disgusting that would be! At all events, Gordon would know that there could be no use in waiting, and though it would be horrid to be without David, and mamma would be very much annoyed, it could not be helped.' Then, after a short pause, she exclaimed: 'There he is! There he is! I see the dog-cart turning the Point!'

'Mr Greame?' asked Anne.

'Yes; Gordon and David! It's all right! They are in capital time! the chestnut is coming along in grand style. What a pity Phemie Muir is not here to talk about its pace, and its form, and get up captivation for David, now that Gordon is out of her reach!'

Marion was standing on the platform, her arms raised, holding the telescope, her fair curls tossed back behind her head; but Anne had not changed her position. She was still sitting in the angle of the rocks where Marion had found her; and her eyes, looking far across the water to the curving

road under the hill-side upon the shore, seemed to discern the approach of the travellers, without the glass. As Marion uttered the last words, a red shawl was hung out of a window in one of the turrets of the old house, and waved about to attract the attention of the bride-elect. Anne saw it, and rose. 'There's the signal, Marion. You must go, dear. Our last talk has not meant very much, after all.'

'Will you not come with me?' said Marion, as she handed the telescope to Anne; 'it is nearly time for you to begin to dress also.'

'No; I will take a few minutes more here, and then run home through the shrubberies. Papa and I are to come in state in the carriage, you know, at four o'clock.'

The girls parted with a kiss, and Marion climbed the steep road to the terrace; whence—so clear was the air—she could hear the sharp trot of the chestnut thoroughbred, and the roll of the wheels which were swiftly bringing to Barrholme her bridegroom and her brother.

The home of Anne Cairnes was the nearest house to Barrholme. There were but these two upon the little promontory; and it was the greatest grievance of Sir Alexander Mervyn's life—a grievance greater than his gout and his nerves—that there was more than one. In the good old times, Mervyn of Barrholme had owned the whole of that choice and exclusive slice of the beautiful earth; but an extravagant ill-regulated Mervyn had arisen in the land half a century or so before Sir Alexander, who had got into difficulties, from which he had extricated himself by selling one half of the estate. He had done his best to prevent his son from following his example, by entailing the other half; but still the glory of Barrholme had declined in his time, and he was held reproachfully in memory.

The dismembered portions of Barrholme had changed owners more than once in the interval, but, until recently, the Mervyns had escaped the mortification of any of them being built upon. A keeper's cottage and a few farming offices had long been the only offences in brick and mortar perpetrated by the successive proprietors of one piece of the land known as the Tors. But this was altered now, and visitors to Barrholme, in its dignified seclusion and solitude at the land's end, passed, half-way down the promontory, and close to the first gates of the old demesne, a brand new 'mansion,' of the very last Manchester taste, than which anything more utterly and singularly out of harmony with Barrholme and its surroundings it would be impossible to conceive. In the latter instance, only the urgent appeals of convenience were suffered to prevail for the alteration of anything old; and if Sir Alexander could always have had his own way, even those appeals would have been disregarded; for Sir Alexander was more than old-fashioned, more than conservative in his notions; he was positively feudal. He always spoke of the farmers who held land under him as his 'people,' and of the household servants as his 'retainers'—a harmless weakness, which amused such of his neighbours as possessed a sufficient sense of humour to enjoy any joke not of a practical kind. At the Tors house, called by its proprietor Victoria Lodge, everything was new; and the constant aim of Mr Cairnes, a worthy person who had made a large

fortune in the cotton-trade, was to preserve this characteristic of newness. The large square building was of white cut stone, the large square windows were of plate-glass with high mahogany frames, and new scroll-work balconies, and every article of furniture in Victoria Lodge was in the height of the fashion of twenty-one years ago. Mr Cairnes kept pace with change and the fantasies of fashion then, by dint of money, with accuracy to which a fortune twice as large as his would hardly now suffice; and the only wonder was that he had not tried London as a sphere, rather than a remote part of the south of Scotland. But Mr Cairnes was a character in his way; he had a keen liking for a good bargain, a great belief in land, and an intimate perception that London would not do for him, nor he for London. He made a very good bargain, indeed, when he bought the Tors, and he felt all the inclinations and possibilities for becoming a county gentleman, when he set about building Victoria Lodge in the best style, but still with sound precaution against useless expenditure, and security for the superiority of every department of the undertaking. He intended it to be everything that the residence of a county gentleman ought to be, and he carried out his intention. Everybody began by laughing at, and ended by admiring, Victoria Lodge, except Sir Alexander and Lady Mervyn, who hated it always, from the laying of the first stone, through all the busy building—which Sir Alexander affected to ignore, but in reality narrowly watched—to the grand 'house-warming,' whither many persons who had made contemptuous mention of the 'new' people repaired with alacrity.

It was not until Victoria Lodge was completed, from the well-stocked cellars to the airy and commodious garrets—superior to many of the bedrooms at Barholm—until the carriages were in the coach-houses, the horses in their stalls, a perfectly appointed dairy in working order, and a flower-garden in a very tolerable state of progress, that the mistress of the house made her appearance in the neighbourhood. Mr Cairnes was already well known in the county; for more than a year past he had been constantly back and forwards between Manchester and Galloway, and not a little curiosity prevailed respecting Mrs Cairnes. She arrived a few days before the 'house-warming,' and proved to be a quiet, gentle, delicate little woman, too much of an invalid to enjoy the fine things which her husband, who worshipped her and could not bear to believe the truth about her health, had provided for her. She came, accompanied by her daughter—a tall, thin, dark-eyed girl of fifteen—who was the darling of her heart, the confidant of every thought, and who knew, as well as she herself knew it, that the fine new house would shortly know her mother's tranquil presence no more. Mrs Cairnes received the attentions of the people about with a gentle, rather colourless civility; but she made no friends, and she took no place; and when, just two years after the installation at Victoria Lodge, she died, the event caused no emotion outside her own family. Sir Alexander and Lady Mervyn, who had 'got on very well with the new people,' were quite puzzled by the terrible grief of the insignificant little woman's husband, and the dumb despair of her daughter, who was 'turning out very well indeed.' Anne had been adjudged worthy

of the friendship of Marion Mervyn, who had taken an immense fancy to the Manchester girl at first sight. Only one member of the family at Barholm felt personal sorrow on the occasion of Mrs Cairnes's death. This was David Mervyn, Sir Alexander's only son, a young man who did not resemble either of his parents, in person or in mind, and between whom and the invalid lady at the Tors House there had grown up an odd sort of companionship and a steadfast reciprocal regard. David Mervyn had joined his regiment, a crack cavalry corps, and was in Ireland, when Mrs Cairnes died. When he came to Barholm on his first leave, he found Victoria Lodge shut up. Mr Cairnes and his daughter, they told him, were not expected to return for several months; but he had given special orders that his 'shootings' were to be placed at Mr Mervyn's disposition. David did not see the widower and his daughter until more than a year had elapsed since the death of Mrs Cairnes, and then Anne was a tall, grave, thoughtful girl of eighteen, who had taken her place as mistress of her father's house, and was dividing her life pretty equally between her home duties and the demands of the friendship between herself and his sister Marian.

As things were then, so they had remained until the date at which this simple story commences. The life of the girl-friends had been lived side by side, all sunny, prosperous, and serene. Love had come, and marriage was coming to Marion; as yet, Anne was fancy and promise free; that was all the difference. It would not be always thus, Marion thought, not even thus for long, but she fancied Anne would be very hard to please. There was Gordon, for instance; she and Anne had met him on the same occasion, he had been introduced to them both simultaneously, and he had not produced the least impression upon Anne! So much the better, of course, and uncommonly lucky for her (Marion), but, at the same time, how very unaccountable. Gordon laughed at her when she said so to him, for insinuating him to be peculiarly captivating, but she knew she was right. There were those Muir girls, whom he could not bear—he always said they were stable-boys spoiled—any one of the four would have married Gordon if he had asked, or rather allowed her to do it. At all events, Marion hoped, when the right man should make his appearance, that he would not want to take Anne far away. Marion would, of course, have gone to any distance, away from any one, with Gordon, but it was an additional blessing in her lot that her new home was only ten miles from Barholm.

After the bride-elect had left her alone upon the platform, Anne Cairnes continued to sit in the angle of the rocks, looking towards the winding road, and listening for the sound of wheels, which after a few moments reached her distinctly. When she ceased to hear them, she knew that the carriage had turned off the coast-road, and was ascending the hill which led to the gates of Barholm. Then she rose, and slipping through an opening in the rampart of rocks, made her way along a narrow path which skirted the sea-wall, until she gained the boundary between Barholm and the Tors on the sea-side. Here a gate admitted her to her own domain, and in a few

minutes she reached the house, where Mr Cairnes met her, with the information that the bridegroom had arrived with Captain Mervyn from Dumfries, and that they had just passed Victoria Lodge in the dog-cart.

SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS.

TRULY says the proverb, 'Pride goeth before destruction.' The ruination of Spain, however, is due to more than pride. Among the primary causes of decay in that once great country we have to reckon gross ignorance, religious bigotry, sloth, and neglect of social improvement. The internal institutions remain pretty much what they were centuries ago. The roads and inns are in many places little different from what we hear of them in the graphic details of Cervantes. In short, Spain has stagnated while other countries have advanced. Prim and Amadeus would probably have put things right; but Prim was barbarously assassinated, and Amadeus was glad to get away from a nation so disappointing and wholly unworthy of him. Then came dissensions, bloodshed, anarchy, civil war, and financial bankruptcy. What a spectacle to the world, what a lesson! The Spain of Charles V.—the Spain that alarmed England with its Armada—coldly viewed on the Stock Exchange, and its claims to credit almost treated with derision!

At this juncture, and while so-called republicans and Carlists are tearing each other in pieces, comes a book entitled *Spain and the Spaniards*. It is from the pen of a clever and observant writer, with the strange Turkish-sounding appellation of Azamat-Batuk, but whose real style and title appears to be M. N. L. Thieblin. He was special correspondent of the *New York Herald* for Spain, in March 1873, and returned after the close of the Carlists' summer campaign in October. Spain had been visited by him before; and his pages, therefore, not only, as he himself says, 'contain but little of what has been already published in the *Herald*,' but, no doubt, contain a great deal more than would have been suggested by one special trip.

In one respect at least, our *quasi-Turk* shows boldness and originality; for, with the exception of Spanish bonds, there is scarcely anything Spanish for which he has not a word of praise, or, at anyrate, of excuse. This is so unusual, that one might almost fancy him to regard fair Spain as already a lovely corpse, and to be speaking of her as the well-worn proverb bids us to speak of the dead. To say nothing of our personal experience, if we happen to have any, we are to disregard also the experience of others, and believe that Spain and the Spaniards have met with treatment similar to that accorded to a certain person who is said not to be really so black as he is painted. We should read the books of Mr Ford, of Mr George Borrow, and of Mr Augustus Hare, and 'the sublime chapter in the second volume of Buckle's *History of Civilisation*,' and

then we shall be almost compelled 'to go to the Peninsula to study it, to enjoy its beauties, to live among its genial and generous population,' and almost 'to ask their pardon for all the wrongs which strangers have done to that delightful country.' Our *quasi-Turk* admits that, if the 'higher education of women,' as it is called, be still to seek amongst ourselves, it has not yet begun to be so much as dreamed of in Spain where the fair Spaniards, as a general rule, whatever their social status may be, 'do not possess half the knowledge of an average middle-class woman of England or Germany (however little that may be);' and indeed, partial as he is to Spain and the Spaniards, he himself declares that 'however high an opinion one may have of the natural merits of the Spaniards, their ignorance never fails to shock the stranger. In high as in low classes it is equally amazing.' But, on other points, he conducts his defence with amazing vigour. 'The free-and-easy manner,' he says, 'shewn by the fair sex throughout all classes of Spanish society, causes a good many foreigners to form a rather unfavourable opinion of the morals of Spanish ladies;' but he laughs the idea to scorn.

No doubt, an idea prevails in England that it is a common habit for Spanish women, and even Spanish ladies, to smoke; but he asserts that, except the *cigarrera* (the working-women at the cigar factory) and a few ladies from Cuba, no Spanish woman ever smokes; but, *en revanche*, 'the toothpick is carried all day long (in Andalusia) in their mouth, and the fish is eaten not only with a knife, but sometimes with the miniature fingers adorned with rosy nails. Such little savageries may, perhaps, seem shocking to European routine, but they are done in such a natural and graceful way that you cannot help admiring them.' And he declares, 'that you must take all the virtue of the most virtuous Englishwoman, all the grace and wit of the most graceful and witty Frenchwoman, and all the beauty of the most handsome Italian woman, to make something approaching to a perfect Spanish lady.' This is enough to make one doubt whether 'a perfect Spanish lady' can possibly exist.

The ingenuous simplicity with which our *quasi-Turk* describes and defends certain phases in the social life of his favourites, is really amusing. If you would see a true specimen of that 'happy family' which is talked of in England, but 'too frequently means simply a pandemonium,' it is to be found, according to him, flourishing in all parts of Spain, except Madrid; and the secret of this happiness is supposed to lie in the fact, that 'with oranges, figs, and dates growing wild, starvation is not easy, actual want is but little known, and the family has a thousand facilities for living together without breaking up for business reasons.' Why, this sort of existence or vegetation has been cast as a reproach in the teeth of emancipated slaves; and what did Dr Watts say about idle hands? The

Spaniard, we are informed by our *quasi-Turk*, is of opinion that Englishmen cannot help working, in order to save themselves from the self-hanging their dull country would otherwise render inevitable, whereas 'Spain is known to be Paradise, and the man has no need to work in Paradise.' Anyhow, it is quite certain that many a Spanish shop-keeper would rather, apparently, put off until to-morrow the sale of an article demanded to-day. And our *quasi-Turk*, in his curious way, seems to find something peculiarly appropriate, and even providential, in this combination of lazy Spaniard and fezzed Spain, of ungoverned man and lawless nature; for 'fancy,' he cries almost exultingly, 'what a havoc the chronic Spanish disturbances would have produced in any other country!' Our *quasi-Turk*, as a matter of course, has something to say about bull-fights, which, as a matter of course again, he defends. And his defence, a very singular one, may be summed up in the following words: 'My belief is, that they are, in the first place, an historical necessity; and, in the second, a most wholesome preventive against the natural bloodthirstiness of the Moro-Iberian man . . .

Without the boat-races, horse-races, and the endless forms of sport, the brutality and masculinity of the average Britons would have caused them to smash each other's jaws and cleave each other's skulls much more frequently than they now do. And so it is with the Spaniard, who, without the sight of warm, steaming blood offered to him at least once a week, would draw it himself, and from a less suitable source, perhaps, for he *must* have it at any price, and centuries must pass before he can be expected to change in this respect.' Such an apology for bull-fights reads strangely side by side with the daily accounts of blood drawn 'from a less suitable source.' Still his opinion was to some extent endorsed by the 'almost blind' old Countess of Montijo, mother of the ex-Empress Eugénie. With her he had an interview at Madrid, and she, who boasted that she had 'lived for about seventy years among the people of her country,' and, therefore, knew them well, said to him at a particularly threatening crisis: 'I can assure you that in a fortnight, unless something new happens, Serrano may drive daily on the Prado as comfortably as if nothing had happened. But what do I say—a fortnight! To-morrow, every danger will be over, especially if there is a *bull-fight* . . .

But you might see also many new rows, and perhaps actual bloodshed, should the weather get hot, and our blood begin to boil a little. 'How much priestcraft has had to do with the character and social condition of the Spaniards, both in days preceding the horrors of the *auto da fé* and in the present generation, there is no possibility of calculating; but Azamat-Batuk's private opinion, which any one who pleases may indorse, is that 'the power of both fat and fat priests is gone in Spain, and gone for ever.'

A book about Spain and the Spaniards, and of the date 1873-74, would, from the very nature of the case, be expected to give some account of Don Carlos, Carlists, Republicans, the risks attending a journey from Bayonne to Madrid, and similar matters; and any one who happened to be at Bayonne in April 1873, and knew that Don Carlos was at that time 'hiding himself from the French police, and changing his abode almost every

week, under the protection of the hospitable landed proprietors of the south of France,' would, before proceeding from Bayonne to Madrid, naturally, being a 'special correspondent,' endeavor to obtain an interview with the Pretender. To effect this object it was necessary to become acquainted with General Elio, and convince him that there was no design of assassinating or even betraying Don Carlos. That desirable conviction having been produced, an interview was arranged.

There is 'on the Bayonne-Pau railway line a station called Peyrehorade, and about two hours' drive from that station is situated the château of M. de Pontonx, where the interview was to take place on the 11th of April, at eleven o'clock at night.' It took place accordingly; and enabled the enterprising correspondent to give the following personal description of him who, styled by his own followers Charles VII., is known to the world as Don Carlos de Bourbon, Duke of Madrid, son of Don Juan, brother of the Count de Montemolin, and who, having been born in Austria in March 1848, is now twenty-six years of age:

'He is a powerful-looking man, about six feet one, and in his frank but somewhat curt manner, reminds one of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, when he was some twenty-five years younger. His face, since he began to wear a full beard, has become quite handsome, though a slightly sloping aspect of his mouth, and the deficiency of teeth—hereditary in the Spanish Bourbon house—not being in harmony with his manly physical appearance, spoils the first pleasing impression. He is easy of access, and without any trace of laughiness. When seen on horseback at some distance, especially when saluting people, and frankly taking off his Basque cap, he has something picturesque about him. His bearing in private life resembles that of the younger sons of the English nobility who have entered the professions. Like them, he seems to have the capacity of enduring, for a while, any amount of hardship with great serenity of temper. Of the sovereign, the statesman, or the warrior, there is absolutely nothing in him. But he is very fond of playing the part of a king—that is to say, of *thou-ing* everybody in the old fashion of Spanish kings, not excluding even his councillors, some of whom are thence his age, and of surrounding himself with a large number of chamberlains, aides-de-camp, secretaries, and similar people, all of whom have no other merit or duty than that of flattering his pride. I saw, myself, genuine Spanish noblemen carrying away slops after Don Carlos had washed himself, and busily engaged in seeing that his top-boots and spurs were properly polished. He is undoubtedly a religious man; but there is much less bigotry about him than is generally supposed, and, for all I could observe, the Spanish clergy do not seem to exercise any undue influence on his mind. In fact, I have seen him marching for weeks without having a single curé on his staff; but, in every village he comes to, he goes first of all to church, and pays a visit to the local priest. Like the majority of Spaniards, he is a bad horseman, and in about a month's time I saw him ruin three excellent horses. At the same time, he evidently imagines that he looks a fine cavalier with his glistening black beard, his dark-blue hussar uniform, his stars on the breast, his red trousers, his high

circus-boots, and his red cap with the gold tassel. His political notions seem to be of a very unsettled character. At all events, each time I happened to talk to him, or listen when he talked to some one else on political subjects, I was never able to make out what was the substance of his views. Sometimes he seemed quite a commonplace liberal of our own day; at other times his utterances appeared to be the produce of the old-fashioned traditions of Spanish absolutism. On the whole, I think, he would make a pretty fair constitutional king, if properly restricted by law; for, having been educated in Europe, and having lived constantly under European influence, he has unconsciously imbibed the political ideas of our age. But, on the other hand, being in his private life under the influence of his family traditions, and basing his rights upon worn-out ideas, he has naturally, along with modern notions, others which would much better suit the seventeenth than the nineteenth century. In the etiquette he likes to observe at his wandering court, and in the titles and court appointments he distributes, these weaknesses come very clearly to light. As an individual, he is brave and kind-hearted; he is an excellent father, and is polite and amiable to everybody. He sleeps much, and smokes much, and is rather "hen-pecked" by Doña Margarita, Princess of Parma, whom he married in February 1867, and by whom he has two daughters and a son.

Fame, or infamy, or notoriety, or whatever be the right term, has attached itself to the name of the wild and brutal curé, Santa Cruz, a staunch upholder of the Carlist cause. Here is a characteristic story about 'his dealing with the only prisoner he had taken at Enderlaza. The whole number of *cara-bineros* which took part in that affair amounted to forty-one men. Five of them got off in safety, two were drowned in attempting to escape by swimming across the Bidassoa, nine were killed during the action, twenty-three were massacred because they had fired after they had hoisted the white flag, and one was, somehow or other, taken prisoner. Santa Cruz carried that man for several days with him, but when he learned that, notwithstanding the letters he had sent to the Bayonne papers giving the particulars of the affair, public opinion in Spain and France still persisted in accusing him of having shot prisoners, he sent word to his captive, saying he thought it his duty to justify the accusations of the Liberals, and therefore to shoot him. Ten minutes were allowed the poor man for confession, and four balls put an end to his life.'

The journey from Bayonne to Madrid, though uncomfortable enough, was not found to be fraught with all those perils of which mere apprehension had kept fretting, at Biarritz, Pau, and the like desirable winter abodes, the good people who would fain 'have gone for the carnival to Madrid, and for Good Friday and Easter Sunday to Seville.' The time occupied should have been eighteen hours; instead of that, it was four days. Friends, who are ever full of kind advice, especially if it will give extra trouble, had recommended to the traveller to get his papers in order, to burn all Carlist safe-conducts, lest, being found upon him, they should make him out a Carlist in disguise, and to take as little money as possible, as he was sure to be robbed. But, in point of fact, no passport was even asked for at Irún, nobody

cared to know who the traveller was, or why he was going into Spain; and the interest of the authorities was concentrated upon his luggage, which was most unceremoniously ransacked, and out of which, in default of anything contraband or prohibited, was singled out a 'Scotch plaid,' ten or twelve years old, and on that they 'proceeded to impose a heavy duty.' Vittoria was eighty miles off, and the rails were cut; but there were plenty of little omnibuses, with four mules each, to convey passengers on to San Sebastian, 'whence a Señor Marcelino Ugalde, it was said, had established regular diligence communications to Zumarraga, and thence to Vittoria.' The road was reported to be infested with Carlists; but, though diligences were believed to be in danger of being stopped, nobody 'had been killed for some time.' Safely, therefore, and with more expedition than was to be expected in a country where it is said by the inhabitants themselves that matters *se empiezan tarde, y se acaban nunca* (are begun late and finished never), the journey was made to San Sebastian, which is 'memorable,' according to Ford, 'for its sieges, lies, and libels.' Here acquaintance was made with the above-mentioned Señor Marcelino Ugalde's 'diligence,' which appears to have proceeded according to the Spanish rather than the English interpretation of the word, although 'English faces are to be seen, and the English tongue is to be heard at almost every step in San Sebastian.' The 'diligence' was 'an old nondescript vehicle of an immeasurable height, with a monstrous heap of luggage on it, and with seven mules to it; it was lighted, if the term be admissible, by 'a wretched lantern stuck on the top; it was laden inside, not only with dim 'objects and subjects,' of which the nature was indiscernible, but also with an atmosphere 'full of garlic and other attractive perfumes; and away it went through a pitch-dark night, whilst the traveller, having emerged from amongst a people who talked Basque, and were 'supposed to be a set of brigands,' had before him the pleasant prospect of being fallen upon by 'ferocious Carlists' as soon as he reached the high-road. Nevertheless, Zumarraga was reached, with nothing whatever to complain of beyond the tortures inseparable from the mode of travelling, and from 'the infamous Spanish cooking.' Even Vittoria was ultimately gained, after a few stoppages, and the payment of a few half-crowns at each stoppage to the leaders of Carlist bands. The high-road to Vittoria offered 'an excellent illustration of the manner in which the Spaniards were then carrying on their civil war; for, 'on leaving a village occupied by Carlists, the traveller invariably came, after a few miles' drive, to 'one occupied by Republican troops,' and was much puzzled at the 'intermittent position of the respective forces.' However, notwithstanding the proximity of antagonistic forces, a train did actually start from Vittoria, and arrive at Madrid, without any of that loss of life or of limb to which we English railway-passengers are accustomed even in time of peace.

A word of warning to conclude with. It appears that two distinct persons are occasionally confused by 'a good many Englishmen' and 'even in public journals;' and it must, therefore, be always borne in mind that there are two Dons

Alphonso in the political arena of Spain : one is a full-grown man, brother of the Pretender; and the other is a mere boy, son of the ex-Queen Isabella.

IMPROVED TREATMENT OF IMBECILES.

In our young days, every village, with scarcely an exception, had a natural idiot, who rumbled about, was the butt of popular jocularities, and sometimes worked mischief that was thought extremely diverting. The idea of training these hapless beings by any sort of education was never entertained. Whether supported by public charity or by relations, they were left to grow up as unsusceptible of improvement. In Switzerland, as well as in France, the possibility of curing, or, at all events, assuaging natural idiocy, was first developed; and from the example set by these countries, a prodigious change in the treatment of imbecile children has been effected. What hand we incidentally had in this measure of social reform, will bear being explained.

When in Paris, thirty-one years ago, we took the opportunity of visiting the large public hospital called the Bicêtre, which occupies a healthy situation at a few miles' distance. It had about four thousand inmates, consisting partly of the aged and infirm, and partly of male lunatics and natural idiots. Our visit was chiefly to see how this latter class of beings were treated under the able and humane directions of Dr Voisin. There were altogether two hundred persons in various degrees of moral and intellectual incapacity. Of these, twenty were boys, and our interest was mainly centred in the method employed by means of music to rouse their imperfect faculties into activity; for, besides amusing these unfortunate children, the music led them to keep time by their hands and feet, and this had a powerfully stimulating effect. What we saw on the occasion, we described in an article in these pages (November 4, 1843), trusting that what we stated might have some effect in directing attention to the condition of imbecile children in different parts of Great Britain, and the possibility of rousing their dormant mental functions by a methodic system of treatment, such as was practised by Voisin. From the following note, which has just reached us, we are glad to learn that the information offered by the article was turned to good account :

'Thirty-one years since an article on the Bicêtre and the treatment of idiot children there, appeared in your *Journal*. A lady, Mrs P—, the mother of an idiot child, was so deeply impressed by its perusal, that she went to her minister, the well-known philanthropist, Rev. Andrew Reed, D.D., and urged him to take up the cause of the unfortunate imbeciles of this country. This he eventually did. In 1847 our Institution was founded, and has progressed so as to have become a National Asylum, and a model for all such institutions over the world. We have nearly six hundred inmates. I think you should see it for yourselves, and I am sure you would rejoice to observe to what a great tree "the grain of mustard seed," sown of old in *Chambers's Journal*, has grown. I shall be happy to afford every facility for your spending a day at Earlswood, to see the schools and workshops in full operation.'

The note purports to be from Mr William Nicholas, secretary to the Institution, and is accom-

panied by sundry printed Reports, from which we gather a variety of particulars. The asylum is at Earlswood, Redhill, Surrey, with offices for business at 36 King William Street, London. The inmates consist of boys and girls. The whole of both sexes are taught in schools, amused with various recreations, and put to different kinds of work, according to their capacity—the leading object, as at the Bicêtre, being to awaken the mental powers, or at least, as humanity dictates, to make life pass agreeably. A visitor who has described the school and industrial departments, gives, as follows, a glimpse of what is going on :

'There is great merriment as we go through the boot-making room. The row of boot-cleaners in red flannel jackets and black aprons, like Lord Shaftesbury's shoeblack brigade, are hard at it with brush and blacking-pot. The menders, sewers, and welters are all doing useful work, under the superintendence of the master tradesman; and many a pluck at the coat-tails, and constant offers to shake hands, and efforts to provoke our smiles, testified to the supreme contentment of them all. The different trades carried on in this imposing block of buildings have each rooms set apart; and the inmates are drafted off according to any mechanical taste they may have developed. Basket-making, mattress-making, un-picking and renewing; the tailor's shop, where the male dresses are made, being cut out by the master tailor, and sewn by the idiots; the laundry, where idiots are interspersed with attendants, and rendering yeoman's service in the carrying of linen and other useful tasks; the carpenter's shop, where furniture is being made, and where one inmate proudly shews us a row of invalid chairs he has manufactured himself, and another displays the treasures of a tool-chest he has just completed; the school, where a spelling-lesson is being carried on, and where the letters forming the word "magnificent" are transposed mentally by idiots, and the other words to be made out of it written out at their bidding by the master standing at the black-board with chalk in hand; the lower schools, where writing is being slowly acquired, and where the formation of letters is practised by aid of bits of wood constructed for the purpose, are all visited in turn. Everywhere there is good temper and dimmed or partial intelligence. Bearded men talk like little children, while many of the children cannot talk at all. But it is impossible not to be struck with the exceptionally developed faculties of many of those we see. One youth has the gift of mental arithmetic, and adds sums together, and multiplies three figures by three figures, giving the product with lightning rapidity. Another older man is a humorist, whose bent is peculiar. He cannot read, but, if given a newspaper, will pretend to read paragraphs from it, which sound marvellously real.'

The inmates of different ages are employed in serving out the food, and every ounce of meat is rigidly accounted for. 'It says something for the self-control to be acquired even by witless creatures, that among those engaged in the kitchen nothing is ever missed; and that, though naturally hungry in the half-hour before dinner, in which they are occupied with cooked meat, they never pick or pilfer, but are content to wait the regular hour. There are three degrees of diet, each ample for its purpose. The patients, on what is termed

ordinary diet, have four ounces of cooked meat, eight ounces of potatoes, two ounces green vegetables, and six ounces of pudding; those on full diet have an extra ounce of cooked meat, and two ounces more pudding; while those on middle diet have each quantity slightly reduced. Boiled and roast beef and mutton, Yorkshire puddings, treacle-pudding, rice-pudding, and bread-puddings, form the staple of food. Everything is of the best quality, and when, after an interval, we return to the dining-hall, the inmates, of both sexes, are busily at work. The girls sit on one side the room, and the men and youths at the other, while an attendant stands at the head of each table to give advice and see that due order is observed. All the idiots have knives and forks, which they never misuse, and though some eat voraciously, and seem to bolt their food, there is nothing repulsive even here. For the class named, minced meat and mashed potatoes are provided, so that the injury from defective mastication may be as slight as possible.

'We could multiply indefinitely examples of the interesting and puzzling cases we met with, from the idiot carrier who drives his donkey-cart down to the railway station daily, and brings all parcels safely back, to the idiot postman who conveys all letters to and from the post without a single error. In the course of a day at Earlswood you become acquainted with many things not previously included in your philosophy; and your observations form one long testimony to the admirable system in vogue there, and to the deep benefits conferred upon the most afflicted section of society by the founder of the Asylum, the well-known philanthropist, Dr Andrew Reed. When this good man first founded that home for idiots at Highgate Hill, which was the forerunner of the present establishment at Earlswood, the scene at the first gathering of inmates was sufficient to discourage the stoutest heart. "It was" we read, "a period of distraction, disorder, and noise of the most unnatural character. Some had defective sight; most had no power of articulation; many were lame in limb or maimed; and all were of weak or perverted mind. Some had been spoiled, some neglected, some ill-used. Some were clamorous without speech, and rebellious without mind; some were sullen and perverse, and some unconscious and inert. Some were constantly making involuntary noises from nervous irritation, and others hid themselves in corners from the face of man, as from the face of an enemy. Windows were smashed, wainscoting broken, boundaries defied, and the spirit of lawlessness was triumphant. It seemed to me as though nothing less than the accommodation of a prison would meet the wants of such a family. Some who witnessed the scene retired from it in disgust, and others in despair." Contrast this horribly repulsive scene with the beautiful, calm, and loving discipline of the life at the Earlswood home; and the weight of national gratitude felt to be due to the memory of Dr Reed cannot be easily overstated.'

The same writer informs us that 'the Earlswood inmates may be divided into three classes—those who are elected on the charity, and who pay nothing; those whose friends can partly pay their cost, and who are admitted at a commuted rate, fixed by the board of management; and those who are the children of prosperous parents,

who are able and willing to pay the full sum charged. Some of the latter are what are called "associated cases;" others have private sitting-rooms of their own, and an attendant to themselves. Accordingly, a dinner-table is laid for ten or twelve, or for one, as the case may be, and serviettes, water-bottles, casters, salt-cellars, and all the little paraphernalia of the meal, are supplied. It is part of the education of the patients to learn to use these properly, and to behave in a seemly fashion while helping themselves. The young children, too, boys and girls, dine in nurseries set apart for them; and it was one of the most affecting experiences of the day to see the long row of infant faces, many of them pretty, and even beautiful, and all well-behaved, and to know that they formed a class apart, and that their maturity would never be lightened by the ordinary enjoyments of human life.'

We need not extend the notice of an institution which has been so interestingly brought before us. Possibly, our article on the Bicêtre in 1843, suggested other establishments of the kind. At all events, one was a number of years ago set on foot at Larbert in Stirlingshire, and has, we believe, been eminently successful. It is quite clear, from all we have seen and heard of, that imbecile children are for the most part susceptible of that degree of culture which raises them considerably above a state of hopeless idiocy. Their treatment at the humane institutions we have been speaking of, should begin early—say, at four or five years of age, before the temper is spoiled, and when the weak intellect is most susceptible of being stimulated and bent in a proper direction. What a blessing it must be to many parents that there exist institutions such as those we have specified!

W. C.

FLOATING ISLANDS.

VARIOUS ancient writers speak of floating islands; the most notable, perhaps, being the islands in Lake Vadimon, now the Lago di Bracciano, in Italy, mentioned by the younger Pliny. There are different theories as to the way in which these floating islands originated. Some were probably formed by the lake overflowing, and when it subsided, carrying back with it portions of the bank, so penetrated by the interlacing roots of various aquatic and water-side plants, as to be strong enough to hold firmly together, and light enough to keep upon the surface of the water. Grasses and reeds would spring up upon it, and while their fibrous roots would increase its solidity of structure, their growth and decay would add to the amount of vegetable soil upon it. In the course of time, a single seed of a tree might be thrown by accident on the island, and it would grow up, and later on, drop its seeds, until, in the lapse of years, a dense thicket would rise above the waters, like those of the islands on the Cutilian and Targuinian meres.

Though the islands which were celebrated in the days of ancient Rome have disappeared, there are many to be seen on the lakes of modern Europe. The largest of all are in Germany, on the Lake of Garda, and their grass affords pasture to some hundred cattle; but the most beautiful is that upon the Lake of Kolk, near the city of Osabrück, on which there is a grove of lofty elms. The Lake of St Omer, in the north of France, has long been

remarkable for the large number of moving islets which adorn its surface. All are covered with a rich growth of grass; on some there are trees, and sheep and cattle are regularly sent to graze on them. There are several low reed-covered islands floating on the lakes and marshes of Comacchio, on the Gulf of Venice, the great eel-preserve of Italy; and there are similar islands on some of the Swedish lakes, that of Lake Ralang being remarkable from the fact that it is not permanent, but occasionally sinks below the surface, reappearing again later on. Until it was driven ashore in a gale, a few years ago, there used to be an island of this kind on Derwent-water in Cumberland. It was formed of tangled water-plants, and was at least two feet in thickness from its upper to its lower surface. It always appeared in one spot, immediately opposite the place where the waterfall of Catgill throws itself into the lake, being anchored there by weeds growing from the bottom and interlaced with it. When a stick or fishing-rod was driven through it, a jet of water would spout up from the hole, thus indicating that some spring or current was pressing against it from below, and this was probably the force which kept it at the surface, and being of an intermittent character, allowed it at times to sink to the bottom. Taking into account the nearness of the waterfall, the natural inference is that the current came from its waters, which would, of course, flow with varying force and volume, according as the stream was diminished in dry weather or swollen with rain. In the case of the Swedish Lake of Ralang, there is, probably, either a current entering the lake below its surface, or a spring bubbling up from the ground at its bottom, which acts in a similar way upon the floating island.

Loch Lomond formerly possessed a 'fairy isle,' but that too has disappeared; and the few floating islets which are to be seen on lochs in Ireland and the Highlands, are generally nothing more than drifting masses of turf or peat, covered, in some cases, with grass or reeds.

These islands are formed on a much larger scale, and in greater numbers, on the immense rivers of Asia and America. They are numerous in the vast delta through which the Ganges and Brahmapootra discharge their waters into the sea. This delta extends over eighteen thousand square miles of flat alluvial ground, and the lower part of it consists only of muddy islands, intersected in every direction by the channels of the two rivers, covered with a rank tropical vegetation, and swarming with birds and reptiles. Driftwood accumulates in the creeks and shallows; the floating timber is firmly knit together by water-weeds, and covered with mud, which in its turn is soon concealed by a luxuriant growth of grass, shrubs, and even trees. Then, when the country is flooded by the rising of the rivers in the rainy season, these great islands, bearing upon them plants and trees, birds, crocodiles, snakes, and other animals, are swept out of the quiet channels in which they have been formed, and borne into the main stream; and by that means in a few hours they are carried out to sea. They have been met with by ships in the Bay of Bengal as far as a hundred miles from the mouth of the river, sometimes even two or three being in sight at one time, the trees acting as a sail, and bearing them on before the wind, and the island below rising and falling with the waves.

On old charts there are always several spots marked with the word *Vigia*, a Portuguese expression for 'Be watchful,' or 'Look out.' This indicates a point where land has been seen by some navigators, though others have passed the place without sighting any. There have been many surmises as to what it was that deceived the first explorers. To us it seems not unlikely that, at least in the case of those seas which receive the waters of the great sub-tropical rivers, the objects sighted by the early voyagers on those spots were drifting islands. In another point of view, these phenomena point to a solution for the long-veiled question, of how it was that the islands of the East Indian Archipelago and the Pacific received their animal life. In many cases, of course, it is probable that the islands were once connected with the continent of Asia, but, for the most part, this seems impossible. But it is easy to imagine how, in the long course of time, many a life-laden islet may have floated out from the rivers of India and China, and after drifting about at sea, been borne to the coasts of the scattered islands of the ocean, bringing with them the plants and trees, and the insect, reptilian, and perhaps even mammalian life of the continent from which they came.

Immense numbers of islands are formed in the same way on the waters of the Amazon, the Orinoco, and the Mississippi, which flow in a considerable portion of their course through dense primeval forests. On the last river, they are popularly known as 'rafts.' For the most part, they lie stationary on the calm waters of creeks and bays, or anchored to the bank where the current runs slowly. Sometimes, however, they are carried away by a flood, and descending the stream, pass out into the Gulf of Mexico, often carrying with them, like those of the Ganges, birds, serpents, and alligators, which have rested on them when they lay quietly in the upper part of the river.

So far, we have spoken only of natural islands; but 'floating gardens' are, and long have been counted among the wonders of two widely distant, but remarkably similar districts—the valley of Cashmere in Asia, and the valley of Mexico in Central America. Both the cities of Cashmere and of Mexico are built on low-lying tracts of ground. Mexico is surrounded by a lake, and only approached by long causeways, constructed under the ancient Aztec dynasty. Cashmere stands on the shore of a large lake, surrounded by marshes. Before the Spanish conquest of Central America, the Mexican lake was much larger than it is at present, having been subsequently drained to a great extent, and its level thus lowered. There was no land in the immediate neighbourhood of the city; but native ingenuity supplied the want, and added a fresh charm to a place in itself sufficiently beautiful. Whether there ever were natural islands floating on the lake, we do not know, but it is not unlikely that there were, and that from them the Aztecs took their first idea of floating gardens. These consisted of a great raft of wicker-work, often two or three hundred feet long and strong and buoyant enough to support a deep bed of rich moist earth. A tree was usually planted in the centre of the raft, for the sake of its shade, and there was sometimes a hut for the gardener. Some of these gardens were devoted to the cultivation of vegetables for the markets of the city, such as cucumbers, melons, gourds, and other plants which

flourish best in a damp soil; but far more beautiful were those which were sown only with bright tropical flowers, destined to deck the palaces of the Aztec emperor and his nobles, or adorn the huge temples of the sun. The garden was either allowed to drift over the lake, or, as the water was nowhere of any great depth, was pushed along with a pole, or anchored in one spot by tying it to a long stake driven into the mud. Nothing in the whole of Mexico struck Cortes and his companions with such wonder as these floating gardens, and they called them *chinampas*, giving a Spanish form to the native name. According to Humboldt, the chinampas were very few in number when he visited the lake, for the extent of its waters had diminished; and the muddy shores laid bare as they fell, had been embanked and cultivated, and in many cases the name of chinampa, which properly belongs to the flower-covered raft, had been given to the mud-embanked gardens on the shore, perhaps because grounded chinampas sometimes really formed the basis of them.

The low-lying borders of the Lake of Cashmere are liable to frequent inundations, by the flooding of the streams and rivers which flow into it; and here the ingenuity of those who formed the floating gardens had for its object, not so much to compensate for the want of land, by carrying on a strange cultivation on the surface of the lake, as to protect the garden and its produce from the overflowing waters, by making it buoyant, so that it would rise above the flood. The floating gardens of Cashmere are constructed like those of Mexico, but are far less beautiful, because they produce no trees or flowers, but only vegetables for the table. At ordinary times, they are either anchored on the lake, or grounded in its muddy shallows; but in the rainy season, when the lake is full, they float in safety on its surface, while all that grows upon the neighbouring grounds is submerged under several feet of water.

When we think of the flower-covered chinampas which adorned the Mexican lake in the days of the Aztec empire, it occurs to us that we might add largely to the beauty of some of our own lakes and artificial waters by taking a hint from the people of ancient Mexico. These floating gardens would not cost much to construct, and would be surpassingly beautiful. The chinampa resting calmly on the surface of the lake, or gliding slowly with the breeze, and bearing with it its growth of flowers or ferns and willows, would be a new and pleasing feature in our parks and public gardens.

OUR CONVICT SYSTEM.

WHAT to do with criminals, has in recent times been a perplexing question. Formerly, the short process was to hang them. Public executions were a very ordinary sight, and so common were they, that in literature they had their facetiae. Then, within the recollection of middle-aged men, more humane views began to prevail. Punishment to some distant penal settlement was considered the right thing. But the colonies on which this indignity was inflicted began to rebel, and banishment had to be given up. The next thing tried was penal servitude. The plain meaning of this was, that the convict was condemned to a kind of slavery and obligation to work under a system of rigorous discipline for a certain number of years—five, seven,

ten, or for life, as the case might be. To the convict, however, a gleam of hope was held out. If he conducted himself properly, a part of the servitude would be remitted, and he would be allowed to depart, on the condition, that he reported his place of residence to the police, and thereby continued under a species of surveillance. Such has been what is termed the ticket-of-leave system, and it is interesting to know if it has been successful.

At a casual glance, this modern system looks as if it were no punishment at all—a mere retreat for a few years from society. In practice, convicts feel it to be otherwise. They suffer no cruelty; but to the reckless and depraved, the seclusion and discipline, the absolute loss of name and individuality, are terrific and, we believe, wholesome. Those who never thought before, are made to think, if they are capable of thinking at all. And with thinking come a proper sight of past errors, and resolutions of amendment. Let us, in a small degree, explain the system.

A sentence of penal servitude is usually divided into three stages: the first stage is passed in what is technically termed 'a close prison,' such as Pentonville or Millbank, where he passes his whole time—save the periods allotted to exercise and the ministrations of the chaplain—alone in his cell; he is allowed to work at employment, but otherwise there is nothing to occupy his mind, or prevent him from dwelling upon his miserable position, and the gloomy future that is awaiting him for so many years. During this time, it is a rare case that he does not become open to lessons of admonition and warning, or, at all events, feel a bitter regret for his irrevocable past; and it may well be asked: 'Why should not this system, which thus works so well, be extended to a longer period?' The answer is, that human nature cannot bear it. The experiment has been tried, and failed. It is found that nine months of solitary confinement is the limit of punishment that can be thus imposed without enfeebling the mind of the prisoner, and making him unfit to fulfil his duties in life when the prison gate shall open for him at last, and permit him to undertake them.

Upon the expiration of his nine months' solitary confinement, the convict is sent to another description of prison, where he is employed in 'restricted association' with his fellows, in labour on public works, unless his constitution should be such as only to admit of indoor employment, such as bootmaking, tailoring, &c. But he, in all cases, inhabits a separate cell, so that the great danger of contamination from bad society is avoided. During the various stages of his imprisonment, he is never deprived of that hope of bettering his condition, without which his life would be almost insupportable. If his conduct is satisfactory, he is always on the road to 'Promotion'; and small as are the privileges he can thus obtain, they are very earnestly sought after. The reward of better diet, bestowed up to 1864, has been abolished, not only as an unworthy motive, but because it was found that unfavourable impressions were produced outside by comparing such diet with that within the reach of the honest free man. The advantages now consist in more frequent communication by visit or letter with friends, in more freedom for exercise on Sunday, and in the earning of a higher gratuity of money to be paid on the convict's

readers must remember to have seen 'gangs' of unhealthy wretches working in chains in the dock-yards, and dragging heavy loads, which horses could have done more cheaply, as well as better: such labour was neither reformatory nor remunerative; whereas, now, such important undertakings as the Breakwater at Portland—which we should not have liked to pay for by a vote in the House of Commons—are effected by our prison hands. Indeed, at Portsmouth, Chatham, and Portland, the convicts have not only supported these establishments, but earned us £17,559, clear gain, after all expenses have been paid. The earnings of convicts, however, are discovered to be only about two-thirds of what can be gained by navvies in a state of freedom.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

FROM a Report to the Admiralty by the captain of the *Challenger*, we extract a few particulars, which, in their relation to the transit-of-Venus expeditions, are full of interest. The vessel arrived at Kerguelen Island on the 7th of January last, and the aspect of the weather and of the desolate shores was anxiously watched, with a view to obtain information that might be useful to the astronomers. The winds are generally westerly; but the mists which they bring do not pass round to the lee-side of the island; consequently, it will be possible to choose a clear station for the observations. January is a summer month in those latitudes; but Captain Nares remarks: 'The weather experienced during our stay may be well compared with that of England in winter, but in the favoured parts the sky is more frequently clear than it is at home in that season. December is said to be the finest month.'

If there is no place too dreary for science to visit, so is there none too dreary for trade, and Kerguelen and the adjacent isles are visited by three schooners from the United States for seal and walrus fishing. Useful information concerning winds, shoals, and anchorages was obtained from the fishing-parties, who remain on the islands for many months. On Heard Island, forty men were found occupying two huts, sunk in the black lava-ground for warmth and protection against the strong westerly winds. 'They appeared,' says Captain Nares, 'a contented set of men, and to have fair rations, which they eke out with penguins, burning the blubbery skin to help out their fuel. There are no ducks on the island, and the cabbage is of a poorer and smaller growth than at Kerguelen.'

Practical meteorology still goes on: throughout the length and breadth of the United States, the results of observations are made known twice a day by telegraph. The British Meteorological Office, Victoria Street, Westminster, is in connection with observatories that stretch from Norway to Spain, including the intervening countries. At one hundred and twenty stations round the British Isles, storm-signals are displayed; and one hundred and eighteen standard barometers are placed, for the use of fishermen, at the most important fishing-stations. More than a thousand volunteer observers, with rain-gauges true to the $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an inch, are helping Mr G. J. Symons to keep a proper account of British rainfall; and they may

take to themselves the assurance that the value of the work will be more and more recognised.

Our neighbours, the Hollanders, have a Meteorological Institute at Utrecht, in which, under some of the ablest officers of their navy, good work is done for the benefit of navigation, which may worthily take its place by the side of what is effected by our own Meteorological Office. One of their latest publications, *Sailing Directions from Java to the English Channel*, is interesting to the mariners of all countries, inasmuch as it tells them how to make the voyage in the shortest possible time. In preparing this book, the log-books of a large number of ships have been examined, comprehending a long course of years, and the exact times at which the several ships crossed certain parallels and meridians was carefully noted. Each voyage is so thoroughly discussed, that any captain may examine the course he took, and see for himself where he gained and where he lost, and in what way his passage was lengthened or shortened. The average of the whole is then taken, and shews that certain crossing-points must be, as a sailor would say, 'closely fetched,' while on other parallels or meridians, a captain may do what seems best, according to wind and weather. One example may suffice: A sailing-ship bound from the Cape of Good Hope will arrive off the Lizard in sixty-three days if she crosses the fifth parallel of south latitude to the westward of 17° 5' W.; whereas, if she crosses the same parallel to the eastward of 16° 5', the time required will be sixty-six days. In other instances, four or five days are gained, and in the best course of all, a clear gain of ten days is shewn. The book is so printed that these results can be readily seen and understood; and for still further clearness, a chart for each month of the year is given, showing the most advantageous route to be taken by a ship in any and every month. Hence, if, by bad weather, a ship has been driven out of her course, the captain may easily see how best to recover it. From this brief sketch, our readers will see that the Meteorological Institute at Utrecht has promoted, in a highly meritorious way, the interests of navigation. The book, which is published in Dutch, ought to be translated into the language of all the maritime nations of the world.

Of late, the remark has been made, that accidents of all kinds are on the increase, shipwrecks included. It raises an important question (for the remark is supported by facts), Are those things which need not have happened accidents? An American professor contends that want of attention, and imperfect chronometers are the occasion of a large number of wrecks; and he has prepared a series of tables shewing that a navigator, provided with an ordinary chronometer, must look out for errors in his reckoning of the place of the ship varying from three to twenty-one miles. With such a large margin for danger, it is no wonder that ships run on rocks, reefs, or shores, and perish. It would be well if as much pains were taken in testing chronometers in all countries as are taken in the observatories at Greenwich and Liverpool. And, after all, may it not be that ships are lost through want of watchfulness? Even the best instruments will not replace eyes. That watchfulness can do great things, is implied in the saying, that with thermometer and sounding-line, a ship could now find her way to almost any port without a compass.

The United States' government has published a Report on the voyage of the unfortunate *Polaris*, from which we learn, that during the voyage more than seven hundred miles of coast-line were discovered and surveyed, and that Greenland was proved to be an island. Thus, in the latter particular, the suppositions of geographers are confirmed. The observations made took a wide range, from astronomy down to geology, including magnetism, force of gravity, and the physics of the sea. The magnetic observations are described as more complete than any ever before made in the arctic regions. During appearances of the aurora, careful observations were made for the detection of electricity, but in no single instance was there any appearance of electrical action. As regards living things, it is interesting to learn that even in those frozen regions seventeen phanerogamic plants, three mosses, three lichens, and five fresh-water algae were collected, and also fifteen insects, among which were four butterflies. Interesting geological phenomena were also observed; evidence was discovered that the northern coast of Greenland has risen thirty feet within a recent period, and garnets of unusually large size were found. The highest point reached was 82° 16' north. The *Polaris* has, therefore, been nearer to the Pole than any other ship. In 1806, Captain Scoresby sailed up to 81° 30'; and in 1818, Captain Parry struggled up to 82° 45', but that was with boats dragged across the ice.

The fourth annual Report of the Deputy-master of the Mint informs us that 41,946,969 coins of various kinds were struck at the Mint in 1873, and that their total value was £4,460,010, 13s. 5d. Of this total, the gold amounted to more than three millions; but in 1872, fifteen millions of gold were coined, and ten millions in 1871. With such a prodigious supply in the two preceding years, it seems natural that the demand should have slackened. Advantage of this was taken for renewal and repair of the machinery, and all coining-work was stopped during twelve weeks. To an outsider, it seems best that in a national establishment the machinery should be so arranged that some part thereof should be always available for work.

The Deputy-master makes an announcement in one of his paragraphs which will interest the public generally, namely, that the arrangement of the coins and medals belonging to the Mint, including those presented by the late Sir Joseph and Lady Banks, has been completed, and that the whole collection is now open to the public. It is placed in the museum attached to the Die Department, and is well worth a visit, as it illustrates the changes which the British coinage has undergone from the time of the Saxon kings to the present day. Among the coins, there are some of very special interest.

If proof were wanted that the inventive faculty is not dying out, it was given by the annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society at Bedford, where, in the implement and mechanical department, nearly six thousand articles were exhibited. It is not now the practice to exhibit all kinds of implements at one show, and this year the specimens were limited to 'machines and improvements used in the cultivation and carrying of crops.' Among these were one hundred and thirty-seven drills, all of which were reported on, and those

which deliver the seed with the greatest regularity may be regarded as the best. Formerly, drills were of one kind only; now, there are drills for a steep hill-side, drills for light land, drills for heavy land, drills for small seeds, drills for large seeds, drills for flat lands and ridge lands, drills for potatoes, in short, drills for every requirement. There were machines for thinning out turnips, which did the work as well as it could be done by hand; another for cutting off turnip tops and tails; another for feeding lambs and calves; another for sorting grain, which separates bad seeds from the good; a plough which in shallow ground will take up fourteen furrows at once; and one of the engines that burn straw for fuel, and thrash one hundred sheaves while burning the straw of eight or nine, and work equally well if fed only with cotton stalks or furze. With all these appliances, it becomes more than ever necessary that the farmer should be educated; that he should possess some knowledge of science and of natural phenomena. Next year's show, to be held at Taunton, is to comprise 'machines and improvements used in the harvesting of grass-crops.'

As connected with agriculture, we may mention that live horses and live cattle have been imported from the river Plate, in vessels built for the purpose, and with profit. As many readers know, the supply from the vast herds that range the Pampas is inexhaustible. Texas, too, has beef in plenty and to spare, and is sending it in refrigerators to New York, where it is sold at three-pence a pound. If the meat can be sent to New York in good condition, there is no reason why it should not be sent to this country. Beef at three-pence a pound would be very acceptable to thousands of Englishmen.

A remedy named 'aqua-puncture' has been introduced in France for the treatment of neuralgia. It may be described as a force-pump which can be carried about, and placed on a table, with a small flexible tube about two feet long, so constructed as to deliver a thread of water from its extremity with such force as to pierce leather. In operating on a patient afflicted with neuralgia, the piston is worked a few times, to expel the air from the tube; the point is then held about half an inch from the painful spot, the pump is worked, and the thread of water plays on the skin. Presently, a white vesicle appears on the spot where the water strikes; and any number of punctures may be made at the discretion of the operator, and in proportion to the extent of the pain. At first, the skin around the vesicles becomes red; but after a few hours, the vesicle and the redness disappear, leaving only a small black point, which is the crust formed by the drying-up of a drop of blood in the puncture. The operation is described as painful; but the relief it produces is so great, that patients always call for a repetition whenever their neuralgic pains return. Any one desiring further information on this important subject, should refer to Dr. Sirey's experiences as related in the *Bulletin de Therapeutique* for 1873.

It is stated, on the authority of Professor Helmholtz, that injections into the nostrils of a weak solution of sulphate of quinine, effectually kill the animalcules that produce the disease known as hay-fever.

At a meeting of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Chemical

Society, a paper was read to shew that in working a mine, dynamite is not only a more efficient explosive than gunpowder, but is less expensive and less dangerous. The author of the paper, in bringing his remarks to a close, said a few significant words: 'Mining as a trade has been organised and elaborated until, to use a not very elegant but expressive phrase, it has gone to seed. Mournfully corrupt it is in all its branches.' Unfortunately, mining is not the only trade of which the same can be said.

The old proverb which implies that everybody must eat a peck of dirt, is not often quoted by decent people; and yet, if official evidence may be believed, there is no one exempt from the risk of eating dirt or its equivalent. In the Report of the inspectors of food for the City of London, recently presented to the Corporation, it is stated that, in the year preceding, there had been condemned nearly eighty tons of meat, more than a million fish weighing four hundred tons, four thousand pounds of eels, about two thousand bushels of shrimps, sprats, oysters, periwinkles, wholks, mussels, and cockles. Fruit appears to be as objectionable as fish, for, to say nothing of cocoa-nuts and other delicacies seized in the streets, there were condemned in bonded warehouses, thirty hogsheads, eight hundred and ninety-six boxes, six hundred barrels, forty bags, and sixty-nine cartloads of figs; and in the same warehouses, boxes and barrels of currants underwent the same fate.

Here is grave matter for reflection. But for legal inspection, all this mass of filth would have been offered for sale; and the figs not sold in the streets would, by dishonest experts, have been converted into jam or some other 'delicacy.' The conclusion is, that honesty enforced by act of parliament is better than no honesty; and the question arises, will dishonesty diminish as education increases?

A HEROINE AT THE DIGGINGS.

In looking over an old newspaper (1853), we find a letter written by a young lady, who, owing to family misfortunes, found it advisable to emigrate to Australia with her brother, their whole capital to start with being three hundred pounds. Both were strong, active, and hearty, and though brought up in a luxurious and fashionable style, they resolved not to be particular as to any reputable line of industry that might cast up. On reaching Melbourne, which was then in its rudimental state, they found they could not encounter worse inconveniences at the gold-diggings, and thither they went.

'I was resolved,' says the lady, 'to accompany my brother and his friends to the diggings, and I felt that to do so in my own proper costume and character would be to run unnecessary hazard. Hence my change. I cut my hair into a very masculine fashion; I purchased a broad felt-hat, a sort of tunic or smock of coarse blue cloth, trousers to conform, boots of a miner, and thus parting with my sex for a season (I hoped a better one), behold me an accomplished candidate for mining operations and all the perils and inconveniences they might be supposed to bring. All

this transmutation took place with Frank and Mr M.—'s sanction: indeed, it was he who first suggested the change, which I grasped at and improved on. I could not bear to be separated from Frank, and we all felt that I should be safer in my male attire than if I exposed myself to the dangers of the route and residence in my proper guise. We have now been nine weeks absent from Melbourne, and have tried three localities, at the latter of which we have been most fortunate. We are near water (a first-rate article), and our tent is pitched on the side of as pretty a valley as you could wish to visit. I have for myself a sort of "supplementary canvas chamber," in which I sleep, cook, wash clothes—that is, my own and Frank's—and keep watch and ward over heaps of gold-dust and "nuggets," the sight and touch of which inspirit me when I grow dull, which I seldom do, for I have constant "droppers in," and, to own the truth, even in my palmiest days I never was treated with greater courtesy or respect. Of course, my sex is generally known. I am called "Mr Harry" (an abbreviation of Harriet); but no one intrudes the more on that account. In fact, I have become a sort of "necessity," as I am always ready to do a good turn—the great secret, after all, of social success; and I never refuse to oblige a "neighbor," be the trouble what it may. The consequences are pleasant enough. Many a "nugget" is thrust on me, whether I will or no, in return for cooking a pudding or darning a shirt, and if all the cooks and seamstresses in the world were as splendidly paid as I am, the Song of the Shirt would never have been written, at all events. My own hoard amounts now to about ten pounds of gold, and if I go on accumulating, even the richest heiress in my family in former days will be left immeasurably behind. Some times, when I have a few idle hours, I accompany Frank and his comrades to the diggings, and it is a rare thing to watch the avidity with which every "bucket" is raised, washed, examined, and commented upon. Wild the life is, certainly, but full of excitement and hope; and, strange as it is, I almost fear to tell you, that I do not wish it to end! You can hardly conceive what a merry company gather together in our tent every evening, or how pleasantly the hours pass. Tea and coffee we have in plenty, for every one brings a hoard, and milk we manage to obtain, for among us we have imported two cows, which cost us about fifty pounds each, but that is a mere trifle. Cake of various kinds I manufacture, thanks to old Betsy D.— for teaching me; and as for liquor, we sometimes have a little wine, brandy, or arrack, and sometimes not. And then we dance to the music of a German flute, played by a real German, or we sing glees and quartets, or talk of Moore, Byron, Burns, Goethe, "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," &c. until midnight, and sometimes long after it. As to suitors, I have them in plenty, and not despicable ones either, I assure you.

The lady, of course, was in due time happily married. At least she deserved to be; and we trust she left the diggings, not only with a good husband, but a heavy bag of nuggets.

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THE BLACK DOLL

Dor was a little girl, five years old, the only child left to her parents, whose other children all lay sleeping a still sounder sleep under four tiny mounds of green turf. The parents were poor, and lived in one poor room 'over the water,' that is, on the Surrey side of the Thames. The mother did what she could with her needle and her scissors and her iron to increase the means of subsistence earned by her husband, who plied some mysterious vocation on the river-side, and, when he was not engaged in that vocation, performed 'odd jobs' in all parts of London. And some of them were very odd jobs. He was one of those men who are so very useful when you have something to get rid of, and are at your wits' end to know what to do; when, for instance, your little dog has died, and you don't know what to do with the body; or when there is a contagious disease abroad, and it seems advisable to have certain things disinfected or destroyed. On all such occasions Potten was your man. He would do anything for next to nothing, or at anyrate for a mere trifle; anything, at least, that was not dishonest, for a more honest man than Potten did not exist. Nor had the repulsive nature of the work on which he was frequently employed resulted in any corresponding repulsiveness in the man himself. He had a sallow, gaunt face, it is true, for the lines had not fallen unto him in pleasant places; but he smiled, when he did smile, very brightly, and his manner, especially towards children, was gentle, and even winning. No doubt his heart was under the softening influence of a double memory—of Dot and of the tiny graves. But Potten had certainly one unpleasant peculiarity: there were times when he looked the very incarnation of scepticism; disbelief stood confessed in the twinkle of his eye, in the wrinkles round his nose, in the lines about his mouth, in the sound of his snigger. Sternly admonish him, tearfully beg of him, solemnly adjure him to be very careful, and to take the greatest precautions on his own account, and his wife's, and his children's, if he had any; and he would answer impatiently: 'All

right, sir; to be sure I will, ma'am; don't you go for to be afraid;' but all the while his manner and his laugh were as much as to say: 'Tut, tut! It's all a pack of rubbish; no harm shall happen unto me.' Thus does familiarity breed contempt. Who is it that lights his pipe over the powder-magazine? Who is it that burns a naked candle in the deadly atmosphere of the mine? And yet Potten was most scrupulously careful in all that concerned his employers; he may have laughed at them in his sleeve, but, whether it were from a conscientious sense of duty, or from fear of consequences in case of detected neglect, he performed their orders, as regarded *themselves*, to the very letter.

Such was the man who sat contentedly smoking his pipe in the room where Dot lay sleeping, and hugging in her arms a large black doll, with merry black eyes, laughing mouth, and grinning teeth, but without arms—not a doll that most girls would fancy, but Dot loved it and fondled it, as if it had been a paragon of beauty. In Mr Potten's section of society, no special smoking-room is provided, and infants sleep peacefully amidst the fumes of tobacco. Perhaps that may be a reason why fever, though rampant enough, is not more rampant in certain districts.

Well, Mr Potten sat smoking, Mrs Potten sat sewing, and Dot lay sleeping. Mr and Mrs Potten had a deal-table between them; and on the table stood a common sort of lamp, which gave a very good light by means, if smell can be depended upon, of paraffine oil. Dot lay sleeping; but anybody who supposes that she occupied her own little cot with its snow-white coverlet, and other accessories which make such pretty pictures of slumbering childhood, would be very much mistaken. Mr Potten's humble establishment did not admit of so much luxury and independence. Mr and Mrs Potten and Dot all shared the same bed, which, though by no means large, took up a considerable portion of the apartment. The bed had a coverlet of patchwork, old and faded. And yet it was anything but an ugly spectacle that presented itself to the husband and wife whenever they looked in Dot's direction. The

bed-linen was clean, though coarse; and there, with her head between two pillows, lay Dot. Her fair hair, very long for her age, streamed out in all directions; the long lashes of her closed eyes drooped on her cheeks; her smiling mouth, half open, showed a few white teeth; her chubby little arms were folded round the neck and body, and her little chin rested, as has been said, upon the woolly head, of the black doll. And the black doll, with a ring through its nose, a necklace of beads round its throat, and a flaring yellow frock upon its body, was gorgeous to behold.

Mr Potten arose from his seat, and went softly up to the bed; and there was a moisture in his eyes when he returned. He resumed his seat, and said chuckling: 'Lord love her! How happy she do look!'

'She never had a doll afore, you know, Potten,' rejoined his wife, a care-worn but cheerful, nice-looking woman, 'bar them little halfpenny ones.'

'But she's bin a-cryin',' remarked Potten, with a look of inquiry. 'I see two little stains on her little nose.'

'Yes,' assented Mrs Potten with a light laugh. 'We had a few words about the doll; she'd had it playin' with all the blessed day, and I thought she'd do better without it abed. But she would have dear Blackie, as she calls it; and wouldn't even have it undressed. So I let her have her own way, and that stopped her cryin', and made her happy again.'

'What's the harm?' growled Potten. 'Bless her little heart.'

'It must have cost a lot o' money, that doll,' said Mrs Potten, 'what with the size on it, and the dress, and the ornaments, and what not.'

'Ah! I daresay,' observed Potten with indifference.

'You'd never have bin able to buy one like it,' continued Mrs Potten with much emphasis.

'Not I,' assented Potten with a short laugh. 'Ah! it's an ill wind as blows nobody any good.'

'But you never told me where you got it from,' remarked Mrs Potten. 'You only said it was given to you.'

'What's the odds?' said Potten, yawning. 'Here, I'm tired; I'm agoin' to bed. Come, make haste.'

And Mr and Mrs Potten were soon asleep, with Dot and the black doll between them.

Let us change the time and scene. It shall be the same day, but earlier in the evening; and the place shall be a comfortable house on the Middlesex side of the river Thames, and on the borders of Tyburnia. It is early spring, about an hour after sunset, and a little girl, some seven years of age, is being put to bed. She is evidently an invalid. Her pretty little face is thin and pale; her hands are almost transparent; she totters if she attempts to walk alone. A lady and a maid-servant are present in the room, and render the necessary assistance. The little girl has just had a bath, to judge from plain indications; and now she is being arrayed in the most dainty little night-dress, and

gently laid in the most dainty little cot, with the most dainty appliances. Otherwise, the room, and indeed the whole house, presents an unfurnished appearance; all the furniture seems to be huddled together in out-of-the-way places, and there is a notable absence of carpets from the floors. Whenever you turn, you see basins or other utensils filled with a red liquid, as if there had been a general nose-bleeding throughout the house. Moreover, there is a pervading smell as of soot, from which the experienced would infer disinfectants. In the little girl's own room stands a table, on which are arranged, to please the eye and smell and taste, wall-flowers, violets, primroses, daffodils, jonquils, grapes, and blood-oranges. Cheap photographs and cheap picture-books, which may serve to amuse for the moment, and may be afterwards destroyed without compunction on the score of extravagance, are scattered about in all directions. When the little girl has been made quite comfortable, the lady sits down by the side of the cot, and prepares to coax the invalid to sleep.

'Am I well now, dear mum?' asks the invalid.

'Nearly well, dear,' replies mamma. 'We are going to the sea-side to-morrow, and then you will get quite strong and well again.'

'But if I'm not well, why can't I go on having Candace to sleep with me?' asks the invalid.

'Candace has gone away, darling.'

'Where to, mum?'

'I don't know, darling. She was taken away by the man when he took the other things.'

'What will he do to her, mum? Cure her?'

'I hope so, dear.'

'Then why can't I have her back when she's cured, dear mum?'

'Because, though she might not do you any harm, dear, it's safer, on account of other people, that we should get rid of her altogether.'

'Poor Candace! I hope she'll soon get well,' murmured the invalid sleepily. 'And I hope,' she added, 'that she'll not make any other little girl as ill as I have been.'

'I sincerely hope not,' said the lady fervently, but in a very low voice, so as not to disturb the little invalid, who was dozing off.

Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, was the name which the little invalid had given to her favourite plaything, a black doll. It had been included amongst a number of articles which 'the man' had carried off to be destroyed or 'cured,' as the little invalid would have said. The lady knew nothing of 'the man,' but that he had been authoritatively recommended as a regular practitioner in such matters. She had paid him well, and had strongly advised him to destroy everything, or, at anyrate, to bake, smoke, steam, boil, and disinfect everything thoroughly. Unless he faithfully promised to do at least the latter, she would see if she could not find some other means of riddance. And 'the man' had replied: 'All right, ma'am; don't you go for to be afraid; I know all about it.' But somehow his manner was a little contemptuous;

his eye twinkled, and his mouth sniggered in a by no means reassuring fashion. And so he had gone his way; and she did not know even his name, which was Potten.

And so the lady and the little invalid went to the sea-side; and the latter grew strong and plump and rosy again.

And Candace and the 'man' were clean forgotten. Meanwhile, Dot had been getting on famously with 'dear Blackie.' No doubt, Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, had fallen considerably in the social scale; but it is a question whether she had ever before been treated with so much deference. Dot never did anything without consulting 'dear Blackie.' She obtained that sable personage's permission before she even dared to put into her mouth a single piece of bread and butter or a sip of milk and water. Nay, the maternal authority itself had to be backed up by the influence of the late Queen Candace. On the third evening of Dot's possession of her treasure—'Now, Dot, it's time to go to bed; that's a good gal,' Mrs Potten said.

'S'all we do to bed, dear Blackie?' Dot asked; and then she cried exultantly: 'No, mother; dear Blackie says we musn't do to bed 'et, but wait for da.'

'You'd better ask dear Blackie again,' Mrs Potten replied, for she was a kind, patient, and judicious but firm mother.

There was a short pause; and then Dot said, with a knowing laugh: 'Dear Blackie says we'd better do to bed to-night, and sit up for da some other night.'

'Ah! dear Blackie's a good sort,' Mrs Potten admitted, as she proceeded to undress her obedient little Dot.

And Dot, ere she closed her eyes in sleep, kissed her black doll, and said: 'Dood-night, dear Blackie. Dod b'ess 'ou.'

That same evening, Mr Potten, whose avocations nearly always took him away from home all day, and who, consequently, seldom had an opportunity of observing Dot and her ways, was treated by her to a little comedy, which he, as a father, found more laughter-moving than anything ever performed by Liston, Wright, or Toole. Dot was restless, and woke up whilst her father was taking his pipe and drop of beer.

And Dot insisted upon his sharing his pipe and beer with 'dear Blackie,' who, she asserted, had always been accustomed to tobacco in 'Blackie's land,' and liked beer 'froiled up,' or, as Mr Potten himself expressed it, 'with a head on.' So 'dear Blackie' was placed in a sitting posture upon the table, was propped up against a candlestick, and in a silent language, interpreted by Dot, contributed greatly to the hilarity of the evening.

'Lord love her little heart!' exclaimed Potten, as he wiped tears of amusement from his eyes when Dot had sunk exhausted to sleep; 'she's as good as any play; that 'ere doll's a fortune to us.'

But the next evening Potten was not so well entertained. Dot, it appeared, had been seized with a shivering fit, and was now sleeping heavily, breathing stertorously, and tossing uneasily, with

a skin as hot and dry as a burning coal. But poor people shrink from the expense of a doctor; and the Pottens resolved to see what a night would bring forth. The night brought forth a sore throat, so sore that it seemed as if Dot would be choked. There was no help for it; a doctor must be called, and Potten, on his way to work, engaged one to 'look in.' The doctor looked in, and looked serious. He sent medicine, and word that he would look in again in the evening. In the evening he came; and Potten was there.

Dot was one bright red flush, to the very whites of her eyes.

'What is it, sir, please?' asked Potten, with white and trembling lips.

'Well,' said the doctor, 'it is best to tell you, in order that you may take precautions. It is a very bad case of scarlet fever.'

Potten groaned heavily, dropped down by the bedside, and hid his face in the clothes.

'Come, be a man,' said the doctor, touching him on the shoulder; 'don't give away like that. I've known worse cases recover.'

Potten got up, and stared about him like one distraught.

The doctor gave his directions to Mrs Potten; and with a kind 'good-night,' departed.

The eighth day was approaching, and Dot was in a high state of delirium. There were no sweet flowers, no violets, no primroses, no daffodils for poor little Dot, to catch her eye, and soothe her senses; no grapes and no blood-oranges to moisten her poor parched lips. And, whenever her father drew near her pillow, she, when the delicious fit was upon her, would turn away her face and mutter: 'Do away, black man; do away, black man!'

The eighth day came and passed; and Dot passed away in the twilight.

Potten had scarcely spoken a word as long as the fever lasted; but now, as he stood looking with a ghastly face, and dry, fierce eyes, at the tiny corpse before him, he said, in slow, distinct, deliberate tones: 'Susan, I've killed my child.'

Mrs Potten, for a moment, hushed her sobs, and stared at him in blank amazement.

'Look here,' continued Potten, in low, husky tones: 'I knowed there'd bin fever in the house where this come from; the lady that gave it me begged and prayed o' me to burn it, or, leastways, to burn the clo'es and the hair, and bake and scour and reglar disinfect the rest on it; but I was afraid o' spillin' it, and—and—as they was always disinfectin' everything in *that* house, I never give it a second thought, and—and—I—give it—*her*,' and, with a sob that shook his whole body, he threw down upon the patchwork counterpane the black doll.

Mrs Potten had listened to him with a face that grew paler and graver and more horror-stricken at every word he uttered; but all she said was, in a voice full of awe and agony: 'O John!'

It was the only reproach she made him; but it may be that there is more in a tone than in words.

Potten walked slowly to the door, and left the room. He looked like a man in a dream. He did not return that night; and Mrs Potten was alarmed. He did not return the next day or night; and the neighbours were alarmed. They thought, too truly, that the poor man had gone distracted, was mad with grief and his sense of having been the cause of

the death of his child. In this belief, they naturally expected to find him on the river-side. And there, on the third day, they found him—at low-water—Drowned.

WORKING-MEN'S SAVINGS.

ATTENTION has been strongly directed, during the last few years, to the fact that English workmen do not save a reasonable proportion of their earnings. Whether wages are high or low, the receipts are nearly all spent as soon as earned. Benefit or friendly societies are excellent for provident purposes, if judiciously established and honestly managed; but Mr Tidd Pratt and others officially conversant with the subject, declare that there is here too often a lamentable waste of workmen's money, through miscalculation and defective stewardship. Savings-banks, alike those under the old trustee system and those under the Post-office, are much neglected by working-men; most of the deposits are known to belong to other classes of the community. Post-office life assurances and deferred annuities are almost ignored by them. Land and building societies are more in favour, and so (especially in the northern counties of England) are co-operative partnerships. Unfortunately, trades-unions are more in favour than any of the above. On this thorny subject, we only wish to remark, that whatever effect the unions may have in raising wages, they do not conduce to habits of thrift and economy, the laying by of a provision for the 'rainy day' of sickness, slackness of trade, or falling strength in old age.

It is only those experienced men who are in a position to compare one European country with another who are fully aware of the fact, that English workmen do not rank high in the possession of provident habits. Our artisans and labourers do not save to any considerable extent, as compared with workmen abroad. We may on this subject advantageously refer to an address by the Earl of Derby, delivered a few months ago; an address all the more valuable owing to the unquestioned good-will of that nobleman towards the industrious classes generally. An association called the 'Provident Knowledge Society' has been formed, for encouraging habits of thrift among the artisan and labouring class—by establishing penny banks for children, and by drawing the attention of adults to three kinds of facilities now afforded by our postal system—namely, post-office savings-banks, post-office life assurances, and post-office deferred annuities. At one of the anniversary meetings of this Society, the earl expressed a belief that a large portion of the litigation in the county courts would cease to arise if men accustomed themselves more to ready-money dealings, and less to credit; and that they would have more ready money at command if more prudent and economical in their habits. Adulteration of commodities, and fraud in weights and measures, he likewise believes might be lessened by a similar agency. 'What is the explanation of frauds of this kind being possible, and even habitual? As often as not, the cause is, that the customer is in debt; he must take the article which is offered to him at the price at which it is offered. If he refuses, not only will he get nothing else instead, but he fears that he will be "county-courted" for a debt which he cannot pay.'

Persons who have practically benefited by the system, believe that co-operation rests on a higher and more permanent principle than the mere existence of adulteration and unthriftiness; but it may be well to see what the Earl of Derby says on this point: 'Herein is the whole secret, as I take it, of the success of those institutions which are called co-operative stores. There is no magic in the name or in the thing. They can sell cheaply because they make no bad debts; and they make no bad debts, because those who come to them have no option except to pay ready money.'

It is a sad and solemn truth, that a very large part of the suffering which surrounds us is caused by a deficiency in habits of economy and forethought. When large masses of people have for a series of years been accustomed to live from hand to mouth, it becomes a matter almost of impossibility to instil new habits into them; to get out of the old groove is more and more difficult the deeper the groove becomes. The exercise of prudent economy (a different thing from paltry niggardliness), so as to be beforehand with the world, must be the result of early lessons; and we see too little of it around us, because these early lessons are too scantily imparted. 'You may educate a man as highly as you please; you may give him the franchise, and call upon him to exercise it as often as you think fit; you may provide the best newspapers in the world to tell him what is going on, and museums and galleries without end to cultivate his taste; but no amount of political freedom, or of literary culture and refinement, will carry with them the sense of independence and of self-respect so long as he knows that he is in somebody else's power; that he has on his shoulders a burden of debt from which he cannot shake himself loose. That is a slavery almost as degrading, and, I am afraid, almost as common, as the kindred slavery of drunkenness.'

Concerning one's own country, it would be pleasant to think that in the good sense shewn in thrift, we can compare well with our neighbours. But is it so? The earl answers this question in the negative: 'I do not think it is flattering to the patriotism of an Englishman to see that in France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany, where wages are lower than here, and subsistence in general not easier, there is a vast reserve of national wealth in the hands of the working-classes; while among ours, better paid, better fed, better clothed, there is far too large a portion in a condition nearly resembling that which Defoe described as existing at the end of the seventeenth century.' It is certainly worthy of note, although the fact is generally lost sight of by our writers, that observant men commented on the same English peculiarity two centuries ago, as is noticeable now. Defoe's words were: 'It [thrift] may have been brought in, and in some places where it has been planted, it has thriven well enough; but it is a foreign species; it neither loves nor is beloved by Englishmen. This observation I have made between foreigners and Englishmen; that where an Englishman earns twenty shillings a week, and but just lives (as we call it), a Dutchman grows rich, and leaves his children in very good condition.'

Thrift, economy, saving, providence, frugality—call it which we may—can, of course, be fostered in a variety of ways; and good will be done if any suggested plan should be viewed favourably

by the class mostly to be benefited by it. With this purpose, we will draw attention to a remarkable scheme set forth, or at least outlined, by Sir Joseph Whitworth, a large employer of labour at Manchester, and known all over Europe as one of the leading mechanical engineers or machine-makers of the day. Some months ago, in the year 1873, he submitted a sketch of his plan to the Society of Arts. He had already signalled himself by founding the noblest endowment ever known for the encouragement of industrial or technical training. He has invested the sum of £1,000,000 in the names of official trustees; and the interest accruing from this sum, about £3000 per annum, is to be appropriated to thirty scholarships of £100 per annum each, called 'Whitworth Scholarships,' so awarded as to encourage young men to study the science as well as the manipulations of industrial operations, especially such as relate to mechanical engineering. Such a donor is not likely to have other than kindly motives for recommending judicious economy to working-men.

Sir Joseph Whitworth's suggestions are addressed rather to employers than to the employed, seeing that they cannot be carried into effect except by the initiation and support of the former. His plan is, that every railway company, trading company, or joint-stock limited liability company, should establish and maintain its own savings-bank, for the benefit of the workmen and servants in its employ, with a good—even a large—rate of interest. This high rate, together with perfect security, he believes would be more likely to foster a habit of saving than any other course that could be devised. So far would he carry this plan, that he proposes that the rate of interest to be paid by the company to its workmen-depositors should be equal to the rate of dividend paid to the shareholders, but with a minimum of four per cent. If this should appear to render the workmen or servants actually better off than their employers, the shareholders, this, he believes, would be well purchased by the bond of union established between all the parties concerned; capital and labour would benefit themselves by benefiting each other. As to security, an act of parliament might make the deposits a first charge on the estates of the companies. The dividend of a joint-stock company is made publicly known; not so the profits of a private firm; and this would create some difficulty in applying the system to the latter. Nevertheless (it is urged by Sir Joseph), a private firm could work in the same useful path, by guaranteeing that the interest on deposits should never be less than four per cent. (higher than is paid by any of the regular savings-banks), while some plan might be devised of regulating the actual rate according to the profits of the firm. Of course, unless the system were willingly adopted, no attempt would be made to overcome the difficulties that might arise.

The mode suggested for applying the plan to the agricultural districts is certainly remarkable. Here it is not left to individual farmers; and as to firms and companies, there are very few. Each county is to have its savings-banks, for the small savings of the men and women engaged in agricultural labour. Interest at the rate of six or seven per cent. is to be paid to the depositors; and as this would entail a loss to the county exchequer, something like an insurance or industrial rate

would be imposed to make up this deficiency, to be collected with, and by the same agency as the poor-rate, that will appear to most persons a serious matter. Local rates are already high enough to produce much complaining, and there is but little disposition to welcome an addition to their number. The promulgator of the scheme, however, argues that as this interest rate increases, the poor-rate would decrease. If the habit of saving became general among the working-classes, there would be a lessening of cost to the property owning classes, who have now to contribute in a great variety of ways towards the support of the unfortunate who have made no provision for themselves. For it must be borne in mind that property mainly supports charities, hospitals, dispensaries, infirmaries, police workhouses, asylums, reformatories, prisons, police establishments, &c., which contain among their inmates large numbers of persons who would not be there if habits of economy prevailed among the labouring classes. The unfortunate result of indiscriminate almsgiving, and even of much of our legislation, is to give most to those who have done little or nothing towards their own independent support. Sir Joseph Whitworth states the matter thus: 'In the case of men or women falling into distress from causes beyond their own control, what better proof could be given that they are deserving of sympathy and assistance than the fact, that they had put by savings at a time when they were able to do so? The rule of action should be to do as little as possible for those who do as little as possible for themselves.' A great change must take place in public sentiment before this rule of action will be extensively adopted!

Sir Joseph Whitworth has offered two prizes for the best and second best essays on this subject—the most practical and effectual mode of encouraging habits of thrift or economy among the artisan and labouring classes. He invites the essayists to grapple with the question, whether uniform hours of work, for workers of different ages, are favourable to those concerned. The popular view is in this direction, but he doubts its soundness. 'I think it will be admitted as desirable that one-third of the period of man's existence should, if possible, be spent free from the necessity for labour and toil. The middle period of life is, therefore, the time when man's energies should be put forth, and the greatest amount of work done that strict obedience to the laws of health will permit. The experience of industrious men goes to prove that the most pleasurable existence is insured by following this course.' He deprecates the *forzible* limitation of the hours of labour to any standard that shall alike govern young men, middle-aged men, and elderly men. This course prevents the strong and healthy from saving so much as they easily could save, towards a provision for that period of life when man's energies begin to fail, when rest is necessary, and work irksome. The result is stated (perhaps rather strongly) thus: 'The man who does not save when he is in health and strength, robs the man who does save; because the law compels him to support those who have not saved, and to bury them when dead.' Sir Joseph might have added, that the recently-introduced system of frequent holidays and half-holidays has been most prejudicial as regards the culture of habits of economy, while it has obviously done

nothing in the way of mental improvement, and, we fear, little to improve health.

The prizes above adverted to are to be awarded by a committee of the Society of Arts. We need not in this place dwell farther on the prize method of eliciting suggestions; but it may be well to remark, that the Council of the Society call the attention of intending essayists to the liability to fraud or deception in the adoption of any plan for paying a high rate of interest in the manner proposed; such, for instance, as that of colourable investments being made by persons investing, in their own names, moneys not *bona fide* their own. It will be necessary to point out some effectual mode of preventing such frauds; the limit which should be imposed on the sums invested by each depositor; the length of notice necessary for withdrawal; and the minor details of procedure.

We are writing at a time when several measures are under parliamentary discussion relating to the well-being of working-men. The point to be borne in mind, however, is, that the chief reformer must be the working-man himself; he must himself adopt habits tending to frugality, economy, good management, or the exertions of the legislature will prove futile.

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

CHAPTER III.—THE BALL.

THE moon, which had risen early that night, was shining brightly over the sea, and lighting all the country-side. The old house was twinkling all over with lights, and through the open windows sounds of merry music and happy laughter streamed out upon the air. The ball had succeeded to the marriage-feast, and the gay and gallant company were enjoying it as people used to enjoy balls in Scotland twenty golden years ago; as, in my capacity of looker-on, it seems to me they do not enjoy balls anywhere now. All the young folks, and some folks who were no longer young, were dancing; all the old folks were looking on admiringly. And then it was such real dancing; not lounging, or gliding, or any kind of make-believe, but genuine, hearty dancing; graceful in some cases, merely active and lively in others, but real; with nobody wanting 'to sit out,' and nobody going through it with boredom in his soul, and the reflection of boredom in his face. Everybody there had driven distances varying between five miles and fifteen, except those who had driven twenty miles and upwards, after a railway journey from an adjoining county, and they deserved their reward. They had it; the bridal ball at Barrholme was a success, whereof the renown lasted long, and which is quoted now by the survivors of those days as one of those things that belonged to 'the good old times.'

The marriage ceremony had taken place in the afternoon, and the bride and bridegroom had taken their departure some time before we look into the ball-room at Barrholme, where the dancers are performing a seemingly endless set of quadrilles in reel time and step. It is a fine old room, with a gallery for the musicians, and long windows opening to the floor, with seats for the elders comfortably disposed in deep recesses. The lighting and decoration are ample and tasteful, and Lady Mervyn surveys the scene, especially one or

two particulars of it, with satisfaction, which increases when the animated quadrille at length comes to an end, and the couples who have been dancing walk about the room, or stray into the long corridor, where refreshments are to be found, or, in a few cases, retire to the curtained recesses, for the better continuance of their conversation.

'I do believe it will come right,' thought Lady Mervyn, as she observed the performance of a strategic movement of this kind on the part of a couple whom she had been noticing unobserved since the departure of the bride and bridegroom had set her attention free. 'How fortunate if the associations of to-day should have induced him to make up his mind! He is certainly more attentive to her than I have ever seen him. And she really looks wonderfully well.' Then her ladyship applied herself to preventing an interruption of the *tête-à-tête*, of which she so much approved, by the self-denying process of devoting herself to a certain Laird of Gairloch, who was desperately bent on talking to Captain Mervyn about military matters in general, and his own reminiscences of forty years past in particular. As Lady Mervyn moved towards the unsuspecting old gentleman, who was laboriously making his way towards the recess to which Captain Mervyn and Anne Cairnes (for it was to them that her ladyship's speculations pointed) had retired, many of her guests commented upon the dignity of her figure, the richness and good taste of her dress, and the 'remains' of that beauty which had once been remarkable in her fine-featured, but somewhat keen and cold face.

Lady Mervyn was not an ordinary woman—a fact recognised by all those among whom she lived, though none of them understood exactly wherein the extraordinariness of her character and disposition consisted. She was more respected than liked, even in her own family, and the sentiment she commanded outside that boundary was deference rather than popularity. She was reserved, even taciturn, and though kind and charitable to the poor, she had not ready or large sympathies, and people, especially young people, thought her severe. The fact was, Lady Mervyn had more intellect than her neighbours, and less heart; at all events, it admitted fewer objects of affection, and was more concentrated. Pride was her ruling passion, and she had been hit hard through it many times, as everybody is hit hard through his or her ruling passion; but she had a marvellous power of standing up against the blows, and hiding the bruises; so that when she suffered, she suffered unsuspected, and was thereby consoled. In the bloom of her youth, and the fulness of her very considerable beauty, she had married for love a man whose intellectual inferiority to herself she speedily recognised; but she continued to love him not only after that recognition, but when she had made some other discoveries of a yet more disenchanting nature; and no one living had ever heard a complaint of unhappiness or disappointment from Lady Mervyn's lips, or discovered a trace of those feelings in her equable, well-bred manner. Fifteen years after their marriage, Sir Alexander and Lady Mervyn, who had previously lived a good deal in London, took up their permanent abode at Barrholme, and it was understood that the hereditary gout of the Mervyns had made alarming inroads upon Sir Alexander's constitution, so that it was necessary for him to lead a very quiet

life, and to limit his recreations to the occasional friendly hospitalities of a district, of which Barholm formed a remote and not easily attainable portion. Gout, which was hereditary, was quite real in Sir Alexander's case; but gambling, which was not hereditary, was as real, and the whole truth was, that the long-descended Scotch baronet had gone very near to ruining himself, as only his wife and his confidential man of business knew; and the family gout was a Godsend, for it forced him to renounce his destructive way of life, and it rendered him powerless to resist whatever his wife and their trusty counsellor decided upon as best to be done. So, Sir Alexander was taken down to Barholm, and kept there, and his wife nursed him and the property with equal skill, devotion, and constancy. The double task told on Lady Mervyn: she aged unduly, her good looks were mentioned in the past tense too soon; and the sphere of her feelings was narrowed. She really loved just two persons in the world—her husband, who speedily became a valetudinarian, and was never, on any account, to be troubled about anything whatever; a state of things which he accepted with passive acquiescence—the one excitement he had coveted having become impossible, he was content to do without any—and David, her only son, to whose future she had transferred all the hidden ambition of her nature. She had been a good and indulgent mother, in a perfunctory way, to Marion, her only daughter, but she had never cared very deeply for her; their respective dispositions were unsympathetic; and Lady Mervyn's concentration of thought and feeling in the interests of her own married life led her to expect and desire the same on her daughter's part. From her wedding-day, Marion would always be 'one of the Grames' in her mother's mind, detached from the Mervyns, as she herself had been from the Maitlands. David Mervyn had been given every advantage of education within his parents' power to bestow upon him, and the purchase of his commission, and subsequent 'steps,' had taxed his mother's capacity for management to the uttermost. Only one thing in the world would Lady Mervyn not have bestowed upon her beloved son—her confidence. That she withheld; and he was not to blame that, in ignorance of the true state of the family fortunes, he spent all the money he could get freely, and without a thought of its cost to his mother. That among the great landed proprietors, and the big fortunes of the stewardship, his father could not be counted as a rich man, David Mervyn was necessarily aware, but he had an implicit belief in the rent-roll of Barholm; it never occurred to him that it was not fully and substantially represented by the rental, or that he absorbed, in his single person, an unfair proportion of the family revenue. He was not unprincipled, and so he did not get into debt; but if he had done so, it would not have come into his mind that his father would find it inconvenient to let him have a few hundreds. He had sometimes thought it odd that he knew so little about the actual state and general conduct of affairs at Barholm; it was unlike other fellows' relations to their fathers and mothers; but he easily dismissed the theme from his mind by referring the fact to his early absences from home, his present life, which made him merely an occasional visitor there, and his mother's reserved

ways about everything. He supposed, when women got the management of affairs into their own hands, they were generally jealous and secretive; he should only weary her, most likely, by asking questions, and nothing could be more certain than that she managed everything admirably. David Mervyn was in Ireland with his regiment, when the arrangements for his sister's marriage were made, and he had only a general idea of their nature, an idea which did not impress him with a notion that his sister had been generously treated, and he was inclined to depart from the invariable family custom of unquestioning acquiescence in all that was done by Lady Mervyn, by remonstrating strongly on the point. Happily, he intimated his half-formed intention to Marion, and she implored him to refrain. It did not signify to her or to Gordon, she said; they only wanted each other; they could wait for any money that might be eventually coming to her. So David, who was very full of certain matters of great interest to himself at the time, said nothing, and thought little more on the subject.

Her daughter's marriage had, however, brought about a kind of crisis in Lady Mervyn's life. The general review in which things had to be passed, was not altogether satisfactory; she had done a great deal towards clearing off the burdens which Sir Alexander had laid upon the estate, but it was still burdened, and expenses were not lessening. There would be more money wanted for David presently, and where was it to come from? Then Lady Mervyn bethought her of the simplest and easiest way in which a pleasant young man of good birth might 'better himself' and decided in her own mind that David must marry an heiress. Perhaps, in order to carry this point, to induce him to recognise the necessity of the step, she should find herself obliged to abandon a portion of her reserve, to let him know that his father's circumstances were less flourishing than they appeared to the world to be. It might be that she should have to endure this wound to her pride also, she who had already borne so many! but if it must be so, it must. All her efforts had not sufficed completely to restore the fallen fortunes of Barholm; the inheritor of them must now take his turn at their renovation.

Very shortly after the propriety of her son's making a rich marriage had presented itself to her mind, it assumed all the consistency of a fixed idea, aided by Lady Mervyn's habitual experience of the submission of persons and circumstances to her will. Things had gone very well in respect to Marion; why should they not go equally well in the case of David? She, whose own life had been completely moulded, tempered, and governed by her first and only love, was complacently ready to ignore the existence of such a sentiment in that of her son—of course, he might love the heiress as well as marry her, if he could; that would be entirely his own affair; but Lady Mervyn had never seen any sentimental tendencies in David; he never took more notice of one girl than another, that she could remember, and, besides, he really had excellent common-sense; she would not do him the injustice of supposing that it could fall him in a matter of such paramount importance.

This point fixed in Lady Mervyn's mind, the next which offered itself for consideration was,

whether the heiress who was close at hand would not be a fit and proper person to achieve the restoration and aggrandisement of the fortunes of Barrholme? There was the difficulty of Anne Cairnes's undistinguished birth, and there was the drawback of the plebeian origin of her fortune, and both were great; but Lady Mervyn knew that her son was not likely to find an heiress in precisely his own rank, and Anne Cairnes and her father were now regarded in the county with much more consideration than they had been when Victoria Lodge had first reared its obnoxious front upon the ancient Tors. Lady Mervyn was ready to remember, too, that a woman merges her insignificance in her husband's importance, and to lay every other kind ofunction to her pride which could avail to soothe it. For Anne herself, she had a tepid liking, the strongest feeling which could be evoked in Lady Mervyn's breast by any one outside her family circle; and she never doubted but that Anne would acquiesce joyfully in an arrangement which could hardly fail to have her father's grateful sanction also. After all, what can a rich nobody's wealth do for him and his half so well worth the purchase as when it raises him to an alliance with 'gentle blood'? Thus did Lady Mervyn caress and nurture her expedient, after the fashion of persons whose lives are narrow and concentrated, and who are habituated to exercising an imperious rule within a small sphere, until it seemed to her that the failure of it would be a misfortune of almost impossible proportions.

Lady Mervyn was aware that it had occurred to more than one of the county magnates that Miss Cairnes would be a very agreeable addition to their family circle in the capacity of daughter-in-law, and she also knew that Anne had not reached her twentieth year without having been sought by disinterested suitors, for her own sake; but she was not troubled by these reflections; she had never seen anything to lead her to believe that Anne was less fancy-free than David, and as he was infinitely superior to any and all the young men whom she was in the habit of seeing, she would naturally prefer him when he should seek her preference. Lady Mervyn was so full of this project by the time at which David was to arrive for his sister's wedding, that she actually contemplated its disclosure to Sir Alexander, but abandoned the intention on finding him particularly cross and irritable, and declaring himself 'worried to death' by the preparations for the wedding, everything connected with which was sedulously kept out of his sight, and which might have been about to take place in the adjoining parish, for any real trouble or disturbance it occasioned to him.

Six months had elapsed since David Mervyn's last visit to Barrholme, and during that time, owing to Marion's engagement, and the pleasant stir of anticipation and preparation in the house, the intimate association between Victoria Lodge and Barrholme had much increased. When Gordon Græme was not with her, Marion naturally wanted to talk about him, and Anne Cairnes took an untiring interest in the subject, so that the girls were constantly together, and it was reassuring to Lady Mervyn to observe that Anne never had any engagements, occupations, or interests which were not made to give way to those of the inmates of Barrholme. The tie between the two girls was an unequal one, for Anne Cairnes

was in every respect, except birth, and a certain gracefulness which sometimes belongs to birth, the superior of her friend; but, in addition to the attraction which Marion individually possessed for the stronger, deeper, and more tender nature of Anne, she exercised a collateral charm; she was David Mervyn's sister!

The *tête-à-tête* in the recess of the window, which had been so pleasant to Lady Mervyn to observe, was no less agreeable to David. He was genuinely fond of his sister, and very glad to learn from her 'great friend' a number of small particulars which her letters had not contained, and which he knew he should have no chance of hearing from his mother, who had just one fault in David's eyes: she did not care enough for Marion. The brother and sister resembled one another in appearance as little as did the friends. David Mervyn was a soldierly-looking young man, of a well-knit and active figure. He was not handsome, except in so far as a pair of fine dark blue eyes, capable of much variety of expression, can render a man's face—in which no other feature is peculiarly capable of description—handsome, but he was perfectly unaffected, and had a certain high courage and ease in his bearing which made him pleasant to look upon. He was one of those favoured individuals whose presence always clears and brightens the social atmosphere. When David was at home, Sir Alexander was less peevish and more reasonable; Lady Mervyn was more approachable and companionable, Marion was perfectly happy. And Anne? Well, she had asked herself that question, and answered it, long ago—long before this evening, when she is listening and talking to David with a delightful sense that he has never spoken to her quite like this before; that there is something new in his manner and in his looks—something that draws her nearer to him, and makes her heart—which has long been all his—beat with an exquisite sense of hope and joy. He had told her, when they met in the drawing-room, a few minutes before the marriage of Marion Mervyn and Gordon Græme, how very glad he was to see her; how much he counted on her society during his sister's absence; and many other things of the sort, which, though to a certain extent, they were words of course, had strangely affected her, because they were said with a difference from his former well-remembered manner. Several times during the evening, and after the ball had commenced, he had returned to her side, from his attentions *de rigueur* to other ladies present, and there was in his way of doing so the confidence expressed in the poet's line:

These are my visits, but thou art my home.

When he danced with her, there was the same change in him. How well she remembered on former occasions the pain that had mingled with the pleasure of dancing with him; the pang that had come with the conviction that she was no more to him than the other girls in the room, except that she danced better than they did! But it was different now, quite different; he really was thinking about her; he really was happy to be with her; and by his close and curious questions respecting the footing she was on at Barrholme and her relations with his mother, he evinced an interest in her which she had never previously been able to detect.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SUMMONS.

'How wonderfully well Anne Cairnes looks!' was said by many of Lady Mervyn's guests that night; and truly said, to the great satisfaction of two persons, who very rarely had any feeling in common—Lady Mervyn and Mr Cairnes. Her ladyship even condescended to add to the simple and kindly gentleman's pleasure by assuring him that she had never until then known how pretty his daughter was. Mr Cairnes, whose gift of patient kindness and old memories of long-suffering witnessed and soothed, enabled him to get on very well indeed with the peevish and gouty Sir Alexander, but who was decidedly afraid of Lady Mervyn, assented timidly, and edged away to a corner, whence he could see his daughter as she danced, and be out of her ladyship's way. Anne certainly did look very well—her eyes were shining, her cheeks were glowing, her smile was bright and frequent, and her step was as light as a fairy's tread. She was rather too simply dressed for his taste; but she would have her own way this time. She would not put on her poor mother's diamonds, and so be smarter than the other bridesmaids. 'Well, well,' said her father to himself, 'if she is always as bright and as happy as she is to-night, God bless her! she won't want diamonds to set her off; and now I'll just go and cheer Sir Alexander up a little. I darsay he's downhearted enough at parting with his daughter.'

'And you are not going home to-night!—how delightful!' said David Mervyn to Anne, as, after a third dance, he was about to relinquish her to another partner.

'I am not. Lady Mervyn is so kind as to say I can be of great service to her to-morrow morning, as there are so many people staying in the house.'

'We shall not meet at breakfast, I suppose? You will hardly be up to the exertion of appearing?'

'O yes, I shall. Marion and I pride ourselves on early hours after dancing; and I shall be very punctual to-morrow, as Lady Mervyn never leaves Sir Alexander in the morning.'

'When do the people go away?'

'Immediately after a late breakfast, I suppose.'

'Then will you?'—he hesitated for a moment, then resumed—'will you let me have a talk with you, at the old rendezvous, on the platform, where you and I and Marion have held many a council, as early as possible to-morrow, before I see my mother alone? I am in a difficulty, and Marion told me, just before she left us to-day, that, in default of her, I was to go to you. You have the *carte de pays* here, and can advise me. Here comes Charley Stewart to claim his dance. I take your promise for granted.'

Of all the words which David Mervyn had spoken to her that night, Anne Cairnes remembered these best, and thought over them longest, when, the ball over, and the house quiet at last, she found herself in her room, the room that until that day had been Marion's. That the communication which David made to make to her could concern her individually, she did not for a moment imagine; but the anticipation of his confidence was very sweet to her, and in her girlish inexperience, she dwelt on the word 'difficulty' with a secret pleasure. It must mean money, she thought, and she did not recoil from the audacity of the assumption. Lady Mervyn had not kept her secret so

absolutely hidden, in every instance, as she fondly believed; an inkling of it, derived from the quickness of his own observation, aided by the former business habits of his life, had come to Mr Cairnes, and, as he discussed everything with his daughter, he had talked to her of his suspicion that Barnholme estate was not in a very prosperous condition, and that Lady Mervyn had no little difficulty in keeping things straight. Mr Cairnes had none of the hesitation of polite society about alluding to such matters; he would not have kept up appearances in his own case to the amount of a yearly pound beyond the sum he could comfortably command and apportion, and he had no sympathy with efforts of the sort. He imputed much of Lady Mervyn's taciturnity and preoccupation to their true cause, and informed Anne of it; and therefore she readily associated David's 'difficulty' with a want of money, and his application for her counsel with his having wished to sound Marion as to the aspect of affairs just then, and Marion's having no time to talk with him. If David wanted money, thought Anne—who knew nothing about the light in which pecuniary obligations were regarded between men, and saw only a delightful simplicity in the solution of the case—of course her father would let him have as much as he wanted; he must not on any account trouble Lady Mervyn just at present. How very fortunate that he had thought of telling her about the 'difficulty,' because she could ask her father to set it right for him at once, and save him all embarrassment. It was not an unreasonable plan to be formed by a girl like Anne, who had such scant knowledge of the world, and who had seen so much money as the power of money, and of its powerlessness; and she dwelt on it with pleasures which hardly left room for regret for its origin. Something she could not define had changed the aspect of life for Anne that day; it was not only David's coming, not only the sight of him with whom her thoughts were always; the change was in *him*, and its influence had passed upon her.

If I were telling a story which I had merely invented, if I were not simply recounting facts which happened to real persons twenty-one years ago, I should hardly venture to describe a young lady as having given her love to a man who had not asked for it, and who did not seemingly return it. But it is only in writing fiction that one is bound by such fictitious laws as that one which enacts that a good, pure, gracious woman shall not love, and know she loves, a man who has not experienced a simultaneous attraction towards her. That she will keep the fact successfully from the perception of other people, if she be endowed with strong nerves, a firm will, and their outcome, self-command, I allow; but that she is blamable, or despicable, or unwomanly, or anything but true to her nature, because, when she has seen the man who realises her ideal, or inspires her with an ideal (which is the more ordinary occurrence of the two), she loves him, though he do not love her, I deny. That an unsought unreturnable love is a misfortune, must, I suppose, be granted, and yet it may be made a means for the elevation and purification of the character. It is certainly an element of detachment from lower objects, and it has not the embittering properties of a disappointed love. It is naturally ideal; it rests in the upper realms of imagination and sentiment, and, though capable

of perfect devotion and constancy, is purified of passion by the absence of hope. When women say, as they frequently do, that they cannot entertain the possibility of a woman's loving a man who does not love her, I do not doubt that they are perfectly sincere; the case is out of the range of their perception, but it is none the less existent and blameless. It was Anne Cairnes's case, and it had come about naturally enough. A girl who is the constant companion of an invalid mother, is likely, if she have much mind and heart, to be older than her years. Anne was largely endowed with both, and had a vivid though healthy imagination, which had found scanty aliment in her life, previous to her residence in Scotland. It was not surprising that the frank and kindly young man, who was so good to her dying mother, who came into their house like sunshine, of whom she heard nothing but praises, who was full of enthusiasm for the military career opening before him, a career which Anne regarded with sentiments of admiration, much more common twenty years ago than it is now, should have captivated the fancy, and through it the heart, of the young girl. When David went away, Anne found out her own secret by the utter deadness and flatness of her life, and she acquiesced in it; she was content to love him; could anything be so precious or so blest as that hidden love? So she cherished it, and there was no one to dispute it; no great change in her life, even after her mother's death, to dissipate the deep impression David Mervyn had made upon her. It was not for a long time a question with her of whether he should ever come to care for her; but when that question came, she met it with a negative. Anne had grown older than her mere years when David Mervyn saw her again after her mother's death, and she knew that they met unchanged; she with her whole heart full of him; he with a kindly liking for her, and the gallant admiration of a young man for a lady who is a part of his family circle, without the familiarity of relationship. The unasked love which she had given did not indeed long continue to make Anne happy; with the early days of girlhood that illusion faded out, but it was slow in rendering her positively unhappy; she was singularly humble-minded and dutiful of nature, and would have fought honestly against the monopoly of any one feeling which should render her discontented and ungrateful; but it had some time before Marion's wedding come to this with her, that the constant question of her heart was: 'If I am told that he is going to marry, how shall I bear it?' And she was beset with a doubt whether she ought not to induce her father to leave Scotland. But again she would take herself severely to task for her weakness, and insist with herself that she should be satisfied to be of any account at all in his life, the friend of his wife, as of his sister, perhaps; that, at all events, she would not be cowardly and rebellious, because the one lot she would have chosen beyond all earthly fortunes was not to be hers.

The last term of David Mervyn's absence had been longer than any of the preceding, and harder to Anne to bear. Suitors to the heiress were not wanting, though there was always the chance to be calculated, that Mr Cairnes might marry again, and a half-brother might reduce Anne's value in the matrimonial market. But, as time went on, this

contingency grew more and more improbable; and during the period of Marion Mervyn's engagement, when more liveliness and sociability than usual were astir, Anne found herself obliged to utter a gentle but decisive 'No' more than once to aspirants whom no coquetry of hers had induced to pretend to her hand. Only her father knew anything about these passages in Anne's life, and he did not think much about them. The only daughter of a widower rarely finds her sole parent particularly anxious that she should marry; and Mr Cairnes frankly avowed that he did not care at all about it. Anne and he got on capitally together, and as 'she would have quite enough to keep her comfortably'—this was his unassuming way of alluding to his wealth—he did not see why she should be in a hurry to change her condition. That point happily settled, Anne lived her interior life as truly and undividedly devoted to David Mervyn as if she had been his affianced wife, as firmly assured that no other love could ever find a place in her life as if she had plighted her troth to him at the altar.

The breakfast-table at Barrholme on the morning after the wedding presented an aspect most unusual to that eminently decorous establishment. The meal was served with the profusion and regularity characteristic of Scotch breakfasts, but the partakers dropped in one by one, after a desultory fashion, very trying to the patience of Anne Cairnes, who had taken her place *vice* Lady Mervyn, at her ladyship's desire, with her accustomed punctuality, and found herself for a quarter of an hour the sole occupant of the breakfast-room. David Mervyn came in very late, when several of the guests were preparing to go away, and some time was passed in the desultory conversation common on such occasions. Carriages began to muster; boxes and bags were carried out, and a general move was imminent. At the last moment, Gairloch accomplished the purpose which Lady Mervyn had defeated on the previous evening; he captured David, and complaining loudly that he had hardly had a word with him, proposed they should walk together to the lodges. David had no choice but to assent; and the old laird, holding him by the arm, went up to the top of the table to take leave of Miss Cairnes, with whom David exchanged a glance eloquent of vexation. They then walked off together; but David contrived to remind Anne by another look of her promise, and she remembered that never before had he spoken to her with his eyes!

The last carriage had driven off, Anne's duties were performed, and she was free. She put on her hat and shawl, and left the house by a window of the breakfast-room. As she passed over the turf which divided the house from the sea-wall, she glanced upwards at the windows of Lady Mervyn's room—they were those beneath which the balcony ran—and saw that the blinds were still closely drawn. David would have time to tell her all about his 'difficulty' before he should be summoned by his mother. Then she descended the path from the gate in the sea-wall to the platform among the rocks, and, having seated herself in the place she had occupied the day before, she waited.

The day was dull, the sky was cloudy, the sea was dark and threatening; the serene beauty of yesterday had vanished. The curving shore of the bay was misty and indistinct. After a few minutes,

Anne felt chill, and drew her shawl more closely round her.

She had to wait longer than she expected, but at length she heard the swing of the iron gate above, and steps descending the difficult path with unusual speed. She looked up. Was this David who came towards her?—David, whom she had seen an hour ago, calm, smiling, with no outward sign of his difficulty upon him; this man, whose frame was trembling, whose face was colourless, even to his lips, whose utterance was indistinct through excessive emotion?

Anne started to her feet with an exclamation at sight of him.

'I have had bad news,' he said; 'I must go to London at once! I have not a moment to lose. You will help me, I know.'

'Bad news! How! From whence?'

'Don't ask me. I cannot tell you now, Anne!' (using the name for the first time since his school-boy days). 'You must let me get away without being seen by my mother. You must tell her that I have had to go.'

'What am I to tell her?'

Anne stood before him as pale as himself.

'Tell her—tell her that a brother-officer of mine is in great trouble, and requires my presence and help instantly, and that I could not delay a moment. I shall barely have time to catch the coach now, at the Bridge. My things are ready, and the dog-cart is coming round. This must seem very, very strange to you, Anne, but I will explain it one day.'

'You are greatly distressed! Is there anything?'

He interrupted her. 'No, no; no one can help me—you can only do what I have asked you. God bless you! Good-bye.'

He grasped her hand for a moment, and then turned away. The next, he was out of her sight; and she was left to all the varying emotions of wonder, ignorance, suspense, and dread, with but one point of certainty concerning that which had occurred, that the explanation of his sudden departure which she had undertaken to give Lady Mervyn was totally untrue.

KINGSLEY ON HEALTH AND EDUCATION.

A SPECTACLE only too common is that of Wisdom crying at the corners of the streets, and no man regarding; but it is to be hoped that Wisdom will not be disgusted, and drop the practice. Somebody, perhaps, will give heed some day. Patience and perseverance are said to surmount all difficulties; and no difficulty is greater than that of persuading a heedless people to not only know themselves and what is good for them, but also put the knowledge into practice. If anybody could hope to persuade them, it should be so earnest, eloquent, persistent, genial a sanitary reformer as Canon Kingsley, who has latterly added to his valuable literary contributions by the publication of certain essays and lectures under the title of *Health and Education*.

And, first of all, as regards health. Different people have propounded different rules for the

guidance of those who would fain get as much happiness as possible out of life. The celebrated Talleyrand recommended the cultivation of 'a hard heart and a good digestion'; and an imaginary Irishman has, in the words of a familiar song, sung the praises of a 'light heart and a thin pair of' inexpressibles. We would borrow a part of each well-known saying, and suggest a combination of the light heart and the good digestion. And the best chance of attaining that combination is to struggle after the acquisition and preservation of a sound mind in a sound body—or, in other words, of the most perfect or the least imperfect health. That is the object set before his hearers and readers by Canon Kingsley, who, in his character of Wisdom ever crying aloud and ever disregarded, necessarily has to repeat the cry that has been uttered—and yet unheeded—a thousand times. For the laws of health are invariable; and the science of health, or, at any rate, the rudiments of that science, ought to be taught, to use Canon Kingsley's own words, 'in every school, college, and university;' so that young men and young women may from their earliest years know 'something about the tissues of the body, their structure and uses, the circulation of the blood, respiration, chemical changes in the air respired, amount breathed, digestion, nature of food, absorption, secretion,' and so on, and may be taught the causes which produce zymotic disease, scrofula, consumption, rickets, dipsomania, cerebral derangement, and the like.

At the very outset we are confronted by one notable fact: civilisation on the one hand, and war on the other, have interfered with that process of natural selection which issues in the survival of the fittest; for the former, teaching a conscientious care of life, saves alive the fittest to die, and the latter kills off the fittest to live. So that, in laying down our rules of health, we have to seek for conditions other than those that sufficed for the hardy ancestors of whom we sometimes babble; hardy, partly because of the natural endowments which had enabled them to survive their weaker, and, it may be, more numerous brethren; and partly because of the lives they led, and the atmosphere they breathed. Health is, nowadays, required, but alas! seldom pursued, by tens of thousands who 'lead sedentary and unwholesome lives, stooping, asphyxiated, employing as small a fraction of their bodies as of their minds,' and that too in dwellings the influences whereof 'tend not to health but to unhealth, and to drunkenness as a solace under the feeling of unhealth and depression.' What, then, is the first step to be taken by such people? According to Canon Kingsley, it is to encourage in themselves a sentiment of 'divine discontent;' not the discontent which makes men envious of others, and childishly regretful of the good old times 'when our soot-grimed manufacturing districts were green with lonely farms,' but the discontent which makes one dissatisfied with one's self, and with one's physical, intellectual, and moral condition—that is to say, with one's health. Such discontent will not allow us to rest until we have obtained, to the utmost

extent permitted by circumstances, 'pure air, pure water, unadulterated food, sweet and dry dwellings.' All these, it may be urged, and unfortunately with some truth, are beyond the reach of the poor; but, so far as pure air is concerned, some hints are given by Canon Kingsley which may be useful even to the poor, or to employers who care for the poor. He describes what he calls 'the two breaths,' and their effects. The two are, of course, the breath you take in—which 'is, or ought to be, pure air, composed, on the whole, of oxygen and nitrogen, with a minute portion of carbonic acid'—and the breath you give out, which 'is an impure air, to which has been added, among other matters which will not support life, an excess of carbonic acid.' He then points out that this carbonic acid gas, when warm, is lighter than the air, and ascends; and, when at the same temperature as common air, is heavier than that air, and descends, lying along the floor, 'just as it lies often in the bottom of old wells or old brewers' vats, as a stratum of poison, killing occasionally the men who descend into it.' Hence a word of admonition is addressed to those who think nothing of sleeping on the floor; and hence, as 'the poor are too apt, in times of distress, to pawn their bedsteads and keep their beds,' the friends of the poor are entreated never to let that happen, and to 'keep the bedstead, whatever else may go, to save the sleeper from the carbonic acid on the floor.' How to get rid of the warm carbonic acid that rises to the ceiling, is a question which naturally leads to the subject of ventilation. Canon Kingsley takes to task those who hold that too much 'fuss' is made about ventilation, but proceeds to show that our ancestors did *not* get on very well without it, and that 'when they got on well, it was because they had good ventilation in spite of themselves.' Twenty-five years' experience enables him to say that, for ventilating purposes, he knows 'no simpler method than putting into the chimney one of Arnott's ventilators, which may be bought and fixed for a few shillings; always remembering that it must be fixed into the chimney as near the ceiling as possible.' Another simple method is recommended. It is 'employed in those excellent cottages which Her Majesty has built for her labourers round Windsor. Over each door a sheet of perforated zinc, some eighteen inches square, is fixed, allowing the foul air to escape into the passage; and in the ceiling of the passage a similar sheet of zinc, allowing it to escape into the roof. Fresh air, meanwhile, should be obtained from outside, by piercing the windows, or otherwise.' And a hint is given to builders to let 'bedroom windows open at the top as well as at the bottom.' To take exercise, and to allow free play to the lungs, are, of course, mentioned as necessary for health; and the chief causes of unhealth in children and young ladies are summed up in three words, 'stillness, silence, and stays;' whilst it is roundly stated that, 'if you will look at eminent lawyers and famous orators who have attained a healthy old age, you will see that, in every case, they are men, like the late Lord Palmerston . . . of remarkable size, not merely in the upper, but in the lower part of the chest; men who had, therefore, a peculiar power of using the diaphragm to fill and to clear the lungs, and therefore to oxygenate the blood of the whole body.' Unadulterated food has been

cited as a great promoter of health, when you can get it unadulterated; and even then a knowledge is required of the various kinds, 'according as each tends to make bone, fat, or muscle.' As for pure water, that sustainer of health, that gracious boon turned by mankind into the deadliest of poisoners, one's very heart aches to think that 'it is so near and yet so far.' We may stand, as Canon Kingsley, either in the body or in fancy, stood, upon a 'little bridge across a certain brook,' and sigh as we 'look at all that beautiful water which God has sent us hither from the Atlantic;' and the ghosts of many an old Roman millionaire and emperor, 'from Menenius Agrippa and Nero down to Diocletian and Constantine,' will rise up and mock us, and reproach us with the thought that, though we have 'learnt to patch together the neatest Greek and Latin verses,' we, who call ourselves a civilised people, are letting thousands and ten thousands of gallons run to waste under that bridge and elsewhere, forgetful of baths, and aqueducts, and tanks, and of the fact 'which every one should know, that more people, and not strong men only, but women and little children too, are killed and wounded in Great Britain every year by bad water and want of water together, than were killed and wounded in any battle' of modern date. But can we hope with Canon Kingsley that the day will come when the 'poor old water-companies,' which 'swerve and gib at the very mention of constant water-supply, like a poor horse set to draw a load which he feels is too heavy for him,' will be replaced by 'the officers of a corporation or of the government,' by 'water-policemen' in fact, 'who can enter people's houses when they will, and, if they find anything wrong with the water, set it to rights with a high hand, and even summon the people who have set it wrong, a power which, in a free country, must never be given to the servants of any private company?' There may be many and reasonable obstacles to such a hope, but its fulfilment would be an inestimable gain to health amongst us. It would at least increase the chances for us, who 'all live too fast and work too hard,' and amongst whom 'the weak have to compete on equal terms with the strong,' consequently, 'crave for artificial strength,' and help on 'the growing degeneracy of a population striving in vain, by stimulants and narcotics, to fight against those slow poisons with which our greedy barbarism, miscalled civilisation, has surrounded them from the cradle to the grave.' Thus does Wisdom, in the person of Canon Kingsley, cry aloud about health; and his doctrines, he tells his readers, are promulgated in such books as Dr Andrew Combe's *Physiology applied to Health and Education*, and Madame de Wail's *Practical Hints on the Moral, Mental, and Physical Training of Girls*, as well as in certain tracts published by Messrs Jarrold, Paternoster Row, for the Ladies' Sanitary Association, especially one which bears the title of *The Blackhole in our own Bedrooms*; Dr Lankester's *School Manual of Health*; and a manual on ventilation, published by the Metropolitan Working-classes Association for the Improvement of Public Health.

And now, secondly, as regards education, for which but a small space has been reserved. Here, again, Canon Kingsley, in his character of Wisdom crying aloud, utters doctrine both old and new, which cannot be gainsaid, but, though the

schoolmaster is now abroad in earnest, is not likely to be heeded so much as it deserves. We are certainly mending, but there are still ugly symptoms of a disposition to crouch rather than feed the minds of both boys and girls, and to commit the serious mistake of confounding education with a process of intellectual forcing. For what is education? Is it a knowledge of the 'three royal Rs'? No. Is it 'the knowledge which would enable you to take the highest prizes given by the Society of Arts, or any other body'? No. An educated person is one who, though wholly innocent of book-learning, has had all faculties of body, mind, and heart, fully, proportionately, harmoniously educated, brought out, developed so as to form 'at once a reverent yet a self-assured, a graceful and yet a valiant, an able and yet an eloquent personage.' By all means let book-learning, let Latin and Greek, even in the case of girls, be added, if you please; but all that sort of thing is 'only instruction, a necessary ground-work, in an age like this, for making practical use of your education; but not the education itself! Above all things, let science, before which Ignorance stands aghast, approaching Nature as if she were 'a parrot or a monkey' that may 'bite,' enter into the course of training; and of manifold science let the favourite portion be natural history, to which belongs bio-geology. There should be no need to point out how eminently suited are the various branches of natural history, handy as they are to be studied by soldier, sportsman, traveller, tourist, pedestrian, and even strolling invalid, to produce that combination of sound body and sound mind which is the best of health as well as the best of education. Bio-geology, however, is an 'infant science,' and, on that account, deserves a few special remarks. It is 'the science which treats of the distribution of plants and animals over the globe, and the causes of that distribution;' and as it requires the student to ask all plants or animals met with, not only what are their names, but also where they come from, how they came where they are, whether they are thriving or dying out, and similar questions, it is clear that a sound knowledge of the subject, which is treated of 'in the works of Forbes, Darwin, Wallace, Hooker, Moritz Wagner, and other illustrious men,' would involve something very like a liberal education.

And now, with a few words touching the education of girls and women, let this article be concluded. They are going to be 'developed,' Canon Kingsley says, and made to 'read more books, and do more sums, and pass examinations, and stoop over desks at night after stooping over some other employment all day' and they are to be taught 'Latin, and even Greek.' So be it, if only by learning Greek they be induced to read and profit by the history of Nausicaa, and copy her—if not to the extent of 'washing the household clothes,' at least so far as learning 'to play at ball; and sing, in the open air and sunshine, not in theatres and concert-rooms by gas-light; and try to look like her, and be like her, of whom Wordsworth sang, the Highland lassie of immortal memory.' If the modern notion of assimilating the education of girls to that of boys mean only that they are 'to learn more lessons, and to study what their brothers are taught, in addition to what their mothers were taught,' Canon Kingsley hopes 'that the scheme

will sink into that limbo whither, in a free and tolerably rational country, all imperfect and ill-considered schemes are sure to gravitate.' Otherwise, it must be remembered that girls must have some 'training analogous to our public-school games.' They should be exercised also in that 'pure and noble, useful and cultivated thrift' which renders the 'average German young lady' not a whit the less a lady and an ornament—but very much more, a woman and a prop of the household—than the average young lady of Great Britain. Parents naturally like to see their daughters 'as well dressed as possible,' and at as little cost as possible; and the cares of many a household would be lightened if the daughters, to say nothing of cooking, were to be 'practical milliners and mantua-makers; and, by making their own clothes gracefully and well, exercise thrift in clothing.' Lastly, mothers complain to Canon Kingsley that girls are apt to turn the game of 'Russian Scandal'—in which 'a story, repeated in secret by one player to another, comes out at the end . . . utterly unlike the original'—into 'mischievous earnest;' and, by a habit of exaggeration 'in repeating a conversation or describing an event,' to cause all manner of 'slanders, scandals, and what not.' What is the cure for this evil? 'Some training,' Canon Kingsley says, 'in natural science,' than which nothing is more potent to produce a habit of looking at facts without fancies, and of observing accuracy in detail.

THE TWO GERMAN CRUSOES.

In the Atlantic, about midway between the coast of South America and the Cape of Good Hope, in 37° 6' south latitude, lies the island of Tristan da Cunha, with two lesser islands in its neighbourhood. The *Challenger*, H.M. ship, commanded by Captain Nares, now on a scientific expedition, reached Tristan da Cunha late at night, on the 14th October 1873. Next morning, a landing was effected, and the island, which is nineteen or twenty miles in circumference, was found to have a settlement of eighty souls in all. The history of this little colony is curious. In 1816, a company of British artillery was stationed on the island, with a view to keep watch on Napoleon Bonaparte, then in captivity in St Helena. It seems almost ridiculous to have taken this precaution, for St Helena is about thirteen hundred miles distant, and one would think the guard could have been of no avail. Perhaps it was thought, that in the various mad schemes to rescue Napoleon, Tristan da Cunha might have been made a base of operations. When the illustrious captive died in 1821, the British soldiers were withdrawn, leaving only a corporal of the name of Glass, with one or two companions, to take charge of the small fort that had been erected.

From his name, we should suppose that Glass was a Scotchman. At all events, he cleverly adapted himself to his position. The land being fertile, he set to work, cultivating potatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables, bred goats and pigs, and made a business of selling these vegetable and animal products to captains of ships who

in passing stood in need of fresh provisions. Known as Governor Glass, he became a man of note in the South Atlantic. The settlement over which he bore sway thrived apace. In 1829, it amounted to twenty-seven persons—seven men, six women, and fourteen children. They had three hundred acres of land in tillage, and extensive pastures, with seventy head of cattle, a hundred sheep, and innumerable goats, pigs, and poultry—altogether a thriving concern, though a little solitary. In due course, Governor Glass died, but the settlement continued, and still continues; presenting one of the many examples of the success attending English colonisation, on however small and unassisted a scale. Since the decease of Glass, there has been no recognised chief. The oldest man at present, Peter Green, is at the head of affairs. When ships touch at the island, Peter acts as spokesman and salesman. There is now more stock in trade to work upon than in early times; for the cattle have increased to six hundred, and there is an equal number of sheep. As ships can generally exchange quantities of tea, sugar, flour, and other articles for the produce of the island, a pretty brisk trade in the way of barter is carried on. The islanders also have some commercial negotiations with the Cape of Good Hope, where they find a market for their wool.

It was at this thriving little settlement, as has been said, that the *Challenger* arrived in the course of its cruise. The account of what was seen and learned on the occasion, has been given by Captain Davis in *The Geographical Magazine* (August 1874), and is so interesting, as regards the rescue of two Germans, named Stoltenhoff, from one of the islands of the group, that we feel pleasure in condensing it, for the benefit of our readers.

In 1870, the younger of the two Germans, a sailor, had been wrecked, and with some companions was treated hospitably at Tristan da Cunha. Taken off by a ship, he was brought to Europe; but finding his family ruined by the war, he determined to return, bringing his elder brother with him. The two brothers accordingly carried out their resolution of trying to reach and settle in the small English colony.

'At St Helena,' proceeds the narrative, 'they expended their little stock of money on an outfit suited to their new life, and among other necessities became the owners of an old whale-boat, the best they could get for the money at their disposal, and in November 1871, embarked with all their treasures for Tristan da Cunha, in the American whaler *Jawa*, Captain Mander. On the passage, the captain, from some unexplainable reason, worked so strongly on the minds of his passengers as to persuade them to land on Inaccessible Island, instead of the one they were bound to. Captain Mander described the island as fertile, and having a valley that led from the beach to the summit, and that on all occasions when he had landed he had seen numbers of wild pigs and goats.

'The brothers were landed on the 27th November 1871; their stores consisted of their whale-boat, some rice, flour, biscuits, sugar, tea and coffee, some salt, a little tobacco and pepper, and a small supply of spirits and wine, some empty barrels for oil, lamp, matches, a rifle, fowling-piece, shot, powder, &c. They also had a few tools, a wheelbarrow, cooking utensils, some seed-potatoes and garden-seeds, a dog and pups, &c. Their library consisted of eight or ten volumes of very miscellaneous reading, with which they got intimately acquainted before they left the island.

'They were landed on the shingle beach on the west side of the island, from which, by a ravine, there was very difficult access to the summit of the cliffs. Four days after they landed, a party of sixteen men, in two boats, arrived from Tristan da Cunha. The *Jawa* had been becalmed off that island, and the captain had given information of the landing of the two brothers, and as the sealing season had set in, the Tristan da Cunha men set out at once for Inaccessible Island; they behaved with much kindness to the brothers, pointed out that the position they had chosen on the north-west side of the island exposed them to prevailing winds, and advised them to shift their quarters to the north-east side, which they at once agreed to do, and the Tristan da Cunha men took all their stores round, and showed them how to build a hut, and soon after left them, promising to visit them at Christmas; and the brothers at once set to work building their house near a waterfall, clearing the ground, and planting their seed, and otherwise making preparations for a long stay. Firewood was plentiful, and by aid of the long grass they could reach the summit of the island, where there were about four miles of broken, uneven ground. The beach was about a mile long, with a strip of ground back to the foot of the cliffs.

'Using the boat, they captured nineteen seals. The first house they built failed to keep out the rain, and they had to build another; but while thus working hard at their house and plantation, they were quickly consuming their store of provisions without replenishing it, and they soon became fully aware that the time would arrive when they must be entirely dependent on home produce. They occasionally used their boat in sealing, but unfortunately she was too heavy for two men to handle, and got so damaged that they could only keep her afloat by constantly baling. This was a momentous event to the poor fellows, as, in the beginning of April 1872, the tussock-grass growing on the cliff at the back of their hut, and by means of which they were enabled to get to the summit of the island, accidentally caught fire as they were clearing the ground by burning, and the only way left them of ascending was by going round to the north-west side in their boat: thus by the accident to the boat their means of subsistence was cut off; however, nothing daunted, they cut their whale-boat in two, and built up a stern on the best half, and christened their extraordinary looking craft the *Sea-cart*, and by means of the *Sea-cart* they were enabled to get round the point and to the summit of the island, on which were pigs and goats; they

found the flesh of the latter extremely good, but that of the pigs was unpalatable, owing to their feeding partially on sea-birds.

On the 14th of May, an English ship hove in sight, and a fire was lighted to attract attention, as their boat was not safe to go outside the kelp in. The captain afterwards reported at Tristan da Cunha, that he had seen two persons on the island, also a square-stemmed boat, but that no one came off, and that there appeared to be too much surf for him to attempt a landing.

'The poor fellows' hearts sunk within them as they saw the ship bear away from the island, as winter was setting in on them with heavy gales and much rain; moreover, in one of the gales, their *Sea-cart* was washed off the beach and wrecked, leaving them no means of getting to the accessible side except by swimming round a high bluff: this great loss occurred in June. In May they dug their potatoes, and in the following month some of the other vegetables were fit for food; but being unable to reach the top of the island, the store of provisions ran short, and towards the middle of August the two brothers were greatly reduced in strength. Although fish could be caught in plenty at a little distance from the shore, but few could be taken from the rocks, so that the loss of their boat stopped that means of supply.

'In the middle of August, the male penguins landed to prepare their nests for the season, and at the beginning of September were followed by the females, who began laying; the day before this happened, the brothers had eaten their last potato, and, but for the timely supply of eggs for food, they would have perished.

'In September, a passing French vessel communicated with them, and, in return for some penguins' eggs, they obtained about half a hundred-weight of biscuit, and were disappointed of a further supply of stores by the captain putting to sea. In October (1872), a sealing schooner, named the *Themis*, communicated, and landed six men from Tristan da Cunha. The captain of the *Themis* gave the brothers a small quantity of salt pork, biscuit, and tobacco. On leaving, the captain promised to return in a few weeks' time, but did not do so. At the end of October, the supply of penguins' eggs failed, and on the 10th of November the biscuits and pork were finished, and necessity obliged them to make preparation for swimming round the bluff in search of food. Their powder, matches, and other things requiring to be kept dry, were secured in a cask, which they towed round the bluff. The night was spent at the foot of the cliff, and the following day, with great difficulty, they succeeded in reaching the ridge, and, crossing over to the west side, descended to their first landing-place. A pig was shot, and they enjoyed a hearty meal of fresh meat, the first they had partaken of for many months. In this way they lived until the 10th of December, having shot six goats. A hut was built at this time on the plateau, to shelter themselves when hunting.

'An American whaling schooner visited them, from which they obtained some small supplies, but they would not take that opportunity of leaving the island, expecting the return of the *Themis*. A party of Tristan da Cunha men also landed on the west side, and captured no fewer than forty seals. During the stay of the party, they shot eight of the remaining twelve goats, and, on

leaving, assured the brothers that the *Themis* would most certainly call the next month. Although anxious to leave the island, the brothers were unwilling to go to Tristan da Cunha, feeling that they would not be welcome. For ten months they were without communication with their fellow-men.

'In January 1873, Frederic again swam round the bluff, mounted the cliff, and succeeded in shooting four pigs; these were thrown over the cliff to the brother below: he refrained from shooting the remaining four goats. At the end of the month, Frederic rejoined his brother, and the day after he did so a party from Tristan da Cunha landed on the west side, and either shot or caught the remaining four goats, which they took away with them. They did not communicate with the Germans, and as this was intentional, the brothers considered that their object was to drive them from the island. Probably the Tristan da Cunha people considered that their residing on the island interfered with their hunting-ground; at all events, after their kindness to them on arriving on the island, their conduct was at least inexplicable.

'In February, potatoes and other vegetables, mixed with pigs' fat, formed their daily food; but in March, that food being exhausted, another visit was paid to the plateau, and the goats were then missed, which they had abstained from shooting, but they shot several pigs. At this time, their one great comfort, tobacco, failed, and this to a German is more than we English should feel; they tried to replace it by dried leaves, but without success.

'The dogs which they had brought on shore broke loose, and played sad havoc among the penguins, killing great numbers, and as one was apparently mad, the three were shot. It was now decided that the brothers should separate for a time, the elder to remain on the plateau to provide food, whilst the younger remained below to melt down and store the fat, and attend to the clearing; the want of salt prevented curing the flesh. Three young pigs had been caught and got down the cliffs without injury, then secured to a cask and towed round the point, but were nearly drowned on their passage; they were placed in a sty, and fed with grass and what could be spared from the garden, and also with penguins' eggs, when procurable.

'At the end of April, the elder rejoined the younger, and in the attempt to convey two more pigs round the bluff, was nearly drowned; the pigs were. In June, Frederic again went to the plateau, and remained there until the 16th of August; the brothers were not altogether without communication during that time, for excepting when the noise of the wind or surf prevented, they could hold a kind of conversation. In June, July and August, they lived on pigs' flesh only; the penguins then began to lay, and in their eggs they had abundance of food.'

Evidently, this precarious mode of life could not last. The brothers had made a grievous mistake in not following out their original intention of settling in Tristan da Cunha, and subsequently they committed a serious blunder in not taking the earliest opportunity of leaving a spot where they endured a series of extraordinary hardships. At length they had the good fortune to be happily rescued. The captain of the *Challenger*, when

at Tristan da Cunha, having heard that two Germans had landed on Inaccessible Island, twenty miles to the south-west, two years previously, feared they were in difficulties, and went to their succour. The ship arrived at the island on the 16th of October, found the two unfortunate exiles, took them on board, and carrying them off, terminated their wretched Robinson Crusoe-like existence.

W. C.

DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

How to find these, appears to be a growing difficulty. From the changes taking place in our social system, young women who were disposed to hire themselves as 'helps,' are gradually becoming more scarce. One is glad to know that there is such an improvement in the general condition of affairs, that many are above taking wages to assist in household work; but the question obviously arises, 'What is to be done?' The answer, given in a very straight-forward manner by *The Queen*, a singularly well-conducted 'Lady's newspaper,' is, that the young females in many families should begin to make themselves useful in household work, instead of standing idly aloof on their gentility. As far as we can see, it has in some quarters come to this. To quote from this clever newspaper: 'We hear day by day of the difficulty of finding employment for middle-class women on one hand, and on the other of the difficulty of obtaining adequate domestic help. Let the women of middle-class households return to the habits of the days of their grandmothers and great-grandmothers, and the difficulty would in a measure cease. Formerly, the spinning and weaving, the baking and brewing, the pickling and preserving needed for the household took up the time of the women-folk entirely. The girls were not incumbrances then, but useful members, who did much work in their mothers' houses before they migrated to their own. Now the need for these household services is much less, and even what remains is made over to hired hands, while the daughters of the household pass dreary days in tatting or hair-dressing, in gossip or novel-reading, in aimless walks or objectless "practising." It would be a far better and more healthy condition of things if the daughters put aside all false notions as to the "ungentility" of household work—if they made beds, and cleaned and dusted, and cooked and washed—in a word, performed themselves all the necessary work of the household. Use makes all things easy, and household work done by willing and deft fingers is not so tiring a thing by a long way as the work of a teacher, or of a shop-girl, or of a seamstress. At present there appears to be an idea that the doing of household work involves something that is degrading—and gentility is the thing to be aimed at, loss of caste the thing to be feared. The rush of incompetent women to be governesses is simply absurd. Which is better off, a daily governess, who is expected to teach and keep in order a class of children from ten in the morning till six in the evening, and who receives for this a salary of £30 a year; or a housemaid, whose wages are £20, with "everything found," and no special appearance to keep up? Which is really best off, the nursery

governess or the nursery-maid? the ordinary governess or the cook? There are many women who ought to work, and who must work, but who have neither the education nor the capacity to be governesses or nurses of any value. We believe that few women undertake the last-named office without some special vocation for it; but we know that there are many—we may say hundreds—of governesses who dislike their work, and who do it inefficiently, because they neither know how to set about it, nor do they care how it is done. It would be a happy day for many women if they could free themselves from the shackles of gentility which compel them to become and remain inferior governesses, and could undertake house-work, which they would do with satisfaction to themselves and others. We can conceive nothing so utterly wearisome as the life of a teacher or governess whose heart is not in her work; and, in comparison with such, the life of the most thorough household drudge is honourable and useful.' Apropos to observations of this character, Miss Emily Faithful, in *Women and Work*, says, in reference to the ingenious and hand-soiling labours of Watt, Stephenson, and Faraday: 'So, too, no woman who lets herself be deterred by that word menial, need ever hope to make for herself a place amongst the workers in the world. But it will be said: "Whatever the original meaning of the word may have been, it has now become synonymous with much that is undignified. We do not care what its derivation is, if derivation no longer accords with the meaning it conveys." To this there is but one answer—no work can be dignified which is useless. We have seen little pin cushions, fairy-like in their tiny neatness, and could not but admire the deftness of the fingers that had made them, while we sighed at the rubbishy character of the product, useless to the producer and to everybody else. Truly the housemaid of the lady who made them had the more dignified occupation of the two. ~~For those ladies whose work was essential to reference; and, seeking dignity, miss all chance~~ Very plain speaking all this! The offer is worth thinking about.

RECOVERED.

Coming from my long-kept cottage door,
In recent agonising pain,
I start to tread those tracks once more,
Released from tainted air of heaven again!
How throbs my weapon was to fall,
And breathe the dress overpast
I mind me how the unseen wissuo of it all,
How like the unseen wissuo of it all,
And the sad weeks of sickgrowth
Be crowned with death, the swell,
And as I think of this, I feel a gh shew'th
Of gratitude my heart and bosom could tell;
A sweet enlargement of the breast, to
More than the tongue may speak or we
The which God takes as a thank-offering,
From one who knows the notes, but cannot a

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Price 1½d.

STORY OF GRISELL COCHRANE.

THE Cochrane are an old family in Scotland. They rose to distinction in the fifteenth century, and have always been remarkable for courage and ingenuity. Sir William Cochrane was elevated to the peerage as Baron Cochrane in 1647, and advanced to the dignity of Earl of Dundonald in 1669. His grandson was Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, who, along with Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, was concerned in the political troubles which, in the reign of James II., brought ruin on the Stewart dynasty. While Hume was so fortunate as to escape abroad, Cochrane was taken prisoner in the rising under the Earl of Argyll, and, being conducted to Edinburgh, was ignominiously lodged in the Tolbooth, on the 3d July 1685, there to await his trial as a traitor. The day of trial came, and, as a matter of course, he was condemned to death.

Sir John Cochrane was married, and had a family of several sons, and at least one daughter, Grisell. This young lady, who was about eighteen years of age, emulated in courage and resources Grisell Hume, whose story, under her married name of Lady Grisell Baillie, has lately been told in these pages. Living at the same period, it is not unlikely that they were acquainted with each other. In their heroic efforts, there was, at all events, a remarkable similarity, for each exerted herself in no ordinary manner to save the life of her father.

While lying under sentence of death in that gloomy Tolbooth, Sir John Cochrane was permitted to see members of his family. Afraid, however, of implicating his sons, he forbade them to visit him until they could take a last farewell on the night previous to his execution. His daughter, however, was allowed to come as often and stay with him as long as she pleased. The chief subject of their conversation was an appeal made to the king for mercy. Although several friends interested themselves in trying to procure a remission of the sentence, there were no sanguine expectations that they would be successful. As the time wore on, Grisell's fears increased in intensity; and, without explaining herself to

any one, she resolved to make a bold attempt to postpone her father's fate, if not to save him. A short time before the death-warrant was expected by the privy-council in Edinburgh, she mentioned to her father that some urgent affair would prevent her from seeing him again for a few days. Alarmed at this, and penetrating her design of effecting some hazardous project in his favour, he warned her against any rash enterprise. Her answer was brief and emphatic: 'I am a Cochrane;' and so tenderly bidding him adieu, she departed to perform as extraordinary an exploit as ever fell to the lot of a young and daring female.

Next morning, long ere the inhabitants were astir, Grisell was some miles on her road to the Borders. She had attired herself as a young serving-woman, journeying on a borrowed horse to the house of her mother. So equipped and well mounted, she on the second day reached in safety the abode of her old nurse, who lived on the English side of the Tweed, four miles beyond the town of Berwick. In this woman she knew she could place implicit confidence, and to her, therefore, she revealed her secret. She had resolved, she said, to make an attempt to save her father's life, by stopping the postman, an equestrian like herself, and forcing him to deliver up his bags, in which she expected to find the fatal warrant. Singular as such a determination may appear in a delicate young woman, especially if we consider that she was aware of the arms always carried by the man to whose charge the mail was committed, it is nevertheless an undoubted fact that such was her resolution. In pursuance of this design, she had brought with her a brace of small pistols, together with a horseman's cloak, tied up in a bundle, and hung on the crutch of her saddle; and now borrowed from her nurse the attire of her foster-brother, which, as he was a slight-made lad, fitted her reasonably well.

At that period, all those appliances which at this day accelerate the progress of the traveller were unknown, and the mail from London, which now arrives in less than twelve hours, took eight days in reaching the Scottish capital. Miss Cochrane

thus calculated on a delay of sixteen or seventeen days in the execution of her father's sentence—a space of time which she deemed amply sufficient to give a fair trial to the treaty set on foot for his liberation. She had, by means which it is unnecessary here to detail, possessed herself of the most minute information with regard to the places at which the postmen rested on their journey, one of which was a small public-house, kept by a widow, on the outskirts of the little town of Belford. There the man who received the bag at Durham was accustomed to arrive about six o'clock in the morning, and take a few hours' repose before proceeding farther on his journey. In pursuance of the plan laid down by Miss Cochrane, she arrived at this inn about an hour after the man had composed himself to sleep, in the hope of being able, by the exercise of her wit and dexterity, to ease him of his charge.

Having put her horse into the stable—which was a duty that devolved on the guests at this little public-house, from its mistress having no hostler—she entered the only apartment which the house afforded, and demanded some refreshment. 'Sit down at the end of that table,' said the old woman, 'for the best I have to give you is there already; and be pleased, my bonny man, to make as little noise as you can, for there's ane asleep in that bed that I like ill to disturb.' Miss Cochrane promised fairly; and after attempting to eat some of the viands, which were the remains of the sleeping man's meal, she asked for some cold water.

'What!' said the old dame, as she handed it to her, 'ye are a water-drinker, are ye? It's but an ill custom for a change-house.'

'I am aware of that,' replied her guest, 'and therefore, when in a public-house, always pay for it the price of the stronger potation, which I cannot take.'

'Indeed—well, that is but just,' responded the dame; 'and I think the more of you for such reasonable conduct.'

'Is the well where you got this water near at hand?' said the young lady; 'for if you will take the trouble to bring me some from it, as this is rather tepid, it shall be considered in the reckoning.'

'It is a good bit off,' said the woman; 'but I cannot refuse to fetch some for such a civil discreet lad, and will be as quick as I can. But, for any sake, take care and don't meddle with these pistols,' she continued, pointing to a pair of pistols on the table, 'for they are loaded, and I am always terrified for them.'

Saying this, she disappeared; and Miss Cochrane, who would have contrived some other errand for her, had the well been near, no sooner saw the door shut than she passed, with trembling eagerness, and a cautious but rapid step, across the floor to the place where the man lay soundly sleeping, in one of those close wooden bedsteads common in the houses of the poor, the door of which was left half open to admit the air, and which she opened still

wider, in the hope of seeing the mail-bag, and being able to seize upon it. But what was her dismay when she beheld only a part of the integument which contained what she would have sacrificed her life a thousand times to obtain, just peeping out from below the shaggy head and brawny shoulders of its keeper, who lay in such a position upon it as to give not the smallest hope of its extraction without his being aroused from his nap! A few bitter moments of observation served to convince her that, if she obtained possession of this treasure, it must be in some other way; and again closing the door of the bed, she approached the pistols, and having taken them one by one from the holsters, she as quickly as possible drew out their loading, which having secreted, she returned them to their cases, and resumed her seat at the foot of the table. Here she had barely time to recover from the agitation into which the fear of the man's awaking during her recent occupation had thrown her, when the old woman returned with the water; and having taken a draught, of which she stood much in need, she settled her account much to her landlady's content, by paying for the water the price of a pot of beer. Having then carelessly asked and ascertained how much longer the other guest was likely to continue his sleep, she left the house, and mounting her horse, she set off at a trot in a different direction from that in which she had arrived.

Making a circuit of two or three miles, she once more fell into the high-road between Belford and Berwick, where she walked her horse gently on, awaiting the coming up of the postman. Though all her faculties were now absorbed in one aim, and the thought of her father's deliverance still reigned supreme in her mind, she could not help occasionally figuring to herself the possibility of her tampering with the pistols being discovered, and their loading replaced, in which case it was more than likely that her life would be the forfeit of the act she meditated. A woman's fears would still intrude, notwithstanding all her heroism, and the glorious issue which promised to attend the success of her enterprise. When she at length saw and heard the postman advancing behind her, the strong necessity of the case gave her renewed courage; and it was with perfect coolness that, on his coming close up, she civilly saluted him, put her horse into the same pace with his, and rode on for some way in his company. He was a strong thick-set fellow, with a good-humoured countenance, which did not seem to Miss Cochrane, as she looked anxiously upon it, to savour much of hardy daring. He rode with the mail-bags strapped firmly to his saddle in front, close to the holsters (for there were two), one containing the letters direct from London, and the other those taken up at the different post-offices on the road. After riding a short distance together, Miss Cochrane deemed it time, as they were nearly half-way between Belford and Berwick, to commence her operations. She therefore rode nearly close to her

companion, and said, in a tone of determination: 'Friend, I have taken a fancy for those mail-bags of yours, and I must have them; therefore, take my advice, and deliver them up quietly, for I am provided for all hazards. I am mounted, as you see, on a fleet steed; I carry firearms; and moreover, am allied with those who are stronger, though not bolder than myself. You see yonder wood,' she continued, pointing to one at the distance of about a mile, with an accent and air meant to carry intimidation. 'Again, I say, take my advice; give me the bags, and speed back the road you came for the present, nor dare to approach that wood for at least two or three hours to come.'

There was in such language from a stripling something so surprising, that the man looked on Miss Cochrane for an instant in silent and unfeigned amazement. 'If,' said he, as soon as he found his tongue, 'you mean, my young master, to make yourself merry at my expense, you are welcome. I am no sour churl to take offence at the idle words of a foolish boy. But if,' he said, taking one of his pistols from the holster, and turning its muzzle towards her, 'you are mad enough to harbour one serious thought of such a matter, I am ready for you. But, methinks, my lad, you seem at an age when robbing a garden or an old woman's fruit stall would befit you better, if you must turn thief, than taking his majesty's mails from a stout man such as I am upon his highway. Be thankful, however, that you have met with one who will not shed blood if he can help it, and sheer off before you provoke me to fire.'

'Nay,' said his young antagonist, 'I am not fonder of bloodshed than you are; but if you will not be persuaded, what can I do? For I have told you a truth—that mail I must and will have. So now choose,' she continued, as she drew one of the small pistols from under her cloak, and deliberately cocking it, presented it in his face.

'Nay, then, your blood be on your own head,' said the fellow, as he raised his hand and fired his pistol, which, however, only flashed in the pan. Dashing the weapon to the ground, he lost not a moment in pulling out the other, which he also aimed at his assailant, and fired with the same result. In a transport of rage and disappointment, the man sprung from his horse, and made an attempt to seize her; but, by an adroit use of her spurs, she eluded his grasp, and placed herself out of his reach. Meanwhile, his horse had moved forward some yards, and to see and seize the advantage presented by this circumstance was one and the same to the heroic girl, who, darting towards it, caught the bridle, and having led her prize off about a hundred yards, stopped while she called to the thunderstruck postman to remind him of her advice about the wood. She then put both horses to their speed, and on turning to look at the man she had robbed, had the pleasure of perceiving that her mysterious threat had taken effect, and he was now pursuing his way back to Belford.

Miss Cochrane speedily entered the wood to which she had alluded, and tying the strange

horse to a tree, out of all observation from the road, proceeded to unfasten the straps of the mail. By means of a sharp penknife, which set at defiance the appended locks, she was soon mistress of the contents, and with an eager hand broke open the government despatches, which were unerringly pointed out to her by their address to the Council in Edinburgh, and their imposing weight and broad seals of office. Here she found not only the fatal warrant for her father's death, but also many other sentences inflicting different degrees of punishment on various delinquents. These, however, it may readily be supposed, she did not then stop to examine: she contented herself with tearing them into small fragments, and placing them carefully in her bosom.

The intrepid girl now mounted her steed, and rode off, leaving all the private papers where she had found them, imagining (what eventually proved the case) that they would be discovered ere long, from the hints she had thrown out about the wood, and thus reach their proper places of destination. She now made all haste to reach the cottage of her nurse, where, having committed to the flames not only the fragments of the dreaded warrant, but also the other obnoxious papers, she quickly resumed her female garments, and was again, after this manly and daring action, the simple and unassuming Miss Grisell Cochrane. Leaving the cloak and pistols behind her, to be concealed by her nurse, she again mounted her horse, and directed her flight towards Edinburgh, and, by avoiding as much as possible the high-road, and resting at sequestered cottages, as she had done before, and that only twice for a couple of hours each time, she reached town early in the morning of the next day.

It must now suffice to say, that the time gained by the heroic act related above was productive of the end for which it was undertaken, and that Sir John Cochrane was pardoned, at the instigation of the king's favourite counsellor, who interceded for him in consequence of receiving a bribe of five thousand pounds from the Earl of Dundonald. Of the feelings which on this occasion filled the heart of his courageous and devoted daughter, we cannot speak in adequate terms; and it is perhaps best, at anyrate, to leave them to the imagination of the reader. The state of the times was not such for several years as to make it prudent that her adventure should be publicly known; but after the Revolution, when the country was at length relieved from persecution and danger, and every man was at liberty to speak of the trials he had undergone, and the expedients by which he had mastered them, her heroism was neither unknown nor unapproved. Miss Cochrane afterwards married Mr Ker of Morriston, in the county of Berwick; and there can be little doubt that she proved equally affectionate and amiable as a wife, as she had already been dutiful and devoted as a daughter. Sir John Cochrane succeeded as second Earl of Dundonald.

The foregoing storiette, which we have condensed mainly from an historical tradition by the late Dr R. Chambers, may possibly suggest, as in the case of Lady Grisell Baillie, that young ladies in the seventeenth century must have excelled those of the nineteenth in heroic ardour. We doubt not, however, that under the pressure of circumstances, there are many young females of

the present day, who, though tenderly nurtured, would be animated by a heroism in facing danger quite equal to that shewn by their predecessors centuries ago.

W. C.

A WORD ON HEAT AND LIGHT.

IN our northern climate, cold is the predominant enemy. It is what all contend against at such cost as individual means can afford. To stave off this fell enemy of health and comfort, what efforts will not be employed. To secure a proper quantity of artificial heat, is a matter of universal effort during the inclemency of winter and spring. People huddle together, and very nearly stifle themselves for the sake of heat. In fact, the necessity for heat is the cause of much of what we usually call the insanitary condition of dwellings. The sensation of cold is what all detest, and hence not a little of the overcrowding of houses of which we hear so much.

Our need of artificial heat increases in proportion to the stage of national civilisation to which we have attained. There are races, indeed, to whom Nature has denied fuel, or to whom it has, more accurately, been conceded to so scanty an extent that, except for cooking purposes, none can be employed. To this category belong the natives of Tibet, in spite of the rigours of their terrible climate, the Icelanders, the Esquimaux, and the nomads of the extreme north of Asia. There are others who, like the Guachos of South America, are well-nigh too indolent to kindle a fire, and who prefer a meal on thin slices of sun-dried beef to any food which could not be prepared without some trouble and attention. But even the remote negro nations of the interior of Africa are skilful in metallurgy; and the same may be said of the wild dwellers beneath the black tents of Mongolia, Turcomania, and Chinese Turkestan, to whom every root and thorny shrub that can feed the blacksmith's forge-fire, or supply the brazier of the jeweller, is valuable. Wood, indeed, the most ancient and general form of fuel, is probably the part of mankind's inheritance which has been the most wantonly dissipated. We are suffering now from the wastefulness of bygone generations, careless trustees of those forests on which depends the rainfall of a country no less than its store of firewood. Even North America is now beginning, in common with India, Greece, and Gaul, to deplore the reckless denudation of enormous tracts, once well timbered, but now condemned to sterility. Wood, in civilised regions, has become the dearest of all varieties of fuel, even for domestic use. Nor is this wonderful when we remember its weight and bulk, the severe labour attendant on its cutting and its transport, and its relatively low heating power. This last is but one-half that of coal, coke, or vegetable charcoal, which three varieties of carbon give an amount of heat that, for practical purposes, is nearly identical; while peat itself, an immature form of coal, has but one-fifth of the heat-producing force that is latent in the mineral for which, in some districts, it is a substitute.

If we want a moderate degree of heat, it is provided in the domestic fireplace, which will, at its hottest, whiten iron and melt thin sheets of silver. To melt gold, iron, or any of the more refractory metals, the heat of a blacksmith's forge, stimulated by its monstrous bellows, has to do its best, nor is the operation certain. For the fusion of Bessemer steel, or for the bringing into a pasty condition of the massive armour-plates to be rolled out into breast-plates for those Goliaths of the deep, our war-ships, hot-air furnaces of Titanic power, devouring tons of coal with Gargantuan appetite, and driving back intruders with flaming breath and lurid glow from their fiery jaws, have to be erected. Yet a chemist, in his quiet laboratory, disposes, on a small scale, of powers that far surpass those of the hugest artificial volcano that ever roared, lionlike, for prey in the shape of bars and ingots of malleable iron. His gas-furnace, his air-furnace, emulate the fiercest effects of the iron-founder's cavernous kilns. He turns a tap or two, and lo! platinum, rhodium, and other metals pronounced infusible in all old text-books, are as fluid as melted sealing-wax at the touch of the burning gases that feed the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe. He connects, with a stout strap of burnished copper, two brass binding-screws, and Electricity herself becomes his handmaid, and burns, melts, or destroys whatever of a conducting nature may complete the galvanic circuit. But all these brilliant results are, in an economical point of view, worthless, and are attained by an amount of expenditure, toil, anxiety, and disappointment, which none but the patient explorer of physical science can appreciate.

Friction, it might be thought, would long since have been rendered available as a mode of generating heat. There is in the world so much of wasted water-power, for instance, that an apparatus that would produce, cheaply, considerable calorific effects, could be arranged without much difficulty. A large iron wheel, driven by an endless band propelled by steam, for years warmed the whole of a spacious factory. The method by which savages procure fire by rubbing two sticks together, is both curious and well known. It is indeed slow and painful, a white man requiring half an hour to achieve what an Indian can do after a few minutes of vigilant toil; but the discovery must have been priceless to nations that knew as little of flint and steel as they did of Lucifers and Vestas.

Chemical means of producing heat scarcely deserve to be reckoned. The addition of water to quicklime, to pure acids, or to alkaline metals, may, indeed, largely exert heating power; but as none of these matters could have been prepared without igneous distillation, it is certain that the heat which they yield by any secondary process, is inferior to that expended in the work of their manufacture. The one facile, readily available, and easily gauged source of heat, is combustion, and its practical merits far outweigh those of all recondite methods of procuring a high temperature. There is little likelihood that a new fuel will be discovered, while the carboniferous regions of the globe are now mapped out with at least approximative accuracy. We know that very large coal-fields lie as yet untouched by the miner's pick, and that this is especially the case in North America, India, and Australia. But

unless machinery can be made to do what has hitherto been performed by manual labour, these vast subterranean reservoirs of combustible matter will yield abundant coal indeed, but not cheap coal. In all countries, old and new, the steady rise of prices and of wages forbids us to expect that our fires and our furnaces should ever be replenished at the low rates which formerly prevailed. If coal is ever again to be cheapened, the reduction in its cost will no doubt be due to the advance of mechanical science, and to the substitution of steel levers and winches, and the untiring might of steam, for the human thwens and sinews on which we have as yet exclusively relied.

A more hopeful prospect exists in the certainty that the high price of fuel will be an incentive to its more economical employment, and to many discoveries as to how the most may be made of a product which has up to the present time been wastefully lavished. Scientific men have always regretted to mark the grimy pall of smoke that overhangs our towns, and to reflect that that murky canopy was composed of innumerable particles of unburnt carbon, while two-thirds of the heat that should have warmed our dwellings was ignorantly suffered to escape through the reeking chimneys. Then, too, in smelting-works, and in the subsequent processes to which iron, copper, tin, and zinc are subjected, the consumption of coal is recklessly disproportioned to the results obtained. Those flaming fires that in many a district make hideous the blackness of the night with their lurid breath, devour, as if in wantonness, an immense excess of valuable fuel over and above that which is really represented by bars and pigs and rails of hammered iron. Necessity alone will induce us to take thought for the morrow, and to derive the maximum of heating power from the minimum of costly coal.

The employment of both gas and petroleum, the former, and more manageable, for domestic, the latter for manufacturing, use, will no doubt grow more and more general, not merely for illumination, but for the production of heat. Gas, in particular, on account of its steady flow and equable temperature, the cleanliness with which it burns, and the toll which it saves, seems admirably adapted to the households of the future. If once adequate ventilation could be secured, there would be no need for the retention of those rude cages and baskets of iron bars which we call our fire-places, and houses could be efficiently warmed without fear that the abolition of the cavernous chimney would prove prejudicial to the health of the inmates. One ingenious though humble device for economising the fuel wasted in cooking, is the Norwegian stewpan, employed in Sweden and Norway for preparing the soldiers' repasts at the cheapest rate as regards fuel. Each ration-tin, being filled with soup and meat that have been rapidly raised to the boiling pitch, is placed in a felt box, lined with a thick padding of cowhair, which prevents the escape of the latent caloric. The heat, unable to evaporate, is found, after three-quarters of an hour, to have thoroughly completed the cooking process, and an appetising meal is thus provided at a saving of fuel estimated at more than seventy per cent. Then, however, occurs the great question of ventilation, on which we had lately something to say. The fumes of gas are inconvenient and deleterious, and must be got rid of.

In short, let it be thoroughly understood, that whatever is done to economise heat and fuel, and cheapen cookery, there must be such a supply of pure air to the dwelling as is demanded by the conditions of our existence.

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

CHAPTER V.—LUCK.

TWENTY-ONE years ago, Kensington was quite out of town, and Hammersmith was positively rural. Delicious little bits of greenery, charming old houses with their lawns and gardens, might be discerned from the high-road; and cottages with porches covered with honeysuckle, and walls draped with roses, nestled in corners which have long since been explored by the iron roads, or occupied by the ubiquitous public-houses of the present time. The imposing terraces, and the eminently respectable shops, which intervene between the far-end of Kensington and Hammersmith proper were, however, as imposing and respectable then as now; and the latter, trimly erected upon the raised footpath, with its two deep steps between the flags and the road, fairly epitomised all the reasonable requirements of human life; with the exception of meat. There was no butcher's shop in that genteel and convenient row; but there was a pastry-cook's, a chemist's, a stationer's, a linen-draper's, a grocer's, a fruiterer's, a hairdresser's, and one of those fascinating institutions popularly known as a 'Berlin' shop, wherein every kind of futility in needlework might be obtained, and people might purchase useless and troublesome trifles at prices which, though reasonable in comparison with 'town,' were rather high when regarded from the point of view of value received. The 'Berlin' shop was a pretty object to contemplate, for it was neatly arranged, beautifully clean; and it displayed quite a dazzling assortment of toilet pincushions covered with exquisitely executed embroidery; and babies' caps and hoods which frequently caused, and excused, a block on the pavement in shopping hours. At the back of the shop, and connected with it by a glass door, was a roomy and sufficiently lightsome parlour, whose windows then looked out upon fields and trees, where now there is a network of railway lines and a goods-station. The first floor consisted of two good-sized rooms, bearing in their furniture and general aspect the unmistakable character of 'apartments'; not, indeed, of the squalid and makeshift sort, but of the order which associates itself with scanty 'lace' curtains surmounted by chintz drapery, anti-macassars, wax-flowers under a glass shade on a round table in a corner, and the Art Union prints of 'Bolton Abbey' and 'A Hawking Party.' The prim orderliness of the outer or sitting room was somewhat disturbed. On the hard red settee a woman's gown was thrown, some minor articles of clothing were scattered about, and a handkerchief and gloves lay on the mantel-shelf. The folding-doors between this and the inner room were partly open, and

through them a bed with white coverings, a quiet figure extended upon it, and all the paraphernalia of a sick-room might be discerned.

Two women entered the sitting-room noiselessly, and advanced to the folding-doors.

'She is asleep,' said one of them, 'and she must not be disturbed. Keep him below until I fetch him.' The other woman nodded assentingly, and withdrew; but the speaker went into the bedroom, and narrowly inspected the sleeper.

'She will do now, I think,' thought the woman, who was of the profession rendered illustrious by Mrs Gamp, but who did not resemble that famous personage; 'but a narrower escape I never saw.'

The face of the sleeper changed, as the nurse looked at her; she moved slightly, and a minute afterwards sighed, and awoke.

'I have been asleep a long time, and it is morning,' she said, in a low weak voice.

'It is ten o'clock,' said the nurse cheerfully, as she arranged the pillows and bed-coverings; 'and you have had a fine sleep. And now you must take your medicine, and be very quiet until the doctor comes.'

'I have been very ill indeed, have I not, nurse? Very near dying?'—this, with a quick rising sob, and distress in the searching eyes.

'Certainly not. I never heard such a thing. What can have put such a notion into your head?' said the nurse, with all the appearance of perfect candour and genuine surprise. 'Your wits must be wool-gathering a bit, I think. You have been no worse than other people, only a trifle shaken by the accident, that's all. But you must not talk of it, nor think of it. It's all over now, you know, and you must think of nothing but getting well and strong.'

Her patient made no reply, but meekly swallowed the medicine which the nurse presented to her, and again lay still with closed eyes.

'She's more languid than I like to see her,' said the nurse to herself; 'and I wish she'd ask for the baby.' At this moment a little wailing cry sounded from a bassinet upon the rug before the fire which glimmered in the grate, though it was a warm day in autumn, and the colour rose in the invalid's cheek.

'The baby!' she said, 'the baby! Oh, may I not have it?'

'Certainly, if you don't agitate yourself, you may. I will give it to you presently; a bonny little lass she is too, though she has come a bit too soon; but she'll be none the worse of that, with care. Bless you, I've seen scores smaller than she is thrive and do well! Yes, yes, you shall keep her while I'm getting your arrowroot ready.' The nurse placed the infant in the young mother's arms, and affecting to be unconscious that she was crying silently over the child, busied herself in preparing some food.

But when the patient had taken a few spoonfuls of nourishment, and was somewhat more calm, the

nurse said she wondered the doctor had not yet come, and again mentioned the hour.

The result she was aiming at followed. 'Ten o'clock past,' repeated the invalid; 'the letters must have come. Is there not one for me? Oh, there must be! May I not have it? I must, I must!'

'You should have it, of course, if there was one, but there isn't. Were you expecting a letter from any one in particular?'

'Yes, yes; from my husband! And it has not come! He does not know that I have been so ill; but I thought—I made sure—he would have written to me yesterday.'

'But he does know,' said the nurse. 'Mrs Ferris sent him a message just to tell him that it was all right, you know, and I daresay he has not written because he intends to come. He would naturally be anxious.'

Her patient raised herself on her elbow, and looked into the nurse's face; her own was flushed with the colour of a wild rose, and her blue eyes shone with a sudden beautiful light.

'He is here!' she cried. 'He has come! I see it. I know it. You are trying to break it to me gently, but it won't harm me. Let him come to me; let me see him. I shall get well and strong then. It's true, isn't it? He is here?'

'Well, then, he is,' said the nurse, quite unprofessionally affected by the appeal of the fair young sufferer, whose life had been despaired of a short time before. 'He is here, and you shall see him, if you try to be quiet; which you must, my dear, because there's him and the baby to think about, you know.'

Her patient had dropped back upon her pillow before she ceased speaking, and lay looking at her with imploring eyes; her hands clasped, and her lips quivering. So the nurse did the wisest thing in her power; she went quickly to the head of the stairs, and called out: 'Mrs Ferris!'

A voice answered from below, and the nurse said: 'Tell the gentleman he may step up now, if he pleases.'

A light quick foot upon the stairs, a whisper upon the landing, and a young man passes into the invalid's room, goes noiselessly up to the bed, and clasps her in his arms; while she hides her wild-flower face in his breast, with a low cry of 'David! David!'

If I were writing a fiction, it would be easy for me to invent a train of events by which I might excuse, if not justify, David Mervyn's conduct in the matter which the concluding words of my last sentence have revealed. I might readily improvise a lofty origin and a reverse of fortune for Lucy Grainger, and have her thrown on the protection of her lover under circumstances of the most romantic character. The hard facts which I am narrating do not, however, admit of any such palliative treatment, but must be simply admitted, with their full weight of testimony to the lack of wisdom of the hero of this simple story. The beautiful young woman by whose side he was kneeling, to whom he was whispering those sweetest words of love and thankfulness which dwell

for ever in the memory of any woman who has listened to them—outlasting the echo of her bridegroom's vows—was the sister of Mrs Ferris, who kept the Berlin shop, and let out her first floor in apartments. She had been David Mervyn's wife for nearly a year; and if her beauty, sweetness of disposition, devoted love for him, and perfect contentment with anything he thought fit to decree, were any excuse for his having married beneath him, Lucy supplied it. If not, then there was no excuse for a deed of folly, one of the last of which David Mervyn's friends would have suspected him. The history of Lucy Grainger may be told in a few lines.

Her father was a respectable but not very prosperous farmer in Surrey, and she was the youngest of his three children, of whom the eldest was a son. Lucy's mother died when she was ten years old, at which time her sister was eighteen, and her brother twenty, and then Lucy was sent to a school at Guildford, where she learned very little, but had an opportunity of cultivating a fine natural taste for music, and one of the most beautiful voices with which any English girl was ever endowed. Two years later, the elder girl, who had been visiting some friends in London, met and married James Ferris, a sufficiently worthy individual, with a vague employment 'in the docks,' and some savings, which the pair invested in the purchase of the good-will, fixtures, and stock of the Berlin shop at Hammersmith.

The enterprise was tolerably successful, and the household was a happy one. Mrs Ferris was a sensible, active, good-natured, honest-hearted, commonplace woman, as different from the lovely, attractive, naturally refined girl her sister became, as if there existed no kindred between them. She was fond of Lucy, and kind to her, but she could not understand her being so slight and delicate, though it was perhaps explained by her 'taking after' her mother's family, the Leesons, who were never much to speak of—though people said they were clever in book-learning—rather than the stout, fresh-coloured, healthy Graingers.

Lucy came to London occasionally, and passed many contented days in the parlour behind the Berlin shop. When she was seventeen, her father died, and she continued to live with her brother at the farm. But John Grainger was not of the quiet and stationary sort; he had read something and heard more of what was doing in other countries, and he was minded to try his luck in one of the colonies when he should have saved enough to start fair out there. It would be no long time first, for his father had died better off than was supposed, and John Grainger bade Lucy make up her mind to a voyage to the antipodes. She was very much frightened, and far from willing to do so, for there was little in common, except their mutual regard, between Lucy and her brother.

But her fears were not to be realised; her lot was far otherwise ordained. David Mervyn, who was staying at a great house in the neighbourhood of Lucy's home, in the shooting season, met her by one of those accidents which frequently occur and are forgotten ninety-nine times out of a hundred, for one that they are remembered; met her again, not quite by accident, and fell passionately in love with her. Lucy, though genuinely innocent, was not at all silly, but yet she did not understand the width and depth of the social gulf which divided

David Mervyn from herself. That he was an officer and a gentleman, while she was a farmer's daughter, constituted, she knew, a great disparity; but she could not form any idea of the intricate complication of unsuitability and obnoxiousness which would be presented to the minds of his family by his marriage with her. The young girl's fancy was easily captivated, and her heart was soon won by the finest, the handsomest, the gentlest, most gallant gentleman she had ever seen, who treated her with the captivating deference inspired by a strong and passionate attachment, and taught her for the first time the power of her womanly charms. Lucy's one accomplishment, that of music, was rarely to be found among women in her position of life; and in such perfection as she possessed it, would have been rare indeed in any, and it added its refining influence to the delicate beauty of her face, and the grace of her figure. It was no great wonder that David, with the spell of first love and its illusions upon him, should look at this fair creature, and listen to her voice, thrilling, powerful, exquisitely sweet, and believe that she would do no discredit to his choice, amid the ladies of higher degree but far inferior charms, who formed his mother's and sister's social circle. How many of them could compete with his Lucy? he asked himself, defiantly, when he recalled their robust frames, weather-touched complexions, harsh voices, and masculine tastes, for much horseiness and doggyness prevailed, in those days, in the Barnhill district, and David loathed such tastes and the jargon of them. Who, after Marion, he asked himself, had manners so gentle, a voice so low and sweet, movements so soft and graceful, ways so pure and womanly as his 'Wild Rose'? Not one of them all, except Anne Cairnes, on whom they had looked down in old times, until her father had fairly conquered his position among them, as his Lucy should conquer hers some day—Anne Cairnes, whose father was a self-made man, whose mother, as true a lady as ever lived, had been, like his Lucy, a farmer's daughter. But, even while he thought all this, David Mervyn did not deceive himself as to the difficulty which he should feel in apprising his mother of his intended marriage; and his very earnestness in representing the matter in the best light to himself, proved to him, when he fairly faced the position, on the first absence from his betrothed, that the difficulty was almost insurmountable, except under conditions which he felt most reluctant to accept, conditions involving a great shock to his invalid father, and a serious, perhaps deadly, quarrel between his mother and himself. Neither of these considerations, however maturely revolved in his mind, would have withheld David from asking Lucy to become his wife; he felt that the entire happiness of his life was involved in the winning of her, and he could not sacrifice that to any one; but he did not underrate their force or their weight. Up to the present crisis in his life, he had been a very good son, his submissive to an almost old-fashioned extent to his mother's somewhat imperious ways—to be sure, they had not militated much against his independence and comfort—but old habit broke down now; the strength of the new tide of feeling carried away the former barriers. With their consent, if possible, but, if not, then without it, Lucy Grainger should be his wife.

CHAPTER VI.—THE NEWS.

It was during his autumn leave, and immediately after his return from Barrholm, that David had gone into Surrey upon the visit which was destined to be so important to him. He rejoined his regiment at Newbridge, whence it was to remove to England shortly before Christmas, in all the exhilaration of success. He had won Lucy; she had promised to be his, and he had now only to consider how he might best reconcile his father and mother to the inevitable. His reflections on this point were complicated very shortly by the receipt of a letter from Lady Mervyn, in which she told him, firstly, that his sister was to be married, after some time, to Gordon Græme; and secondly, that his father had had an unusually severe attack of gout, and was beginning the winter with very unfavourable prospects. Something more than commonly despondent in the tone of his mother's letter, though her daughter's engagement pleased her, struck David painfully, and she added to her account of Sir Alexander's illness these words: 'his nervousness and irritability have so much increased, that we are obliged to be careful of everything that is said and done in his presence. Halliday is apprehensive about his heart; and has enjoined such caution, that I hardly dared to tell him of Gordon's proposal—however, it had to be done, and he took it well; I suppose good news never harmed any one.'

Here was an increase of difficulty: the double risk in his father's case, and the unpleasantness of making a connection, probably a quarrel, in the family, just at the time when his sister's betrothal to an approved and eligible suitor would give the contrast of his own intended marriage additional poignancy. He could not make up his mind to any course for the present, and so he postponed decision. But he was not to enjoy a lengthened respite from the necessity for making up his mind. After the lapse of a week, he received a letter from John Grainger, which made an immediate resolution imperative. Lucy's brother knew as little of the world of which David Mervyn and his relatives formed a part as she did, but he had a much keener appreciation of the facts of the situation than the young girl, who saw little beyond her lover, and their love, and a vague, distant prospect of a terrestrial paradise to be shared with him. He cared little or nothing about the parents of David Mervyn, their approval, or displeasure; he hardly knew what their rank and position were; but he cared much for his sister's honour and safety, and he regarded it as the simplest thing possible that a man sufficiently his own master to propose to a girl, should be ready to marry her whenever it should become advisable. It had become advisable now, unless he should adopt the alternative of giving her up; for John Grainger had been made a good offer for his farm, and he intended to take it, and go out at once to Australia, notwithstanding the unpropitious season, with a friend who had agreed to join him in his venture in the New World. He would either take his sister with him, or see her married, and safe, before he left England; it was for David Mervyn to decide which it should be; and the farmer placed the alternative before the gentleman with a perfectly cool and business-like brevity.

He did not mistrust Captain Mervyn, he explained, but he was his sister's protector, and he meant to fulfil his trust. He had not yet told Lucy of the resolution he had come to, John Grainger added; he thought the proper thing was to put the matter before Captain Mervyn in the first instance. There was no fault at all to be found with the letter; but it caused David to experience more distress and embarrassment than he had ever previously known. He did not consume much time in deliberation; exclusive of every consideration of honour and plighted troth, the mere possibility of losing Lucy was too terrible to contemplate. He immediately applied for a short leave, on the plea of 'urgent private affairs' (soon to be a popular by-word), which was granted, and he repaired to the farm in Surrey, to reply to John Grainger's communication in person.

After his arrival at the farm, his difficulties seemed to clear themselves away. Lucy's joy, her brother's stolid satisfaction, and his own love for the beautiful girl, more than ever sweet, beautiful, and incomparable, were so much more important than anything outside of them could be, that he no longer hesitated. He would marry Lucy as soon as possible, and trust to time and circumstances for setting his bride and himself right with his parents. He found that John Grainger was not at all disposed to stand out for an announcement of the marriage; he regarded that as a secondary matter, concerning Captain Mervyn but not himself; so long as he should be satisfied that a perfectly legal and binding marriage had taken place. That was all he cared about; they might reveal it or conceal it as they pleased. Whatever there was to come into, of rank or wealth, his sister's husband, and consequently his sister, must come into, one day; and in the meantime, she would be very comfortable, he made no doubt. Lucy's sentiments on the point were quite as acquiescent, if less practical and prosaic. Whatever David thought best must be best; whatever David wished, she was ready to agree to; she wanted nobody but David; to be David's wife, under any circumstances, whether known to all the world, or unknown by any one in the world, must be the most blessed of human destinies. It was easy for David to persuade himself that there was no moral or virtual difference between the temporary concealment of his marriage and that of his intention to marry. Then the steps necessary to be taken were discussed; and it was decided that Lucy should go to London, to remain with her sister until the marriage could take place. This was done, and David Mervyn had a pleasant proof of the insignificance of the individual in the crowd, afforded by the perfect privacy and security with which he married Lucy Grainger at a well-known church in London, within a mile of the residences of several acquaintances, in three weeks after his receipt of her brother's letter.

After a brief but very happy honeymoon, Captain Mervyn placed his wife once more under her sister's care, and rejoined his regiment. The separation would not be for long; the next quarter for the regiment was in the vicinity of London, and strongly as David felt the expediency of procuring for Lucy more elevated associations, he knew that could not be done at present, without the revelation of their marriage, and Lucy was as contented

as she could be anywhere away from him, in her first-floor at Hammersmith, which she thenceforth occupied in the capacity of a lodger. With the new year, the young couple were reunited; John Grainger had sailed for Sydney; the marriage was unsuspected among David Mervyn's friends, and there was no such alteration in the state of affairs at Barrholme as to induce him to think that a favourable opportunity for revealing the truth had arrived. Time went on; Lucy's sister's house was easily attainable by David; Lucy was happy there, and Mrs Ferris was much too sensible a woman to intrude herself upon her sister's husband. She was well pleased that Lucy had made a marriage which was happy in the present, and must inevitably be in every sense advantageous in the future, but she knew that when the advantages of the position should be disclosed, an entire change in the relations of herself and her sister must take place. 'Why not begin at once,' thought the independent-spirited woman, 'and let him see that we want nothing from him, while wishing him well, and that he has nothing to fear from us in the way of intrusion.' Thus, David, when he visited his wife, rarely came in contact with Mrs Ferris, and was altogether lulled into a happy state of security, only occasionally disturbed as the year wore on, by the recollection that the time fixed for his sister's marriage was drawing near, and that he had resolved to reveal his own to his mother after that event. There was now an additional reason for this resolve: Lucy would soon become a mother, and David felt that her position must be assured. Besides, he was beginning to feel that some more money would be very acceptable, and he was too honourable to ask his father for additional funds, while he maintained secrecy on so important a subject.

There was only one drawback to the happiness of this hidden union: it was the delicacy of Lucy's health; but this would cease, she and David were assured, when her baby should be born. Day by day the young husband's love for his beautiful 'Wild Rose' grew and strengthened. The romance of the situation was not without its charm; and that of Lucy's sunny, innocent, loving nature asserted itself more powerfully. She took and held possession of every thought and feeling, but ruled him with the gentlest sway; he wondered at the excess of happiness which this pure and perfect love brought to him, and strengthened himself against the heartburning and vexation which might be imminent, in its calm sufficiency. The first-floor of a Berlin shop, in a London suburb, is not a likely scene for an idyl, but, happily, the poetry of youth and love is independent of surroundings.

Accident delayed David's departure from London until the day before his sister's marriage, and thus frustrated his intention of taking her into his confidence in the first instance. In the few words which he had the opportunity of saying to her, he indicated the existence of a difficulty with regard to his mother, and Marion Grome referred him for aid to Anne Cairnes, with the result already described. In order to bring this simple story back to the point at which I was constrained to digress into retrospect, I have merely to add, that when David Mervyn had escorted the old Laird of Garloch to the gate-lodges of Barrholme, and there seen him safely off the premises in his

dog-cart, he turned in at the gate, with the intention of joining Anne Cairnes on the rock-platform. But he was stopped by the sound of a gig coming up rapidly, and hailed by name by a man from the seat beside the driver. The man was the bearer of a telegraphic despatch from Mrs Ferris, which had been received at the nearest town to Barrholme, and which ran thus: 'L was badly hurt in a cab accident yesterday, and is most dangerously ill. Child living.'

THE CITY OF MANDALAY.

THE law of change, after a suspension of its action lasting for centuries, has begun to manifest itself in the distant countries of South-eastern Asia which are now touched by the onward motion of the great wave of progress which has broken with astonishing force over the empire of Japan, and the upathy of ages is at an end. Last year, the kings of Siam and Cambodia left, for the first time in history, their capital cities, to travel in search of instruction and pleasure, the one to Java and India, and the other to Hong-kong and Peking. This fact is, taken alone, of immense significance; it indicates the voluntary throwing down of an immemorial barrier of superstition and custom, of prestige and prejudice, and a movement on the part of the hitherto almost mythical people of those countries towards an entrance into the community of nations. The inevitable march of events will doubtless bring Europe and America into intimate relations with the kingdoms and protectorates of Farther India,* as it has brought them into intimate relations with Japan; and it is most desirable that we should obtain every available addition to our limited knowledge of their present condition, capabilities, and prospects. Such an opportunity is afforded by Mr Vincent's account of his travels* throughout the vast region, with an area of one million square miles, and a population of twenty-five million souls, which he comprehensively styles South-eastern Asia. After a short stay at Rangoon, the commercial capital, Mr Vincent embarked for a voyage through British Borneo, and the independent kingdom of Ava, on the fourth river of the world in point of size, the Irrawaddy (so called from the elephant of India), which is the great highway into the dominions of the 'golden-footed king.' The Irrawaddy—whose source has not yet been discovered, but is supposed to be in the Himalaya east of Tibet—is one thousand four hundred miles in length; it varies from three to five miles in width; and its banks present to the traveller many of the most characteristic features of the strange land through which it flows, and the strange people who dwell there. After endless stretches of the elephant-grass—in which the great beast may feed concealed from sight—come villages, all bamboo and palm-trees, and daintily devised grass roofs; and people in gaudy garments, who squat upon the river-bank to gaze upon the fire-boat. After long stretches of sandy beach, come miles of banana groves, and beautiful green fringes of trees close by the water's edge; plains of the richest vegetation—and a spur of the Arakan hills, with a number of small niches

* *The Land of the White Elephant.* By Frank Vincent. Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.

cut in the face of the rock, as many as forty in one row; the niches containing statues of Gaudama (the last Buddha), in marble, brick, and plaster, many of which are painted and gilded. The river-craft, generally constructed of teak timber, are somewhat like ancient Phœnician galleys, with high and beautifully carved stems; but their progress is extremely slow. The Burmese men are indolent; but the women, who are compelled to do all the heaviest and most irksome work, are industrious. Their marriages are subject to very simple laws. If a married couple are tired of each other's society, they dissolve marriage in the following conclusive manner: 'They respectively light two candles, and shutting up their hut, sit down, and wait quietly until they are burned up. The one whose candle burns out first, gets up at once, and leaves the house for ever, taking nothing but the clothes he or she may have on at the time; all else becomes the property of the other party.'

Boundary pillars separate British Burmah from the still independent portion of the vast territory which is called Ava; the former comprises the three provinces of Arakan, Pegu, and Tenasserim; the latter is entirely inland. King Mounglon has no seaboard; and the Irrawaddy, though passing through foreign territory, is an outlet for the produce of his country. The boundary pillars passed, the first object of great interest is the ancient ruined city of Pagan, whose remains extend for ten miles, and comprise a thousand pagodas of all sizes, shapes, and colours, constructed a thousand years ago, but whose various forms and contents render it extremely doubtful what people were the builders or possessors of the former city. Mr Vincent observed that besides the purely Buddhistical monuments, there are statues bearing remarkable resemblances to those of the Egyptian myths; others are of a Brahminical character; and others, wonderful as it seems, bespeak the incorporation of Christian doctrines with the mixed symbols of heathenism. From Pagan onward the features of the river-bank are of great interest. Just beyond the ruins, the bank rises in a high sandstone bluff, with many small openings cut in its almost inaccessible face. These lead to equally small chambers within, which are tenanted by ascetic priests. The next town is Tsagaing, which lies at the foot of beautiful hills, covered with pagodas, temples, griffins, and winding staircases; some of those which lead from the town to the pagodas on the tops of the hills are half a mile in length. Within a short distance of Ava, once famous for its silk manufacture, stands, on the left bank of the river, an immense bell-shaped pagoda, which resembles the tombs in the old cities near Delhi. This is an exceedingly sacred place, and once a year it is the scene of a great *mala*, or religious festival of different nations, which, however, would appear to be free from the revolting features of the kindred gatherings in Hindustan. Ava, the former capital, is now a wretched village, but the adjacent ruins attest its former splendour. The ancient city-wall, sixteen feet high, and ten feet thick, inclosed seven miles of building. After several changes of capital, the city of Mandalay has been, since 1857, the abode of the king and the centre of power. The suburbs of the 'golden city' are built on piles; the city proper is a square, surrounded by a lofty wall of unplastered brick, with a notched parapet, and

having a deep broad moat filled with clear water. The 'Crystal Palace,' or royal house, is a fantastically beautiful building, with galleries, pagodas, terraces, bell-towers, all highly ornamented, and towering above the rest is the graceful spire of a magnificent Hall of Audience.

Mr Vincent and his friend were favoured with an interview with King Mounglon, who persisted in ascribing a politico-commercial purpose to the visit of the American traveller. The crown-prince was present: he is an intelligent and handsome young man, and was plainly dressed, except that he wore immense clusters of diamonds in his ears. The king is a short, stout, pleasant, crafty-looking gentleman, who wears no diamonds, has a grave and leisurely manner, and inspects his visitors through a powerful opera-glass at a distance of twenty feet. One of his four wives assisted at the interview, fanning her 'golden-footed' lord the while, and attending to his golden betel-box and spittoon. She was extremely handsome, and very curious about the strangers. The splendid 'Hall of Audience,' which is only used on great occasions, is a building as curious as it is beautiful: 'it consists of a lofty tower, with terraces of little roofs rising one above the other, and crowned by the gold umbrella in the centre, and two smaller ones on each wing, over a long central court or hall (both also in the many-roofed style of Burmese architecture), and the whole gaudily painted in red and gold, and covered with carvings and decorations of brass, china, and glass. In front of the grand staircase are two immense cannon, mounted on primitive carriages, having solid wooden "block" wheels.' Within the vast inclosed square of which this beautiful building forms the centre, are barracks, a carriage-foundry, the royal gardens, the ordnance stores, the abode of the famous 'White Elephant of Ava,' canoes, sheds, and long rows of stables tenanted by the elephants used for purposes of war and work. The working elephants are black. Mr Vincent and his companion (who could not induce the king to believe that they had travelled twelve thousand miles especially to pay their respects to him, and to see the white elephant) were not of sufficient importance to be received in the Hall of Audience; they were summoned to the Mhaw-gaw, or Crystal Palace, which they entered by a gate in a low brick wall, and immediately found themselves calmly investigated by a huge elephant in a red shed; where he must have looked like a hall porter. The audience took place in a pillared portico, open on two sides, and the scene must have been a curious one, especially to the minds of the republican gentlemen.

'At our backs,' says the author, 'there was a golden door, leading to another chamber, and before us was a large green baize curtain, extending from the ceiling to the floor of another room, which was some few feet above us. In the centre of this screen was an opening about ten feet square; here a red velvet cushion, and a pair of silver-mounted *binoculars*, were laid upon the floor, where there was an elegantly carpeted staircase connecting the two chambers. The roof was supported by immense pillars, grouped round the bases of two of which were the royal umbrellas and other *insignia*. No one, save the king, is allowed to possess a white umbrella; and princes of the blood are allowed to have *two* umbrellas

(gilt, with poles ten or fifteen feet in length attached) carried before them by their servants when they walk or ride in public; ministers but one. Our party was reinforced by several other persons waiting for an audience, and our presents were displayed before us, placed on little wooden stands about a foot in height. The natives were all prostrating themselves flat upon their stomachs, with their noses nearly touching the carpets, and their eyes cast down in a most abject and servile manner. Presently, we heard two or three muffled booms, and the king appeared. He quietly and slowly laid himself down, reclining against the velvet cushion, and only partially facing the audience. The royal secretary read aloud our names, business, and the list of the presents which were placed before him; this was done in a loud, drawing style, and concluded with a sort of supplicating moan.

It is evident that King Mounglou is almost as smart a man as if he shared his visitor's nationality, for, firmly persuaded that the latter's mission was political, and wishing to detain him at Mandalay until the inquiries he would send to America should be answered, he began to bribe him. His Majesty wished to make a commercial treaty with America; Mr Vincent's services would be invaluable. He should have a house, as many wives as he wished, and the king would 'make his fortune,' and give him high rank among his own nobles. Mr Vincent eluded these tempting offers, by saying he must first return to his own country, in order to procure his parents' sanction to his entering the service of the king. Mounglou is a remarkable person, in whose life there have been vicissitudes. He succeeded his brother—who was deposed for his tyranny—after having lived for many years in a Buddhist monastery, where he had taken vows as a *phongyee* in his boyhood. His rule is despotic, but the weight of it is not felt far from the capital: the remote districts are very independent, the people merely swearing allegiance to the king whenever he sends officers to exact their oaths, but going their own way in the meantime.

The splendour of the court-life is a little dimmed by the following facts: 'The king dares not leave his palace for fear of foul play, and he has consequently never seen his own war canoes or steamers, nor has he ever visited his new palace, built near the river. The government is rotten to the core; bribery and corruption reign paramount. The king appropriates most of the revenue. (We find elsewhere that there is a royal monopoly of the rice, marble, amber, gold, copper, and all gems over one hundred rupees in value.) Many of his ministers receive no salaries at all, and the king buys goods of merchants, and serves them out as pay to his troops and followers, who afterwards have to sell them in the bazaars at half-price; besides, the country bitterly suffers from the extortionate duties, and from the guild of brokers, who rule the markets according to the order of the king or his ministers, so that no one can buy or sell save through these brokers.' It is to be hoped that the result of the recent Burmese Embassy to England and France may be an amelioration in the administration of the kingdom, especially as the king had already, prior to the despatch of the ambassadors, whose appearance in London and Paris was a salient feature of the present year (1874), evinced

comprehension and appreciation to a certain extent of the advantages of western civilisation. 'He offers,' says Mr Vincent, 'good inducements to European mechanics and engineers to establish themselves in Mandalay; and he has brought his country into telegraphic communication with India and Europe.' The minister of the interior described the latter achievement to Mr Vincent as follows: 'The present founder of the city of Mandalay or Rutuapou, Builder of the Royal Palace, Ruler of the Sea and Land, Lord of the Celestial Elephant, and Master of many White Elephants, owner of the Shekyah or Indra's Weapon, Lord of the Power of Life and Death, and Great Chief of Righteousness, being exceedingly anxious for the welfare of his people, in the year 1231 introduced the telegraph, a science the elements of which may be compared to thunder and lightning for rapidity and brilliancy, and such as his royal ancestors in successive generations had never attempted.'

The 'bazaar'—always an object of attraction in an eastern city—is much the same in them all. At Mandalay the bazaars and the market are large and well supplied. Fish and vegetables are good, but no kind of meat is to be had. Tea is grown upon the northern hills which border upon the Chinese province of Yun-nan; but the Burmese use it differently from all other nations. Instead of steeping the leaves, and drinking the decoction, they make a salad of them, adding garlic, oil, and pepper. Much of the trade of the country is carried on by means of barter. Petroleum and rice are the chief circulating media. Mr Vincent visited the curious navy, which the king dares not go out to see. It consists of a number of war-canoes, gilded outside, and painted red inside, which lie in a small creek. They are very long, with prow and stern curling up high, and are paddled by forty or sixty men. The king's barge is the grandest of them all, but it lay too far away for Mr Vincent to describe it, so he quotes the following account of it: 'This splendid vessel has been built on two large canoes, and is covered with the richest carving and gilding. This also, when used, will be drawn by war-boats. In the centre is a lofty tower with eight or nine square stories or terraces of black and gold, surmounted by the *tee*, or umbrella. The prows of the two canoes on which this water-palace is constructed consist each of an immense silver dragon; and behind each dragon is the fierce colossal figure of a warrior deity, called by the Burmese a *Nat*, but which is evidently identical with one of the *Devatas* of Hindu mythology, of which Indra is the special type. The stems of the canoes are beautifully adorned with a fretted work consisting of small pieces of looking-glass, which has a very rich appearance.'

There still remained an object of mysterious interest for the American traveller to see, before he should have exhausted the characteristic curiosities of the capital of Ava. This was the famous white elephant, a more distinguished appanage of the royal dignity of Ava than even his better known congener is of that of Siam. 'Lord of the White Elephant' is the proudest of King Mounglou's titles; and the strangest among the annals of the Burmese kingdom are those which recount the extraordinary honours that have been paid from time immemorial to 'the Apis

of the Buddhists.' In the black-letter folio of Mr Ralph Fitch, who travelled through Burmah in 1582, there is a wonderful account of the white elephants, and, two centuries later, Sangermano describes the capture, in the forests of Pegu, the transportation to the capital, and the royal treatment, of the 'celestial' white elephant of that time. It was bound with scarlet cords, and waited upon by the highest mandarins of the empire; the place where it was taken being infested with mosquitoes, a silken net was made to protect it from them; it was transported to Amarapooora (the then capital), in a boat having a pavilion draped with gold-embroidered silk; and on its arrival in the city, a festival, lasting three days, took place in its honour. Costly gifts, including one gold vase weighing four hundred and eighty ounces, were brought to it by the mandarins. When this animal (a female) died, its funeral was conducted with the rites prescribed for that of a queen; the body was burned upon a pile of precious wood, the pyre being fired with the aid of four immense gilt bellows, placed at its corners. Three days afterwards, its ashes were gathered by the chief mandarins, enshrined in gilt urns, and buried in the royal cemetery, where a superb mausoleum was raised over its grave.

Even at the present day, the white elephants are objects of royal favour and general veneration, apart from their divine character as transmigrating Buddhas. They are held to bring prosperity in peace and good fortune in war; and their death is regarded as a national calamity, for which the entire people go in mourning, and shave their heads. The present 'celestial' treasure of King Mounglon at Mandalay is a disappointing beast, being of medium size, and not in the least white, but, on the contrary, black, with white eyes, and white spots on his forehead. He is surrounded with all the adjuncts of royalty; but he is likewise—being vicious—chained by the foreleg. Altogether, the white elephant was the least satisfactory of the curiosities which rewarded Mr Vincent for his seven hundred miles of travel between Rangoon, the capital of British Burmah, and Mandalay, the capital of independent Ava.

SCENES UNDERGROUND.

I HAD heard a great deal about the underground canals, that, branching from the Bridgewater Canal at Worsley, stretch away some eighty yards below the surface of the ground to the different collieries in the direction of Bolton; and I long had wished to see for myself these marvels of engineering skill. Having obtained permission from the 'powers that be,' we presented ourselves early one morning at one of the many 'pits' on the Bridgewater estate. It was a raw, cold morning; a genuine March day—though the almanacs said it was the 1st of April—and glad were we to put into port, and get into the workmen's cabin, within reach of its fire. Here we found a number of miners, some taking their breakfast of bread and bacon, some taking their dessert in the way of a pipe, and all seeming very much at ease, so that we could scarcely imagine that they belonged to that 'striking' class of men of whom we have heard so much recently. We heard no whisper about limiting the 'output' in order to keep up prices; nor was any reference made to the twenty

thousand out on strike in South Staffordshire, who, Canute-like, are trying to stop the flow of the tide, or rather trying to prevent its ebb. Over the fire was a printed notice of exemption, allowing boys between the ages of ten and twelve to work in a certain seam, it having been satisfactorily proved to Her Majesty's Secretary that the said 'yard-seam' could not be worked without boys of such an age.

Our seven lamps are now lighted on the work-bench; genuine 'Davies,' with a little yellow flame inside their covering of gauze, and all securely locked.

'We have to lock them,' said the man, 'or else the lads would get playing with them. Even now they will sometimes tamper with them, and take out the lamp; but they get fined if they are found out.'

We just look in at the engine-house, where the wire-ropes are coiled around a huge drum, and the hand of the indicator, travelling round a dial-plate, tells when the cage has touched the bottom.

'Let us down gently,' we said to the man whose hand was on the valve; but he only smiled ironically, as if he would say: 'No; I'll not slacken speed for you; you shall go by the down-express.'

Now we take our place in the cage, seven of us packed in a space about three feet by two and a half, and down we plunge into the darkness. I do not know—and I have no curiosity to do so—what the sensation may be as the drop falls from the scaffold, but I thought it would not be much unlike this, as we felt our floor sinking beneath us, and letting us down, we scarcely knew whither. But just as we are getting used to it, and are beginning to enjoy it, all at once it seems as if the engine were suddenly reversed, and we were going up instead of down. For a moment there was an open rupture between fact and feeling, between reason and sensation; and how to arbitrate between them we did not know. We found, however, it was only the slackening of speed which lifting now against our momentum appeared to change our descent into an ascent. As we reach the bottom—three hundred and fifty yards down—we step from our narrow prison, and are thankful to feel again the solid ground under our feet. But how dark! We are enveloped in a thick blackness, and in the faint glimmer of our lamps we see black faces peering at us, as if questioning our right to be there. Turning away from the shaft, our captain leads us first to the stables where the ponies are kept. They looked, in their internal arrangements, very much like the stables we have seen above-ground, with the exception that they have no windows—an omission we could readily account for. These ponies are quite an institution, the sacred animals of these underground temples. Down in their quiet, dark world, they live from year-in to year-out, taking their eight hours a day—if I may use that expression here, where the days are all lost in one long night. They are well fed, and very tractable, knowing every road and every turn in all these workings. They seem contented, and yet I fancied I could see traces of melancholy upon their intelligent faces; there was a lack of sprightliness and verve about them, as if they were remembering the old times when they had their gallops amongst the grass and flowers of spring.

After our eyes have become accustomed to the

darkness, and our lamps have been examined—as every lamp must be before it can be carried into the mine—we start off with our body-guard of four, marching in true Indian file, each with lamp in hand, our good Captain B. bringing up the rear. Tramp, tramp we go along the level tram-road on which the tubs now and then come rattling towards the shaft, each tub marked with its 'tally,' a little tin plate with a certain number stamped upon it, to shew to whose credit the tub must be charged in the fortnightly pay. To 'cut a tub' by removing the tally, and inserting one's own instead of it, is a very grievous offence against mine morals, and if a man once be discovered doing it, he is ostracised directly. For a time, we can walk erect, but very soon our feet begin to give the order: 'Stop!'—an order which we promptly obey—and then we trudge on at the collier's double, looking well to our feet the while. But what is this on our right, where the black wall is hollowed out? It is the 'refuge,' so we will step aside, and let this train of tubs pass us. Up above, it is not so, for on that London and North-western coal-trains shunt on one side to clear the line for passengers or mails; but down here in these antipodes, things are reversed, and passengers must step aside when the coal-train comes. We find roads branching off to the right and left, little veins that feed the greater arteries; and here, stretching across our path, is a rope that draws the wagons from a lower level up this steep incline. Just to our left is one of those old-fashioned engines called a 'whimsy,' Round and round wheels the pony in a slow trot; and he seems to know his work thoroughly, for with but a word from his driver, who is looking after the wagons as they come up, Dobbin starts or stops, and when the engine wants reversing, he turns round of his own accord. At length we come to a canvas sheet—or screen, as they call it—blocking up our way. They are working a new road up to our left, and so this screen is put up to turn the air-currents into the new workings. After a scramble up a steep ascent, we find them busy working at the canal seam. Three or four miners are sitting down to their work, in an atmosphere so close and hot it makes us perspire freely even to stand and look on. We did not venture into the narrower seams, as we were not adepts at crawling; but there are seams worked in another part of the mine only eighteen inches high. Think of it! a man stretched out at full length on his side, and in that position picking away at the coal for hours together, resting his elbow on a piece of rag! But habit helps so much. Some men seem to choose these narrow seams; and as to colliers in general, they are so limp of body that they can bend into all kinds of queer shapes. One of them told me he could work far better when bending than when sitting erect; and he said that one day spending some hours in a mill, his back fairly ached with being upright so long, and he longed to crouch down into the familiar posture!

Getting back to the shaft, a clock told us we must be off, if we would finish our morning's work. So, entering the cage again, the signal was given to the engineman above to draw us up to the 'level.' This is a landing some eighty yards from the surface, and here we step out by the canal for another exploring expedition.

Joining with the main Bridgewater at Worsley, this canal creeps up some miles underground, and then branching off in every direction, it communicates with the numerous pits on the Bridgewater estate, thus affording an easy and a cheap mode of transit to the markets. Taking all its branches together, it forms an underground water-way of forty-five miles, the longest connected tunnel in the world. One scarcely knows whom to admire most, the persistent duke, whose iron will no difficulty seemed to daunt; or the famous engineer, Brindley, who has left the world proofs of such wretched spelling, and of such consummate skill.

Leaving the shaft, we groped our way through the timber-yard to the plane, or 'plan,' as it is commonly called. This is an incline of some hundred yards long, connecting the lower canal with another that ran on a higher level, a hundred and twenty feet above. When it was in use, the laden barges were lifted out of the upper canal at the 'locks,' and then put on rails; they were carried down this steep incline to the lower canal, the full barge in its descent drawing up an empty one. Not being in use now, the upper canal is dry, with the exception of a sediment of slush. Making our way down the plane, a flight of steps leads us to the barge that is moored in waiting for us. Thanks to the kind forethought of our friends, a seat had been contrived for the barge, where we soon deposited both our lamps and ourselves. Each boat is about fifty-one feet in length, and when loaded, carries from eight to ten tons. Of course they travel but slowly; but as one man can work ten of these barges, with a hundred tons of coal, down to Worsley in a few hours, it is much cheaper than it could possibly be done by steam and railway. The canal has no room for cars or paddles, as a boat seven or eight feet wide just about fills up all the space between wall and wall; but at different places along the route are sidings where they may pass each other. The men work them along by means of hooks driven in the wall or in the roof overhead; but when returning empty, as the boats stand high in the water, the men will sometimes lie on their backs, and planting their feet against the roof, will push them forward by a process of 'legging.'

All ready? Yes! So the chain that fastened us to the pier is unhooked, and we slowly drift from our moorings. A lamp is put by the prow, but no watch is set, for this tunnel acts as a speaking-tube, conveying the sound of an approaching barge a long way; and even should we be so unfortunate as to meet with a collision, it would not be very disastrous either to boat or man. And now we are fairly afloat. But where are we, drifting without helm, compass, or chart? There are no 'bells' struck here; no sails swelling in the breeze or flapping in the calm; no sailor up aloft, and no helmsman's voice answering 'West-nor-west, sir.' Where are we? Is that old myth that used to make us smile a sober fact, and is this the Styx, that dark ferry across which the spirits of the departed pass onward bound? And is that old Charon yonder, sitting near the prow, while these his servants work the boat across? Slowly and silently we go, pushed along by six willing hands. We hear no voice from the world above; all is still as death, save the sound of our own voices, or the occasional drip, drip of falling water, or the quiet tread

of our boatmen as they march back and forward from stern to prow, and prow to stern. Now our captain calls a halt, and lifting our lamps to the roof above us, we find it all frescoed by Nature's own pencil. Fast bedded in the rocks are fossilised ferns, fronds and stem so exquisitely traced you could almost fancy you saw them waving in the playful gusts of a summer, long, long ago. How marvellous! that they should now be here, two hundred and forty feet below the surface! When were they embalmed in these rocks? and how? But history and science both are dumb—they cannot read for us this hand-writing on the wall. So we pass on beneath our triumphal arch, with its festoons hung up ages and ages ago, thinking as we go of the thousands of buried secrets that Nature keeps so well; and thinking, too, how much we believe, but how little we really *know*.

Presently we come to a canvas 'screen,' that hangs across our path, for the purpose of sending the air-currents up some branch canal. Down go our heads, while one of our guides lifts up the sheet, and then drops it down behind us. But what is this before us? for our narrow sheet of water suddenly widens, and the roof rises proportionately. Isaiah would, perhaps, have called it 'a place of broad streams,' and he might have added, that 'no galley with oars should pass that way'; but the navigators of these subterranean waters call it a 'pillar.' It is, in railway parlance, a junction, and that cave's mouth yonder is the outlet for another canal that sweeps round by Water Gate and Deane Moor, several miles away. It takes its name from the *post* that is fastened at the extreme corner, in which is a ring by which the boats may be tacked about at right angles.

Leaving our open sea behind us, we drift slowly onwards through our culvert. Now the rock vanishes, and instead of that, we have a wall and arch of brickwork on each side and above us. The canal here passes through a soft, shaly substance the workmen call 'metal,' which, though tolerably hard in its native bed, soon crumbles upon exposure to the air. Good old Roger, who had spent twenty years in these excavations, said: 'I have worked there, sir, when the water has dropped so, that in a quarter of an hour I was as drenched as if I had been ducked in the river. But when we were working in the rock, I could only drill for my day's work a couple of holes thirty inches deep.' He said that at one time he was working just underneath a mill; and though he was eighty yards below it, he could distinctly hear the vibrations of its engine, and thus knew when to stop for breakfast or dinner.

At different places along the route are cloughs, or 'clows,' as they call them, which serve the double purpose of cleansing the canal and assisting in the navigation of the boats. There is a slight fall all the way down to Worsley; and as the canal drains the mines, it is well supplied with water. The clough is a kind of flood-gate, rising some five inches above the water, and causing the waters in the upper reaches, as they accumulate, to stand on a higher level than those below. When the full boats are passing down—and sometimes there will be a hundred fastened together, reaching a full mile, and carrying nearly a thousand tons of coal—the clough is hoisted so that they can pass under it, and the waters rushing forward to find

their level, carry forward with a swing this black flotilla.

Still on we go, for our voyage is not ended yet; and through the intense darkness no lighthouse beckons us forward to an anchorage. 'Buckley Lane,' sings out our pilot, as we emerge into a broad water; and in the glimmer of our seven lamps, we see the siding where the larges are moored while the coals are shot down the trough yonder. But Buckley Lane is left behind, and now we have reached another siding; and as the morning is nearly gone, and our carriage is waiting for us atop, we step ashore. Scrambling up a steep incline, we soon reach the shaft, and glad are we to see again a gleam of daylight from the world above. So, stepping into the cage, four of us—for the cages are much smaller than where we went down—the signal is given, and we are hoisted up 'to bank'; and once again we feel the solid earth under our feet, and see the cloudless heavens smiling all around us. For a moment we felt confused, like doves thrown up in a strange country, but we soon sighted familiar objects and recognised the old landmarks. 'Why, that is Rivington Pike over yonder; and this is Dixon Green, with the coke-ovens just at our feet, smoky and hot as ever!'

AÉRONAUTICAL MACHINES.

If the fabulous stories of antiquity could be credited, it might be believed that a method of navigating the air was known to the ancients. The aeronautic flight of the Cretan philosopher, and the luckless fate of his son in the Icarian Sea, is a tale well known to all school-boys. Strabo tells of a people of Scythia who had a method of elevating themselves in the air by means of smoke, although he does not mention in what manner, or whether by the intervention of any mechanical contrivance. Roger Bacon alludes to a flying-machine, although he confesses that he has not seen it, and seems to have known little of it beyond the inventor's name. The first *historical* flying experiment was made in Scotland, by an Italian friar, whom James IV. had made prior of Tongland. The man, who was a great favourite of the king's, from his presumed scientific attainments, and his supposed successes in alchemy, was commonly believed to be in league with 'Auld Hornie.' Thinking that he had discovered a method of flying through the air, the prior appointed a certain day, in 1510, for an aerial ascension, and invited the king and his court to witness the feat. At the appointed time, the Italian, bedecked with an enormous pair of wings, ascended one of the battlements of Stirling Castle, and in the presence of King James and his court, spread his plumes, and vaulted into the air. Unfortunately for the prior's reputation, the experiment was a complete failure. Amid the laughter and derision of the whole assembly, the would-be aeronaut came tumbling headlong down; and although a manure-heap luckily saved his neck, his thigh-bone was broken. As is invariably the case, the hapless experimentalist had an excuse for his non-success; it was to be attributed, he asserted, to the fact that his wings included some feathers from common fowls, instead of having been all from eagles and other noble birds!

In 1617, unwarned by this disaster, a monk of Tubingen manufactured for himself wings of

parliament, and leaped with them into the air from a high tower: he fell to the ground, and was killed. In 1670, the first really scientific project for navigating the air was devised by Francis Lana, a Jesuit. His plan was to use globes made of exceedingly attenuated metal, the interior of which was exhausted of the air. The specific gravity of these globes being much less than that of the surrounding atmosphere, they must necessarily rise. Upon this hint one of the Montgolfiers would appear to have based his experiments, although a publication, contemporary with him, asserts that he first conceived the idea of a balloon from seeing an open paper globe, into which he had accidentally let some smoke, slip from his hands, and mount into the air. Acting upon this chance experiment, he pursued his studies in that direction, until, on the 5th of June 1783, he was enabled to let off, in the presence of his townsmen, a paper balloon of more than a hundred feet in circumference. This experiment was the first successful one ever made. The balloon's ascension was caused by the expansion of the air in it through the agency of a fire underneath. The flame of Montgolfier's discovery spread rapidly, and produced an almost incredible sensation. Everybody fancied that the navigation of the air was about to become an easy task.

On the 27th of August 1783, Messieurs Charles and Robert set off an ærostatic globe from Paris. It was twelve feet in diameter, and only weighed forty pounds. It was made of a kind of taffeta, coated with gum, and filled with an inflammable gas, obtained by the dissolution of iron filings in vitriolic acid. Estimated to have attained an elevation of twelve thousand feet, it descended, after a voyage of only three-quarters of an hour, at Genesee, a village about twelve miles from Paris. Other and more daring experiments followed, until, on September 19 of the same year, the Montgolfiers started a balloon weighing seven hundred pounds, to the neck of which was suspended a cage, carrying the first living voyagers that had yet travelled the air, in the shape of a sheep and two fowls. The success of this journey tempted its projectors into a still more hazardous experiment, and on the 21st of the following November, a balloon was sent off from Paris, to which was appended a car, containing two human beings, the Marquis d'Arlandes, and M. Pilâtre de Rozier. The aerial navigators soon disappeared from the sight of the anxious spectators, and after a voyage of twenty-five minutes' duration, descended in the open country, several miles from the city. Their balloon was raised by means of rarefied air, created by a stove-fire carried in the car, and fed by the voyagers, from time to time, with straw. The machine was seventy feet high, and forty-six feet in diameter; it contained sixty thousand cubic feet of air, and weighed (with all its contents) between sixteen and seventeen hundred-weight. The success of this experiment was deemed so marvellous, that a report of it was drawn up on the spot, and signed by Franklin and several notabilities who were present.

On the 2d of December following, a still more remarkable aerial journey was performed by Messieurs Charles and Robert, junior. They terminated their aerial journey without any mishap; and from his success, M. Charles was led to conceive, as he himself says, 'perhaps a little too hastily,' the idea of being able to steer one's course through the air. This idea, the unsolved problem

of aerial navigation, was at once caught at by the public, and on the very day of the last-named ascent, the Lyon Academy offered a prize of twelve hundred *livres* for the best dissertation on this subject: 'To find the most certain and most simple method of directing the Air Balloon horizontally and at pleasure.' To accomplish this feat is what the empiricists are still striving at.

Whilst these really scientific experiments were going forward in France, a Mr Miller was exhibiting in London a *soi-disant* flying-machine, made in the form of a West Indian crow, with wings acted upon by mechanical power, 'in a perfect imitation of nature.' The turning of a winch gave motion to a small wheel, which then set in action other wheels to the right and left, and gave play to the two wings. 'The person who turns this winch,' says a contemporary of its inventor, 'being seated at the aerial helm, guides, at the same time, a fine spreading tail or rudder, which may be moved with ease (as may the wings) in any direction, perpendicular, horizontal, or oblique. The wings, the pinions of which are formed of steel, so finely tempered by an invention of the ingenious artist that a file will not touch them, are at present covered with crimson silk; but when brought into action, will be covered with the strongest gummed silk. The whole machine weighs five hundred pounds, and will carry three hundred. The artist has been employed upon it many years, at a very considerable expense; for which reason it will not take its flight till a subscription, now going on, to reward the artist for his skill and labour is in sufficient forwardness.' (This was in 1784; and up till the present time Mr Miller does not appear to have 'rewarded the wind' sufficiently to set this machine into motion.)

The success of the Montgolfiers and others had the effect of bringing many new competitors into the field. By the end of 1784, no less than twenty-eight voyages of ærostatic machines carrying human freighters are recorded, of which the most interesting is that of Mr Tytler of Edinburgh, who ascended on the 27th of August of that year in a basket appended to a balloon, and travelled for about half a mile. To him belongs the honour of being the first aerial navigator in Great Britain. Most of these early aeronauts attempted to propel or guide their balloons with wings or oars of various kinds, and although these schemes were necessarily failures, their inventors invariably declared that they were successes. M. Blanchard, who subsequently, in 1810, crossed the English Channel, positively affirmed, in 1784, that he was enabled to guide his balloon by means of the two pair of large wings or sails which were attached to the car. In his account of his third aerial journey, made with M. Boly, in the latter year, he remarks that, when preparing to descend, 'we observed a large number of peasants running towards us, and, as it was impossible to know their intention, we again took flight, and ascended to nearly twelve hundred feet. My wings alone produced this effect, and with great ease. . . . A slight motion enabled us to ascend or descend at pleasure.' Before the discovery of ballooning, M. Blanchard had already made himself notorious by the manufacture of a machine for flying. He tried the invention in Paris, but unsuccessfully, although it is alleged that he raised himself a short distance from the earth with it. Not yet discouraged, he

'made a second experiment,' quaintly records a contemporary, 'by sending off a criminal in the machine from the top of the church of Notre-Dame at Paris.' The criminal, who was condemned to death, was offered his liberty if the experiment succeeded, and, avers our authority, *it was successful*. M. Blanchard then built a flying-boat to carry the despatches for the French government from Brest to Paris; but this project failed to answer his expectations, and it was not until after the balloon exploits of Messieurs Charles and Robert, that he learned how to traverse the air. He must have been somewhat of a charlatan; and his repeated declarations that he directed his balloon at will, prevents us putting much faith in his amusing accounts of his aerial adventures.

The rarefied air which the Montgolfiers made use of was soon exchanged by later balloonists for hydrogen gas: being the lightest gas procurable, it was deemed the best for balloon-navigation, but the difficulty was in finding any suitable substance sufficiently impervious to its escape. Oiled silk, which was generally used, could not retain it; and it was not until Mr Green introduced coal-gas, or carburetted hydrogen, into his balloons, that this great obstacle was overcome. All experiments to apply machinery to direct balloons, and to overcome the currents of air, have signally failed. All these machines are at the mercy of the winds. The muscular power of birds proves conclusively that the strength required to move in the air, or to fly, is so great, as compared with the size of the bird, that no machine could be built that could carry, suspended in the air, machinery enough to propel it.

POISONOUS PAPER-HANGINGS.

Dr Hamberg, of Stockholm, has made some interesting chemical investigations relating to the character of the atmosphere in apartments having the walls covered with papers which contain arsenical pigments. The results of these researches are published in a recent number of the *Pharmaceutical Journal*. The paper of the room in which the experiments were conducted had a light green ground, with an ornamental pattern of brownish-yellow colour; this yellow was probably derived from an ochre, but the green resembled Schweinfurt green, and was strongly arsenical. An arrangement was made for drawing a current of air through a series of U-shaped and bulbous tubes, suspended on the wall. The passage of air was continued from July 16 to August 16, 1873; and it was calculated that during this time about 2,160,000 cubic centimetres of air had traversed the system of tubes. Some of the tubes had been plugged with cotton-wool, whilst others contained a solution of nitrate of silver, and at the termination of the experiment the contents of the tubes were separately examined. The results shewed that there had been an arsenical exhalation. It is only fair to state that none of the family residing in the house suffered any marked injury to health, although Dr Hamberg informs us that after sleeping in a room by the side of the apartment in which the experiments were made, and with the door open, he frequently experienced, on the following morning, a sense of heaviness in the head and a general feeling of weariness.—*Athenæum*.

SEPTEMBER.

INNUMEROUS chills of Winter smite the air;
The fogs rise yellow with the frosty morn;
And, over trampled fields of heaped-up corn,
The rooks sail slowly through the rainy glare.
Only the singing sycamores are bare,
For still the holly, beaded thick with blood,
Flashes a lurid brightness through the wood;
The trailing blossom twinkles from the hedge;

And, from the ivy's hood,
The linnet shrills, at times, an antique tune;
Shy moor-hens grate amid the heath and sedge;
Whilst from the pallid amethyst of noon,
Stares the half-circle of the faded moon.

Deep in the west—a reeling precipice—
Tower the barred clouds, in ever-breasting ranks,
With silent lightnings hovering on their flanks,
Mixed with the windy portents of the skies;
Dark peak to darker peaks of storm replies.
Hourly the meadows and the stubble-fields,
Which shone, awhile, like green and golden shields,
Grow black within the various coloured dusk;

The day wanes pale and yields.
The seared sheep huddle near the sheltering cote,
Up from the pastures comes the smell of musk;
The thistle-downs apast the lattice float,
And dumb is the brown wren's reluctant note.

Now shall the puce-apparelled iris close;
Now by the mosses, on the freshest brink,
Shall primrose and daisy cease to wink,
And from the standard hang the wasted rose.
No more the honeysuckle breathes and glows
On walls that take the freshness of the sun—
Red gables with the frank vine overrun,
Or soft protrusions of nest-riddled eaves,

Where late the grape waxed blue;
The bee broods silent on the heliotrope,
Our orchard paths are red with burnt-up leaves;
Fast clings the spider to his airy rope,
And spans the South the cloudy bow of hope.

Yet, grieve not that the sun and swallows range,
That lilies sicken—birds forget to sing—
That the lorn nightingale, with folded wing,
Plutes not o' nights within the elm-girt grove.
Heaven's will is oft fulfilled in wisest change:
No cloud but has its mission; not a wind,
From Earth's four fixed corners unconfin'd,
But blows as is ordained—not as it lists—

And serves some purpose kind:
For there is wisdom in the laggard day,
And teeming fatness in the leaguering mists—
A star of promise in the densest gray,
And in dead flowers rather coronals for May.

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THE FIRST EARL OF MINTO.

If a notable parliamentary career—if services rendered on special missions—if to have been the friend and adviser of a king, a prince, a princess—if to have known 'everybody'—if to have been the intimate of Nelson, and shared with the hero the kindly mobbing of the crowd—and if a correspondence, in the body of which is to be found picture after picture, in lively colours, of the memorable period at which the letters were written, entitle a departed nobleman to the posthumous honours of publication, then such a title can be fairly claimed for the *Life and Letters* of Sir Gilbert Elliot, first Earl of Minto, whose great-niece, the Countess of Minto, has undertaken to discharge the functions of editorial executrix for the shade of her illustrious relative. It has seemed good to her to stop, at anyrate for the present, at the year 1806, although Lord Minto lived some time and did some good service subsequently; and the reason given for the stoppage is that, at that date, Lord Minto's 'public life in Europe was closed by his appointment to the vice-royalty of India.' A more satisfactory reason might perhaps be found in the fact that, as it is, three volumes have been filled as full of interesting matter as an egg is of meat; and that to exceed three volumes, is to alarm a reading generation impatient of inordinate length.

It was on the 23d of April 1751 that Gilbert Elliot, first Earl of Minto, was born. His ancestors, whether descended, as some say, from a native tribe, or, as others, from a Norman stock, were, as early as the fifteenth century, 'settled in considerable numbers on the Scotch Borders,' and the leading family among them, that of Elliot of Redheugh, was held responsible by the government for 'good rule' in Liddesdale. His father was Sir Gilbert Elliot, third baronet, M.P. for Selkirkshire, and, afterwards, for Roxburghshire, described by Horace Walpole, no friendly critic, as 'one of the ablest men in the House of Commons,' and celebrated, independently of his great personal merits, for his intimacy with David Hume. His grandfather was Sir Gilbert Elliot, the second

baronet, who attained the highest honours of the Scottish Bar; and, on becoming a judge, 'like his father, assumed the title of Lord Minto.' His great-grandfather was Sir Gilbert Elliot, the first baronet of Minto, in whose favour an Act of Forfeiture was rescinded on account of his father's, Gavin Elliot's, sufferings for the royalist cause in 1645 and 1646, and who was 'the first of his name who betook himself to the law as a profession,' doing so, however, with the true Border energy, which carried him, as has already been stated, to the most elevated position. His mother, married in 1747, was 'Agnes, daughter of Hugh Dalrymple Murray Kynynmound, who had assumed these names on succeeding to the estates of the Murrays of Melgund, in Forfarshire, and Kynynmound, in Fyfe.'

The first step of importance in the future Earl of Minto's life was when, at thirteen years of age, he went with his brother Hugh, ten years of age, to Paris, under the immediate tutelage of a young Scotchman, a Mr Liston, who himself afterwards became a foreign minister and ambassador, 'where David Hume undertook a general charge of them.' On their return from Paris, having won golden opinions, the two brothers were sent to Edinburgh, and there they passed the winters of 1766 and 1767, 'in attendance on lectures,' complaining bitterly of the 'dryness' characteristic of certain professors, and 'commenting on the want of time to do anything well where too much was attempted.' At Oxford, whither they were sent in 1768, 'they found no ground to complain of the variety or multiplicity of their studies,' and as for Gilbert, he afterwards, in speaking to his wife about the effect of his sojourn at Christ Church, declared 'that it had a most narcotic influence, and seems to set young men to sleep at some of the most naturally wide-awake years of their life.' To counteract this baneful influence, perhaps, it was that he played cricket vigorously, 'cut capers, stood on his head or his horse's back at pleasure,' as well as 'danced on the tight-rope, and performed other feats at Astley's,' preparing himself by a somewhat unusual course of training for the duties of a

British legislator, and for the part to be played by one who was at a future date to dispute with William Grenville, and afterwards with Addington, the right honourable Speakership of the House of Commons. In 1770 the paths of the two brothers diverged, and they began to 'walk alone;' but we find no further trace of Gilbert until we alight upon a number of little notes, 'so small in bulk that they may have been slipped into a nosegay, or dropped with a glove,' from which it appears that in the gay summer-time of 1772, on the banks of the purling Thames, over the waters whereof so many of 'the youth of England have floated and flirted,' he met his 'match' in Anna Maria Amyand, eldest daughter of Sir George Amyand, Bart., M.P. But, though she was to be the bright star of his life, the course of his love, disturbed by an anxious father, was not smoother than that of true lovers in general; and it was not before 1777, only a week previous to his father's death, that he, at twenty-five years of age, was, with the full consent of his family, married to her who might be truly called his 'affinity.' Meanwhile, he had been called to the Bar, and on the 31st of August 1774, 'recorded the receipt of his first fee.' At his father's death, Gilbert succeeded not only to the baronetcy, but also to the seat thus rendered vacant for Roxburghshire, though he had already, it seems, sat a short time, in 1776, for Morpeth. For the next four or five years 'the young couple were rarely or never asunder,' and 'spent their time between London and Minto.' The year 1780 was a remarkable epoch in Sir Gilbert's life, for it was the date at which he, captivated by 'the great speech of Mr Burke on Economic Reform,' conceived for the orator a feeling of friendship, 'which soon ripened into warm and reciprocal affection.' In September 1786, Sir Gilbert, who had lost his seat on the dissolution of parliament in 1784, was elected by a majority of forty-five for Berwick; and, 'being introduced by Burke and Sir Henry Fletcher,' took his seat on the 24th of January 1787. This, it will be remembered, was the season of the terrible Indian business inseparable from the name of Warren Hastings, and Sir Gilbert was selected to 'move and conduct the impeachment against Impey, for which,' he says, 'nothing but some diffidence in my own nerves, and perhaps application, prevents me from having as human an appetite as anybody; for he is a consummate villain.' It were tedious to go over all the old, well-beaten ground; but it may be worth while to remark, in passing, that Sir Gilbert gives his opinion, and a very favourable one, upon the much disputed question of Sheridan's oratory. This, too, it will be remembered, was the season of poor imbecile King George's mysterious illnesses and other troubles; and the description given of the king's and queen's visit to St Paul's, in 1789, after one of his recoveries, will remind many a reader of a more recent case, in which the whole heart of the nation went up at the same cathedral in thanksgiving for the convalescence of an illustrious personage. In January 1789, on the death of Mr Cornwall, Sir Gilbert was proposed to succeed him as Speaker, but was defeated by Mr Grenville, who had two hundred and fifteen votes to one hundred and forty-four; and, when 'Grenville was to be made Secretary of State, the same year, in the room of Lord Sydney,' Sir Gilbert had 'another battle for the

Speakership,' but was again defeated, this time by Addington, who had two hundred and fifteen votes against one hundred and seventy-four. At this period, Sir Gilbert was employed on confidential service touching the unhappy relations existing between the various members of the royal family; and the portion of his correspondence referring thereto is full of interest and of striking scenes. About ten years later, moreover, he, having then been raised to the peerage, was on such intimate terms, as friend and as adviser, with the lady whose misfortune it was to be married to 'the first gentleman in Europe,' that the letters, or narrative founded upon the letters, relating to her are particularly valuable.

But, to resume the chronological order. At the close of the session of 1789, Sir Gilbert 'determined not to offer himself again as a candidate for Berwick' at the dissolution which, imminent as it was supposed to be, did not occur until the autumn of 1790; and 'by the friendly intervention of Lord Malmesbury,' he had, in the interval, been returned for Helstone. A petition against his return was moved, but was unsuccessful; and he signalled his new membership by moving the House with respect to the abolition of the Test Act. In 1792, Sir Gilbert 'voted with Pitt and Fox for the immediate abolition' of the slave-trade. In 1792 the whole world was looking on in horror at the spectacle of France gone mad; and the correspondence of Sir Gilbert and of his family and friends gives some unfamiliar glimpses of the drama seen from their points of view. In 1793 Sir Gilbert was selected by the government for a service 'peculiarly acceptable to him;' he was to go to Dunkirk—the fall of which was daily expected—for the purpose of settling and ordering the government of the town and its district; and, though the title of his office was not settled, he was to 'represent the king.' Thus began that series of special missions which, whether at Toulon or Corsica, or elsewhere, were conducted with so much ability, and won for him so high an appreciation, that it was announced to Sir Gilbert, during the autumn (of 1797), that the king intended to confer upon him the honour of a peerage; which was subsequently raised still higher, when, during his Indian administration, he 'swept England's ancient rival from the Eastern seas, and added Java and the isles of France and Bourbon to British dependencies,' and for these services was created Earl of Minto and Viscount Melgund.

Some ten years, however, were to elapse before he left England for India; and, during that decade, his correspondence reveals him in the character of an ornament to his order, whether he write as special commissioner at Vienna, or as confidant of the unhappy Princess of Wales, or as the friend, admirer, and mourner of Nelson, or merely as husband, father, and observant man. In December 1806, he sailed for India as Governor-general; and thither his great-niece has declined, for the present, to follow him.

It is impossible in an article such as this to give anything like an adequate idea of the interest and amusement, as regards political, historical, social, and other subjects, that are to be found in the volumes under consideration; and, if we proceed to select samples, the very abundance of riches is embarrassing. Let a few specimens of anecdote, however, be subjoined at hap-hazard.

First, a story brought home by a traveller from Munich, where 'an extraordinary impression, he said, had been produced by certain mysterious relations discovered to subsist between the legations of Great Britain and France. Their respective chiefs . . . met daily at each other's houses, were shut up for hours together; at these times no visitors were admitted; and on any allusion being made to their meetings, the countenances of both ministers were an expression of impenetrable reserve. Nothing could be more clear than that a secret understanding existed between the two great Powers. The court took alarm; all possible machinery, lawful and unlawful, went to work to discover the plot so carefully concealed, but in vain, till the first court-ball revealed the secret. The representatives of His Sacred Majesty of England, and of His Most Catholic Majesty of France, had been taking *dancing-lessons* together!'

Secondly, an anecdote about 'a young nabob,' named Sumner, who was 'to stand for the county of Surrey' and who, 'at a meeting in Surrey,' asked 'Who are these *Russells*? Who has heard of the family of *Russells* in the county of Surrey?' He was 'talking of the *Duke of Bedford's* family.'

Thirdly, something highly characteristic of the famous surgeon, John Hunter, who, having had to attend the Duke of Portland for a broken kneepan, told the duke, 'soon after the accident happened, that he had the greatest desire in the world to know and to see how the kneepan cures itself of a fracture, but that it is almost impossible ever to see the process of nature on the occasion, as it would be necessary to have an opportunity of examining it *before* the cure was complete, and that this could only happen if he had the *good-fortune* to have a patient *die* during the cure, and that he would give anything in the world to have this opportunity. The duke laughed, but told him very gravely that if he should die on this occasion, he assured him Mr Hunter *should have him* to do what he pleased with, and to examine as much as he liked. Hunter says they would have tried the experiment on some capital convicts, but that he does not know how to 'break the kneepan, and that it can only be done by accident.'

Fourthly, a curious extract from a letter about the capture of Louis XVI. and his more noble queen: 'Alas! the poor king and queen were taken, and it is really fact that he would have escaped, but he insisted upon a hot *fricassée* (nineteen miles from the frontier), and in getting out was known. He lost four hours on the road in eating and drinking, and the minute he was taken asked for his supper.' If so, his execution seems to have been almost justified, and scarcely more scurrilous than the killing of a pig.

Fifthly, a notice given on the 4th of March 1785, by the committee of a certain hospital in London: 'Whereas, a report prevails that there is an infectious disease now raging in the hospital, this is to assure the public that every person in the hospital, both servants and *patients*, are in perfect health.'

Sixthly, an instance of want of taste on the part of the celebrated Sydney Smith, who, in the presence of the Prince of Wales, lately become Regent, 'said somewhat pointedly, in the course of a discussion on French morals' under Louis XV., 'that the *Regent* was the most profligate man in

France; and was promptly rebuked by the Prince, who retorted: 'No, Mr Smith; Cardinal Dubois was the most profligate man in France, and he was a priest, Mr Smith.' But, after all, it may have been nothing more than a 'slip' on the part of 'Mr Smith.'

Seventhly, an anecdote about Mr Pitt, called up 'at seven in the mornings' by a gentleman who was supposed to be the reporter of 'a naval victory,' but who 'told Mr Pitt that he had travelled all night from Brighton, that his name was Jenkins, and his business not about the navy, but the army, which he had a plan for recruiting. He had been reading *Picarro*, and was persuaded that Rolfe's first speech was irresistible; that he had read it to numbers at Brighton and to all he met in the way. Every soul felt its power, and had enlisted. Here he produced a list of all their names, and insisted that, if empowered, he could soon raise two hundred thousand men.'

Lastly, a very droll and lively illustration of the Duke of Gloucester's conversational powers: 'I dined and slept on Saturday at Sir George Shee's; a great company, with the Duke of Gloucester at their head. As soon as the cloth was removed, Windham fell fast asleep. . . . This continued till we retired to coffee about nine o'clock, when the Duke of Gloucester singled him out, and took him into a corner of the drawing-room. . . . He remained under this protracted operation *till past twelve*. . . . He was the very picture of Count Ugolino. The Duke of Gloucester is famous for inflicting this sort of slow torture. Sir Evan Nepean dropt down the other day under it on the floor, apparently dead, and being revived by cold water sprinkled in his face and by cordials, as soon as he was a little recovered, *the duke took him again*.'

Such a book, with its inexhaustible mine of something better than mere entertainment, keeps one lingering over it, unwilling to give it up.

'MAKING THE DUMB TO SPEAK.'

ON visiting an institution in London for the education of the deaf and dumb, my first sensation was one of surprise. Entering a room filled with children, I exclaimed: 'They are not deaf!' 'Yes, they are,' replied the superintendent, who accompanied me, and turning towards the children, he inquired: 'Are you not all deaf?' There was a general cry of 'Yes.' 'Then they are not dumb!' The answer was that they were all supposed to be deaf and dumb. I confessed myself fairly puzzled. I was prepared for any amount of skill and rapidity in speaking on the fingers, and I knew that there was a 'sign-language' in use among the deaf and dumb which had been brought to wonderful perfection; but making the dumb to speak with their own tongues, I had hitherto thought, was one of the attributes of a more than human power. I was wrong. The system by which the dumb are actually taught to speak with their own tongues, is not new among ourselves, though it, for good reason, languished in England until some four or five years ago; but in Germany it has been in general use for a long time past, and has been attended with marked success. The principle on which it is based is a very intelligible one.

In deaf-mutes, the dumbness proceeds from the

deafness. A child born deaf does not speak, because it cannot acquire speech in the ordinary manner; that is, by hearing others speak, and imitating them. Thus, the real defect is deafness, though the effect is very generally mistaken for the cause, and there is a common complaint about the dumbness, while the deafness which really causes it is unheeded. The system consists in making the eye supply the place of the ear. Just as in persons born blind, the sense of hearing is developed with extraordinary intensity, so it has been found that in the case of those who are born deaf, the sense of sight can be cultivated till it becomes extremely acute; and by watching the lips and countenance of those who speak to them, the persons deprived of hearing can gradually be taught to understand, by the eye, what is said. This artificial mode of hearing is called 'lip-reading.' It is said to have been invented by a Spaniard nearly three hundred years ago; but his invention was not for a long time turned to account in the treatment of the deaf and dumb. Various other plans have been resorted to. Attempts were made in different countries to remedy some supposed defect in the organs of speech by surgical operations. It was sought to loosen the tongue of the dumb by cutting the ligaments underneath; a process by which these unfortunate creatures were put to unnecessary torture, and in most cases, the organs of speech were mutilated, so that, instead of relief being afforded, positive injury was inflicted. The organs of speech in deaf-mutes are generally quite normal. About the end of the seventeenth century, a Swiss physician named Amman settled at Amsterdam, and commenced practising the lip-reading system, by teaching his pupils to watch attentively with their eyes the changes which came over his countenance and his lips as he uttered words, and then to imitate these changes themselves, before a mirror. He met with great success in Holland; and after his death, the system was introduced into Germany. In that country it has been developed and brought to great perfection during the last hundred years; and it is a Dutchman, Mr Van Praagh, who has chiefly advocated and practised in England that system solely, for some five years past. While, in Germany, all the institutions for deaf and dumb have been conducted on this principle, and its success has been generally acknowledged, we have been in England content to combine it, to a comparatively small extent, with what is popularly called 'finger-talking,' or the 'sign-language.' This last was originated in France, by the Abbé de l'Epée, who conceived the idea of creating a means of intercourse through the medium of signs and gestures. He compiled a complete vocabulary of these signs, and his system was carried to great perfection in France. It was imported into this country; and among other institutions where it is in use, it has been practised with considerable success at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in the Old Kent Road. But both this and the finger-talking have some radical defects. 1. The sign-language varies at different institutions, and therefore cannot become a common means of communication. 2. Any such language consisting of arbitrary signs is only of use among the deaf and dumb themselves, and can never be a medium of communicating to any extent with the outer world. 3. By not using the organs of speech, they become gradually weaker,

for want of exercise, and in a large number of cases the health is thereby injured. Statistics inform us, that a very large proportion of deaf-mutes, taught sign-language, die of consumption.

The lip-reading has, as we have said, for its champion in this country Mr Van Praagh, who at first taught it in a Home for the Deaf and Dumb established by the Jews in Burton Crescent. He has since founded a larger institution (open to all sects) upon the same system in Fitzroy Square. It was at a first visit to the Jews' Home that my astonishment at the successful results which I witnessed found vent in the exclamations I have quoted above. The director then proceeded to shew me the working of the system. For this purpose, two little girls about twelve years of age were called up; and placing himself opposite to them, he began to question them, speaking in an ordinary tone of voice, but slower, and with rather more emphasis than one would use in common conversation. The children fixed their eyes intently on his face, and answered immediately and correctly to everything which he asked. The articulation was peculiar, and somewhat laboured, but not disagreeable, though they spoke in the monotonous tone of those who are making use of a language which is not their own. Lest I should think that the questions which he put to them were prepared beforehand, the director then invited me to speak to them myself on any subject which I chose, only reminding me that I must speak slowly. Accordingly, I did so; and found that, with the exception of one or two words, they understood everything I said, and answered correctly. It was then proposed that I should dictate something to them. A black-board was set up, and a piece of chalk put into their hands, and I slowly repeated several sentences on different subjects, just as they came into my head. The girls wrote them down as I uttered them, without misspelling a single word. I inquired whether they understood the precise meaning of all the words which they wrote down, or whether they might not be familiar with the sounds and spelling without comprehending their import. To satisfy my scepticism on this point, I was bidden to select some word. I pointed to the word 'newspaper,' which occurred in one of the sentences which I had dictated. 'Go down stairs to my room,' said the director, addressing one of the girls, 'and bring me up the newspaper which is there.' Instantly she started off, and returned in a few minutes with the *Times*—thus giving an effective answer to my doubt. These were, of course, some of the most advanced pupils in the school; and in answer to my inquiries, I was informed that they had been under teaching for about eighteen months; but in order that I might thoroughly understand the process, it was necessary for me to see how the beginners are taught. A class was therefore formed of the youngest children, from six to eight years old, some of whom had only been a few days in the school. It will be remembered there are two distinct steps in this system. First, the sense of hearing has to be supplied by the eye, the pupil gathering from the lips and countenance of the teacher what he says; secondly, the pupil, by imitating the actions and expressions which he sees, produces the same sounds, and thus unconsciously learns to speak.

The teacher placed himself in front of the class,

and proceeded first to engage their attention by speaking to one of the elder and more advanced pupils. The other children soon perceived that, as the teacher's lips move, the listener turns round and looks at him, and they, in their turn, fixed their eyes attentively on him. He then began slowly to make the simple vowel sounds, a, e, i, o, u; and after watching the movement of his lips for some time, the children began to imitate it themselves, emitting more or less correctly the same sounds. Then, as they learned to sound each letter, it was written down before them on the black-board, and they were shewn how to form it for themselves—a comparatively easy process. Thus they came, in a surprisingly short time, first to recognise the letter when spoken by the teacher; secondly, to sound it themselves; thirdly, to recognise it when written; and fourthly, to write it themselves. Having witnessed these elementary steps in the teaching for myself, I was informed that the consonants are next taught in the same manner, commencing with the labials which are the easiest to form—m, p, b, &c.; then the gutturals and other consonants; next, the two sounds, vowel and consonant, thus learned, are joined together in some of the simplest one syllable words—such as boy, cat, dog, &c.; and the learners are shewn the objects to which they refer, or representations of them in a picture. Thus they are made familiar with the meanings of the words which they utter, and, as with the letters, the words are written down as they are learned. Such is the simple system by which deaf-mutes are taught to speak. It is based upon the principle, that speech in all human beings is acquired by imitation only. From this imitation, in the usual way, those born deaf are cut off by their loss of hearing; but the failure of this sense can be compensated, and its place supplied by careful cultivation of another—the sense of sight. Speech is the most important element of all instruction, and therefore, until speech is acquired by some means or other, the intelligence must remain undeveloped. From this cause, it has been very common to set down those who are deprived of speech as idiots; whereas, recent experiments have satisfactorily proved, that, in a large number of cases, these unfortunate beings possess a full share of intelligence, which only requires the means of development.

I mentioned to the director that it appeared to me that a combination of the sign-language with this oral teaching might be attended with great advantage. He replied: 'No; that is in direct opposition to our principle. On the contrary, we endeavour to check the slightest tendency on the part of the children to make use of signs. We find that if they are once permitted, the children prefer making use of them, to taking the trouble of keeping the attention fixed for lip-reading; and thus they fail to cultivate the sense of sight in the manner required.' Mr Van Praagh is strongly opposed to the system of keeping deaf and dumb children in homes or boarding-schools; he recommends day schools only, and is in favour of encouraging the freest intercourse with other children. He considers that when they have once commenced to learn lip-reading, they will derive a stimulus to make progress in the art, from the natural desire to associate with others who are not afflicted like themselves. Indeed, the grand advan-

tage which this system claims to possess over the sign-language is, that instead of merely enabling the deaf-mutes to converse in a language understood among themselves, it puts them in a position to communicate with the outer world, and to become useful members of society. For myself, I was fairly astonished at the results of the system which I witnessed during my visit to this institution. To see the deaf understanding what is spoken, in a way that seems to compensate for the loss of hearing, and to hear the dumb speaking with their own tongues, was a novel effect to me; and I think that any one who pays a visit either to the Jews' Home for the Deaf and Dumb in Burton Crescent, or to the Association for the Oral Instruction of Deaf and Dumb in Fitzroy Square, will come away from either of these institutions not less interested and impressed than I was myself.

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

CHAPTER VII.—SELF-BETRAYAL.

FOR some time after David left her, Anne Cairnes felt incapable of fulfilling his behest. His face, his voice, his manner, and his words, had all filled her with bewilderment and dread; the instinctive, ready dread of evil, which is one of the accompaniments of love, and is so much more terrible when love is unavowed and unreturned, because fear is not then permitted to be articulate. What had happened? Was it some great new misfortune, or only a complication of the 'difficulty' at which he had hinted last night? If the latter, it would have been more natural and more consistent with his request for an interview with her, that he should have explained whatever had occurred. If the former, of what nature could it be? Anne's theories of the night before melted away; no money-matters were in question here. Her instinct told her that, if any such had formed the subject of his intended confidence, they had been superseded. By what? That the misfortune which had come so suddenly and mysteriously, to break up the family party at Barnholme, was one involving misconduct of any kind, or ever so distantly implying censure or disgrace, Anne could not imagine for a moment; but yet—she had such vague notions of the duties and obligations of a soldier's life—might it not be some breach of them, unintentional, inevitable; some quarrel, which had led to this summoning of him away, and thrown him into such terrible agitation. The more she thought over it, the more vivid her fears and fancies grew. Only one thing was indisputably plain to her—the explanation she was commissioned to make to Lady Mervyn had no truth in it. No one could more fully credit another with the highest disinterestedness of character, and the noblest capacities of friendship, than Anne Cairnes, who had within herself those grand and rare characteristics; but she had instinctively too much discrimination to be mistaken in imputing the agitation and distress evinced by David Mervyn to a distinctly personal source. Grief, suspense, and terror were in his face and in his tone, and these in a degree of intensity which could only have been evoked by something threatening the most intimately personal of his feelings. If Anne had known just a little more of the world, she might have guessed something near the truth; but

the *broue-moi la femme* axiom was beyond her philosophy, out of her experience.

At length she roused herself, by the consideration, that she was disobeying David's injunction, and that, if she did not compel herself to fulfil it, Lady Mervyn would probably learn from a servant that Captain Mervyn had gone away, and would be both alarmed and angry. So she ascended the rocky path down which she had come with so light a heart, and went into the house, observing as she crossed the turf lawn that the curtains of Lady Mervyn's windows were now unclosed.

It never occurred to Anne to glance at her own face in a mirror, as she passed up the stairs to the long wide corridor on which the rooms occupied by the valetudinarian master of Barrholme and his wife opened; and when Lady Mervyn's maid appeared at the door of the dressing-room in reply to Miss Cairnes's knock, she looked at her in surprise, and asked if she were ill.

'No,' said Anne; 'there's nothing the matter with me.'

'I'm glad of it, ma'am; but you look so pale, and—'

'I am very tired. Can I see Lady Mervyn? I want to speak to her at once.'

Lady Mervyn was with Sir Alexander, who had had a bad night, and was in much pain. Anne could hear his querulous complaining voice from where she stood; but the maid would fetch her ladyship, if Miss Cairnes would come in. So Anne waited in Lady Mervyn's dressing-room, every moment feeling her task increasingly difficult. Presently, Lady Mervyn came, and Anne saw her, for the first time in her life, off her guard, and without her habitual armour of reserve. How worn, troubled, and harassed she looked; how unlike the calm, even stately hostess of the night before!

'Well, my dear,' she began, 'what is it? Fleming tells me you want to see me. Nothing wrong, I hope—nothing to take you away?'

'No, Lady Mervyn; nothing of the kind. But Captain Mervyn begged that I would see you as soon as you were visible, and explain that he has been obliged to leave Barrholme.'

'What!' exclaimed Lady Mervyn, coming close up to Anne, and staring at her in astonishment. 'David obliged to leave Barrholme to-day! Why? Where has he gone to? Who has induced him to go? Very bad taste, I must say.'

'No, no; you are mistaken; he has not gone away with any of the other people; he has gone to London. He told me to say that he thought it better to leave the house without seeing you, lest it should disturb and agitate Sir Alexander.'

Anne was painfully aware that she was not fulfilling her task skilfully, that she was hesitating about the explanation she was bound to give, hindered by her innate sense of its untruth.

'And why has he gone to London? What has called him away in a few hours, on such an occasion?'

There was more anger than any other emotion in Lady Mervyn's tone, and her eyes were very stern.

'Captain Mervyn told me to explain to you that one of his brother-officers is in trouble, and requires his assistance immediately; that his presence was quite indispensable, and he had

not a moment to lose. The message reached him just after breakfast, and he had barely time to catch the coach at the Point.'

To Anne's immense relief, Lady Mervyn did not seem to doubt the truth of the story. She, as Anne remembered, had not *seen* David, had not been able to read its falsehood in his face.

'Very extraordinary, and very provoking, I must say; and just like David to act so impulsively; but I suppose he could not help it. Sir Alexander will be exceedingly annoyed, and I dread anything of an agitating kind, especially just now. He has had a very bad night.'

'He must know, I suppose, that Captain Mervyn has left Barrholme?'

'My dear, he has not seen his son for six months, and expected to have had him with him all this morning. But he must bear the disappointment as well as he can. Did David tell you when he should be able to return?'

'He said nothing at all about it,' replied Anne, who was recovering her composure, under the influence of the unexpected absence of suspicion on Lady Mervyn's part. 'He was very much hurried, and said only a few words.'

'No doubt he will write at once, and tell us all about it—unless the affair be a regimental secret—and also let us know how soon he can return. I hope we shall not be obliged to change the day for our dinner-party; Sir Alexander could not possibly appear, and we must put it off, if David does not get back; but I should think there is no danger of that.'

Anne then withdrew—leaving Lady Mervyn to reflections whose tendency she was far from suspecting—and endeavoured to bring her own looks and her own feelings into harmony with the general composure. But this task was beyond her powers. She was haunted by the conviction that a misfortune had occurred, and that its extension to Barrholme was impending, and though she wrote cheerfully to Marion, making as light as possible of David's desertion, and fulfilled all the duties proper to her position as confidential young-lady-friend on a visit, she continued to look pale and absent all day. Mr Cairnes was going to Manchester on business, and Anne had promised to remain at Barrholme, to help Lady Mervyn through the quite imaginary trial of her daughter's departure. How sorry Anne was that she had consented to do so, how much she longed for the freedom and solitude of her own home! Several days passed by, and no letter came from David to explain his absence or announce his return. Lady Mervyn resented his silence, but, as Anne perceived, without apprehension mingling with her anger. Sir Alexander was too ill to care much about anything but his own sufferings; and he seemed to forget all about his son's absence and his daughter's marriage, in the agonies of a gouty foot. It was a very trying time for Anne, and she would have doubly regretted her compliance with Marion's request that she should remain at Barrholme, had she known that she had betrayed her secret to Lady Mervyn.

The pale face, the anxious eyes, the absent manner, which were the result of many mingled emotions, were imputed by Lady Mervyn to one only—Anne's disappointment at the deprivation of David's society, after attentions from him such

as she had never previously received. To discover that Anne already loved David, was a considerable simplification of the difficulties in the way of the fulfilment of Lady Mervyn's project. Half the battle she counted as won already. Without delay she must set about fighting the other half.

During those days, David Mervyn was suffering tortures of suspense and terror. Lucy, his wife, was in imminent peril of death, and the whole world was, for him, bounded by the narrow limits of the room in which she lay, sometimes unconscious even of his presence, though she would talk of him and to him in the troubled wanderings of her mind. His mother's letters lay unregarded at his club, and he hardly gave a thought to Barholme, and the effect which his silence, ensuing on his abrupt departure, might have produced there. Every faculty of his mind seemed to be absorbed by Lucy's danger, and he could not feel hopeful even when room for hope came, as it did after a week, during which he dreaded the sight of every face, and the sound of every voice, lest the tidings of evil should be there. But her youth and her happiness were on Lucy's side, and she recovered, very slowly indeed, and to a degree of health and strength much inferior to that which she had previously enjoyed. Long before her convalescence was established, David's leave had expired, and he was again doing duty with his regiment, with only the power of seeing her occasionally; and their marriage was still unrevealed to Sir Alexander and Lady Mervyn; a departure from his original intention which needs explanation.

With the relief from his fears for Lucy's life, David Mervyn regained the power of thought, and reverted to the future, and the mind which he had been when he was summoned away from Barholme. He had then resolved to tell Annie Cairnes the truth, and to take counsel with her concerning the best and most considerate manner in which it might be imparted to Lady Mervyn; but circumstances had now rendered this impossible, and he must decide on another line of action. He would not leave Lucy to return to Barholme. Should he write to his mother; or, in the first instance, to Anne? He debated this question with himself as he walked along Pall Mall, dusty, forlorn, in out-of-the-season forsakenness, to his club, where it was speedily resolved by the contents of the first letter which he opened. This letter, a long one, written throughout with the formal carefulness significant of Lady Mervyn's deliberate and decisive character, was dated three days after David's departure from Barholme, and had remained unanswered for nearly a week. With all her love for her son, Lady Mervyn had never laid aside her exacting disposition in his favour, and he was prepared for a tolerably severe criticism of his conduct, and perhaps some sharp and close questioning; so that when he broke the seal, removed the sheets of paper from their envelope, and saw the length to which his mother's letter ran, he prepared himself for a lecture, full of suspicion, and of condemnation, which he was certainly conscious that he deserved.

But he was altogether wrong in his anticipations. Lady Mervyn had evidently accepted, without the smallest misgiving, the reason which he had alleged to Anne Cairnes, and which, he felt assured, had not convinced Anne herself for a moment. She told him how much she and his

father regretted his departure; hoped that the unpleasant affair which had necessitated it, would terminate to his satisfaction and that of his friend; and supposed that he would find it possible to return to Barholme very shortly. No suspicion betrayed itself in these lines, nor any curiosity. He would evidently have no explanation to make of the fable he had invented, so far as his mother was concerned, if, on mature consideration he should decide on concealing the truth for a little longer; a temptation to which he was in danger of weakly yielding. He drew a deep breath of relief unconsciously as he prepared to read further.

CHAPTER VIII.—MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

'Before you return to us, my dearest David, there is a subject upon which I am anxious to write to you fully, and to which I beg you will give your most serious consideration, for I hope, when you do return, you will be willing to meet my views and wishes on the matter. Let me tell you at once that it concerns your future life in its most important interest—marriage. It is not only because Marion has naturally turned my thoughts in the direction of my children's settlement in life, that I am anxious you should follow her example; I have long had the matter in my mind, and I fully intended to have spoken to you upon it; but certain circumstances which have occurred very lately have undoubtedly quickened and deepened my feelings on the point, and rendered it expedient that you should have some inkling of them before you again come to Barholme. It has always been a source of satisfaction to me that you have kept out of foolish flirtations and entanglements of all kinds, for I distrust and dread that sort of thing more than I can express, having seen so many lives wrecked in that way. That you have never been what is called "in love," I feel quite certain, because I know your mother would have received your confidence in that case, as in every other circumstance of your life she has done. I am therefore sure of my ground, and aware that I shall not hurt any special feelings by the indispensable appeal which I am about to make to your good sense. You could not afford to marry a woman without fortune, if, unhappily, you had formed an attachment to one, and I threaten you have been insensibly preserved, by feeling that such was the case, from many temptations. But, on the other hand, you have probably the unfounded and unreasonable prejudice, which so many young men of high and chivalrous honour cherish, against seeking the hand of a woman of fortune, whom, had she been penniless, you might love, and marry, to the lasting happiness of both. Though there is something in this prejudice which inexperienced people admire, it is in reality not admirable, because it is essentially unjust to the very persons whom it would seem to protect and honour; debarring men of honour, principle, and fine feeling from endeavouring to win women of fortune, and so leaving them to the adventurers and fortune-hunters. Not only is there nothing dishonourable, mean, or objectionable in a man of honour seeking a woman of fortune; but if the right and justice of such considerations in marriage among people in our class of society were acknowledged as openly as those considerations are acted on frequently, I

am convinced the gain, in honesty, propriety, and domestic peace would be great. You will ask, why am I dealing in these generalities with you—why am I recapitulating truths which you know as well as I do, and insisting on points on which we are in perfect accord? You shall know why, presently; but, first, I must enter briefly on matters with which I have but seldom, and then but sparingly troubled you. You know that for many years, ever since the sad break-up of his health, your father has given me the management of his money-matters and the control of the estate. I have not succeeded ill in administering what, however, is in reality only a remnant of his property, for we have always had to contend with embarrassments, which I have concealed from your knowledge, not from any want of confidence in you, but because I gladly recognised that you were not of a heedless and selfish disposition, likely to increase such miseries, and I thought it unnecessary to burden your mind with anxiety and trouble. When you return to Barholm, if you wish that the entire state of the property should be set before you, I shall be willing to explain it in detail, and I feel assured you will then appreciate the effort it has cost me to keep up appearances at home, and to make you the allowances (which may not have seemed to you sufficiently liberal) that you have had since you have been in your regiment.

The state of the case, my dearest David, is briefly this: that you are of an age and in a position to marry; that, as our only son, your father and I naturally wish you to marry, and that it is in your power to do so completely in accordance with our wishes, and I am led to hope also with your own. So much am I disposed to think this, that I should have considered it wiser to leave the matter undiscussed, but that I am afraid you might be withheld from doing what I trust you will do, without delay, by your scruples on the subject of fortune; in which case you would be acting foolishly as regards yourself, and cruelly towards another person. Of course, I need hardly say I allude to Anne Cairnes. It was with the utmost pleasure that I noticed your attentions to her at the ball, and the evident response which she made to them. I had never observed previously that you took any special notice of Anne; and though I have often thought that she would be a nice wife for you, in every respect except birth (which, however, is no longer regarded in its former light, and one cannot have every advantage combined), I would not have pressed the point had not your manner given me, as I am persuaded it gave her, reason to believe that you admire and like her. I do not say, my dear David, that I am persuaded you are in love with Anne Cairnes; that would be absurd, however much I may desire that it should become true; but I do say that you have given me ample reason to believe that your feelings towards her are such as to give you a very fair prospect of happiness as her husband, especially as such a marriage would have the blessing of your parents upon it; for Anne is a thoroughly good girl, and that I know, on the best of all testimony, her own, that *Anne is as much in love with you as ever any girl was in love with any man.* I had my suspicions that Anne had given her heart into your keeping, as I watched her dancing with you; but when she came to give me your message, I could no longer have a doubt. She

has been moping, melancholy, and miserable, in spite of all her efforts to keep up, since your sudden departure, and so nervous, that I thought she would have fainted this morning when there was a delay about opening the letter-bag, because my key had been mislaid. And after all, there was no letter from you! Of course, I expected one, and was disappointed; but I had to make light of my discomfiture, in pity for her pale cheeks and quivering lips. Pray, write at once, and assure her, through me, that all is well with you. I will add no more to all that I have already said, except that I am as certain of your father's sentiments in this matter as I am of my own, but that I have not spoken to him about it, because it is not advisable to excite him in any way, even by telling him good news, unless, indeed, it were absolutely a certain and settled engagement between you and Anne, when I could not refrain from telling him. I need not dwell upon the pleasure with which Marian would hear of such an event; and as for Mr Cairnes, what more or better could he desire for his daughter? You have seen enough of the world, my dear David, to know that there is no position more distressing, and which leads to more equivocal and unpleasant situations, than that of a man whose fortune is inadequate to his position, and who is therefore obliged either to do discredit to his rank, or to undergo the constant self-restraint and slavery of keeping up appearances. You have an unexceptionable opportunity of rescuing yourself from either difficulty; and the assurance which I can give you of Anne's feelings will no doubt remove any scruple which may have presented itself to your mind.

When David had finished the reading of Lady Mervyn's letter, two strong and painful feelings took possession of him. He was horribly ashamed of his mother, and he was much distressed by the conviction that what she said was true. He had learned the meaning of love, and the art of detecting its symptoms; and when he recalled the look he had seen in Anne's face as he turned to leave her on the rocky platform, he could not deny to himself that it meant love. He was sincerely, deeply sorry. It never occurred to him for an instant to think that under other circumstances he might have loved Anne. 'Other circumstances' were impossible to his imagination, which, like his heart, was entirely filled by Lucy. He saw how easily and simply his manner to Anne might have misled her, and his mother too (only that he did not believe his mother cared about or believed in his manner), and he deplored it; he knew that he was so completely engrossed with his love and his purpose, that he had never considered what appearance or effect his tone, his manner, or his look might have. Anne Cairnes had merely represented to him a medium through whom, failing his sister, he might solve the difficulty of his position; he liked her; he knew she was good, true, clever, and gentle; but she had no special interest for him; she was only one of many 'nice girls' whom he had liked to talk to and to dance with in the old distant days, impossible of realisation now, when there had been no Lucy in his life. He was 'the moon' of the old verses, 'who shines on many brooks,' she 'the brook' which 'sees but one moon.' All at once David Mervyn realised this, with a shock of severe pain, so genuinely and disinterestedly felt for Anne's sake, that it was some time

before the reflection, that this unfortunate circumstance added another complication to his sufficiently difficult position, occurred to him. He would now have to face, unassisted, not only the avowal of a marriage which would be utterly distasteful to his parents, and indeed regarded by them as disgraceful, but their disappointment about a marriage which had everything to offer, and in the original impossibility of which they would naturally refuse to believe; and the sense, dreadful to any man of honour, that he had wounded a heart which had been given to him. The indignation with which his mother's letter filled him was unbounded; he hated the cold, calculating, coarse indelicacy with which she delivered up to him the secret she had surprised from the girl whose wealth she so calmly proposed to appropriate to their family needs. He raged against the quiet insolence of her assumption that Mr Cairnes would be only too much honoured by being permitted to give his daughter and his ducats for the bettering of the fortunes of Barholm; and he was disgusted at what he regarded as his mother's pretended belief in any regard, on his part, for Anne Cairnes, such as could justify him in asking her to become his wife. The vague admission of pecuniary difficulties did not give him much concern. Lucy would be happy with him, were they ever so poor; he cared less rather than more about money since his marriage; he liked the economy he had been obliged to practise; he would be well pleased to sell Barholm, when it should fall to him; his soldier's life was full of charms for her, and his wife the fulfilment of his ideal. He was happy, happy as one is when the pressure of a great fear is removed; he remembered that he had been anxious when he was going down to Barholm, but that was all over now.

So deeply had David's mind been engaged with the contents of Lady Mervyn's letter, that he had not noticed the others; but after some time he opened them. Only two were of importance, and they also were written by Lady Mervyn, at intervals of two or three days. The first merely expressed surprise and displeasure at his silence, and urged an immediate reply to her preceding letter; the second, which had come by that day's post, was full of alarm and anger. Anne Cairnes was not alluded to in either. David proceeded to answer the three letters at once, in the following terms:

MY DEAR MOTHER—I have been unable to call at the club until to-day, when I received all three of yours in a lump. The business which obliged me to leave you so suddenly has been happily concluded, but I am not at liberty to enter into any details to any one. As for my returning to Barholm at present, you must forgive me for saying that your letter puts that out of my power. I hope your surmise respecting Miss Cairnes is entirely unfounded, and that a meeting between her and myself could not possibly distress or embarrass her in any way; but unless I could be positively assured that you are mistaken, it would be wholly inexcusable on my part to expose her to the pain of seeing me, or myself to the possibility of being misinterpreted. I esteem Miss Cairnes highly, but I never have thought, and I never can think of her in any other light than that of an old acquaintance of my own, and friend

of Marion; and I am satisfied that any interest in which she may have displayed, is to be referred to similar sentiments towards me; but under the circumstances, I consider it due to her to guard her against the possibility of being unconsciously misjudged. I am sure, my dear mother, you will recognise, by what I have just said, that there exists no necessity for my answering your letter in detail. I shall, of course, be very glad to learn anything you choose to tell me with respect to our family affairs, and to meet your views in any way within my power. The way you propose is, in regard to every other woman, as well as to Miss Cairnes, out of my power. I hope you will be able to send me better news of my father's health, and am your affectionate son,
DAVID MERVYN.

'It's not the least use telling the truth as things are now,' soliloquised David as he stepped into a hansom; 'it would do me no good, make them all very miserable, cover that poor girl with confusion, if she really has betrayed herself to my mother's sharp eyes; and Lucy does not care a straw whether she is ever recognised by my family or not.'

BENCHERS.

'Who and what are Benchers?' This is a question which must have occurred to many who, since the Tichborne trial, have read the announcement that a body of gentlemen thus called intended to try a colleague for professional misconduct during the progress of that trial.

In order to understand the position of the benchers in such cases, it is necessary to look backward to the time when the national feeling of England was pronounced unmistakably through the barons' answer, in 1236, to the proposal that the civil law of Rome should supplant the English municipal law: 'We are unwilling to change the laws of England.' At that time, the tide of civil law, introduced by the ecclesiastical followers of the Norman Conqueror, and fostered by their successors, began to turn. Up till then, the English common law, or the law of custom and of local tradition, had been entirely ignored by the foreign government of the Normans. Civilians, or professors of the Roman code, had possession of the universities, of all high legal posts, and of every vantage-point of learning. The procedure in the ecclesiastical courts, from which the highest appeal lay to the court at Rome, was naturally based upon the civil law of the Roman Empire. Ecclesiastics were for the most part the only possible judges in secular courts, and they strove, not unnaturally, to assimilate the practice and procedure in such courts to the like in the church courts. Other reasons apart, they saw in such identification a probability, if not more, of identifying also the appellate jurisdiction in the two systems, and of introducing the papal authority as supreme in each. At all events, they strove by all the means in their power to raise the civil code of Rome, and to depress the municipal common law of England. So earnestly did they work, that in 1236 they were in a position to get the proposal authoritatively put to the English parliament, that henceforth the civil law should guide the administration of English justice. Exclusively masters of the universities, where no other system of law was taught, actual possessors

of the chief legal posts of the day, the Civilians or Canonists deemed themselves powerful enough to propose their legal doctrines for general adoption. The answer of the English parliament, however, was decisive. They would have absolutely none of the foreign element. Good though much of it was, barbarous and illogical as was much in the English law, the barons did not hesitate to cleave to the national, and to reject the foreign scheme.

Till Magna Charta gave a local habitation, as well as a name, to English municipal law, by decreeing that Common Pleas should not follow the person of the king, but be stationary at Westminster, the professors and practitioners of that law were a body without cohesion. By virtue of the Great Charter their profession became fixed, and they themselves capable of incorporation. As matter of fact, they did unite in a brotherhood or guild, and became so powerful as to procure, in the nineteenth year of Henry III., a royal order to forbid all teaching of municipal law except in their own schools. Excluded still from Oxford and Cambridge, where the civil law alone was taught, they founded a university of their own. They bought houses 'between the city of Westminster (the place of holding the king's courts) and the city of London, for advantage of ready access to the one, and plenty of provisions in the other.' These houses were called hostels, or Inns of Chancery and of Court, in which instruction was given, and degrees in English law were conferred by the benchers of the Inns. The degree of Apprentices-at-law, or Letter Barrister, was equivalent to the Bachelor of Civil Law at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge; the degree of serjeant (*serviens ad legem*) was equal with that of Doctor of Civil Law.

In the Inns of Chancery were placed the junior students, 'learning and studying,' says Porteus, 'the originals, and, as it were, the elements of law, who profiting therein as they grew to ripeness, so were they admitted into the greater Inns of the same study, called the Inns of Court.'

To these places of legal learning repaired the best of the English youth. Porteus, writing in the early part of Henry VI.'s reign, says that, in his time, so great was the favour with which these schools were regarded as places of general instruction, that two thousand students, *fili nobilium*, were pursuing their studies there.

The Inns of Chancery seem never to have had a separate existence as law-schools, but to have stood towards the Inns of Court in the same relation that Halls stood towards Colleges in the two great universities. They were at one time numerous, including Clifford's, Clement's, New, Staple's, and Barnard's Inns, which still exist as societies, though no longer attached to the schools of law; and Furnival's, Lyon's, Thavies', and the Strand Inns, which have either ceased to exist, or have passed altogether into private ownership.

The four Inns of Court comprise Lincoln's Inn—a society which had its first head-quarters in the hotel of the Earl of Lincoln in Edward I.'s time—Gray's Inn, and the Inner and Middle Temples. The last two still flourish in the place where formerly the Knights-Templars had their home. In the place where Chaucer's serjeant-at-law dwelt they remain to this day. They survived the sacking and pillaging to which Wat Tyler subjected the quarters of the men of law when he marched into London; outlived the Wars of the

Roses, of which the red and white emblems are said by tradition to have been culled in their garden; came alive, though not unscathed, through the evils of the Civil War, and were foremost in promoting the success of the national revolution.

Charles Lamb, in his delightful essay on the Old Benchers of the Inner Temple, has given us a picture of the benchers in his day, which may well portray some of the brotherhood at this moment. Royal Commissions, the activity of the age, the demand for systematic and more exact teaching in law, have somewhat antiquated the type of which Mr Salt was the representative; the old order has changed, and given place to new, the easy-going methods of study and discipline have yielded to stricter and more rational systems, and the rulers of the Inns of Court are no longer dwellers within their boundaries; yet the bencher, though not the man of Lamb's time, may still be seen in the benchers' pew in the chapel on Sundays; occasionally in the libraries—whereof the present grandeur and size never appeared, even in dreams, to Lamb's heroes—and still more frequently on the dais in the hall, whereto the benchers attain processionally amid bowings from upstanding students, whereto they dine handsomely, and whereto they look down on barristers and students in common hall assembled.

Benchers are elected to that office from the body of the society, but by the suffrages of the existing benchers, and not of the members generally. There is no actual limit to the number, beyond that which convenience suggests; and the practice is, to elect Queen's Counsel who, on receiving that appointment, choose to send in their names as candidates for the bench of their society. Serjeants, and even barristers with stuff-gowns, are eligible, but few are chosen; the former having had hitherto an Inn of their own, whereto all the judges are members; and the latter being rarely of eminence sufficient to warrant their elevation, unless it has at the same time warranted their admission within the bar.

The fees payable on being made a bencher vary with the Inn. From the Report in 1855 by certain Royal Commissioners, it appeared that benchership at the Inner Temple cost £210, or £315 if the candidate were a Queen's Counsel; at the Middle Temple the fees were £250, or £331 in such case; at Lincoln's Inn, only £26, 6s.; and at Gray's Inn, £150 in all cases. In return for these fees, which went to the general funds of the Inn, the benchers had certain advantages in respect of chambers, having a life-interest in a good set at a low rental. They acquired also a right to free and better commons in the hall.

Being thus elected, their functions are to look after and administer the property of the Inn, to see to repairs and buildings, to maintain roadways, preserve the gardens, supply the library, maintain the chapels, and to act generally as the executive of the society which has elected them. These are their duties towards their own fraternity. Towards the public, they have to discharge the duty of providing that fit and proper persons are chosen to represent suitors in the courts of justice, and of regulating, within certain bounds, the conduct of such persons after their admission to the profession. This duty has been recognised as devolving upon the rulers of the Inns of Court from very early

times. Though the societies are voluntary, to them has been committed, by custom, and also by royal warrant, the exclusive privilege of admitting persons to study, and of calling them to the bar, upon such conditions in either case as they may determine.

Upon the benchers' authority over persons once admitted to membership in the society, there is this important limitation, namely, that an appeal lies from their decision to the judges, as visitors of the Inns of Court, in all cases of refusal to call to the bar, or of 'disbarring,' or taking away the right to practice, after call.

There can be no doubt that the public is entitled to the protection of some such authority as is exercised by benchers, when the privileges and functions of barristers are considered. Not only are barristers the exclusively privileged advocates in all causes, but they are responsible for negligence and ignorance in the conduct of such causes. From their body are chosen not only the judges of the land, but many important commissioners, magistrates, revising barristers, county-court judges, and officials in the legal departments. In all these things the public are deeply interested, and have a right to be assured that none but fit persons are likely to be put forward to fill the posts. Hitherto, and for ages past, this assurance has been given by the benchers of the Inns of Court, subject in all their actions to review by the judges, and in the present day also by the tribunal of public opinion. From time to time, complaints have been made of the insufficient training afforded by the societies for students, and of the absence of tests of fitness, both on entry and on call to the bar. Since 1855, however, and still more since 1872, these reproaches have been taken away; and at the present moment a movement is in progress for still more welding the several Inns or Colleges into a legal university, in which the benchers would be the prominent instruments of government.

To the benchers may safely be intrusted the honour of their profession, and of individual members of it. From their decision, in case of error or prejudice, lies an appeal to a tribunal which decides collectively the highest appeals on points of law; and behind this tribunal, again, lies that of public opinion, which, in spite of closed doors and secret conclave, manages nowadays to be perfectly well informed.

HOTEL INCIDENT IN THE RIVIERA.

No one who has sojourned for a while in the Riviera is surprised at the crowds of foreigners that are collected from all parts of Europe into its various nooks and retreats. We English go there to escape mist and fog; the Russians, to avoid extreme cold; the invalid Germans, to put a barrier between themselves and the withering east wind. Some, again, visit it for other than sanitary reasons. Monaco with its gambling attractions entices and detains some, and the mere enjoyment of a climate luxurious even in winter invites many more.

We—that is, my wife and myself—were enjoying a few weeks at one of the large hôtels that are so numerous dotted along this coast. It might have been at Hyères, Cannes or Nice, at Monaco or Mentone, Bordighera or San Remo,

Savona or Pegli; or it might have been at no one of all these.

We had been staying—it is sufficient to say—at the Hôtel du Bon Vivant about a week, when there appeared at the table-d'hôte a very striking personage. As soon as dinner was over, my wife found herself (by accident) near the visitors' book, and discovered that the new arrival had entered himself as the Baron Monteggiana-Tavernelle. We were chiefly English at the hôtel, there was no Italian there, and our acquaintance with the national Burke was limited; so we easily accepted the theory that this lengthy appellation was one of the most ancient titles in the land. We were subsequently informed by the baron that it was Sicilian, which made our ignorance the more excusable.

I don't think it was his title, or, at least, it was not only that, which made us all so charmed with him. It must have been 'his noble bearing, his perfect manners, his evident desire to please, his modest evasion of all topics bearing on his own career, and his handsome face. He was apparently about thirty years of age, his black hair was as glossy as a raven's plumage, and his black flashing eyes betrayed a passionate soul; while his thick mustache framed, rather than concealed a smile that irradiated his intellectual countenance with sweetness and light.'

Such, at least, was the description given of him in one of my wife's letters to my mother-in-law; and I am glad I happened to look into that letter, as it has saved me some little trouble in attempting to describe him in words of my own.

The baron mixed very little with his own countrymen, and, as I ventured to suggest to my wife, seemed rather shy of them. He never went to the public amusements, and declined to subscribe to the *Circolo*. She explained to me in reply, that he was the only nobleman in the place, and was, perhaps, a little haughty towards his compatriots of a lower rank. He had also informed her himself, that he had selected our hôtel for the express purpose of mixing with the English, as he was expecting shortly to receive a government appointment, and for the better discharge of his prospective duties, a little knowledge of English was desirable.

I should have mentioned before, that I only speak my own language; but my wife can converse in Italian with ease and fluency, and the baron very naturally talked with her a good deal, and occasionally condescended to speak to me by her interpretation.

Shortly after the arrival of the Baron Monteggiana-Tavernelle, we were further enticed by another. This time it was a Russian lady, attended by her maid. There were no other Russians at the Hôtel du Bon Vivant, and she appeared to have come there rather from necessity than by choice, as there were no rooms vacant in the inn usually frequented by those of her nation. She declined to enter her name in the visitors' book, and for the first two or three days dined in her own room, and held aloof from the rest of us. This, added to the effect produced by a stateliness not to say grandeur of deportment, and rich sobriety of dress, prepared us all for the discovery which in a few days coaxed out, that she was a Russian princess, a widow, who wished to remain *incognito*, and to live quietly in the enjoyment of an unconventional freedom from

the obligations of nobility—an enjoyment beyond her command at home.

We never fully understood how this oozed out. Her female attendant could understand nothing, and therefore could divulge nothing. The *maitre d'hôtel* assured his guests that he knew no more than the rest of the world; and, by his mysterious shufflings, his self-contradictions, and, above all, by his manner, impressed us all with the firm belief that there was a secret in his possession. This, of course, confirmed the truth of the report, and it became an established fact that the lady was a Russian princess.

After a few days of seclusion, she vouchsafed to make her appearance at the table-d'hôte, and retired with the rest of the ladies to the *Salle des Dames* afterwards. Then it was that the baron exhibited his inborn as well as inherited nobility. He attended to her little wants, placed her an arm-chair by the fragrant wood-fire, and, on receiving her thanks in his mother tongue—his parents' pride had no doubt prevented him from learning any other—he entered into a respectful and courtly conversation with her. There were plenty of other men in the room who could have done it; but the baron was naturally the fittest person to begin; and I will give him credit for boundless self-possession—not to call it impudence.

The acquaintance thus begun, grew with a tropical rapidity. The cold northern temperament softly but quickly thawed beneath the warm rays of Italian sweetness and light. Fragments of their talk occasionally reached the ears of my wife and others who could understand them, from which it appeared that their main topic was the opera.

'Ah, Madame'—he was interpreted to me as saying—'if I could but be honoured with your presence in my box at Florence! The music would be angelic then.'

'The Signor does me a great favour in expressing the wish.'

Yes; it was clear that he was hard hit, and that she knew it, and had no desire to dismiss him. And yet she was in no single point guilty of indiscretion, forwardness, or coquetry, in my opinion.

'That woman,' said my wife, 'is abominable! Look how she hunts that poor man down. I suppose she fancies Sicily a nicer country than Siberia, or wherever it is she comes from.'

'Well, my dear,' I replied, 'it seems to me that the hunting is mutual. Really, I don't see why he shouldn't marry her, if they both like it.'

'She may be a mere tuft-hunting adventuress, for all we know,' said she. 'I don't believe in her.'

'Well, but perhaps he knows more than we do.'

'I don't believe in her a bit. She's hunting him down for his wealth and title, and is as much a princess as I am!'

The season was now at its height, and every room was occupied; the very last attic in the *Hôtel du Bon Vivant* being secured by a German count, the Count Sigismund von Borokopek. He put down his name in the visitors' book like a man, and his whole demeanour was frank, open, and robust. He was extraordinarily fluent in English, as well as in French and Italian; German, of course, was his mother-tongue, a few dialectical peculiarities noticeable in his pronunciation arising, he explained, from the circumstance of his being partly of Austrian, partly of Hungarian

origin; the Borokopek estates being in the vicinity of Tokay.

We now numbered about eighty guests, and began to know one another pretty well; but somehow the count knew us all better than we knew one another before he had been a week among us. He was a big, burly, fair man, so thoroughly British in appearance, and in his general characteristics, as to render it difficult, but for his proficiency in other languages, to believe that he was not a Briton born. He had knocked about the world a good deal, he said. Of the forty years he had passed in it, twenty had been spent in travelling, half of which time had been passed in England, and a good deal of the rest in America. Russia, too, he was acquainted with; and on the strength of that he introduced himself to the princess, and was evidently as much disposed to admire her as the baron himself.

Indeed, before very long, the attentions paid by Count Sigismund von Borokopek to that lady began seriously to disturb the serenity of the Baron Monteggiana-Tavernelle; and in proportion as their rivalry progressed, so did the interest and amusement of the company progress with it.

'My dear Charles,' said my wife, 'isn't she abominable now? She's a regular flirt; and at her age, too!—forty, if she's a day. And after entangling the baron, to go and egg on the count, and all in public too! It's bad enough to make love in public at all, but to do it to two men, one after the other—I say she's simply abominable!'

'Well, but, my dear,' I expostulated, 'they are both making love to her at the same time. You see, the count's castles are much nearer to Russia than Sicily is, so perhaps she prefers to become Mrs Count &c. to the other thing.'

Those of us who were not in love with the princess began to wish the absurd affair at an end. The lady was most unfairly fair to each; for she gave each of them enough encouragement to make them savagely jealous of one another, without going far enough with either to give the other any grounds of complaint. But for her beautiful eyes, I would compare her to a *tableau vivant* of Justice holding the scales. I can, however, safely liken her to Helen; for she was setting by the ears not only the two most interested individuals, but also the whole world about her; and it wanted but a spark to commence a conflagration, certainly an explosion, between those two.

We had an American at the *Hôtel du Bon Vivant*, a quiet, thoughtful man, too much of an invalid to talk much, and very reserved in his manners. We little thought that the dreaded spark would be dropped by him; but so it was.

The baron was describing to a knot of us, including the count, as we were lounging in the entrance-hall after luncheon, his Syracusan villa, with its exquisite gardens. The American was listening with his usual air of abstraction, and quietly interposed a question. 'Did I understand you to say that the Villa d'Aosta in the Strada di Palermo belongs to you?'

'Si, signor; the Villa d'Aosta you speak of is the one. It is mine. It has been in my family for several generations.'

'You've got a tenant there now who's a friend of mine'—

'No, signor; no: I do not let my villa, nor other of my residences.'

'Well, that's queer, I consider,' said the American. 'I came direct from Sicily last month, and a friend of mine was tenant of that villa for the winter, and I staid a day or two with him in that very house. Guess there's some bunkum somewhere!'

Part of these remarks were made in Italian; some ejaculated in English.

'Bugatelle!' replied the baron; 'you are mistaken, signor! It must have been some other Villa d'Aosta.'

'No, it wasn't,' returned the American; 'and for my part I think you are no more baron than I'm Julius Cæsar.'

He certainly looked offended, though happily the last sentence was in English; in fact, he had been so unaccustomed to be contradicted, that it positively confused him. And I could not help noticing that the count looked excessively tickled, as well as triumphant.

That evening, when the baron advanced to attend the princess to the salon, she declined his offer to place the shawl on her shoulders, as he had always done; and in the most perfect manner, without snubbing or putting him down, allowed him to discover for himself that she was utterly indifferent to him. It was just as if the moon were to take the place of the sun, in a quiet and undemonstrative way, with no explanation given.

But, of course, an explanation was to be demanded; and as soon as the dinner was over, the baron sought, and obtained, a *tête-à-tête* in a corner of the Salle des Dames. We all had the decency to read *Gaius*, or play bésique, or otherwise to throw a veil over our curiosity, as we anxiously watched the development of the plot, and tried to hedge our bets before it was too late.

Suddenly the baron started to his feet, and uttered a loud execrative exclamation, which I decline to translate. His soul now most clearly betrayed its passionateness, but there was rather more light than sweetness in his eyes as he glared round the room in search of the hapless American.

We all sprung to our feet too; the ladies near the door rapidly retreated, and the men looked at one another, half-amused, half-angry.

'If I knew who had poisoned the mind of Madame, I would "dilaniate" him—tear him in pieces,' shrieked the baron. 'That viper of an American!'

'It was not the American,' answered the count, coming quietly out of a recess; 'I told Madame what he had discovered.'

The baron so far forgot the perfectness of his manners and evident desire to please as with his open palm to slap the count on the face. But in another second he found himself in that physical checkmate known as Chancery—he had got his head under his rival's left arm, who was holding it down to a convenient level for the right hand to bob his nose—and there, before the princess, in the Salle des Dames, was being displayed a scene from the British ring; chairs and tables going everywhere, as the quadrupedal monster performed its erratic revolutions, amid the screams of women, the shouts of men, the groans of the maître, and the indescribable cries of astonishment uttered by the whole staff of the hôtel, which had been gathered together at the door by the first exclamations of the baron.

The Anglo-Saxon nationality having, in spite of the principle of non-intervention, separated the Latin and the Teuton, the defeated combatant was assisted to his room, and looked to by an English doctor who happened to be at the hôtel, and who reported that, with the exception of a couple of broken teeth, nothing of consequence was to be apprehended beyond a further requisition of his services at a rencontre of a different character, which, however, would not be possible for some little time, owing to a difficulty his patient had in seeing. And the next morning we found that the maître had given the baron notice to quit the Bon Vivant forthwith; and so we saw no more of the Baron Monteggiana-Tavernella.

In ten days or so, the count received a letter from him, dated at Florence. In it the baron demanded satisfaction, and required that the count should meet him at Florence, or, if more convenient, at Rome. In reply, the latter expressed his readiness for an interview, but positively declined to fatigue himself with an unnecessary journey. The affair could very well be settled in the place where it began. The letter was carefully and fully directed, registered, and posted by the count himself.

In the ordinary course of events, an answer was due in four or five days at the farthest; but a fortnight passed without any, and at length he received the following, dated from Rome:

'SIR—I beg to acknowledge the honour which you have done me by addressing a letter to me at my house in Florence; and must apologise for my inability to understand it. Your name is strange to me; I was never in the place from which you write; I have not been in Florence for several months; and I must conclude that there is some mistake. It is possible that my name has been assumed by a scallywag who robbed me last year of several private papers and a considerable sum of money, but whom I could not conveniently prosecute.'

Then followed a description which tallied exactly with the appearance of our baron. It seems that the letter being registered, had been sent on to the real baron at his residence in Rome, instead of being delivered to the false one at the address given by him at Florence.

The princess was, no doubt, overwhelmed with shame at finding that she had been encouraging a valet instead of his master; for she at once admitted the count to the privilege of paying her more attentions than ever. I think too she really liked him. Anyhow, he had proved himself substantially able to protect her; and the scuffle with his rival had in no degree lessened him in her esteem.

Of course we were not behind the scenes; and could only judge of the probable course of events by such little evidences as chance might throw in our way; but it was rumoured that the marriage was to take place from our hotel before Lent.

'The sooner the better,' said my wife: 'if another man comes forward with better prospects, she'll throw over the count, just as she did the baron.'

'But you see he wasn't a baron, my dear,' I remonstrated: 'not a real one, I mean, as the children say.'

'Well; and perhaps this is not a real count.'

'Dear me! what a joke it would be if he turned

out to be somebody's butler! I wish some Yankee would come and ask him a little about his place. We want a little life here just now."

That day we had another fresh face at the table-d'hôte; this time, an Englishman's. He was very taciturn, but liked to look at the company and to listen to the conversation, and was much struck with the count. It occurred to me, too, that the count noticed him a good deal, so much so as to refuse some of the choicest dishes. But no one conversed with the stranger, and after dinner he retired to his room—the baron's old room—and we saw no more of him till the next day at dinner. There was the same curiosity on the part of the count, who, by the way, spoke German exclusively now; but the stranger was absorbed in his dinner. Afterwards he strolled into the billiard-room to smoke a cigar.

By-and-by the count and I went in to have a quiet game, and there we found the new arrival comfortably loling in an ample rocking-chair by the fire.

The count played badly, missing the easiest strokes. 'You're off your play to-night, count,' I said; 'what's the matter?'

'Don't mind me, gentlemen,' said the stranger; 'I hope my being here don't make the count nervous'—he put a very remarkable emphasis on the title—'I don't play the continental way myself, though I do see a good many queer games at odd times. Now, was you ever in Scarbro', sir?' addressing the count.—'No! Leeds?—No! Hull, where the steamers start for Bremen?—No! Manchester, perhaps?—No! Not been to Manchester? Then?'—(He had been sidling gradually nearer and nearer to the door as he talked, and was now between it and the count) 'Then suppose you and I go back together, Mister Alexander Jenkinson, on this warrant I've got against you, for forgery of a cheque on Gleeson's Bank at Manchester for three thousand five hundred pounds! O yes; it's all right, and it's no good making a row. My name's Inspector Rawlings of the detective police, and me and my man here have had a pretty hunt after you; he and the gens d'armes are waiting for you outside the door.' Poor princess, with two strings to her bow, and both of them rotten! Still my wife wouldn't pity her yet.

'But, my dear,' I expostulated, 'the poor thing will have to marry some Russian now, perhaps a Laplander, or one of those fellows that drink train-oil with their dinner. And she such a monstrous fine woman too, to say nothing of her rank.'

However, we had but little further call on our sympathy, for the next day she left the hôtel.

'So the princess is off,' I said to the maître the same day, while paying my weekly bill.

'Monsieur said?'

'I said the princess is off—gone, *allée, sortie, partie*, you know.'

'Oui, oui; but then, the princess: who does Monsieur wish to say, princess?'

'Why, of course the Princess of—well, the Russian princess that didn't marry the baron or the—'

'Ah, bah! Who would call her a princess?'

'Why, you made us believe she was,' I indignantly rejoined, 'by making-believe she *wasn't*.'

'But Monsieur remembers without doubt that I said she was not princess?'

'So you did; but there's a way of saying no and looking yes.'

'Pardon, Monsieur! The lady desired repose and to be in particular; and I, I assisted that she should so be.'

'Well—now she's gone in fact, *what* is she?'

'Monsieur, she is teacher of the dance at Marseilles.'

ECCENTRIC EXHIBITORS.

THE International Exhibition at South Kensington has this year produced very little effect upon the public mind. The novelty of such exhibitions is gone, and the panderers to the public taste for something new have introduced cat-shows, donkey-shows, and even exhibitions of barnaids. King Koffee's umbrella, exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, has received the palm in popular estimation, partly because of its cumbrous, unscientific formation, but more probably on account of its novelty, and of the parade made about it in the newspapers as the greatest trophy of the Ashantee war. It has, however, been suggested that the eccentric exhibitors whose articles were rejected in the great International Exhibition of 1862, should now have an opportunity of shewing to the world the wonders of their imagination or the peculiarities of their mind; and though with no desire to further this object, we give a few of the proposed contributions rejected by the Commissioners of the 1862 Exhibition.

A lady sent a stuffed cat, which she said lived to be fourteen years of age, and was known to have killed during his life 3270 rats. It followed its mistress for miles, and would seize a rabbit now and then, and place it at her feet.

A man dating from Willenhall, Staffordshire, whose name we withhold, wrote as follows: 'Oi dont no if hanemals is to be showd but if they be, oi got a dog, a bull dog, has anson has paant and he wul kill rats again oiy hanimal the furrinners can bring—and there be chaps here has will fund money to back em—All oi wants his a chance at thim furrinners if they be goin to bring dogs oi mnst bring em mysel and if you be ready oi am—he as kilt 60 rats in 20 minits and that as moor on oiy furrinners can do—you be save oi backing a me—send enuff munny to pay me railwa and oi wull be wi you.'

A number of hideous stuffed monstrosities were sent—cats with three heads, dogs with six legs, half-dog, half-cat, calves with six eyes, four eyes, and numerous other *lusus nature*; but the office of the Exhibition had not been open many months when an American gentleman called to make a proposition of a still more 'advanced' description. He was the fortunate possessor of the embalmed body of Julia Pastrana—a poor creature, half-baboon, half-woman—who created a sensation in England a few years before; and he thought that arrangements might be made with the Commissioners to shew this dead wonder at sixpence a head. He seemed much astounded when his offer was refused.

A lady wrote to say that she could procure the identical shirt that Charles I. was executed in. It was composed of the finest possible cambric, most elaborately worked, and had been handed down to her from early ancestors; but unfortunately it was then in the hands of the pawnbroker,

who had advanced ten pounds upon it. If she could receive this sum, and a further amount sufficient to buy a glass case for it, this would prove one of the greatest attractions in the Exhibition, and shew how superior was the needle-work of that age to any produced at the present time.

Another lady sent a large sheet of cardboard on which only black marks were visible, without any outline that could be understood. She wrote: 'This gentleman is done with charcoal—charcoal, no drawing-pencil, simply charred wood. I want it exhibited, to shew to the world that woman's mind is superior to circumstances, and that I, a woman without means, am superior to Michael Angelo.' The Commissioners sent it back with the curt remark: 'With thanks; but no space.'

A man who was evidently ahead of the time—for no one had then talked about cremation—wished to exhibit an apparatus by which a hundred pounds of animal matter could be reduced to dust by six pounds of charcoal, in a few hours, without causing an offensive smell. 'This,' he said, labelling a small packet containing a few ounces of dust, 'is all that remains of a large dog.' The Commissioners were at a loss to see the utility of his invention at that period, and therefore refused to allow him space.

The smallest contribution which was declined was a penny loaf of the year 1801. The applicant for space to exhibit this loaf said that he believed it to be the oldest piece of bread in the world. He had offered it to the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, and he now offered it to the Commissioners of 1862. It was purchased by the applicant's father sixty years before, when wheat was selling at a guinea a bushel; and for the purpose of preserving it as a specimen of very dear bread, a string-net was made, in which it had been encased ever since.

A thoughtful friend of the Commissioners sent a number of small physic-powders all the way from Baden-Baden. They were as carefully directed as medicine packets usually are, and were intended to repair the exhausted constitutions of the over-worked officials.

A Norwegian sent a chart of the earth, to prove that it was not round, but flat; and asked that space may be given him to lecture in, when he would shew how blind all the learned men had been on this subject, and would teach the rising generation truths that it would be worthy of the Exhibition to unfold.

One person, on the other hand, asked that space should be given him to suspend a pendulum by a link a hundred and twenty feet long, and the said pendulum should shew the earth's diurnal movement. This was to some extent carried out at the Paris International Exhibition, where a pendulum weighing upwards of a ton was suspended by a thick wire, with numerous swivels upon it; underneath, the hours for day and night were marked, and the pendulum being set going when the sun was at his meridian, it marked the time accurately, apparently changing its motion, but in reality continuing its action from north to south, by means of the swivels; the presumption being that the surface had changed its position, shewing the earth's rotation.

One gentleman, a Frenchman, of a poetic turn of mind, wished to put the whole official catalogue into flowing verse, and to work up all the minutes,

documents, and decisions of the Commissioners into an epic poem.

Of the thousands of applicants for space, some professed to produce glass eyes so true to nature that none could believe them to be artificial; others asserted that they could produce wings superior to the natural hair, and that whiskers and moustaches could be so fixed upon the face as to give a hirsute appearance to the most barefaced individuals. There were coffins of the most indestructible character; and specimens were absolutely sent of embalmed bodies, to prove how mortal flesh can be preserved from decay. Lastly, there was an applicant for space who had the elixir of life, and only wanted an opportunity of some one dying suddenly within the Exhibition building to prove the miraculous power of his mixture.

As to persons who had found out the science of perpetual motion, there were at least a score; and of men who were prepared to invent a system of flying through the air, almost as many. One gentleman was so enthusiastic upon this subject, that he wished to exhibit an aerial machine in action under one of the great domes, where he thought he could spring up and down like an acrobat in a gigantic baby-jumper. When his offer was politely declined, he as politely thanked the Commissioners, feeling that their object in refusing him permission to exhibit was only to save him from making a great personal sacrifice in preparing his machine.

We could give numerous other instances of would-be exhibitors, but have said sufficient to prove that it would not be difficult to get up an exhibition of their inventions all to themselves.

CURE FOR A GROWING EVIL.

WHILE crimes generally have been diminishing in number, owing to the influence of reformatories, industrial schools, and other agencies, there is unfortunately one species of crime which appears to be so greatly on the increase as to have become a kind of public terror. We refer to cases of personal violence. Attacks on the person used to be assaults not of a particularly grave nature, often occasioned by drunken brawls. Now, they assume a demoniac ferocity. Cases of husbands knocking down their wives with poker, and kicking them in a brutal manner while they are down, are mentioned in almost every newspaper. Kicking—a very un-English, because unmanly, outrage—has become alarmingly common. It often seems to be committed for no visible reason but a love of mischief. Perhaps it is thought to be good fun. If a rib be broken or an eye smashed by the heavy point of an iron-shod boot, or some other grievous harm done, the fun has doubtless an additional zest.

One thing surprises us considerably. It is the cool way in which magistrates deal with these brutalities. A crime which should be visited with marked severity is frequently treated with a degree of leniency altogether incommensurable. We remember when stealing to the value of forty shillings was punishable by the gallows. Now, a monster of depravity who, in the wantonness of mischief, maims a helpless fellow-creature for life, is let off with a few months' imprisonment—the selection with good fare being perhaps rather agreeable than otherwise. The law may be imperfect; but

if it is so, magistrates and judges certainly make no attempt at providing a remedy. In this dearth of judicial feeling, we are glad to see that that potent engine of public opinion, *The Times*, has spoken boldly out on the subject. Referring to a case of peculiar atrocity, the writer proceeds: 'The victim was an old man perfectly inoffensive. He was sitting quietly with his wife at home, when two or three ruffians entered the house, knocked out one of his eyes, threw him on the ground, and, not merely kicked him, but poured lime over his face and into the bleeding socket of his eye. In another case, a quiet, well-behaved man of middle life was, without the slightest provocation, attacked in the street and kicked to death in the presence of his wife. We need not prolong the horrible catalogue. It has provoked the special animalaversion of the judges, one of whom has lately thought it seasonable to urge that no punishments will repress such atrocity, and that we must appeal to the civilising influences of education. We have grave doubts respecting the correctness of this sentiment under any circumstances, and we have none at all respecting its inappropriateness at the present moment. The ruffianism of which the cases we have quoted are but illustrations, is an outbreak of the most brutal passions of our nature. Men seem to be simply seized with a furious passion for violence and murder. Any victim will serve their purpose, and they fall upon the first that comes before them, and kick him, or even her, to death. Now, what renders the observation of the judge so singularly misplaced, is the manner in which offences of this class have been dealt with by the magistrates. In the case to which we have more particularly referred, the principal offender was sentenced to imprisonment for thirteen months. The punishment is absurdly inadequate to the offence. It was not due to any self-control on the prisoner's part that his deed did not actually amount to a gross form of manslaughter, and, at all events, it involved some of the worst characteristics of that offence. But if the prisoner had been convicted of some slight robbery from the person, he would in all probability have been sentenced to a far heavier punishment. We are at a loss to understand for what reason magistrates persistently take what seems to the public so perverse a view of the relative deserts of crimes of violence and of dishonesty. Offences against property are punished with unsparing severity, while brutal offences against the person are treated as comparatively pardonable. It is a view of the matter which is equally unjust and mischievous. Crimes of violence are offences against the primary law of human society. A man's safety in life and limb is his first right and his first necessity. His property, if lost, may be recovered; his good name, if slandered, may be vindicated. But if his eyes are knocked out, or his limbs broken, or he is kicked until within an inch of death, an injury is inflicted on him which is perfectly irreparable. The first characteristic of savage society is its violence, and men are reverting to the state of brute animals when they become addicted to such crimes as we have recently reported. In fact, murder is the most heinous offence known to the law, and these crimes are nearer to murder than any others which can be committed. They are, in fact, worse than manslaughter even when they do not actually amount to it. Manslaughter is often an offence

committed in hot blood, without any deliberately vicious intention. But men who under some drunken or brutal impulse kick another to death, display, for the time, a deliberate malice of the most inhuman character. Societies would fall to pieces, and cities would be uninhabitable, if such offences became common. We know not whether any technical rule of law operates to prevent magistrates recognising these obvious principles; but if it does, it should be as speedily abolished as possible. There is nothing against which protection ought to be more amply afforded than offences against the person; and we regret that even a passing opinion should have been authoritatively expressed tending to obscure this claim of justice.'

Let us hope that, encouraged by these outspoken remarks, the press generally will take up the question, and permit no case of magisterial weakness to escape the censure which it deserves. More than this, however, is necessary. The criminal law must be strengthened. As garroting for purposes of robbery has been almost extinguished by the punishment of the lash, there is good reason for believing that the brutal maltreatment of women and other defenceless persons might similarly disappear by smartly whipping the offenders. In short, we must look to lashing as a remedy for a great and seemingly growing evil. We venture to say it would work wonders on those coarse natures which are impervious to sentiment. W. C.

THE FUCHSIA.

WITHIN the mountain lodge we sat,
At night, and watched the slanted snow,
Down headlong over hill and moor,
And heard, from dell and tarn below,
The loosened torrents thundering slow.

'Twas such a night as drowns the stars,
And blots the moon from out the sky;
We could not see our favourite larch,
Yet heard it rave incessantly,
As the white whirlwinds drifted by.

Sad thoughts were near; we might not bar
Their stern intrusion from the door;
Till you rose meekly, lamp in hand,
And, from an inner chamber, bore
A book renowned by sea and shore.

And, as you flung it open, lo!
Between the pictured leaflets, lay—
Embalmed by processes of Time—
A gift of mine—a fuchsia spray—
I gathered, one glad holiday.

Then, suddenly, the chamber changed,
And we forgot the snow and wind;
Once more we paced a garden-path,
With even feet and even mind—
That red spray in your hair confined.

The cistus trembled by the porch,
The shadow round the dial moved:
I knew this, though I marked them not,
For I had spoken, unproved,
And, dreamlike, knew that I was loved.

Sweet wife! when falls a darker night,
May some pure flower of memory,
Hid in the volume of the soul,
Bring back, o'er life's tormented sea,
As dear a peace to you and me.

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STORY OF THE COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

THE Maxwells, in days bygone, were the most powerful family in the western part of the Scottish Border. One of them, Lord John Maxwell, was, through royal favour, created Earl of Nithsdale in 1685. He was a bold and audacious man, overbearing and unruly, and for a time was the torment of the whole south of Scotland. His successors were less marked in character. If they were more peaceful, it was perhaps because the scope for feudal broils and political confusion had been vastly diminished by the union of the crowns. Attached to the Stewart dynasty, they were steady royalists, for which predilection they suffered forfeiture of title and estates in the person of William, the fifth earl. This young nobleman, having proceeded to St Germain to do homage to James II, there fell in love with Lady Winifred Herbert, youngest daughter of the Marquis of Powis. His devoted affection met with a favourable response. The two were married in 1690; the young earl carrying away his bride to his mansion of Terregles, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

Settling down at this fair scene—noted for its fine gardens—the Countess of Nithsdale had a family of five children, three of whom died in infancy, leaving a son, Lord William Maxwell, and a daughter, Lady Anne. With these surviving children she was living peacefully, expecting no overturn in affairs, when the madly conceived and badly conducted rebellion of 1715 broke out under the Earl of Mar. Lord Nithsdale joined the insurgents; and was taken prisoner at Preston, along with Lords Derwentwater, Widdrington, Wintoun, Carnwath, Kenmure, Nairn, Charles Murray, and many other persons of note, all of whom were forthwith conveyed to London. They were introduced into the city in a kind of triumphal procession, which was much less dishonourable to the unfortunate sufferers, than to the mean minds who pandered to the passions of the mob by planning such an ignoble triumph.

When the prisoners had reached Barnet, they were all pinioned with cords like the vilest criminals. At Highgate they were met by a strong detachment of horse-grenadiers and foot-guards—halters were put upon their horses, and each man's horse was led by a private soldier, and their ears were stunned by the drums of their escort beating a triumphal march, and by the shouts of the multitude, who loaded them with every kind of scurrilous abuse and insult. In this manner they were led through the streets of the city, and divided among the four principal prisons, the noblemen being secured in the Tower.

They were not long suffered to remain in uncertainty regarding their fate. On the 9th February 1716, they were tried by the House of Lords on a charge of armed rebellion. They could only plead guilty, and throw themselves on the royal clemency. They were condemned to death, and their execution as traitors was appointed to take place on Tower Hill on Wednesday the 24th of the month. In compliance with an opinion expressed by the House of Lords, the king commuted the punishment so far as concerned Carnwath and Widdrington. As regards Lords Derwentwater, Kenmure, and Nithsdale, the law was left to take its course.

During the insurrection, the Countess of Nithsdale remained quietly with her two children at Terregles; but on learning that her husband had surrendered, and was a prisoner, she resolved, at whatever risk, to join him. The season was the dead of winter, travelling was difficult, an infant daughter had to be taken charge of, and some family papers were to be secured. In the exigency, the countess buried the papers in a corner of the gardens, and committed her child to the care of her sister-in-law. This lady, known in her young days as Lady Mary Maxwell, was a daughter of the fourth Earl of Nithsdale, and had married Charles, fourth Earl of Traquair. Having made such arrangements as were possible in the circumstances, the Countess of Nithsdale set out on horseback, attended by her faithful maid, Cecilia Evans. Thus she travelled as far as York, where she procured a seat in the stage-coach, and was obliged to

leave Evans to continue the journey on horseback. After all, the coach was of little use. On arriving at Grantham, it could get no farther on account of a snow-storm. The countess, writing from Stamford to Lady Traquair, says: 'The snow is so deep it is impossible if [the coach] should stir without some change of weather; upon which I have again hired horses, and shall go the rest of the journey on horseback to London, though the snow is so deep that our horses yesterday were in several places almost buried in it. . . . To-morrow, I shall set forward again. Such a journey, I believe, was scarce ever made, considering the weather, by a woman. But an earnest desire compasses a great deal with God's help. If I meet my dear Lord Will, and am so happy as to be able to serve him, I shall think all my trouble well repaid. . . . I think myself fortunate in having complied with your kind desire of leaving my little girl with you. Had I her with me, she would have been in her grave by this time, with the excessive cold.'

Animated by an heroic ardour and self-devotion, the countess endured a degree of suffering to which many succumbed; she at length reached London in safety, but so overcome with fatigue and exposure, that she lay several days in bed. Her first endeavour was to procure admittance to the Tower; and this, after some difficulty, and under certain restrictions, she obtained. It was a joyful, but also a melancholy meeting with her husband. Only a few days were to elapse before the execution, and if not saved by an interposition of the royal authority, the fate of the earl was to all appearance sealed. The countess, of course, spared no pains in making an appeal for mercy. She went to St James's Palace, had an interview with the king, to whom on bended knee she presented her petition. Not much to the credit of George I., he turned from her, while in an agony of feeling she clung to the skirts of his coat, and on her knees was dragged along a passage, until she fell back fainting. It was a miserable scene. The petition dropped to the ground in the struggle, and was unavailing.

The attempt was discouraging, but hope had not altogether vanished. There were certain proceedings in the House of Lords which offered a chance of the sentence being remitted. The conclusion at which the House arrived was practically this: that the king should exercise the prerogative of mercy only to those who would voluntarily give such information as would be serviceable to the government. In short, pardon was to be granted to none but informers. Hopes could no longer be entertained. Lord Nithsdale would disdain to be an informer. His lady could not wish him to be so, even to save his life. There was now nothing left to evade the execution save an attempt at escape. Pondering on all the circumstances, the heroic countess could fall on no plan likely to be more successful than that of smuggling the earl out of the Tower in women's clothes. It was an ingeniously conceived project, and entered upon with, till then, a matchless degree of skill and resolution. There was little time to lose. In two days the execution was to take place.

Resolved to carry out her plan, the countess, as a first step, rushed to the Tower, and, referring to the proceedings in the House of Lords, gaily remarked to the soldiers on guard that there were good news, and that the sentence on the prisoners

would soon be remitted. She further gave them money to drink the health of the king and the peers. Her object was to put them in good humour and lessen their vigilance, and she did so without raising any suspicions of a trick being contemplated. The earl was judiciously kept in ignorance regarding the scheme devised for his escape; much, as the countess thought, depending on the perfect secrecy with which it should be carried out. Besides, from all we can learn, Lord Nithsdale was not particularly brilliant nor reserved in character, and we might say that he presented the far from unusual instance of a somewhat dull and selfish husband united to a clever and wholly unselfish wife. That a very high sense of duty and affection animated the countess in this extraordinary effort, cannot be doubted. Until our own times, when Madame Lavalette resorted successfully to the scheme of effecting her husband's escape from execution, there was no case at all to compare with the wifely devotedness of the Countess of Nithsdale.

The manner in which she accomplished her object, has, in a general way, long been known. It is only now, however, that we learn the particulars in all their minute fidelity from the *Book of Carlewarrock*, a work in two large quarto volumes, printed for private circulation, consisting of a collection of family papers, edited by W. Fraser, an eminent Scottish antiquary and genealogist. Among the mass of letters contained in this remarkable work, is one written by Lady Nithsdale to her sister, Lady Lucy Herbert, detailing the circumstances of the escape, and for the first time copied without any attempt at smoothing asperities of language. What we have now to say, therefore, is very much a condensation of this interesting document, which is still happily preserved in the library at Terregles.

In her enterprise, the countess did not trust entirely to herself. She found it expedient to seek the assistance of Mrs Mills, at whose house she lodged, and also Mrs Morgan, a friend of her maid, Evans. On the morning, next before the intended execution, she said to Mrs Mills, confidentially: 'Finding now there is no further room for hope of my lord's pardon, nor longer time than this night, I am resolved to endeavour his escape. I have provided all that is requisite for it, and I hope you will not refuse to come along with me to the end that he may pass for you. Nay, more, I must beg you will come immediately, because we are full late!' Thus besought, and having no time for consideration, or for raising objections to the scheme, she consented to render the assistance required of her; a sense of pity overcoming any apprehension in being concerned in aiding the escape of a convicted traitor. So much being settled, the countess turned to Mrs Morgan, and requested her to put under her own riding-hood another which she had provided. All these now stepped into a coach Evans had brought to the door. They drove to the Tower, and fearing that her two companions might retract, the countess took care to keep up an incessant talk until they arrived at their destination.

Having got within the Tower, the coach was dismissed, and the critical part of the drama commenced. As only one person could be allowed to accompany her on her visit, the countess left Mrs Mills in the vestibule, and took Mrs Morgan upstairs to the earl's apartment, talking to her, in a

tone to be overheard, as to the probability of a pardon being granted, on presenting a petition which she had with her. When within the chamber, Mrs Morgan divested herself of the spare hood, and was dismissed with the request: 'Pray, do me the kindness to send my maid to me that I may be dressed, else I shall be too late with my petition.' Mrs Mills, who represented the maid, speedily entered the room, holding, as previously arranged, a handkerchief to her face, as if to conceal her tears; by which manoeuvre the guards did not see her countenance. Now took place a rapid but ingeniously executed transformation. There being no time for the earl to have his long beard shaved off, it was daubed over with some white paint, the cheeks were tinged with rouge, and some yellow colouring put on his dark eyebrows. He also tried on Mrs Mills's riding-hood, or more properly cloak, which on going out would effectually shroud his person. It was no part of the countess's design to leave Mrs Mills in the apartment, after the departure of the earl, for she could not tell what might be the vengeance of the government on finding that the prisoner had escaped. She now, therefore, dismissed Mrs Mills, speaking to her so loudly as to be heard by the guards in the ante-room: 'Dear Mrs Catherine, I must beg you to go in all haste and look for my woman, for she certainly does not know what o'clock it is, and has forgot the petition I am to give, which, should I miss, is irreparable, having but this one night; let her make all haste she can possible, for I shall be on thorns till she comes.' Everybody within hearing, who were chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to be full of compassion; and the sentinel officiously opened the door.

'When I had seen Mrs Mills out,' proceeds the countess in her narrative, 'I returned back to my lord, and finished dressing him. When I had given the last touches to his disguise, dressing him in all my petticoats excepting one, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us; so I resolved to set off. I went out, leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then said I: "My dear Mrs Betty, for the love of God, run quickly, and bring her with you. You know my lodging, and if ever you made despatch in your life, do it at present; I am almost distracted with this disappointment." The guards opened the doors, and I went down-stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his walk; but I still continued to press him to make all the despatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs, I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr Mills to be in readiness before the Tower, to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. Evans and Mr Mills having found a place of security, they conducted my lord to it.

'In the meanwhile, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return up-stairs, and go back to my lord's room, in the same feigned anxiety of being too late; so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathise

with my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions in my lord's voice as nearly as I could imitate it. I walked up and down, as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door, and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said; but held it so close that they could not look in. I bade my lord a formal farewell for that night; and added, that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles, that I saw no other remedy than to go in person; that, if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower, and I flattered myself I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry in candles for his master till my lord sent for him, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went down-stairs, and called a coach. As there were several on the stand, I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case my attempt had failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies, as I hoped; but that I did not know where he was.

'Having discharged the coach, I went in a sedan-chair to the house of the Duchess of Montrose, who had always borne a part in my distresses, and to whom I confided the joyful intelligence of his lordship's escape. When I left the duchess, I went to a house which Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my lord was. I learned that his lordship was in the house of a poor woman, directly opposite to the guard-house, and I went thither. The woman had but one small room up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and Mrs Mills brought us some more in her pocket the next day. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday till Saturday night, when Mrs Mills came, and conducted my lord to the Venetian ambassador's. We did not communicate the affair to his Excellency; but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which day the ambassador's coach-and-six was to go down to Dover, to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery, and went down in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr Mitchell (the ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short, that the captain threw out this reflection, that the wind could not have served better if his passengers had been fleeing for their lives; little thinking it to be really the case. Mitchell might have easily returned without being suspected of

having been concerned in my lord's escape; but my lord seemed inclined to have him continue with him; which he did, and has at present a good place under our young master.

'For my part, I absconded to the house of a very honest man in Drury Lane, where I remained till I was assured of my lord's safe arrival on the continent. With regard to myself, it was decided by government, that if I remained concealed, no further search should be made; but that if I appeared either in England or Scotland, I should be secured. But that was not sufficient for me, unless I could submit to expose my son to beggary.' The countess concludes her interesting relation by mentioning that she went to Scotland to secure the family papers, and having effected this object, she returned to London, and made a strong appeal on her own and her son's behalf to George I. This petition was treated with indignity; and she was advised by her friends to leave the kingdom. The countess accordingly went abroad, and joined her exiled husband at Lille.

Until the appearance of the *Book of Caerlaverock*, little was known of the career of the countess after her brilliant exploit. It is now learned from her letters, that she suffered much and thanklessly for a husband who was undeserving of her. He was, in fact, a senseless spendthrift, recklessly squandering his slender means, even to the extent of depriving his wife of the comforts which were unquestionably her due. Yet she speaks modestly of what she endured on his account, and of what was equally painful, the want of sympathy from the court of St Germain, for the sake of which the Nithsdale family had been ruined. Writing to Lady Traquair from Paris in 1717, she speaks of the failure of an application to procure from court some appointment for the earl. 'My next business,' she adds, 'was to see what I could get to live on, that we might take our resolutions where to go accordingly. But all I could get was a hundred livres [four pounds sterling] a month to maintain me in everything—meat, drink, fire, candle, washing, clothes, lodging, servants' wages; in fine, all manner of necessities. My husband has two hundred livres a month, but considering his way of managing, it was impossible to live upon it. . . . For let me do what I will, he cannot be brought to submit to live according to what he has; and when I endeavoured to persuade him to keep in compass, he attributed my advice to my grudging him everything, which stopped my mouth, since I am very sure that I would [give] my heart's blood if it could do him any service. . . . It was neither in gaming, company, nor much drinking, that it was spent, but in having the nicest of meat and wine; and all the service I could do was to see he was not cheated in buying it. . . . I, having no hopes of getting anything out of England, am forced to go to the place where my son is, to endeavour to live, the child and me, upon what I told you. All my satisfaction is, that at least my husband has twice as much to maintain himself as I have, so I hope when he sees there is no resource, as, indeed, there is not, having sold all, even to the necessary little plate I took so much pains to bring over, he will live accordingly, which will be some comfort to me, though I have the mortification to be from him, which, after we met again, I hoped never to have separated; but God's will be done, and I

submit to this cross, as many others I have had in this world.'

By way of attempting to mend his circumstances, the earl went to the court of the Chevalier at Urbino. Here, he received so poor a welcome, and encountered so many mortifications, that he had reason to regret what he had endured for the cause of the Stewarts. Meanwhile, his wife, in her lonely desertedness, was experiencing the sharpest privations of poverty, and but for kindly succour from Lady Traquair, would have been reduced to absolute want. As for the earl, he inconsiderately borrowed money he could not hope to repay, and drew bills on Lord Traquair, trusting merely to his lordship's generosity for their acceptance. Skirmishing with difficulties, the Countess of Nithsdale had something consolatory in the marriage of her daughter, Lady Anne, with Lord Bellow, an Irish nobleman, in 1731. About the same period, her son John, Lord Maxwell, was married to his cousin, Lady Catherine Stuart, daughter of Lord and Lady Traquair. Another agreeable event was in store. Lord Maxwell successfully established his claim in virtue of an entail to Terregles and the other family estates, notwithstanding his father's forfeiture. At the death of the earl, which took place at Rome in 1744, he entered fully into possession of the property. In his recovered prosperity, Lord Maxwell did not forget his mother. He persuaded her to accept an annuity of two hundred pounds; and we have a striking proof of her unselfishness in the fact, that during her life she set apart a hundred a year to pay her husband's debts. This noble-minded woman died in 1749—her memory being embalmed in the brightest annals of female heroism and devotedness.

The Maxwells never recovered the title of Earl of Nithsdale, and the family in the direct line became extinct. So, likewise, has the earldom of Traquair failed for want of heirs. Yet, the two families have experienced a kind of united revival. John Lord Maxwell and Lady Catherine Stuart have a descendant in William Constable Maxwell of Terregles, who, by a reversal of attainer in 1843, became Baron Herries of Terregles. A son of Lord Herries is destined, under the will of the late Lord Traquair, to be heritable proprietor of the Traquair estates.

W. C.

SWISS ALLEMDS.

SWITZERLAND, given up, if any country ever was, by its patriotic inhabitants to the wandering foreigner, has of late years, during the only months when it is the fashion to visit it, begun to present an aspect so similar to that presented by willow Greenwich Fair, and been written about so entirely from the picturesque, or athletic, or atmospheric, or facetious, or economic point of view, that it is quite a relief to fall in with a writer who has positively something new to tell us, and instructive also, as well as new, about what has been called 'the playground of Europe.' Such a writer is the Rev. F. Barham Zincke, an acute observer, an original thinker, a solid informant, who, having acquired certain useful knowledge, has imparted it to the public in *Swiss Allemds* and a *Walk to see them*. We may leave the walk alone; for, though the description thereof fills by far the greater portion of the author's book, it contains no very striking

novelty as regards either the course followed, or the information picked up. We will confine ourselves to the Swiss allments.

It is more than probable that not even a youth 'crammed' for a competitive examination would be able to define allment, which 'means land held and used, as the word itself indicates, in common'; and it is quite probable that not a single member of the Alpine Club would know what you were talking about if you were to question him about the Swiss allments. The term, of course, strictly includes all kinds of land; but usage has restricted it, for the most part, to 'common land under cultivation, with, in fact, almost a further restriction to common land, in which the cultivation is effected by the spade, or, at all events, by the hand of man.' And to whom, in any Swiss commune, is the land common? To the old burghers, who are, 'with but very few exceptions, the lineal descendants of those who were burghers, say two hundred, it may have been five hundred, or even a thousand years ago.' New burghers, or, in other words, 'those, or the descendants of those who, having come in from other cantons or communes, settled in a given place, 'have no rights of any kind in the common land.' Again, 'land may be common to all the old burghers of a commune equally; and 'it is then said to belong to the commune; or 'it may belong to sections of the old burghers, as, for instance, to those who reside in a particular hamlet; or to those who belong to a particular class of families; and these may hold it either simply for their own use, or for the promotion of some defined object. In any such case, it is said to belong to a corporation.' The cantons in which Mr Zincke made inquiries about the system and studied the working of it were Unterwalden, Uri, Schwyz, and Glarus; and he has supplied, with a liberal hand, statistical and other details, which, valuable as they, no doubt, must prove to those who have time and opportunity for fully entering into a study of the subject, would repel the ordinary reader, and be out of place in a popular paper. It is worth while, however, to remark that, in 'the commune of Stanz,' which 'possesses an unusual amount of cultivable ground,' every 'burgher peasant is allowed one thousand four hundred klabers, which is about equal to an English acre'; and to this statement may be appended an explanation of 'the disabilities laid on residents who had come in from other cantons or communes.' It was not from anything like petty jealousy that they were excluded 'from political rights, and from participation in the common property,' but from considerations of dear life, and because 'the common property was barely sufficient for the existing burghers.'

And now that political rights have been mentioned in connection with participation in the common property, it will be opportune to mention that, in a Swiss commune, those only who had rights in the common land had originally 'an equal voice in the government and administration of the affairs of the commune,' although 'residents from other cantons, or communes, are now pretty generally admitted more or less completely to participation in political rights.'

Mr Zincke admits that the system of allments, in very early times, when Switzerland hardly knew the meaning of 'capital,' when the Switzer at home was 'the parasite of the cow,' and when the Swiss abroad was synonymous with a mercenary

soldier or a door-porter, was almost the only system possible. But now things have altered; and he proceeds to shew 'how, under the altered conditions of the times, the old system of common pasturage has now become both unnecessary and unfair. To the existing circumstances of the country it is not at all adapted; and so, according to the law which makes them sovereign in human affairs, it must die out.'

Allusion has been made to the time when 'the Swiss abroad was synonymous with a mercenary soldier or a door-porter.' With respect to his acting in the latter capacity, it is enough to refer to the well-known expression in a French comedy: 'No entrance here without greasing the knocker: no money, no Swiss.' And as to the former capacity, not only does French history bear witness to it, but Mr Zincke also refers to the sarcastic remark made by a Frenchman, who observed to a Swiss: 'We fight for honour, but you for money; and who was promptly met by the rejoinder: 'Naturally; each fights for what he has not got.'

Now let us look at the altered condition of Switzerland. The physical character of the country was such that 'for long ages the most assiduous industry could supply the Swiss with only the necessities of life, and barely with them; and, as 'there was therefore no margin for saving,' the accumulation of capital was unknown there. But mark the change produced by 'new means of transportation and communication, and by the substitution of machinery, the motive-power for which Switzerland has in abundance, for manual labour.' Capital has accumulated and accumulates rapidly; and Switzerland, 'which was for many ages the poorest country in Europe, is rapidly progressing towards becoming, in proportion to the amount of its population, one of the richest.' It is calculated that 'no other country in the world, in proportion to its population, manufactures cotton and silk so largely.' No one can have been for a single day in Zurich without being impressed with the prosperity of its manufactures. The world is deluged with the watches of Geneva, whose inhabitants, though their ancestors might have been dazzled by the prospect of so much money, can nowadays afford to treat with comparative indifference the windfall derived from the eccentricity of a Duke of Brunswick. Add to all this that Switzerland, served by easier means of locomotion and communication, has been enabled to sell her magnificent scenery to foreign countries; or, if another way of looking at the matter be preferable, has risen to the dignity of levying tribute upon foreign nations for the privilege of beholding the wonders and beauties which Nature has committed to her keeping. And how many travellers are computed to 'pass every year through the single town of Interlaken?' No fewer than a hundred and fifty thousand; and if we 'suppose that those who stay in the country some months, as well as those who stay some weeks, and those who are careless, as well as those who are careful about their out-goings, spend each, on an average of the whole, thirty-five pounds; the whole 'will amount to five million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. From many sources, then, there has been, since 'the good old times,' an influx of wealth into Switzerland; and this influx 'has, to a great extent, rendered the old system of common pasturage both unnecessary and unfair. While it has been abrogating its necessity,

it has been reversing its action.' Men who have become rich, or comparatively rich, by any one of the roads to wealth which have been opened within recent times to Switzerland, and who have also inherited burghers' rights in the allmends, are entitled to send as many cows as they please to the common pastures, whilst the men who have not been so fortunate, and who, nevertheless, are equally burghers, get 'squeezed out,' and 'their rights fall into abeyance,' either because, 'if they work regularly for wages, they will not be able to spend the summer in collecting winter-provender for cows,' or because 'in winter, if they had provender, they could not 'devote their time to cows.' And so, as Dr Bekker observed to Mr Zincke, 'it is the literal application of the saying, that "to them who have shall be given, and they shall have abundantly; but from them who have not shall be taken away what they appear to have;" and a system 'which was in its day beneficial to the community, and fair to all, is now the reverse of beneficial to all, and the reverse of fair to all.'

Unfortunately, neither Mr Zincke nor any learned gentleman with whom he became acquainted appears to be ready with any entirely feasible plan for meeting the difficulties which have arisen since the old system of allmends found itself confronted by a new order of things. Of course, the favourite theory is that modern panacea for every evil, education; and 'the true equality for these days is to make the ownership of the land—the chief instrument of production, and participation in the produce of the land, as far as possible equal to all by the thousand ways of the thousand forms of industry society now requires;' or, in other words, 'what is now wanted is that all should have the chance of such an education as would properly qualify each for some form of industry, and enable him, by perseverance, thrift, and cultivated intelligence, to turn it to good account.' It is satisfactory, therefore, to learn that 'this is what the present Swiss system of education aims at doing for every man in the country;' and that an endeavour is made to apply 'the old principle' on which allmends are based 'to a new, a better, and a higher world.'

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

CHAPTER IX.—1854.

LADY MERVYN's anger and discomfiture on the receipt of her son's letter were extreme; and mingled with them was a vague alarm. This was not like David. Had something new come to him? How had he changed thus towards her? The dry tone of rebuke, the formal brevity of the letter, frightened as much as they angered her, and awoke within her a sense of helplessness as painful as it was strange. She had never before realised the absolute independence of her son, which, though he had fully enjoyed it, he had not paraded; and the conviction came home to her with a shock, that she had seriously compromised the influence by which only her authority could now be replaced, that she had made a mistake fatal to the object which she had so greatly at heart.

'Ungrateful! insolent!'—such were the terms which she applied to her son, as she fought, in her stern way, with the emotions his letter produced. 'This is my reward for long years of effort for his

sake, for the self-restraint and self-denial of a life. That he should dare to rebuke me, in terms of hardly veiled contempt, and set his high-mindedness up at the expense of my mercenary nature! My proposition to him is perfectly just, and sensible, and legitimate, and there is no mother who in my place would not make it. But it is always thus: we love them, toil for them, suffer for them, and they repay us with thanklessness and contempt.' She was walking to and fro in her dressing-room, with the letter in her hand, her handsome face lowering with anger; but under it all, and aggravating it all, lay her consciousness that she had blundered, that she had been too precipitate, that she had behaved ill to Anne Cairnes. She had indeed too long outlived the sentimental days of a maiden's fancies, to be keenly sympathetic with the feelings of a girl circumstanced as Anne was, but she ought to have respected the secret she had surprised. She recognised this too late. If she had only left it to David to find out for himself! But, bitterly as she regretted the blunder, and much as she reproached herself for it, Lady Mervyn was not a woman to allow her own share of blame to blot out that of any offence to herself. She would make her son feel that she resented the tone he had assumed towards her, while she would carefully conceal from Anne that she had any share in the motives which induced David to avoid his father's house. Lady Mervyn did not accept this serious check as a defeat; she was sure of her facts in Anne's case, and the suspicion that there was any motive for David's conduct other than the avowed one, never crossed her mind. David would get tired of keeping out of Anne's way, his indignation at the suggestion in her letter would subside, but the suggestion itself remain present to his mind; and when he should come to Barrholme, he would find Anne willing to give him herself and her fortune for the asking.

Lady Mervyn made no reply to David's letter. She resolved that she would not write to him until he again addressed her; this was the easiest way of backing out of her false position; thus she would convey to him her displeasure effectually. The same afternoon she called on Anne, who had returned to Victoria Lodge, and whom she found looking ill and depressed.

'I can see that you miss Marion as much as I do,' said Lady Mervyn: 'it will be so pleasant when she comes home, and is within a drive of us. I have had a letter from her to-day.'

'I have had one also,' said Anne: 'she is getting tired of being away from us all, she says.'

'I daresay. But she will be so disappointed about David. Is it not provoking, my dear, he cannot get back? At last he has written to me; and just as I supposed, the business which took him away was a regimental mystery, and we shall never be any the wiser about it. And he is still mixed up in the affair, so that he cannot get away; we shall not see him again for some time, I fear.'

'It was very unfortunate,' said Anne: 'and a great vexation for you and Sir Alexander.'

This was all very decorous, and as it should be; and after a few more friendly commonplace, the two ladies parted, each satisfied that she had acquitted herself well, and betrayed to the other no feeling which she would have wished to hide. But, when Lady Mervyn was gone, Anne Cairnes

was no less heavy-hearted than before, and no less convinced that the trouble which had turned David Mervyn into a living image of dread before her eyes, was a trouble personal to himself. It would indeed be unreasonable to feel alarm on this mysterious subject any longer; his letter to his mother, little as she had learned of its contents—she would have given much to have read those lines, and between them—was evidently of a nature to allay alarm; but the grief of it remained. And he was not coming back: the hope which had strangely stirred her heart and brightened her life must be relinquished; the confidence she had dreamed of receiving, the help she had had a vision of giving, they would never be real. She gave way for a while to more profound discouragement than had ever before seized upon her; she murmured against her fate. No real change had passed upon it, but she fancied that it might have been different if that promised, unfulfilled interview had taken place. At least she would have known something about his life and its troubles; it would not have been all so vague and shadowy, nor she so isolated, of so little worth and meaning in it. How little importance he attached to that counsel he had asked for, to the confidence which had so much importance for her! If it were not so, he would have come back, or written to her, or at least sent a message through his mother, which would have been intelligible to her. Oh, that this break in her still, gray life had not come! It was the eternal protest of youth against suffering, its revolt against disappointment, ever recurring, for ever vain; and Anne was nearer, in the weeks which followed David's brief appearance at Barrholme, to the break-down, the relinquishment, the acknowledgment of defeat, the surrender all along the line, which are grouped under that one significant title, 'a broken heart,' than she ever was afterwards. The rich man's envied heiress, the handsome young lady, popular and beloved in her narrow circle, in whose path there did not lie a pebble visible to any eyes, whose life had all things in it that wealth could purchase, or taste suggest, with leisure and health, and a well-regulated mind, and strong sense of duty to insure their true and permanent enjoyment, was awfully near the brink of the abyss of hopeless dejection, close to the clutch of Giant Despair! She escaped from the danger, however, for she was strong-souled, and she feared and loved God, recognised His Will, and submitted. But that was a time to which she never afterwards could bear to look back; it had somewhat of the horror of a battlefield for her, from which she had carried away wounds slow of healing, and apt to ache. Her father, perfectly alive to, and familiar with, the symptoms of physical illness, but whose experience was altogether of the surface of human lives, did not know what to make of Anne during this time. Sickness of heart he happily never suspected, and every other kind of illness Anne strenuously denied. Yet she was altered in many unmistakable ways, and Mr Cairnes thought she had better have said, Did not Lady Mervyn think so? But Lady Mervyn, who felt herself to some extent to blame with respect to Anne, and who, without fully appreciating them, had some comprehension of Anne's feelings, strenuously opposed the notion. It would never do, she said, to take Anne away, just

when Marion and Gordon Graeme were coming to Nutwood, and the friends were to be reunited. Her ladyship also thought, but did not say, that it would never do to take Anne away, when there was a chance, any day, that David might come down to Barrholme. Mr Cairnes submitted; but he took the precaution of directing an agent to look out for a commodious and well-situated house at Hastings for him; to which place he privately made up his mind that he would remove his daughter for the winter, if she did not soon pick up her good looks and her flesh. He remembered very well when he was not so rich a man as he had since become, but had to content himself with lodgings, when he and his wife 'went for an outing,' as they used to say in those dear vulgar old days, how much good Hastings had done his darling Mary, how she had gone back to Manchester with roses on her cheeks which bloomed there for long after; and he believed in Hastings. Anne improved, however, in health and looks, and she and her father remained at the Tors.

The weeks went by; the winter, unusually early, and severe, came swiftly, but it did not bring David Mervyn to Barrholme. He had written to his mother, after a short time, as if nothing had happened to interrupt their correspondence, or chill their relations, and she had been obliged to make the best of the position. When she asked him, in one of her letters—which she tried to write in the old strain—whether he was not coming home to see them before the year should end, he answered, that it was impossible for him to get leave at present. So came the peaceful and prosperous year 1853 to its close.

They were not great readers of any kind of literature at Barrholme, and the political portions of the few newspapers which came to the house were rarely glanced at. Sir Alexander retained a faint interest in the doings of the sporting world, and Lady Mervyn liked to read occasionally of those of the fashionable circles in which she had once moved. But great events, which were scarce just then, interested either but little, and of any forethought or forecast of the signs of the times, they were both innocent. Their life, so narrow of late years, had narrowed their perceptions and their sympathies. Hence the rumour of war with Russia, which arose about that time, was slow of reaching, and still more slow of alarming them. Not so Mr Cairnes, who, in addition to his business habits, with their obligatory acquaintance with public affairs, had both intelligence and information. But he was away at Manchester, whither Anne had accompanied him, as was her wont at the beginning of the year—when she visited several local charities, and her own poor pensioners—when the war-cloud settled down upon England, and dismay and dread struck to the hearts of thousands of families. We had never been really at peace, during the long interval between the fall of the first French Empire and the declaration of the war since known as the Crimean, but English soldiers had fought, English blood had been shed in far-distant lands, for the conquest and the conservation of India, for commerce with China—distant and dim aims, to the minds of the many, and carrying desolation only to the few among the upper classes, on whom the popular sentiment is much too apt to

concentrate itself on such occasions. These wars, their cost in blood and suffering, and their legacy of mourning widowhood and orphanhood, were held of small account at home here. We talked of the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns as ancient history; we had our great Temple of Mammon and Peace, and we adopted a millennial tone, manner, and habit of mind, full of self-glorification, and reflection upon our neighbours.

It was at Manchester that Anne Cairnes learned from her father, first, the imminence, and then, the certainty of war. They learned them a little later at Barrholme. To say that to David Mervyn's mother and to Anne Cairnes the meaning of the event was entirely summed up in danger to the object of their common love, is merely to say that they felt about it as every woman felt who had a life that was dear to her to be staked in an incomprehensible strife. One great writer has made all the world thrill with the sense of what war means to women, by his beautiful terrible picture of Amelia Osborne's hopeless anguish; no meaner hand should ever touch the theme.

'Mervyn's regiment goes with the first transports'—her father told Anne, and went on to express much commiseration for his good neighbours and friends—though, he supposed, it would be a fine thing for the captain. Then came a letter from Marion Græme. The dreadful news was true; their David was going to the war, and her father and mother were in the profoundest grief. She thought it would kill her father, even if David should escape being killed or wounded; she could not have believed in Sir Alexander's having so much feeling about anything. Her mother was calm, but so altered that she was hardly recognisable; and as for herself, she could not make a pretence of caring about the glory of the thing, or the chances of David's promotion—through other people being killed, who had women to love them also—she could think of nothing but the horrible danger, the distance, and the suspense and misery they must all endure, God only could know for how long. David had come down to see them; the dreadful parting was over. He had been with them for only a few hours, and it was better so. His mother had wished to return with him to London, that she might see to some comforts for him, and be with him to the last; but he would not allow her to accompany him, he said he could not endure more, and, indeed, his looks shewed that he could not. But he was full of the war, the spell was on him in spite of all, and, it seemed, the spirit of the army was most excellent. But Marion did not care in the least about that, and was sure Anne would not care either, but would feel as they felt. She (Marion) could never be sufficiently thankful that Gordon was not a soldier. They wanted Anne home very much indeed, and hoped she would not make any delay. David had spoken so affectionately of her, of his sense of the comfort she would be to them, and had desired to be most kindly remembered by her. He was to sail in a few days—a dreadful voyage to begin with, and such an endless time before they could have letters—could not Anne get back by the time he should have sailed? It would help Marion so immensely with her task at Barrholme, where Gordon, who persisted in over-estimating her importance to her parents, thought they had better stay for some time. It would be dreadful, but so

much less dreadful if Anne could come home at once.

The parting was over! and for her? Was it better that there should be no parting—to mean so awfully much to her, so little to him, when she should be forced to look on him with tearless eyes, and to bid him farewell with only the kindly concern of any other friend? How would she have borne that? She did not know; but this she knew, that the sight of him, just for one hour, the filling of her eyes and her heart with his presence, would have made the after-burden easier to bear. What if that face he had turned upon her, on the rocky platform at Barrholme, were to be 'the last, last look of him that ever she should see?' The silent, intense, unshared agony was too much for Anne's strength. She was not to return to Scotland to help and comfort her friends, while her own sad and vain love would be the most forlorn grief among them all. In the same week in March 1854 in which the transport with David Mervyn's troop on board sailed, Anne Cairnes was struck with dangerous illness, from which she did not rally until late in April, when she was taken to Hastings by her father.

CHAPTER X.—PARTING.

It is a few days before David Mervyn's farewell visit to Barrholme, and he and Lucy are talking of it in the sitting-room over the Berlin shop at Hammersmith. Lucy has not wished for any better home, and David has acquiesced in her desire to stay there for many reasons. It is needless to inquire into how the inexperienced young wife, idolised by her young husband, living for him solely, without another friend, or an object in the world, except her baby, with no strength of mind to meet even ordinary trial, and no knowledge of the world to prepare her for the inevitable in life, has taken the intelligence that her darling, her lover, her idol, he in whom every thought, idea, and delight are centred, must leave her, for the unknown, inconceivable, hideous perils and sufferings of war. She has gone through every imaginable phase of mental anguish, from wild, rebellious, loud incredulity, the refusal to credit the possibility of such a horror befalling her, to abject, cowering, pitiable despair; and she has writhed in all the physical expressions of heart-torture, from the paroxysms of hysterical suffocation to the prostration that is but little removed from death. There have been intervals of motionless mute misery almost more agonising to witness, so agonising to David that he now feels a frantic longing to be gone, to be alone with his own sorrow on the sea, and anon claps her in his arms, with swift remorse for the momentary temptation springing from their intolerable pain. In the press of preparation, he is necessarily absent from her often, and each time when he returns her joy and her anguish are terrible to him. He has spoken with Mrs Ferris about the arrangements which she is to make for his wife and child after his departure, and has told her that he hopes his mother and sister will shortly take charge of them, for that he is going to Scotland to reveal his marriage, and to recommend the dear ones he is leaving to them. Mrs Ferris has commended this intention, but added that she will do all in her power for her sister, and that she fears she would hardly get on

with 'strangers' under such circumstances. And, when David, who finds Lucy calmer than usual, for she has worn herself out with weeping, tells her the same thing, she amazes him by the earnestness of her entreaties that he will abandon his intention. Huddled up close to him, her hands clasped about his neck, and her bright hair lying loose upon his breast, her stiffened tear-stained eyelids, closed with pain, resting against his cheek, she pours out her impetuous prayer, while he listens, with knitted brow, and a world of doubt, misgiving, and anxiety in his face.

'Don't, David; pray, pray, don't, my darling husband! I could not bear it, indeed, I could not! Let me live all alone here with my sister, and exist through the awful, awful time, as well as I can. Think how awful it must be to me under any circumstances, and don't make it worse by either sending me among strangers, or bringing down on me the anger and hatred of your father and mother, and sister.'

'Anger and hatred, dearest! Do you think they would have such feelings towards my love, my wife, now?'

'No; I am wrong; I did not mean that; I did not mean to say a word against them; I only mean that I should be too wretched.'

'Do not think that they would blame you, my treasure, my darling, for the concealment; I would make them understand clearly that it was all my doing, that you had no thought in our marriage but for me alone.'

'I know, I know; but that would make no difference. O David! it is not of that I am thinking; it is not for them I care, though I pity them, I pity them awfully—for you are going away from them too. I am only thinking of myself, of my own unpeppable misery, and that I shall be able to bear it better alone, than if they should take me to be with them, and be ever so kind to me. Don't refuse me, David, don't refuse me this one only consolation, to be quite alone when—when you are gone.'

'But, my darling,' he remonstrated, with painful hesitation, for he dreaded to present to her the idea which he must assign in explanation of his strongest motive, 'it is my bounden duty to provide for your recognition as my wife; to insure your protection by my family, if—if I should not return to you, Lucy.'

She pressed herself still closer to him, twisting the fingers behind his neck as if they writhed with pain, and gasped out: 'Don't say it, don't utter the word, I can't bear it; it could not be!'

'I must speak of the possibility, and my wife—a soldier's wife—must listen, and try to be reasonable and submissive. I may be killed in this war, dearest, and you and the child must not be unknown and unprotected. Think of what I should suffer from the knowledge that you were here in a dubious position, and with no means of securing your rights, except asserting them for yourself.'

She raised herself a little, so that she could see his face, and said, more calmly than she had yet spoken: 'Our marriage was quite right and regular, was it not?'

'Of course it was.'

'It is registered, and James Ferris and my brother witnessed it. The church and the clergyman and there, and it is easy to prove that I am

your wife. Yield to me in this, dearest David; and I promise you that, if I lose you, I will at once apply to your mother for recognition as your wife. Your colonel is a great friend of yours, you have told me.'

'He is.'

'Then tell him about our marriage, after you have sailed, and let him promise that if—if it should be so—he will make my fate known to me. Do this for me! It is the only thing that can make my lot more endurable now. And when you come home—when you come home—then tell them. They will not mind, in their joy. They will forgive you, and me too, when they see you safe.'

Her poor attempt at a smile vanished in a spasm of agony; her composure ended in a fit of weeping, which left her in a state of complete prostration.

But she had gained her point; and no farther discussion disturbed their last days together.

David's conscience did not reproach him for the brief space into which he compressed his farewell to his parents and his home. Had there been no Lucy, he would not have remained at Barholm an hour longer than he actually did stay, for he had the shrinking from all scenes of emotion—except those that arise from the one intimate, incomparable love and grief of husband and wife—common to most men, and which is no true indication of absence of feeling. No trace of a recollection of the misunderstanding between himself and his mother was in David's mind or manner during his brief visit, and when the parting was over, he left none but loving thoughts of him, and high hopes mingling with the mother's fear. He was going to the scene of a soldier's ambition, ready to do his duty; and they who so loved and admired his quiet courage, his unaffected readiness, would have had more room for appreciation of them had they known all that was tugging at his heart-strings.

In a short time after they knew at Barholm that David had sailed, intelligence of Anne Cairnes's illness reached Lady Mervyn and Marion. It conveyed to the former the confirmation of her belief in Anne's love for David. 'He will come home,' his mother thought, in her more sanguine moments, when she threw off the oppression of fear, and took a cheerful view of her son's prospects—he will come home, a distinguished officer, and marry her at last.' Lady Mervyn's cares were heavy just then. It had cost her an effort, which it was difficult to conceal, to supply David with the funds necessary for his equipment and provision, and for the first time he had acknowledged to his mother that there were some outstanding debts to be discharged. She betrayed no displeasure or uneasiness, and there was not anything beyond the pure and simple pain of parting in the farewell confidences of the mother and the son.

Lucy Mervyn could not have told how the days passed after her husband left her. The sharp agony of the actual parting was succeeded by a period of great weakness, from which she rallied to the misery of long suspense, and restlessness, which she could not control. Her sister was kind to her, and in the main, intelligently considerate, but she was sometimes impatient with the concentration of Lucy's life on one object, a concentration which was foreign to her own nature and

sympathies. She held that Lucy really ought to rouse herself; one would think there was nobody in the world except David Mervyn, and that there were no other wives in suspense and anxiety about their husbands. Lucy did not heed these arguments; there was no one but David in the world for her, and she cared nothing about the other men and their anxious wives—what did they matter to her? When news began to come in from the theatre of the war, it had only one item of interest for her, David's safety; she never even tried to master the details of the struggle; she hated the Russian power and the English power equally; they were both her enemies; she would not have cared in the least if the defeat of her own countrymen had been the means of bringing her husband home. For, and on his letters she lived, a half-dead sort of life, under which her health rapidly declined, and which Mrs Ferris and her husband, who was not a bad sort of man, but eminently positive and unsentimental, much condemned.

'If she goes on like this,' said Mr Ferris to his wife, one evening, when, on his return from the docks, he found her very much 'put out about Lucy,' who had been crying all day over a letter from David, 'she will just kill herself. She has no sense, and very little strength, and she looks very bad indeed, I think. I tell you what it is, my dear, we are not acting rightly by the captain, in letting her go on in this way. He will come home all right, I daresay, and find that she has fretted herself into a decline.'

'She tries my patience, I must say,' said Mrs Ferris; 'and yet, poor soul, I cannot find it in my heart to blame her. I never saw two people in my life so wrapped up in each other.'

There arose, from this conversation, a plan on Mrs Ferris's part by which she hoped to rouse Lucy from her absorption. She spoke to her about her child, suggesting that the baby, now ten months old, was not growing as she ought, and that change of air would do them both good. Lucy was almost pleased at the notion, which implied still more solitude for her, because her sister could not leave the Berlin shop to take care of itself. It was agreed that change of air should be had, and the seaside for a couple of months was suggested—some place within excursion-ticket distance, where her sister could visit Lucy on Sundays. On a Saturday in July, the little party left London, and, on the following Monday Mrs Ferris returned, having installed her sister in pleasant rooms—in a farmhouse near St Leonard's, and left her, looking better and more cheerful than she had looked since the parting with her husband in the early spring. There was a lull in the war-news just then, and even Lucy's fears were appeased by the monotony of the life which David's letters described, and on which he carefully dwelt, saying as little as possible of the advancing preparations for strife, in which the cavalry would have their share.

The house in which Lucy lived was out of the beaten track of the sojourners at the fashionable watering-place. It was beyond the promenade mark, though within a few minutes' walk of the beach, and Lucy rarely went farther than the stretch of sea and shingle in front of it. There she would pass many hours of every day, sitting on a heap of shawls, with a book, which she rarely opened, beside her, but busy with needlework when the

air was still; while the nurse walked about with the baby, or sat by her when the little creature slept. Sometimes, Lucy's voice, powerful and sweet as of old, but with a new depth of melody in it, might have been heard singing to the sea, in the long rose-tinted evenings, the songs her husband loved. 'Sing them at a certain hour,' he wrote to her, 'and I shall hear them in my tent, with my heart;' and so she sang them, but often she could not bear the feelings which her own voice aroused, and she would rise and hurry into the house, to weep and pray.

There was a song in vogue twenty years ago, in whose somewhat rugged verse and simple music David Mervyn took much delight. He had made his sister, who sang, like most young ladies then, and now, very badly, learn this song, and Anne Cairnes had studied it without his asking. *Don't you remember fair Alice, Ben Bolt?* had superseded, twenty years ago, the earlier melodious demand, *What are the Wild Waves saying?* which was also a favourite with David. Lucy sang the former song to perfection, and David's love for the simple, poignant melody had never waned. When she sang to him, now, on summer evenings, over the sea, it always cost her most pain to sing this song, but she sang it, nevertheless, and ever with increasing melody and expression. It chanced that one evening a boating-party from Hastings, tempted by the silvery suave beauty of the tranquil sea, rowed out of the usual bounds, and resting awhile on their oars close in shore beyond St Leonard's, heard sweet singing. They listened, keeping profound silence, until the last strain died away, and they saw a woman, who stood upright for a moment, facing the sea, then turned, and went her way along the beach.

'What a delicious voice!' said Mr Cairnes to his daughter, who was leaning over the boat's side towards the sea. 'I never heard sweeter singing. What expression she gave to that line which used to give you so much trouble. "And fair Alice lies under that stone."'

AN OLD SOLDIER.

WE know the effect produced by a simple soldier's tale upon soft-hearted Desdemona; and, though it may be difficult in these latter days to fall in with maidens of Desdemona's type, it is certain that a charm still lingers about the frank, unpretentious, soldierly, somewhat garrulous, and somewhat rugged style of a veteran telling his story, whether it be 'pitiful' or other. If any doubt this assertion, let proof of the pudding be had by eating; let acquaintance be made with the pages of a book entitled *Recollections of Sir George B. L'Estrange*, and it will be wonderful if the reader do not confess to the influence of an attractive power, even if the cause of its existence be not easy to define.

The date of the *Recollections* is that of the Peninsular War; and could certain 'heliotrope reproductions of drawings by officers of the Royal Artillery' be represented here, a far better and more instantaneous idea than any that can be given in words would be obtained of the personal appearance of Sir Roger L'Estrange, Knt., the first member of Sir George's family who distinguished

himself as a literary character, and who has been denounced by Lord Macaulay as a 'scurrilous pamphleteer,' of the figure cut by Sir George himself, in his youth, when he, being at his wits' end for means of coaxing along on their march a number of Irish recruits, hit upon the notable expedient of playing 'Irish tunes for them on the flute' (of which he was anything but a master), whilst he rode at their head; of a laughable scene between two English officers and a French game-keeper; of the fate that overtakes tents and their inmates 'when the snow begins to fall on the top of the Pyrenees'; of a meeting, at the village of Vieux Mouguerre, between Sir George, then a young subaltern, and the 'Iron Duke'; of the 'escape of Stopney St George at the battle of Albuera'; of a meeting between two veterans; and of Hunstanton Hall, 'the ancient seat of the L'Estranges,' in Norfolk.

Sir George, who is happily still alive, and as well as age, and campaign, and 'painful family afflictions' permits him to be, is not only a soldier, but the son of a soldier, and the kinsman of soldiers; and in 1812, at the early age of fifteen, he sailed from England to join his regiment, the gallant 31st, 'when in winter-quarters after the disastrous retreat from Burgos.' He had previously been at Westminster School, about which he has many a good story to tell, especially one relating to a certain Johnny Campbell, who, being usher at a 'dame's' house, and having purchased a pair of pistols, was in a condition like that of the man who won, at a raffle, a white elephant: he didn't know what to do with them. But the povers that provide mischief for simpletons intervened, and decreed that 'a mad cat' should be found in the beer-cellar of the dame's house, and should refuse to be dislodged. 'Leave her to me: I'll shoot her,' said the intrepid Campbell: 'I require no light; the glare of her eye will be enough for me.' He accordingly shut himself up alone with the cat in the cellar, and fired both pistols at her, but without effect. As he was 'preparing to reload,' he 'found himself most unexpectedly ankle-deep in beer; for though he had twice missed the cat, he had both times hit the beer-barrels, and let out their contents;' and the 'dame,' Sir George says, 'instead of being obliged, threatened to take proceedings against him for the value of her beer.' Thus are meritorious actions, if unsuccessful, unappreciated.

Young L'Estrange, soon after his arrival abroad, made the acquaintance of Maurice Quil, a well-known character, a surgeon, who, under another name, has been rendered immortal by the pen of the late Charles Lever; and, a day or two afterwards, he narrowly escaped a premature death at the hands of an alcaid, to whom, in a moment of irritation, and at a loss for fluent Portuguese, he unfortunately applied an opprobrious term. But he was soon to grow wiser; and involuntary witness is borne by him to the celerity and effectiveness with which military duties, especially in time of war, are calculated to teach, by means of the sense of responsibility they inspire, a wholesome lesson of modest but confident and serious behaviour, when he records his feelings as he wondered, on a certain occasion of trust, that he, a mere boy, 'should have so vast a sum suddenly thrust upon' him, 'with the command of a body of men who could not be exceeded

in the whole world.' After 'a long and a most tedious and solitary march of several hundred miles,' he at length found his regiment, the 31st, 'in a village called Ceclavin;' and with that corps he was to witness many a stirring event ere, after the close of the Peninsular War, he would see himself 'gazetted an ensign and lieutenant in the 3d Foot Guards,' now the Scots Fusilier Guards.

Young L'Estrange went through two campaigns. Our blood tingles sympathisingly as he describes his feelings when he began real soldiering, and bivouacked after his first day's march, which 'took place on the breaking up of the winter-quarters of the British army to advance on the French, who were then falling back on Vittoria, to make their final stand in Spain,' and when he 'visited the field where that great and bloody battle of Talavera had been so lately fought.' He gives his impressions of the battle of Vittoria for what they are worth, modestly pointing attention to the fact, that he was a boyish subaltern, whose opinion as to strategy would be worse than useless; but everybody can enter into his description of the sickening sensation that came over him at sight of the first dead body; of the cannon-ball's course marked 'by the lowering of the ears of corn,' and of the very natural inclination he felt, but fortunately did not obey, to stop some of the balls with his foot; 'they appeared to roll so slowly.' Everybody, too, can share his sentiments of mingled pride and awe and growing determination, when he found himself, at sixteen years of age, called, by the wound of his captain, to 'command the light company of the 31st;' and everybody can and will acknowledge how telling is the brevity as well as spirit with which he relates how he 'heard a tremendous rush on our left;' how he saw the British host hurl themselves upon the French; and how the latter 'turned in retreat along their whole line, and the battle of Vittoria was won.' Everybody, moreover, will join with him in his reminiscences, as the French were pursued towards Roncesvalles, of Charlemagne, and Sir Roland, and Sir Oliver, and stout Archbishop Turpin.

Thus he writes of the way in which he joined in his first battle, Vittoria: 'As we approached the wood, the fire from it slackened, and we entered and passed through without meeting much opposition; but when we emerged at the opposite side, we saw the dark line of the French army, still in their position, within point-blank distance. A perfect hailstorm of bullets was poured down upon us, which, if it had lasted, must have swept us all into eternity. . . . Looking to my right, I saw my captain, Girdlestone, wounded and supported by the bugler. I rushed over to him; he seized me by the hand, gave it a hard squeeze, and said to me: "Go on, my boy! your name will be mentioned." . . . I ran on frantically to the front. . . . I was parched with thirst from the heat and excitement, when an officer attached to the light company of the Buffs, seeing me panting for breath, dipped his hand, on which was a thick glove, into a ditch, which was more blood than water, and passed it across my mouth, which greatly refreshed me.'

After the battle of Vittoria, as is well known, Napoleon sent his ablest general, Marshal Soult, to 'sweep the British,' including young L'Estrange, 'into the sea.' But Sir George shews with a grin, in which the reader cannot but participate, how the

marshal 'caught a Tartar.' Not but what the British had to retreat, before young L'Estrange could add to his escutcheon the names of Nive, or Orthes, or Toulouse, and boast—save that he never boasts—that he had seen the end of the Peninsular War. And that very retreat enables Sir George to tell a characteristic anecdote about his general, Sir John Byng. 'I was walking alongside of the general on horseback,' he says, 'and feeling the gravel rather penetrating my foot, I turned it up to Sir John, and shewed him the bare skin of my foot, both shoe and stocking being worn through. He said: "There is one of my mules that is not gone to the rear with my baggage, and I think I have a pair of shoes that I will lend you;" which he did when we got to the town, but remarked at the same time: "I shall not be ashamed to take them back when we next see our baggage;" and when they were returned 'not fit to make a pair of old slippers,' they 'were thankfully received by Sir John.' A good story, also, is related about a 'colonel who, having been shot through the trousers, went to the rear, and, instead of the doctor, one of the regimental tailors was sent to dress his wound.' The battle of Albuera was before Sir George's time; but his brother-in-law, Stepney St George, who was present at it, had so singular an escape that it deserves to be mentioned. St George had 'received a very severe wound, and lay upon the field of battle. A Polish lancer gave him a poke with his lance, and finding there was life in him, thought he should perhaps secure an officer of high rank. He took him by the collar, and was dragging him into the French lines in a state of insensibility, when St George was aroused from his swoon by something warm trickling down upon his head. It proved to be the life-blood of the Pole, who had received a mortal wound from a musket-shot, which relieved him of his burden; and poor St George managed to crawl back into the British lines, and was saved.'

Sir George proposes, if he be spared, to publish at a future time some more *Recollections*; and they, no doubt, will meet with a cordial welcome.

A HOLIDAY IN PROVENCE.

ITALY and France have both been commemorating the death—exactly five hundred years ago—of Petrarch, the one at Arqua and Padua, the other at Avignon and Vaucluse. It is not singular that the two countries should claim a right to honour the poet's memory; for he belonged to both. Italy was the land of his birth, death, and burial; France, that of his life's love, his romance, and his inspiration. The career of Francesco Petrarqua was a long and varied one; but its conspicuous episode, that rose above the level of common history, was the strange spell wrought upon a brilliant mind by a single glimpse of a beautiful woman kneeling in a church. During forty-seven years after that accidental vision, he never ceased, even when the lady was dead, to make of his genius an altar at which she was, to quote his own rhapsodies, adored. Born at Arezzo, in Tuscany, July 19, 1304, he died at Arqua, among the Euganean Hills, in 1374, where he built a house, and, subsequently, a tomb, though not the monu-

mental one, in red stone, supported by pillars, which is now said to contain his remains. But he early fled to Avignon, on the Rhone, and there, while a young man, saw Laura, the type of all his future ideals, in one of the churches. From Avignon he retired to the exquisite valley of Vaucluse, a solitude shut in by stupendous rocks, one of which is pierced by the celebrated grottoes, or caverns, whence flow the rapid and wandering waters of the Sorgue. Here, in a little cottage by the stream, 'enwapt by beauty,' he mused, and wrote; here, he received deputations from distinguished Italian cities; thence he more than once went, bearing the credentials of an ambassador; yet, there or elsewhere, the image perpetually haunted him of one, dressed in green velvet, sprinkled with violets, who had all the grace of a dryad, and all the stateliness of a queen. They occasionally met, but always on terms of the most distant friendship. Laura de Noves, afterwards Laura de Sade, and mother of eleven children, was born at Avignon, four years later than Petrarch, married at seventeen, and died of the plague at forty. Her grave was discovered in the Church of the Cordeliers, two centuries later. That which the poet built for himself—and to which, robed in red satin, he was carried on a bier, spread and canopied with cloth of gold, lined with ermine, by sixteen doctors—was abandoned later for that which is still pointed out as containing his bones.

Five centuries having elapsed since the death of Petrarch, the scholars of Arqua and Avignon resolved once more to glorify his name, and certainly the spectacle of mediævalism I witnessed in the chief city of the Vaucluse was the perfection of revivalism. As a pageant, I never saw anything comparable with it. Trumpets led the way; heralds followed, proclaiming the glory of Petrarch; then archers, mace-bearers, halberdiers, tambourine-players, allegorical cars—eleven in number—superbly decorated, fantastic personages on horseback, from Don Quixote to the Colonnas and Visconti, Knights of Malta, and ancient guilds, all perfectly solemn, as the people also were. Nor could a fitter frame have been given to such a picture, for Avignon scarcely knows change; its architecture is older than the time when Petrarch died, when Chaucer was a child, and Verulam was unborn; its palaces and churches are venerable, almost to decay; the ancient houses have their windows heavily barred; traces of painted walls remain; every street, though narrow, dirty, crooked, and hideously paved, is picturesque. I had seen the relics of past epochs at Arles and Tarascon, Orange and Pierrelatte; but none looked so gray. Here stands a tenth-century porch by a twelfth-century tower; this is a Roman arch; that a belfry which gave forth peals to fifteenth-century congregations. The palace of the popes, converted into barracks, was built like a fortress, with enormous walls, and labyrinths of dungeons, few of which are accessible now. Altogether,

Avignon seems to stand, with its countless turrets, wondrously picturesque, when illuminated by the evening sun, in the very gateways of history, and it only needed the sight of such a procession to complete the illusion.

But even a transformation scene, it may be imagined, would weary the youngest mind, were it to last all night; and thus the coloured lanterns and masquerades of Avignon, the fruit and flower banquets and antiquarian music of Vaucluse, after five or six days of picturesque revel, gave zest to the idea of an uninvited participation in a long-anticipated holiday among the peasantry of Provence. The very rumour, indeed, of such a rustic festival, after the unrealities of the past week, was tempting; for nowhere, even in France, are more golden stars by night, than in the wide valley of the Rhone, near where it meets the sea. Leaving the middle ages behind, therefore, I made first for an island in the river, popularly and affectionately termed 'The Basket of Flowers'—a name not undeserved, since the beautiful oval is one blush of colour, principally orange and purple, in splendid contrast with the sweet and cool blue water flowing round it, no longer 'arrowy,' as when it leaves the great lake of Switzerland. This, however, was not to be the scene of the *fête*, although many a skiff lay moored in the shallows for a time, while the young Provençals gathered nosegays for wreathing into garlands and crowns. The perfectly pink rose is here, in poetical exuberance. When a sufficient wealth of tint and perfume had been amassed, a not too gracious permission was given me to enter a boat, which shot over to the shore in a few minutes, landing us not far from the Tower of Philip the Beautiful. A tedious walk across a marshy flat; and next, about halfway between Avignon and a line of villages unaccountably called 'sleep-houses,' into a valley cradled among low green hills, where every sign of indolent enjoyment was visible—groups, all ribbon and frillery, that had not been down to the river; little moss-heaps shining with fruit; large red jars, of classic shape, containing liquid refreshment of the mildest kind; and trays of long, thin, sweet cakes, intermingled with more prosaic wine-bottles and piles of bread. It was not easy to get near any of this, even for the satisfaction of curiosity; the people of the sweet region have their manners yet to learn, and do not hesitate to push a stranger aside with considerable roughness. I found it necessary, indeed, to make a detour, in order to avoid trespassing upon the pleasure-makers; but this was worth while, in order to gain a glimpse, unique in my experience at all events, of unspoiled Provençal ceremonies and rejoicings. We are accustomed, and rightly, to regard Provence as a distinctively pastoral country; yet it includes, like Dauphiné, some of the wildest spots in Europe, and this was one—small in extent, yet singularly curious and savage; a valley graceful and green enough, but forking into rugged and dark recesses on every side—a scene such as is not popularly

supposed to represent the south of France, with huge blocks of stone scattered about, and still such an exuberance of flowers and verdure, that nothing of the barbarous remained. On the steep slope of a hill, a little church, with a miniature belfry, whence, in the broad and abounding daylight—between four and five in the morning—rang out a half-lively, half-plaintive invitation to the people.

Before long they came. I noticed that, practically, the congregation would be made up of young girls. A few of the bolder youths ventured in; but they evidently formed no part of the celebrations, so far. As a matter of course, I did not attempt to join the congregation, contenting myself by observing the damsels, as they tripped along in double lines up the slope, accompanying the ascent by a monotonous, though not unmusical, hymn, which, again, sounded in unison with the tinkling of goats' bells lower down. The sight was pretty, and the concert altogether a striking one; for the singing was all in the ancient Provençal, adapted from the historic minstrels; and the modest procession, moving up and down the bright hillside—and arrayed in what a London dress-maker would seize the opportunity of styling 'Laura blue'—for Laura, in blue, is said to have tripped upon this very sword between five and six hundred years ago—and wearing chaplets, suggested a scene from old romance.

Certain young ladies, in bodies of sixteen each, wearing polished badges and rosettes on their arms, detached themselves from the miscellaneous crowd, in obedience to a kind of muster-roll called by their leaders, and mounted a sort of natural terrace, half-turf, half-sand. Each of these damsels carried a tambourine, accompanying herself. They were the *farandoleuses*, and their dance—a kind of weaving in and out—was an inheritance from the antique gaucies of Provence. Now and then, one of the innocents, in the fulness of her pleasure, would break into an impromptu song, while others caught in their tambourines a flower thrown by some ambitious youth who had clambered up a ledge with that purpose.

In addition to the central group, there was another, having, apparently, nothing to do with it. These were Nausicaan and her maidens, washing linen down in the bed of the valley, where the stream, like Zadi's Waters of Oblivion, vanders to and fro, or flows amid a hundred little islets that glitter wonderfully in the sunshina. I would compare them with emeralds, were it not for the fear of the copyright laws. It cannot be honestly said, however, that, except where the ground is damp, much brilliant green displays itself. The sky, after early morning, becomes tinged with copper; the olives on the slopes are small and tawny; the vines, on an average, are of the size of currant-bushes, with grapes about the size of their fruit; and the people, the elderly women especially, are prematurely withered, looking as though they had emerged from Libya, rather than from one among the most abounding provinces of France. Of these feminine elders, a large number were seated on a bank of turf, god-humouredly watching the dance; while above them, magnificently indifferent to all that passed below, was steadily, though feebly climbing, the well-known herb-picker of Avignon, whose finger may literally be said to be in every pie. I wish I had brought away a photograph of that venerable

head and graphic face. All this while, the *farandolenses* continued their fantastic measure, infinitely to the mortification of the young men, who had been promising themselves every kind of triumph, and been practising for days; but in due time their opportunity arrived, when, 'with many a flirt and flutter,' carelessly arranging their ribbons, bantering their partners, and looking marvellously unconscious, they fell in to the jingling of the tambourines, now and then fortified by the strains of a double flageolet, which awoke long and piercing echoes among the hills. If there was less elegance, there was more energy in the dance after this reinforcement, fifteen couples whirling down the steep slope, and up again, and so on until high noon, when the turf actually scorched beneath the sun. All movement ceased, and I was anxious to learn what would be the next rising of the curtain upon this Arcadia. It rose upon eating and drinking—shall we say of rose-leaves and honey? No; of pork; dried boiled beef, unsalted, from yesterday; cold cabbage soup; immense rolls of hard-crust bread; and thick yellow cakes. Some drank water; others took, from wooden bottles, draughts of that local wine, or of the 'warm South,' as Keats has it, which tastes like a decoction of leather; for, in the homelier parts of this district, a diamond might as well be looked for as a bottle of good wine. There is an immense quantity of lemonade consumed, made from the local lemons, which, like the local oranges, are green—the only thing really orange-coloured being the marble, with which even the cottages are frequently built. A little after mid-day, the celebration was considered at an end; the elders broke up their camp; the youths and young girls paired off homewards, still clamouring with their tambourines and their songs. By early evening, the valley was in perfect peace again; but far into the night the streets and squares of Avignon were resonant of holiday mirth, of a somewhat less Arcadian quality than that which had made a picture and a concert on the opposite side of the Rhone.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Royal Academy of Medicine of Belgium has published a quarto volume on typhoid fever, in which the nature, the causes, and the treatment of that deadly disease are fully considered and discussed by Dr Cousot, who, by the way in which he has executed his task, has gained the gold medal offered by the Academy. After shewing in what typhoid fever consists, Dr Cousot explains the means to be taken to prevent its contagious effects, and among these, phenic acid and coal-tar occupy a prominent place. Both are active disinfectants, and the acid mingled with water to a hundredth or a thousandth per cent. is efficacious for sprinkling, for deodorising, and for washing. The use of these remedies combined with strict cleanliness is so beneficial, that in districts which formerly were never free from typhoid, not a case has occurred during three years.

We hear that 'pulmonic candles' are now manufactured in New York, for the cure or relief of bronchitis and other affections of the throat. They

are composed of balsams and resins, which, when burned, are said to impart to the atmosphere of a room a soothing fragrance beneficial to the lungs.

Professional observers of mental diseases have for some years been aware that lunacy is on the increase in this country. A similar phenomenon has been remarked at the antipodes, and may be studied in the statistical tables published by the government of New South Wales, for these shew 'that there is a steady increase, not only in the number of the insane, but in the proportion which they bear to the rest of the population.' These facts deserve serious consideration, and science should be called on to do its best to check the growth of so fearful a malady. Meanwhile, let the proposition be remembered, that man has power over himself to prevent or control insanity.

The appliances in the art of dentistry have been of late numerous and ingenious. We now learn that steam-power is made use of in the preparation of artificial teeth, and in operations on the month. 'The treadle is abolished,' says an enterprising dentist, 'and of course the tiresome action of the foot and leg with it. The operator has as perfect control over his body as though he were doing nothing in the way of work. Every operation—excavating, putting in the gold, finishing, polishing, separating, and so forth, can now be done by steam-power.'

Among odds and ends may be mentioned a new ink brought out in Paris: the base is carbon and glycerine, and the ink thereby is said to be unalterable, and harmless for steel pens.—A means to hook on wagons to a train without exposing the man who does the hooking-on to injury.—A method invented by a spinner at Lille to produce thread or yarn of flax and hemp at a lower price than cotton yarn.—An automatic electro-whistle to give information to guards and drivers of railway trains. Many attempts have been made to apply a whistle that should blow by the pressure of the locomotive in passing; but the difficulty of producing the requisite effect by an instantaneous touch on a hard surface has proved too great. In this new automatic whistle, contact is made by means of an electric brush, which, under all circumstances, insures the passage of the electric current.—Pruning-shears with blades adapted to all circumstances: to cut flowers, to prune flowering shrubs, to clip away ground shoots in copes, or to cut large branches from trees overhead.

We learn from the *Proceedings* of the Entomological Society that the coffee plantations in Natal suffer to a serious extent from the attacks of a beetle. On one estate five thousand trees had been destroyed. It is thought that these mischievous beetles may have come from old stumps left in the ground; and it appears that the only effectual way to get rid of them is to pick them off carefully by hand.

Dr Packard of Salem, Massachusetts, observes that entomologists are wanted, who, instead of studying exclusively the structure of insects, will

study their habits, and make known to gardeners and farmers those which are mischievous, and those which are beneficial. There are, he says, more than 50,000 species of insects in the United States, and of this large number 10,000 are found in the state of Massachusetts. Among the 10,000 there are 'at least 1000 destructive species.' According to Dr Packard, the ravages of these destroyers are 'really appalling,' and are 'to be estimated by hundreds of thousands of dollars.' It is obvious that no means of checking the mischief can be employed, until the particular way in which each species does its particular mischief has been ascertained.

The desire of the present day seems to be for big things in more senses than one. When the 35-ton gun was fabricated at the Royal Arsenal, and christened the 'Woolwich Infant,' it was thought generally that the limit was reached, and that at last we had a gun which was big enough. But the spirit of destruction is insatiable, and now demands an 81-ton gun, which, as we are informed, is actually commenced. One might imagine that a mass so huge and ponderous would be quite useless when constructed, were it not that mechanical skill in the present day proves itself equal even to the biggest emergency. And so we are to have a gun that, with a charge of nearly two hundred pounds of powder, will fire a cylindrical shot about four feet long and a thousand pounds weight, that, at a distance of a mile and three-quarters, will strike with a force of twelve thousand tons. One such shot, if it happened to hit, would sink the biggest war-ship that could ever be built.

The shots of the thirty-five-ton gun weigh seven hundred pounds each. In the nick of time, Mr Cunningham has contrived a 'patent shot rack,' by which two men can lift a seven-hundred-pound shot in two seconds, and in ten seconds more, convey it to the loading-port in the ship's turret.

A paper read before the Institution of Civil Engineers shews what prodigious difficulties are encountered by those who construct roads in the hill-country of India, where no earth-work will resist two rainy seasons. In the Himalaya, the annual rainfall amounts to two hundred and twenty inches, and at times five inches fall in an hour; hence a road, unless constructed of the best material, and with due precautions, may be washed away at short notice. Above eight thousand feet, the snow must be guarded against. In one place an avalanche half a mile long and a hundred feet thick came down, carried away a stone bridge of forty feet span, and remained unmetled six months. Experience has shewn that where forests prevail it is best, though with more labour, to cut the road through the forest, because the trees break the force of the rain, and the mould beneath passes the water gently away; whereas on a bare hillside the rush of water would sweep everything before it. Sometimes a road is required along the face of a vertical cliff; and a shelf is erected, or a half-tunnel is blasted out, which, with the shelf, makes a sufficient

thoroughfare. Where wood is plentiful, it is found more expeditious to heat the rock by great fires, and then flood the hot places with water, whereby the rock breaks away in large masses, and with far less trouble than in blasting. In the preparation of a preliminary gangway along the face of the cliff, there is abundant room for the exercise of ingenuity, for it involves the problem of standing on nothing.

When the Swedish polar expedition was on its way to the north in 1870, the explorers discovered at Ovikak, on the south shore of Disko Island, large masses of native iron, of various sizes, up to twenty tons, lying in a small space among boulders of granite and gneiss. Specimens were brought home, and distributed among the mineralogists of Europe, and the result of their analyses and investigations is, that opinions are divided as to whether those blocks of iron came from the sky or the earth. Some argue that they fell; others, that they were upheaved from below. It is somewhat remarkable that in the milder climate of Europe the specimens sweat a yellowish brown liquid, consisting chiefly of a salt of iron. One effect of the scientific discussion above adverted to may be to direct more attention to Greenland, a country worth attention, for its mineral resources, including lignite and graphite, are abundant. An Arctic Committee, comprising Fellows of the Royal and Royal Geographical Societies, have tried to persuade Chancellors of the Exchequer to find money for another north polar expedition. They may perhaps make the mineral wealth of Greenland a weighty argument in their favour.

Professor J. D. Dana, in a scientific discussion of 'Results of the Earth's Contraction,' says that iron was a very common ingredient in the original fused material of the surface of the liquid globe; that, 'in fact, unlike human history, the earth's iron age was its earliest.' The present state of science, he remarks, affords no explanation why most of the dry land of the globe should have been located about the north pole, and of the water about the south. Physicists say that it indicates greater attraction, and therefore a greater density, in the solid material beneath the southern ocean. But what is the explanation of the fact, that the mineral ingredients are so gathered about the south pole as to give greater density to the crust in that hemisphere? 'It may be,' says Professor Dana, 'that magnetite is much more abundantly diffused through the antarctic crust than through the arctic.'

During the last session, a communication was made to the Geological Society about a mine in North Carolina, United States, which yields corundum, rubies, and sapphires. Some of the crystals of corundum are so large that they weigh from two to three hundred pounds. When it is remembered that corundum is next to the diamond in hardness, some idea may be formed of the value of those large crystals. When crushed, and reduced to various degrees of fineness, they are used for the grinding and polishing of precious stones. The discovery of this remarkable mine is regarded by geologists as the discovery of the 'actual home' of the ruby and sapphire, for nearly all previously found were taken from the beds of rivers.

How did the diamonds come in South Africa?

is a question to which an answer was given at a meeting of the same Society. It appears that the diamonds are found only in 'peculiar circular areas,' and these are described as 'pipes' which, in former ages, were the vents of volcanos. And further we are told that the diamonds when found are for the most part fragments, complete specimens being comparatively rare. Hence the supposition is, that large masses of diamond were formed in the intense heat of nature's underground laboratory, and were broken to pieces when subsequently upheaved with other masses of rock. Professor Ramsay, who was chairman of the meeting here under notice, stated that 'he thought it more probable that the diamonds were brought up from some subterranean metamorphosed rock, than that they were generated in the lava.' It is remarkable that the diamonds found in any one of the pipes are different in character from those found in the others.

Dr Haast, F.R.S., in an address delivered to the Philosophical Institute of Canterbury, New Zealand, questions the theory of upheaval and depression with which some geologists account for differences of geological structure, or for the presence of the same flora and fauna in countries far apart. He argues that similitude of species may exist as well as identity; and says: 'Might we not throw out the conjecture that in two more or less distant countries which never were directly united, some forms of organic life can and do exist, which shew what to us appears identical specific characters, because the cause or causes of their evolution were identical or nearly identical, and thus a considerable number of supposed changes in the level of many countries of which we do not find geological records, can be dispensed with.'

It has occurred to certain Frenchmen that if they were to grow barley of the right kind, they might sell the whole crop to the brewers of England, and thus add to the trade resources of their country. A statement on the subject has been made to the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry at Paris, from which we learn that the kind of barley most in request for conversion into malt is dense and heavy, and that this kind can be grown on the calcareous soils of France.

Pasteur, a member of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, one of the ablest chemists of the day, has given a practical turn to his researches on fermentation. In a communication to the Society named in the preceding paragraph, he states that he has succeeded in brewing beer which will not alter in any climate, and may be kept an indefinite time. Ordinary beer, as is well known, is very liable to change, especially in hot weather. M. Pasteur shews that this deterioration is a consequence of unhealthy fermentation; that with perfectly pure yeast, which he has succeeded in making, a healthy alcoholic fermentation can be produced, even in the temperature of summer. The process for making the yeast, and the kind of apparatus required, are to be described in a future communication. Meanwhile, it is something to be informed on such good authority, that the use of ice, and other expensive precautions, to which brewers have recourse, may in future be dispensed with, and to know that methods are available by which unhealthy ferments can be detected, and the conditions of their existence ascertained.

WINTER.

HAIL! monarch of the leafless crown,
Rare seen save with a gloomy frown,
With ice for sceptre, robes of snow,
Thy throne—the stream's arrested flow—
Stern tyrant! whom the hast'ning sun
Doth loathe to serve, by vapours dun
Begirt, a melancholy train,
O'er Nature holding saddest reign.
Lo! of thy rigor birds make plaint,
And all things 'neath thy burden faint,
Nor cheered are they by message cold,
In answer by the north wind told,
The envy of thy grievous sway,
When thou wouldst drive all hope away
From Nature, yearning to restore
To earth the bliss it knew before,
When Summer ruled with empire mild,
And Autumn, still a ruddy child,
Lay cradled 'mong the greenery
Of whisp'ring birds and laden tree.
The brook that prattled to the air
Of golden harvests, scenes as fair
As poet rapt in fancy's maze
Could scarce enshrine in mortal lays,
Now rude and angry hurls along
The hearers of his summer song—
The branch and leaf that once repaid
His music with their tender shade,
And catching Zephyr's honey'd tone,
To his sweet tuning joined their own.
Or bound, perchance, in dance slow,
Fall faint he wends, and moaning low,
Fit dirge he makes o'er freedom lost,
In joy of which he wanton tossed,
The falling blossoms on his wave,
For water-nymphs to catch and save.
Now stript of his green bravery,
In piteous plight the weary tree
Is blown upon by mocking winds,
Whom changed now he sighing finds
From those gay playmates welcomed erst
In glee by his young leaves when first
They wove their merry breeze-taught dance,
And broke their feathered lodgers' trance,
What time the eastern wave did gleam
'Neath fore-foot of the golden team.
Not busy now with tender care,
For coming brood the birds prepare
Their airy arde, rocked unseen
By Dryad hands behind the screen
Of leafy curtains, where no eyes
Of mischief curious may pry.
The thrush that erst with walling voice
Made all the tangled brake rejoice
In echoes of his mellowed strain,
To mope in silence now is fain;
Nor ever pipes from straining throat
The varied wonders of his note.
So bleak the scene, so sad the day,
Too harsh, O Winter, is thy sway!

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A NIGHT IN THE SIERRA MORENA.

DURING the winter of 1873, we made a trip through Spain, passing the Spanish frontier at Irun, crossing the Pyrenees, scanning Madrid, taking a good look at Seville, and finally undertaking an expedition into the Sierra Morena. The object of our visit into that wild country was to examine its geological formation, with a view to an estimation of the mineral wealth contained therein, and to note also the 'lay' of the country for railway purposes. We undertook the journey in a sort of covered wagonette, drawn by four wretched-looking horses, the party consisting of an aged companion, an interpreter, a driver, and a help, making five in all. The direction of our journey was nearly north, through the province of Huelva, past the villages of Fuente de Cantos and Guadalcanal, the distance from Seville of the extreme end of our journey being about eighty miles.

Before leaving England, we were assured that it was safer to travel alone in the Sierra Morena than it was to walk alone at night down Whitechapel; that brigands were things of the past, and only existed in imaginations naturally weak and timid; that if we chose, we might take a revolver, but it would be a useless encumbrance, which we should regret having with us; in a word, that there was no danger.

During our stay in Madrid, we made the acquaintance of a young Spanish gentleman, who had passed some years in England, and who spoke English very well; to him we announced our intention of visiting the district north of Seville, and examining the mountain passes of the Sierra Morena.

'What escort do you propose taking?' he asked.

'None, except a couple of revolvers.'

'The place is most dangerous,' said the Spaniard; 'all the deserters, thieves, and rascals about Seville, Cordova, or Cadiz, escape to the Sierra Morena, and live there by thieving and murdering. If you go alone, you will incur a great risk.'

This was the opinion of a Spaniard, who, how-

ever, had never been in the districts in question, whilst our informant in England had visited it.

At Seville we heard two accounts of the mountains and of the safety of travelling there: one was, that you might travel safely anywhere with a walking-stick, and be treated civilly; the other was, that the brigands were in numbers, and that an escort was a necessity.

Reviewing the whole question, we decided that it was probable that brigands did exist, but that with care, watchfulness, and a little diplomacy, a journey might be effected without an escort; and having been accustomed to travel in the wildest of wild countries, namely, Africa, with no protection except that afforded by the weapons we carried, we had considerable confidence in ourselves, and believed we might venture on the expedition.

Leaving Seville at daybreak, we travelled for several hours along the wretched roads that are invariably found in Spain. On these roads, at every ten yards or so, four or five stones are to be seen, double the size of brickbats, over which the driver sends his vehicle with a jolt and a shout. No one seems to consider it necessary to remove these stones, or in any way to improve the road, but all is left very much as other things are left in Spain, to take care of themselves.

On our journey, we met numbers of peasants riding mules, and bringing in large quantities of cork. A mule laden with cork is a curious object; the lightness of the material enables the mule to be almost covered with cork, which is piled up and spread out on each side of the animal. The men who rode or conducted these mules were quite different in appearance from the peasants in the north of Spain. Even now, the Moorish element is visible, especially among the country-people in the south, many of them looking like half-castes; and although, if cleaned and well dressed, they might appear less villainous, they certainly seemed the most cut-throat rascals it has ever been our fate to inspect. These peasants, or gipsies as they were termed by our interpreter, were clothed in broad-brimmed hats of felt; a bluish flannel shirt; a broad red sash, in which was their long knife; scanty

trousers, protected by a sort of leathern apron, that fitted over each leg, and projected behind, giving a most singular appearance to the men when walking.

At the first resting-place we reached, we had an opportunity of noting the manners in a Spanish *venta* or *posada*, as the inns are termed. A *fonda* in Spain means a first-class hotel, whilst a *venta* is about equal to a public-house. Even the *fondas* in the best cities of Spain are abominable; they are dirty, deficient in many essentials, and invariably smell horribly of garlic and burnt oil. This being the case with a *fonda* in the cities, it may be expected that a *venta* in the mountains is not a very convenient resting-place. Fowls, donkeys, dogs, and human beings seem to live therein in a most friendly way, and we also found that certain small creatures were in legions in the beds.

Thirteen hours' continued jolting over the rough roads of these mountains had thoroughly tired us out, so that the announcement that we had at last reached the inn was an agreeable one to us. On driving into the large gateway by which we entered it, we saw that far to the right, and far to the left, was one long room, the ceiling of which was the rafters and thatch; the walls were white-washed, and the windows were merely square holes without glass, capable of being closed by wooden shutters. On the earthen floor of this room was a fire, around which, on chairs, were seated about twenty ruffianly-looking men. To say that these men were dirty, would be using a mild term to describe their filthy state. It seemed as though their clothes had not been taken off for many months, and as though water, except as a drink, was not considered at all necessary. On our entering the *venta*, and descending from the vehicle, the majority of these ruffians jumped up, and came into very close approximation to us, for the purpose, apparently, of examining us. Such a proceeding was highly objectionable: first, because the odour of these people was unbearable; and secondly, as the hilt of the long knife which each man carried was visible in his belt, we were reminded of the number of crosses by the roadside which we had seen, each indicating a murder, and of the reports we had heard of the readiness with which these men used their weapons. Their curiosity having been satisfied, they again closed round the fire, whilst we made known our pressing want for food, and our request for beds. In answer to our first demand, we were informed that a fowl would be killed for us. In our trustfulness, we did not inspect our dinner in its living state, as we afterwards found was necessary, but allowed the landlady to kill what was, we supposed, from the tenacity with which limbs and joints clung to each other, the senior hen. Fortunately, early during the day we had procured a woodcock, and this bird having been prepared for cooking, would serve for our first course.

Suspended from a beam across the room and over the fire, was a large chain, almost stout enough to have served for the cable of an iron-clad; at the extremity of this chain were three large hooks, similar to those used by the Royal Humane Society for fishing out reckless skaters from the bed of the Serpentine. Very formidable did this apparatus look, and well suited to support half a sheep over the fire; but when at the end of this huge chain our poor little woodcock (cut in halves and spread out) was suspended over the fire, and

watched by twenty ruffians, we felt that so trifling a morsel was quite unworthy of such a formidable surrounding.

Having seen that there was a probability of some part of our dinner being cooked, after a fashion, we devoted our attention to inspecting that part of the establishment intended for our bedrooms. First we found a room, at the end of the long barn-like building, which was about twelve feet square. This was the state-room of the establishment. The floor was of brick, the walls white-washed, the ceiling was the rafters and thatch. Hung on the walls were a number of coloured prints of a Catholic and religious character. The window of this room was a square hole of about two feet each side, and without glass; consequently, if the wind blew, or there was any rain, this opening had to be closed, when the only source of light was cut off. A few chairs and a table completed the furniture of this room. At one side of the state apartment there were two cabins, about eight feet square: these were our bedrooms; but they were at present occupied by some fowls. There was only a doorway, but no door, to these holes, and no window or chimney. From the rafters were suspended long strings of capsi-cums, and several bunches of musty-looking grapes, and long strings of sausages.

Whilst we were inspecting our rooms, the lady who seemed to rule the *venta* brought us a large brazier containing embers from the fire, and commenced laying the cloth for our dinners. We must give to these people the credit of having clean and white linen for their tables, a result probably due to the fact, that at these *ventas* it is not once in six months that a customer arrives sufficiently civilised to care for a table-cloth. Eagerly did we look forward to 'dinner,' for the air had been cold and bleak all day, and we had been many hours without any food more substantial than biscuits. It was a long time before the woodcock appeared—but at last it was placed before us. There are many delusions and snares in this world, but none, we believe, more certain than the belief that one enjoys anything in the way of food when hungry, no matter how it is cooked. 'Hunger is the best sauce,' says the proverb. Let those who think so, try to dine off half a woodcock and a fowl cooked at a *venta* in the Sierra Morena. The woodcock arrived, and it was divided between the two of us; but its appearance was not prepossessing—part of it was raw, and part burnt to a cinder. Still it was eaten, and we sat in expectation of the next course.

During our performance on the woodcock, the landlord, who was a fat, stupid old man, came into our room, and stood quietly watching us as we ate; he was soon followed by three men, who had left their seats by the fire, evidently for the purpose of seeing how we fed. All four men were smoking cigarettes, an accompaniment not quite agreeable during dinner. The landlady soon joined the group; and we could scarcely avoid feeling as though we were in a cage, being watched by visitors, who had paid a small sum to become sightseers. Mustering our best Spanish, we managed to make the landlord understand that we should like to try a pint of his very best wine, for our stock of brandy was exhausted, and the rascally landlord at Seville had put in our hamper a villainous compound of Spanish brandy, instead of cognac, which we had ordered. The landlord

returned with his wine, at the same time that the landlady placed on the table a roast fowl. A pint of wine and a roast fowl sounds well; but, alas! practical experience too often reveals the fact, that all is not gold that glitters. We set to work to carve the fowl, which looked miserably gaunt and thin; but though we are somewhat expert at separating joints, yet, after many ineffectual efforts, we entirely failed to amputate the pinion of that ancient hen. Help, however, was at hand, and it came in a manner we little expected. The landlady, with a woman's ready wit, saw our difficulty, and also its remedy. Shouting to her husband, who was quietly watching our struggles, she placed one hand on the fowl's leg, and grasped it firmly, her husband doing the same with the other leg. A long and a strong pull was given by these heavy weights, and the fowl's legs came off. One leg was placed in our plate, the other in our companion's. The wings were then seized by the same parties, and torn off in the same manner as the legs had been; after which the landlady appeared highly pleased, whilst the landlord looked more stolid and stupid than ever.

Not a smile appeared on the faces of the lookers-on; they watched the whole proceeding calmly, and as though it were a matter of course; and they seemed rather to pity us for our want of ingenuity in not having been able to separate legs and wings from body without these allies. It was only after we had endeavoured, during several minutes, to produce with our teeth some impression on the fowl, that we had to give it up as a bad job.

But we have yet our wine with which to make our hearts glad. This wine had been brought in a large tumbler, like that used for a brandy-and-soda. It was rather thick, but probably that defect would not damage its flavour. Cautiously we lifted it to our lips, and tasted it. Alas for the reputation of the wines of the Sierra Morena! This compound tasted as if composed of equal parts of brine, treacle, and vinegar; whilst there was a musty, mildewed twang about it, that rendered it abominable. It was impossible to avoid some expression of disgust at this mixture, and our grimace needed no interpreter: even the stupid landlord comprehended that we did not approve of his best wine; but we had yet much to learn as regards the manners of these rural landlords. Seeing us put down our tumbler, the fat man came round beside us, coolly lifted our tumbler, examined it at the light, took a deep draught, snacked his lips, and then handed the wine to one of the bystanders, who also tasted it, and handed it back to the landlord, who replaced the tumbler, now half empty, and exclaimed: '*Drink it. Delicioso!*' (It is very good). However, we replied: '*No puedo!*' (No more). One really eatable thing was supplied us, and that was a melon. It was grown in the open air, was very fine, and was really as good a melon as we have ever eaten; but the method of our cutting it was objected to by the hostess, who energetically seized the melon with her somewhat soiled hands, and cut off a slice for us, intimating at the same time that a melon ought to be cut thick, and plenty of the rind cut off. Really, this landlady meant well, and attended to us to the best of her ability: her activity, too, was wonderful, considering that she must have been at least sixty years of age, was about five feet high, and weighed about sixteen stone. When, however,

attentions are carried beyond the dinner-table, and extend to the hours devoted to rest, they become unpleasant. Thus, when we had retired to rest, we could have easily dispensed with the visit of the landlady, who, with arms akimbo, inquired if we wanted more clothes on the bed, and seemed disposed to stand chatting. She was followed, too, by a couple of the smoking ruffians, who seemed very interested in our proceedings. The curiosity of our visitors having apparently been gratified, they left us, and we soon after slept as quietly as though we had dined and drank well, and were not in a wild and dangerous country.

Our next night was passed at the inn of a small village without event; but the third night is one which we shall long remember.

Our third day's journey had been a very protracted one, and darkness had closed in on us before we had reached the solitary venta where it was proposed we should pass the night. Before reaching this house, our interpreter informed us that he did not like the place; it had a bad name, he said, and was frequented by thieves. No other house, however, was within a league, so we had no alternative but to stop at this place, or remain all night in the open. The state of the horses, moreover, rendered it necessary that food and shelter should be obtained. It was near midnight when we reached the long solitary building that was to be our resting-place; and as we drew up outside it, we heard a multitude of voices inside, which became hushed, as if by signal, when we knocked at the door. The door was opened a little way, and some conversation took place between our interpreter and some one behind the door; after which our man informed us we could not enter, as the place was full of brigands. Being certain that our horses could not drag us another mile, we determined to stop, however. The landlord now came and told us that the men inside said we should not enter, as we were strangers, and he advised us not to do so, or he would not be responsible for the results. Taking our interpreter by the arm, we pushed past the landlord, and entered a long, low barn sort of place, at the end of which was a fire on the floor, round which were about twenty dirty-looking Spaniards of the most ruffianly appearance. As we approached, these men started to their feet, and looked anything but pleasantly at us. Telling our interpreter to translate what we said, we bowed most politely to these rascals, told them we were English; and having heard much of the civility and hospitality of the Spaniards, especially of those in the Sierra Morena, we had come to visit them, but were surprised to hear from the landlord that our presence was objected to, in which we believed the landlord was mistaken. If, however, any gentleman did object to us, we hoped he would speak. Whilst our man was translating this speech, we slipped a hand into our pocket, and just showed the butt of one of our revolvers, a movement which did not escape the notice of the Spaniards. In another minute we had shaken hands with these men, had liberally supplied them with cigarettes, and had joined their circle round the fire, whilst one of them was toasting a rabbit for us, which he held by aid of a long fork over the burning embers. That night we slept again in a small room with a doorway, but no door. A chair tilted up close by it, so as to fall at the slightest touch, was our sentinel, and we passed a quiet night. Ten days

after our visit to this venta, two men were murdered near it, and we afterwards found that a discussion had taken place relative to capturing us, but that a knowledge of our being armed had decided these gallant fellows, though twenty to one, to leave us alone, and wait for a better chance.

WHAT'S HIS FAULT?

The man who can ride twelve stone, may procure a horse to suit him at a reasonable figure, but that weight once passed, the price increases for every additional stone in a most disproportionate manner. This truth was borne in upon me, as a country clergyman of limited income, but growing portliness, with especial force, on a certain occasion of my being in want of a steed. A month passed in inquiries, which led only to abortive deals; sometimes it was the horse, at others, the price, which did not please me, and I was beginning to despair, when a man rode up to my rectory one morning on exactly the sort of animal I wanted—stout, strong, but handsome withal. The man was not dressed after the fashion affected by those who live by dealing in horses; there was nothing smart or natty about him; he wore thick shoes, and his loose and badly cut trousers rucked up, shewing as much stocking as a Senior Wrangler on the Trumpington Road.

‘I beg your pardon, sir,’ he said, dismounting somewhat ungracefully: ‘I heard, at the village, a couple of miles off, where I put up last night, that you were looking out for a horse.’

I had learned several lessons during the last few weeks, and one was never to appear anxious. The faintest expression of desire to possess an animal invariably seemed to beget in the dealer's mind an unwillingness to part with it. So I said carelessly: ‘Well, I am in no particular hurry; but if I met with a horse that suited me at a moderate price, I might possibly make an offer for him.’

‘What do you think of this one?’ asked the man.

‘What is his age?’ I replied, with Caledonian caution.

‘Rising seven, sir. Look at his mouth.’

I looked at his mouth, and, though unable to read his exact age therein, I saw that his teeth were all sound, and not worn at all; so he could not be very old.

‘Try him, sir,’ was the next suggestion; so I lengthened the stirrup, and mounted. He walked quite five miles an hour; trotted about twelve, I should say, and his canter was the easiest motion a Sybarite could wish for. I could detect no timidity, vice, or unsoundness about him. In short, the animal seemed to be exactly what I wanted, and it was with some secret nervousness that I asked his price, for I feared that it would be a very high one, far beyond my capabilities.

‘Well, sir,’ said the man, ‘make me an offer. You see,’ he continued, ‘I will tell you exactly how it is. I went into the North with six horses, and sold five. I kept this one, to sell in London next hunting season, meaning to send him out with the Queen's stag-hounds with a good man. Well, sir, at Lincoln, I got a letter from a Prussian gentleman I have often had business with, offering me a situation in the government breeding-stables in Germany: too good a thing to refuse, it is. So

I must be off at once, and send this horse to Tattersall's to fetch what he will. So there you have it. Make me an offer.’

‘Well,’ said I, ‘I do not require a very extravagant animal; I only want something to carry sixteen stone or so, and draw a chaise, and that is sound and quiet, and I cannot give more than forty pounds for a horse.’

‘That is very little; but still, there is the expense of his standing at Tattersall's, and the commission and the risk. Say fifty, and you shall have him.’

Now, as I had not thought for a moment that a hundred pounds would buy the animal, this proposition quite took my breath away.

‘I should like a veterinary surgeon to see him,’ I said.

‘Very good,’ replied the man. ‘I have no objection, provided he is close at hand. But I must go on to-night; and if the horse is not sold, I must take him with me.’

‘I could not get professional advice before to-morrow at the earliest,’ said I.

‘Never mind; I will give you a warrant,’ replied the dealer.

I was tempted, for it did seem to be a bargain. I looked the horse over carefully, stroked his legs down with my hands, and tried to find a blemish, but could not. And while I was going through this process, he rubbed his nose against my shoulder, and then poked it into my pocket, to see if I had some such delicacy there as an apple or a carrot, in a way which proved him free from vice.

‘Well,’ I said finally, ‘I know nothing about horses myself; and since you cannot allow time for him to be examined, forty pounds must be my last bid.’

‘Say fifty.’

‘No; forty.’

‘Forty-five.’

‘No; forty.’

‘At least you will make it guineas?’

I agreed to that; and he came into my study, where he drew up a warranty and a receipt; and I gave him a cheque for forty-five pounds, the three extra to include the saddle and bridle, which he reasonably urged that it would be troublesome to take with him. When he had eaten some dinner, and was departing, I said to him: ‘The bargain is made now, for good or bad, and if the horse dies to-morrow, it is my loss, so just tell me fairly, What is his fault?’

‘Fault, sir?’ replied the dealer. ‘None at all, that I know of. Honour bright; if I knew anything against the horse, I would tell it you.’ And he departed.

I determined to ride over at once to Mr Plew, the nearest farmer, and ask him to give my horse board and lodging for a day or two, till I should be able to get a man to act as groom, and make other necessary arrangements. On my way, I met my wife returning from a cottage where there was illness, and asked her how she liked my new purchase. ‘What a beauty!’ she exclaimed. ‘I knew you would be enticed into extravagance. What did you give for it?’

‘Forty guineas.’

‘Really! Oh, what's its fault?’

Mr Plew readily acceded to my request.

‘You have got a good one to look at, at last, anyhow,’ said the farmer. ‘A good price too, I guess.

—Forty guineas! You got that oss for forty guineas! What's his fault?

I grew so tired at last of that perpetual question, that I began almost to wish that I could find some blemish in my bargain, if it were only to be able to give a satisfactory answer; but really the animal seemed to be perfect, his sole undesirable quality being, that he was so quiet in harness, that my wife could drive him, and liked to do so, which interfered occasionally with my rides. Before I had had him six weeks, the squire offered a hundred guineas for him, and I refused it. That one fact is more eloquent than several pages of eulogistic description.

Six months after I had acquired this cheap paragon, my wife went to stay with one of our married daughters, who was settled near Lincoln, and I was to pay a shorter visit before she left, making a clergyman's week of it. From my parish to Lincoln, it was seventy miles, and an old college friend had a living forty miles off on the direct road. So I determined to kill two birds with one stone, by riding to Lincoln in two days, and spending the intermediate night with Hughes, whom I had long promised to look up. And a very enjoyable ride I had, with all my luggage in the saddle-bags before me. Ah! it was not the railway, but the coach that destroyed the pleasurable romance of travelling. When the usual way of going about was on horseback, and nobody was expected to carry much luggage with him, and there was a good chance of being robbed and murdered, and a certainty of losing your way every now and then, a journey had some excitement about it. The exercise of riding is of itself both enjoyable and health-giving; to sit in the corner of the most comfortable carriage is neither.

Hughes received me with signs of joy, admired my nag, asked his price, and made the usual remark on hearing it: 'What's his fault?'

'Not much, I imagine,' I replied. 'I have ridden him forty miles to-day, and he is as fresh and elastic in step as when I started.'

'And you are not a feather-weight,' added Hughes rather unnecessarily.

I started again next morning, stopping halfway to bait. The host admired my horse very much indeed; I was quite surprised at the notice he took of it, and at last rather offended, for his manner impressed me with the idea that he thought it rather strange that I should be riding so good a one.

Mr Higgins ought to see that 'ere animal,' he remarked to his hostler in my hearing, as I sat by the coffee-room window, eating some bread and cheese. 'Go and ask him to step round.'

I was in the saddle again, and on the point of starting, when this Mr Higgins made his appearance on a cob.

'That's a nice horse of yours,' this gentleman observed; 'I should like to have a look at him, if you do not mind.'

'Thank you, sir,' I replied stiffly; 'my horse is not for sale, and I have a long ride still before me.'

And I started off at a round trot, Mr Higgins following on the cob. The man may have been going to Lincoln, whether I had come by or not, but he certainly appeared to be dogging me. When I trotted, he trotted; when I checked my pace to let him pass, he did the same. At last I urged my

horse, which was a very fast one, and tried to trot clean away from him; but though he had to gallop his cob on the hard road to do it, he kept within hail of me. This manoeuvring brought us to Lincoln in less than two hours. At the entrance of the town, we met one of the county constabulary; and Mr Higgins, who was now about ten yards in rear of me, hailed him.

'Hi! constable. Take that man into custody. Mind he does not slip past you!'

I reined up, and looked right and left for the culprit, but saw no one save the man on the cob, and the policeman; and then it flashed across me that I was the culprit!

The constable laid his hand on my rein apologetically.

'Are you sure there is no mistake, sir?' he asked.

'None at all. It is most likely that rascal, Bob Bradshaw, who gets himself up capitally as a person: does duty sometimes, I'm told.'

I was taken to prison, and brought up presently before—my son-in-law, who was not so undutiful as to commit me for trial, but, on the contrary, indignantly abused the poor constable for doing his duty.

You have guessed my horse's fault, I suppose. He was not spavined, broken-winded, or glandered; he was afflicted with neither thoroughpin nor splint. He had been stolen.

Moral.—Take care how you buy a horse from a total stranger.

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

CHAPTER XI.—A MEETING.

MR CAIRNES and his daughter were living in a large and handsome house at the Hastings end of the long monotonous row which bears the name

'Marine Parade' unmistakably upon its wearisome sameness in all the English watering-places along the south-eastern coast. Anne's health had improved, and she liked the place. She shrank from the idea of returning to Scotland; the Tors was too close to Barholmie; she could bear her burden of dread and anxiety more bravely, and unsuspected, in a place where no one knew or cared about David Mervyn. Of all the pain of which this terrible time was full, none was more present and torturing to Anne than the sense that she must be content with her neutral position of general family friend, not to be considered by the Barholmie people in any special way; to hear news when they chose to communicate it, to have it withheld when it did not occur to them to impart it, to be quite at their mercy with respect to the pulling at her heart-strings, which they would be unconsciously performing; to be only one of many 'inquiring friends.' Her illness, the previous period of torturing uneasiness and uncertainty, the flicker of what Anne acknowledged to herself, with her usual candour, was hope, the swift-coming disappointment, had shaken her nerves, and she felt she could ill endure that particular form of probation. So she staid on and on, and hoped to avoid returning to the Tors until suspense at least should have come to an end. For Anne's feelings there was none of

the luxury of expansion and expression. Wives and mothers, sisters and sweethearts, talked freely discuss the war, and their several shares in its terrible and absorbing interest; even friends who were no more than friends might talk of it perpetually, and freely admit its prominence in their thoughts; but she was in none of these categories, and reserve was incumbent upon her.

Marion's letters were a great relief to Anne, though she could not loosen the curb of self-restraint, even in replying to them. David's sister was not absorbed in her new happiness and her new house, to the exclusion of the former feelings, which had sufficed until Love came and proclaimed himself lord of all; she thought of her brother, feared for him, gloried in him, and wrote about him frequently to her friend. It never occurred to Mrs Græme that she made David a somewhat preponderant topic, considering that he was not Anne's brother also; this, however, did not come from selfishness, or want of consideration, but simply and naturally from habit. Marion had long been accustomed to be first and most important in Anne's life, to know that Anne's friends were few and her interests restricted, and to accept her identification of herself with all that concerned her (Marion) with the unhesitating and tacit confidence it deserved.

Lady Mervyn also wrote to Anne occasionally, and when she did so, she told her the latest news of David. Her ladyship's belief in her own theory of Anne's feelings was unshaken; indeed, she had interpreted the illness, of which Mr Cairnes had duly informed his daughter's friends at Barrholme, correctly, and was complacently affected by the notion, that here was the heiress, so ready to die for love of David, that there could be no doubt at all of her readiness to marry him, when he should return, wiser by all the experience of life he must have gained in the fulfilment of some of its severest duties. The mother had terrible pangs of fear sometimes, but they were few; she was for the most part cheerful and hopeful, capable of planning and scheming for the future; and time brought to her comparatively little of the dull aching agony of suspense which filled up the days of David's wife, and those of the woman who loved him, and who dwelt throughout those days in unconscious proximity.

Mr Cairnes was of a naturally adaptive disposition, and very good-natured and sociable; easy to get on with, and cheerfully ready to enter into the characteristic life of any place at which he happened to be sojourning. He was much attached to the Tors, and legitimately proud of the position he had acquired, and the respect he had won from his neighbours; but he was also well content to pass the summer at Hastings, with intervals of 'business' at Manchester, and 'having a look at his Scottish estate. After his fears for Anne's health began to subside, he investigated the resources of the place, and adapted himself to it with equal good sense and temper. His house was very nearly the best at Hastings—quite the best to be had in a temporary way—and he liked the beach, the boats, the reading-room, the drives, the small excitement of daily arrivals and departures, and the sense of nearness to London, which placed 'a run up to town' among the number of his possible recreations, though he availed himself rarely of his opportunities in

that way. He took sea-baths with the utmost regularity, and contracted acquaintances with a facility which said more for his kind heart than for his dignity. Anne was much with him; and she strove conscientiously with the trouble that was in her heart, whenever it rose up between her and the discharge of the duties that lay to her hand; but in spite of every effort, she could not be the lively and entertaining companion who had made the hours pass so lightly in their Scottish home, and she was consciously relieved when her father left her for the occasional absences enjoined by his business and his property. When she was thus left alone, Anne generally restricted her walks to the garden, but she went out in her carriage for solitary drives, or in a boat, accompanied by her maid.

It chanced that on the day after Anne and her father had heard Lucy Mervyn sing the old song which had such subtle power of association for Anne, Mr Cairnes left her for a short visit to Manchester, and the evening being beautiful, and the sea smooth, she thought she would endeavour to hear again the voice which had so delighted her ears and touched her heart. She had accurately noted the position of the singer, who had been sitting near the edge of the beach, with the slight foam of the gentle wave almost touching her feet, and hidden from observation on one side by a low rough wall, built in the sand and shingle, for some boatman's purposes, but now quite solitary and unused. Anne's hopes were not disappointed; when within a short distance of the spot, she bade the boatmen rest on their oars, and listened in the stillness. At first she heard no sound, and the low wall intervening, she did not discern Lucy's figure, but she soon saw a straw hat with a veil attached to it, lying on the top of the wall, and knew the lady she had seen on the previous evening was there. Presently the sweet, clear, powerful voice rose, not this time in the words of a song, but in the solemn rhythm of one of the grandest of the Psalms; and thrilled the heart of one at least of the unsuspected listeners. Great peace, and the fulness of trust for him she loved, and for herself, came to the soul of Anne Cairnes as Lucy lifted up the voice of praise:

O God, our help in ages past;
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our Eternal Home!

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From Everlasting, Thou art God!
To endless years the same!

'And we are all in His hands,' thought Anne, 'each one of us; as it was from the beginning, so it ever shall be, to endless years the same—safe, however, it may be with us, for shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' It was long since the peace which came to her with the swelling notes, full of lofty expression, had had possession of Anne; before it the fear which hath torment fled, and the vain hopeless longing for the desire of her eyes was stilled. Who could this woman, whose voice was full of the freshness of youth, be? Anne could not see her, but she pictured her to herself as beautiful, with a face as full of peace and nobility as her grand flexible

voice; which now sank into silence, but only to take up the strain again:

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints shall dwell secure;
Protected by Thine arm alone,
So their defence is sure.

The singer rose, took her hat off the wall, and, apparently without noticing the boat, walked away up the beach towards the road, as she had done on the preceding evening. 'She is going home,' thought Anne. 'I have come a little too late,' and she followed the retreating figure with a wistful gaze, as Lucy gained the road, walked along it for a short distance, and then turned in at the entrance to a farm-house which Anne had often noticed in her drives. A long narrow orchard extended from the house to the road, and in one corner of it, adjoining the boundary hedge, there was a green trellised arbour, which in the summer had been covered with honeysuckle and roses.

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'If I had only known in time where we were going to stop,' Anne thought, 'I could have made use of the opportunity to find out who she is, and where she comes from. The nurse would have told me. Perhaps she is a widow, poor young thing.' When she returned from her drive, Anne told her maid—who had observed her interest in the singer on the previous evening—of her little adventure; and the damsel, who was, like all her dependants, attached to Anne, made up her mind that the information her mistress wished for should be forthcoming. Accordingly, before she presented herself with the letters in her mistress's room on the next morning, she had possessed herself of the following facts. The lady-lodger at the farm-house was a Mrs Martin, from London; her husband, an officer in the army, was 'out at the war'—such was the vague phrase in use at the time by that large portion of the British nation who knew neither where nor what the Crimea was—and she was very down-hearted in consequence, and also said to be in delicate health. Mrs Martin never went anywhere, and had no visitors except a sister, who came occasionally from London. She was a popular lodger with Farmer Evans and his wife, giving very little trouble, and singing of an evening, so that it was as good as church, or the great concert in the season, to hear her. Mrs Martin had been lodging at Farmer Evans's a good while, and there was no sign of her leaving yet. Anne listened to all this with much interest. The curiosity and admiration inspired by the unknown lady's singing had been increased by her beauty and her youth, and they received a fresh impetus from the additional link of association formed by her interest in the scene on which Anne's mind was fixed. Anne was not impulsive, and she was less given to the formation of sudden friendships than most girls, but she felt strongly tempted to act on impulse now; to call on Mrs Martin, acknowledge that she had been a surreptitious listener to her even-song, and ask her to accompany her in her drives, and in those quiet boating expeditions which would, she was convinced, do the anxious, delicate, young wife good. Miss Cairnes purposed this unconventional proceeding seriously, all because the stranger had a beautiful voice, and a husband in the Crimea! A little, also, because she was bored by her own Hastings acquaintances,

the luxury of expansion and expression. Wives and mothers, sisters and sweethearts, might freely discuss the war, and their several shares in its terrible and absorbing interest; even friends who were no more than friends might talk of it perpetually, and freely admit its prominence in their thoughts; but she was in none of these categories, and reserve was incumbent upon her.

Marion's letters were a great relief to Anne, though she could not loosen the curb of self-restraint, even in replying to them. David's sister was not absorbed in her new happiness and her new house, to the exclusion of the former feelings, which had sufficed until Love came and proclaimed himself lord of all; she thought of her brother, feared for him, gloried in him, and wrote about him frequently to her friend. It never occurred to Mrs Græme that she made David a somewhat preponderant topic, considering that he was not Anne's brother also; this, however, did not come from selfishness, or want of consideration, but simply and naturally from habit. Marion had long been accustomed to be first and most important in Anne's life, to know that Anne's friends were few and her interests restricted, and to accept her identification of herself with all that concerned her (Marion) with the unhesitating and tacit confidence it deserved.

Lady Mervyn also wrote to Anne occasionally, and when she did so, she told her the latest news of David. Her ladyship's belief in her own theory of Anne's feelings was unshaken; indeed, she had interpreted the illness, of which Mr Cairnes had duly informed his daughter's friends at Barholm, correctly, and was complacently affected by the notion, that here was the heiress, so ready to die for love of David, that there could be no doubt at all of her readiness to marry him, when he should return, wiser by all the experience of life he must have gained in the fulfilment of some of its severest duties. The mother had terrible pangs of fear sometimes, but they were few; she was for the most part cheerful and hopeful, capable of planning and scheming for the future; and time brought to her comparatively little of the dull aching agony of suspense which filled up the days of David's wife, and those of the woman who loved him, and who dwelt throughout those days in unconscious proximity.

Mr Cairnes was of a naturally adaptive disposition, and very good-natured and sociable; easy to get on with, and cheerfully ready to enter into the characteristic life of any place at which he happened to be sojourning. He was much attached to the Tors, and legitimately proud of the position he had acquired, and the respect he had won from his neighbours; but he was also well content to pass the summer at Hastings, with intervals of 'business' at Manchester, and 'having a look at' his Scottish estate. After his fears for Anne's health began to subside, he investigated the resources of the place, and adapted himself to it with equal good sense and temper. His house was very nearly the best at Hastings—quite the best to be had in a temporary way—and he liked the beach, the boats, the reading-room, the drives, the small excitement of daily arrivals and departures, and the sense of nearness to London, which placed 'a run up to town' among the number of his possible recreations, though he availed himself rarely of his opportunities in

that way. He took sea-baths with the utmost regularity, and contracted acquaintances with a facility which said more for his kind heart than for his dignity. Anne was much with him; and she strove conscientiously with the trouble that was in her heart, whenever it rose up between her and the discharge of the duties that lay to her hand; but in spite of every effort, she could not be the lively and entertaining companion who had made the hours pass so lightly in their Scottish home, and she was consciously relieved when her father left her for the occasional absences enjoined by his business and his property. When she was thus left alone, Anne generally restricted her walks to the garden, but she went out in her carriage for solitary drives, or in a boat, accompanied by her maid.

It chanced that on the day after Anne and her father had heard Lucy Mervyn sing the old song which had such subtle power of association for Anne, Mr Cairnes left her for a short visit to Manchester, and the evening being beautiful, and the sea smooth, she thought she would endeavour to hear again the voice which had so delighted her ears and touched her heart. She had accurately noted the position of the singer, who had been sitting near the edge of the beach, with the slight foam of the gentle wave almost touching her feet, and hidden from observation on one side by a low rough wall, built in the sand and shingle, for some boatman's purposes, but now quite solitary and unused. Anne's hopes were not disappointed; when within a short distance of the spot, she bade the boatmen rest on their oars, and listened in the stillness. At first she heard no sound, and the low wall intervening, she did not discern Lucy's figure, but she soon saw a straw hat with a veil attached to it, lying on the top of the wall, and knew the lady she had seen on the previous evening was there. Presently the sweet, clear, powerful voice rose, not this time in the words of a song, but in the solemn rhythm of one of the grandest of the Psalms; and thrilled the heart of one at least of the unsuspected listeners. Great peace, and the fullness of trust for him she loved, and for herself, came to the soul of Anne Cairnes as Lucy lifted up the voice of praise:

O God, our help in ages past;
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our Eternal Home!

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From Everlasting, Thou art God!
To endless years the same!

'And we are all in His hands,' thought Anne, 'each one of us; as it was from the beginning, so it ever shall be, to endless years the same—safe, however, it may be with us, for shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' It was long since the peace which came to her with the swelling notes, full of lofty expression, had had possession of Anne; before it the fear which hath torment fled, and the vain hopeless longing for the desire of her eyes was stilled. Who could this woman, whose voice was full of the freshness of youth, be? Anne could not see her, but she pictured her to herself as beautiful, with a face as full of peace and nobility as her grand flexible

voice; which now sank into silence, but only to take up the strain again:

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints shall dwell secure;
Protected by Thine arm alone,
So their defence is sure.

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and longed for congenial companionship. She looked at the notion, and it pleased her; but, looking still farther, she began to hesitate. What if she were to do this, and it were to be ill received, regarded as impertinence, in any way rebuked? She relinquished the scheme with a sigh, and resolved, instead of resorting to such decided means, to throw herself in the stranger's way, and trust to another happy accident.

CHAPTER XII.—FATALITY.

A change of weather, bringing three days of rain, made it useless for Miss Cairnes to go out in her boat in order to listen to the siren; on the fourth day, she met Mrs Martin, face to face, at the post-office. Anne's business there was to register and despatch a small packet destined for Marion Graeme; Lucy's, to have a letter to her husband weighed and stamped. Lucy's letter—the address downwards—was in the scale, when Anne Cairnes entered, and approaching the counter, laid down her parcel and stated her requirement.

'In a moment, madam,' said the clerk, civilly; and then to Lucy: 'Over-weight, ma'am; one-and-sixpence, if you please.' He handed the letter to her, and at the same moment Anne recognised Mrs Martin.

'Mrs Gordon Graeme, Nutwood, near Dalbeattie, Galloway, N. B.,' muttered the clerk, as he filled up a register form. The stranger turned quickly, and looked at Anne, who availed herself of the movement to inquire for the little girl whom she had picked up, and for the stranger's own child. Lucy answered with evident embarrassment that the children were well, and that Mrs Evans was very grateful for her kindness. The clerk interrupted the conversation, if so it can be called, by asking Lucy whether he should give her stamps for her letter. But she had put it in her pocket, and said: No; she would add to it, and bring it back to-morrow. Then she bowed to Anne, and walked to the door. Anne ardently wished to prolong this chance interview. But how to do it? The weather settled the question. It had been threatening a few minutes before, now the rain was coming down heavily. Lucy wore a light dress, and had not an umbrella. Anne's closed carriage was at the door.

'You must allow me to take you home,' said Miss Cairnes: 'I am going your way, and you must not walk in this rain.'

'Thank you!' said Lucy: 'you are very kind; but I can wait.'

'Pray, don't refuse to let me do you this little service,' said Anne; and she said it so earnestly that Lucy could not hold out. She stepped into the carriage, and Anne felt elated at her triumph. In spite of Lucy's reserve and timidity, she was attracted towards Anne, and long before they reached Evans's farm, they were talking with tolerable ease. Anne told Lucy that she had heard her sing, and how delighted she and her father had been with one song in particular.

'It is *Ben Bolt*,' said Anne; 'a great favourite with us both, and a song I have often sung; though now that I have heard you sing it, I don't think I shall ever have the courage to attempt it again. It is a popular song in our part of the world—the south of Scotland.'

'I like it very much too,' said Lucy; 'and it

is a great favourite with—with my husband.' Her face flushed, and her lips trembled.

'He is not with you?'

'He is with his regiment in the Crimea.'

'Ah!' said Anne, 'how deeply I can feel for you; one of our dearest friends is there too. Who is there that has not a friend there!' And then the girl, whose own heart never ceased to ache with a silent dread, spoke comfort and courage to the poor young wife, recalling to her the words of the Psalm which she had breathed in such grand music, and talking the sweet woman's talk by which so much sorrow has been beguiled, and so much fear has been dispersed. They reached their destination too soon for Anne, who took leave of her new acquaintance with much kindness.

'You will let me come and see you again,' she said; 'and you will drive out with me sometimes. I quite understand that you like to be very quiet; but you do not look strong, and the air, without fatigue, would do you good.'

'You are very, very kind.'

'And you will be very kind too, and not refuse me. May I come for you to-morrow?'

'Not to-morrow,' said Lucy; 'I have something to do.'

'On Wednesday, then, at three o'clock?'

'If—if you wish it—yes.'

'It will give me the greatest pleasure. But I must not keep you standing. Good-bye.'

Lucy had got out of the carriage, and was standing by the step, and Anne was leaning down towards her, for a farewell shake-hands, and final gaze into her lovely face. Moved by a simultaneous impulse, the two women kissed each other.

The carriage had neared the gate, and the house-door had closed upon Lucy, when Anne remembered that neither had told the other her name. It was not so extraordinary that she should not have asked Mrs Martin's name, because she already knew it; but it certainly was odd that Mrs Martin—who was very unlike the sort of woman to whom a fine carriage and a fashionable gown would serve as a recommendation—should not have asked hers. Perhaps Mrs Martin had heard of her indirectly, even as she had heard of Mrs Martin. At all events, she must repair the inadvertence. So she returned to the house, and gave her card to the servant: *Miss Cairnes, Victoria Lodge*, and, in pencil—*Douro House*. Then she drove away content.

Lucy went up to her room, and took out her letter. She smoothed it, and laid it on the table. It was addressed to Captain Mervyn.

'If she had seen it,' thought Lucy, 'what would she have guessed? If I had not seen her packet addressed to David's sister, what might I not have said that would have put her on the track of the truth? How strange that she and I should have met—she of whom David has so often told me, his sister's great friend, the one to whom he had thought of confiding the fact of our marriage, in the first instance. She has a sweet, kind face, and makes one trust her; and I think if I had known her, I should not have been so fearful of their knowing it, and of being with them; but it is too late now; David must tell his own story, when he comes home.'

Then Lucy considered whether she should open her letter, and add to it the story of her meeting with Miss Cairnes: how she had known who she

was the moment her ear caught the words which the post-office clerk had muttered, because David had faithfully described to her his sister, and his sister's friend; and how, though agitating, the meeting had been very sweet to her, from the feeling that they were both thinking of him, and from Miss Cairnes's picture of the affection which was felt for him in his home. Anne, in speaking of the common public solicitude which now bound so many hearts together in a bond which had no previous existence, had told her much about her own neighbours at Bartholme. But Lucy decided against telling David all this now; she would not disturb him with any notion of her having been placed in a false position, of her having incurred any risk of unpleasantness.

The thoughts of Anne Cairnes ran in a far different channel. There was something in this meeting which pleased her fancy, and touched her heart. She almost envied the lot of the young wife, who had the right to be in trouble, and to tell it to whom she would. And she must be happy, that young wife, despite all her trouble; there was a serene light of sanctioned love in her beautiful face; heavenly content must underlie her grief; content which was never to come to Anne Cairnes, one blessing beyond price, to be excluded from her richly-endowed lot. There was no touch of repining in Anne's reflections, but there was just that quick and sensitive realisation of what might have been, which cannot come without a sensible pang to even the best-disciplined mind. In this new acquaintance she foresaw a great resource. Whether Mrs Martin's evident solitude was voluntary or involuntary, Anne had no means of judging; she might be without friends or relatives, except the sister who could only come to her occasionally; and in that case, Anne might be able to do her a real service, to perform towards her one of those acts of charity, the doing of which, whenever they came to her hand, Anne recognised as among the stringent obligations of the Christian life. Her solitude might be voluntary, and in that case, Anne must trust to winning her consent to its occasional interruption. Altogether the incident had excited Anne, had set her weaving one of those harmless webs of girlish romance, in which her steady and genuinely humble mind rarely indulged. Of course, the stranger, no matter how well she should come to know her, could never replace Marion; that was quite a settled thing with Anne; but Marion was away, Marion was surrounded by friends, and she thought, she hoped, this young lady, so lovely, and so lorn, might *want* her. That was a great point with Anne; that she should be *wanted* by some one; should be necessary in some way to the happiness of some one's life. Of course, she always was so to her father's, and there her heart rested; but its sympathies were wide and deep, and various, and, for the most part, unfulfilled. She gave lavishly, of the large sums which her father placed at her disposal; but beyond that, there were conditions of her life which Anne was always longing to share. Her home, and its luxuries, her carriage, her garden, her books, every pleasure which her wealth commanded; she would have enjoyed them all doubly with the power of sharing them. With the natural quickness of a woman on such points, she had discerned that Mrs Martin was not rich. She was evidently in

inexpensive lodgings; and the delicate beauty of her child's clothing was not reproduced in her own, which was simple, and, though the dress of a lady, had nothing of luxury about it. Anne had visions of Mrs Martin driving and boating with her, walking in her garden, reading her books, playing on her piano, and enjoying the fruit and flowers which are among the permissible gifts of the rich. The time flew that evening, and Anne had not felt so happy since the beginning of the war. She wrote a long letter to her father, full of Mrs Martin, and she eagerly searched the Army List for a record of Captain Martin's name and services. Mrs Martin had not mentioned the arm of the service to which her husband belonged, but Anne found it out easily; Captain Martin was in an infantry regiment of distinction. She could not be mistaken; there was no other Captain Martin in any of the regiments serving in the Crimea. She was surprised to find that he was much older than she had imagined Mrs Martin's husband to be; and had been ten years in his regiment. Her active fancy had drawn a pretty picture of the young husband, of a gallant, youthful soldier, like David Mervyn, and this gentle girlish creature. But the same active fancy had but to charge its palette afresh, and paint a second picture, hardly less attractive, in which the young soldier was replaced by a man forty years of age, with a grave bronzed face; to whom the girlish wife should cling with all the added trust and dependence of the disparity between their respective ages.

The following day passed over quickly, and on the Wednesday morning Anne woke with the feeling, so rare to her of late, that something pleasant and new was in prospect. Her maid brought her letters, and among them was one which had not come by post, and was directed in a hand which she did not recognise.

'Where did this come from, Fleming?' Anne asked her maid.

'A boy brought it at seven o'clock, and said there was no answer.'

Anne carelessly opened the envelope, and read these lines, dated on the previous evening:

I regret very much, dear madam, that it will be impossible for me to avail myself of your kind invitation to drive with you to-morrow. I am obliged, quite unexpectedly, to leave St Leonard's by the earliest train in the morning.—With many thanks for your kindness, I am, dear madam, yours very truly,
L. MARTIN.

Blank disappointment took possession of Anne. She looked at the little letter, and turned it over, as if by that means she might extract more information from it than it had to give. Her brief romance had vanished into thin air; her new friend had gone, and left no trace behind. It took Anne some time to rally from the disappointment; and when her father returned, and she told him about it, she felt half inclined to resist the form which his attempted consolation took. Perhaps, Mr Cairnes suggested, it was as well that circumstances had interfered to prevent her from contracting an intimacy with a person of whom she really knew nothing, except that she had a beautiful face and a fine voice. That she really had a beautiful face, Mr Cairnes was willing to allow, though he could personally vouch only for the voice; but his daughter, who had

a considerable talent for taking likenesses, had amused herself, on the evening of her meeting with Mrs Martin, by making a pencil-sketch of her face, from memory, promising herself, when the hoped-for friendship should be an accomplished fact, to paint a highly finished miniature from it.

'I could not have remained,' pleaded Lucy with her sister—who was inclined to blame her precipitate retreat from St Leonard's—'I could not repulse Miss Cairnes's kindness, and I could not go on deceiving her; neither could I tell her my secret, and ask her to conceal it from David's parents and his sister. You see now that I was right, since there was a secret to keep, to call myself by another name. I should have been constantly afraid, if I had used my own, of some such accident happening as has actually occurred. And David will think so too when he comes home.'

THE OPENING DOOR.

I AM a mining engineer. At the time of which I am writing, I was manager of an extensive colliery in the South Lancashire district. We employed a large number of men, very various, of course, in character. It is not my purpose to describe all particularly, but we had among us several good specimens of the collier of the last generation; men who commenced pit-life when women shared their daily drudgery, who did the toughest part of their life's work when there were no government inspectors to watch over their interests; men, now subdued and quiet, who could tell tales of coal-pit life in the old rough wild days to which the present are tameness itself. These men were superstitious to an amusing degree, constantly on the look-out for signs and omens, not in 'the falling leaf, the snapping twig,' exactly, but in the snapping and falling treacherous roof of the mine; in the accidental extinguishing of lights; in the simmering of gas-bubbles, working their way through the wet 'face' of the coal; also in dreams, whether their own, or any one else's. I used to laugh at their sometimes expressed fears; but the time came when I could at least sympathise with them.

I was sitting in the office, near the pit, one hot summer's afternoon. It was a hot place, being adjacent to the boilers, and a noisy one into the bargain, being situated over a steam saw bench. My temper had been a little disturbed by the pertinacious endeavours of a traveller in iron to draw an order from me, a process which, having no need of iron, I particularly objected to, and which he, needing orders, particularly insisted on. I had shewn my gentleman out four times, but, with the brazen effrontery of his tribe, he would persist in returning, till I was obliged at last to shut and bolt the door, thereby effectually stanching the flow of his blandishments, but also making the office more and more like a drying-stove. Presently I peeped out of the window: my persecutor was gone. I opened the door: in front of it, about to knock, stood old Jemmy Taylor. Jemmy was one of the patriarchal colliers I have mentioned above; in

appearance, a skeleton, dressed in a tight suit of parchment; gaunt, grin, and gray-haired; no model for Apollo, even in his best days, for all his limbs had undergone fracture once, or oftener, which process is no beautifier of the human frame. There he was, in his skull-cap, faded blue shirt, and ragged old velvet coat and trousers: as he had stood many a time before when he had desired an interview with me upon questions of ventilation; for Jemmy was our head 'wasteman.'

I may explain here, that, in pit language, the waste means the old workings, that district of the mine from which the coal has been removed. Most parts of the waste are left to take care of themselves, which they speedily do by closing again into solidity; but through other parts it is often necessary to maintain air-roads; passages to carry on the stream of air from one part of the mine to another, or out to the vent, the up-cast shaft. The office of the wasteman is to keep these roads in order, and see that they do not become blocked up by fallen shale, so as to impede or stop the ventilation. It is impressive, even to one accustomed to them, to travel along these waste roads. You may walk hundreds and hundreds of yards along the low narrow passages, far away from the working-places of the colliers; and more complete isolation you could not feel, I believe, in the middle of a desert. It would be an awkward thing to lose your light, too, on one of these journeys. If well acquainted with the roads, it would be possible to find your way back to occupied ground, or forward to the upcast shaft, whither the current of air is hurrying; but it would be a nasty journey, of much excoaration of legs, arms, and head against the rough tunnel; and should you by chance be so unfortunate as to wander out of the main current of air, your safest guide, you might very possibly have to resign yourself to fate, and sit down in the forlorn hope of being discovered by a search-party.

I invited Jemmy in. It was something out of the ordinary way of business which could make him look so scared through his covering of coal-dust. He seemed so upset, that I thought of asking him to sit down, but remembered in time, that a collier sitting in a chair is as comfortable as the proverbial cat on a hot plate. Your collier can kneel, can lie on his side, can sit on his heels, can stoop in any excruciating posture you may please to name, by the hour together; but ask him to sit in a chair, and you propose an impossibility. The cause of Jemmy's perturbation did not come out quickly; it required much questioning, also several applications to a flat bottle to get his not very connected story from him. It appeared that, in the course of his work, he had remembered that some forgotten props had been left in a certain road midway in the waste. They were lying near an 'air-door,' a tight-fitting, wooden door placed in a roadway, to prevent the air from passing along it. He accordingly set off in search, found the props, and sat down to rest while deciding upon their merits. He placed his lamp upon

the floor, and was just pulling out his pipe for a smoke (irregular Jemmy), when his attention was drawn to the door through which he had just passed. It was slowly opening! Well, there would be nothing wonderful in that, provided the opener had passed through and made himself visible; only, as none did pass through, and as the door, after opening to nearly its full extent, slowly and silently closed again, there certainly was a little foundation for Jemmy's astonishment. Then, 'As I sot theey,' said Jemmy, 'thinkin' what could make it open, it sturred agen, and kep' croppin and croppin, wider and wider, till it wur reet open agen! I ne'er touched it; I wur three yard off. I wur no' so much feart t' fust time, but after-wards'— After opening the second, Jemmy was greatly horrified, to tell the truth, and wished to beat a retreat; but to do so he must re-pass through the door itself! He managed to screw up his courage for this, opened it, shook it, to see that the hinges were firm, closed it after him, and on the express engine of trepidation, commenced to retire. In the fascination of terror, however, he felt compelled to look back, and hoped that the sight of the door fast closed might reassure him; but no sooner did he turn round, than, lo! open comes the door again, in the same steady style as before, and closes in like manner. 'Three times!' thought Jemmy. 'I'm done for!' He, a most cool and clear-headed fellow in all matters connected with his special business, was, as such men often are, very accessible to fear of the unknown. What he had witnessed was, of course, a 'sign,' expressly sent to warn him of approaching danger, probably of an untimely end. When he had finished his tale, I naturally pooh-poohed the whole matter, said he must have been dreaming, sent him home to recover himself, and told him I would meet him in the mine next day, and go with him to the diabolic spot, and see if the phenomenon occurred again: not that I said 'phenomenon' to Jemmy, as it might have increased his fears, but 'words to that effect.'

I had rather a long round to make next morning in a part of the mine we were just opening, and it was noon when I met Jemmy in the 'gal-stable.' (All horses are 'gals,' down Lancashire pits: above ground, young women are 'lasses.') It was with some little difficulty that I persuaded him to get off the provender-box and accompany me on the proposed expedition; but at last we set out, and were presently travelling along the silent road in the deserted waste. I questioned him closely; but though he was now cool, he persisted in the accuracy of his story. I could only conclude that his memory had failed him in some important particular, or that he had been too frightened to notice something which would at once explain the apparent mystery. Half an hour of awkward stooping through half a mile of very low air-passages, and clambering over fallen roof, brought us to the spot. The passage, just where the air-door stood, was in tolerable preservation, and was comparatively wide and high—some six feet by four. The door was some four feet square, set in a brick framework: a good substantial door of thick deal;

tolerably heavy for spiritual influences, I thought. Jemmy had hung back as we approached it, and it was only by half-dragging him along that I got him through. We anchored on the prostrate props. 'Now, Jemmy,' I said, 'let's just see if your door will play any such tricks to-day.' I was certain that, if the manifestation was not a figment of Jemmy's imagination, which seemed only too probable, I should, on seeing it occur myself, be able at once to explain it.

We lighted pipes: against the rules, I must confess, below ground, but an indulgence which I could allow myself with certain trusty men who never abused liberties. 'He's going to disappoint us,' I said; 'you have made me lose an hour for nothing.' Here Jemmy's pipe fell from his teeth, and he clutched hold of me nervously. 'Look, look! Master Thomas! look—it's open!' 'now!' Sure enough, it was, and in the manner in which he had described it. As if drawn by an unseen hand, gently, almost imperceptibly, it came open—just a little streak first, and then wider and wider, till one could peer through it into the dim darkness beyond, half-expecting an earthly visitor, half-fearing a ghostly one. Then slowly, as it had opened, did it shut, closing up silently with a perfect evenness of motion. A little bewildered, I started up, to make a good examination round it, to see if the movement was explainable by any of the surrounding circumstances; but Jemmy begged me to stay where I was, and see 'if it would do so again.' I did so. In two minutes the phenomenon was repeated; in another two minutes it was again repeated; but although we sat still on the props for a quarter of an hour longer, the door opened no more. Poor Jemmy was in a fearfully nervous state by this time, and I myself did not feel altogether composed. The dead, oppressive silence—tomb-like silence—of the place we were in; the 'darkness visible' which surrounded us for a few yards; the darkness unfathomable which closed in around us beyond that area; the feeling of isolation too, and the intent waiting to see whether the mysterious occurrence would be repeated, all helped, with the puzzling over the thing itself, to upset one's equanimity. As I say, we waited a quarter of an hour longer, and the 'sign,' as Jemmy persisted in considering it, did not come again; he rather wished it would, I believe, for the number three was a fatal one in his dictionary of omens; and say what I would, nothing could make him shake off his fixed idea that it was a 'death-warrant' for him. 'Now for a good look at the sign-worker,' said I. A careful examination I made of the door, side-posts, lintel, brickwork, surrounding walls, roof and floor; but nothing could I discover at all capable of explaining the apparent self-action. A quick subsidence of roof, or upheaval of floor, as frequently happens in the passages of a mine, might explain the opening; but no such movement of the surrounding strata had taken place while we were there; and, besides, though such a disturbance might open the door, it would be hardly likely to close it again, especially in such a slow and steady way. I was puzzled, and more than puzzled, I will confess. I did not believe that anything but a natural force could move that door; but what natural force *did* move it? My reader may ask, why should I feel more nervous and strange at seeing this door

move unexplainedly, than I should at seeing a tree fall unexpectedly, or at hearing a voice from an apparently empty room. It would be, I think, because, in the case of the tree and the voice, the mind would almost directly fix on a sufficient natural cause for the occurrence; and fear would hardly have time to make itself felt. Prolong the interval before you fix upon a sufficient cause, and fear has time to assert itself. In the case of the door, the interval of suspense was prolonged indefinitely, for I could find no sufficient reason at all. I left the mine, as I say, puzzled, and more than puzzled.

That evening, however, I thought I had found an explanation, and, of course, instantly all nervousness left my mind, and I laughed heartily at the matter. I hunted up Jimmy from the public-house, where he was relating to a spell-bound circle of fellow-workmen his experiences of the last two days. 'Jimmy,' I said, 'I've found it out.' 'Fun it aight, han ye, Master Thomas? What is't, and what makes it three times?' 'Why, don't you see,' said I triumphantly, and perhaps a shade contemptuously, 'it is an air-door, and the pressure of the air increasing a little now and then, it gets strong enough to blow the door open!' But alas for my theory—in two minutes it was demolished by Jimmy, whose face lost again its momentary cheerfulness. 'Connot be that, 'cas ye see th' door opens *agin* th' air—th' air, be it much or be it little, is *always* pressin' it to.' I had to give in to Jimmy's practical reasoning: what he said, was true; the pressure of air could not explain it, for how could the door open of itself against the current, whether strong or weak?

For several days I perplexed myself about the dreadful door, and its opening and shutting, till I wished it at Jericho. I found that several of the men went, always two or three together, to see the phenomenon, which was daily repeated; and it was further noted that it always occurred at or near one o'clock; that the door always opened and shut three times, no more, no less, and at about the first observed intervals. They could none of them explain it. Wild theories were started by the younger and three R'd men, such as, that air possessed certain powers of suction, as well as of pressure, and that, when it wanted to pass through a door, it was equal on a pinch to opening it for itself! But the older men shook their heads, and pronounced it uncanny, something to do with the next world, a genuine omen. They were unanimous also in the opinion that the warning was intended only for its first witness, poor Jimmy! The fame of this opening door even got so far as the neighbouring town, becoming, of course, magnified on the journey; and I was written to by some friends there to say they had heard there was a door at the colliery which rapped out answers like a medium's table! The enterprising editor of that town even proposed to me that he should send down a special, to interview the case; but I declined, not wishing any factitious interest to be given to the matter.

It will seem strange to my readers, but it is a fact that the door-mystery repeated itself every day for three weeks, and was witnessed during that time by dozens of workmen, without any feasible or probable suggestion being made as to the cause. Many a night I lay awake thinking over it, going carefully over all principles of

mechanics I was acquainted with, to see if there lurked in any of them a possible explanation; but without result.

I discovered the natural cause in time; but I cannot claim that I reasoned it out. A simple coincidence gave me a clue tolerably easy to follow. Before publishing the rationale of the matter, however, I took it into my head to give Jimmy and others convincing proof that I had discovered the secret. I gave it out, that on a certain day the phenomenon would take place half an hour earlier, and would be repeated five instead of three times. Sure enough, the thing happened according to my prediction. Jimmy's face cleared up a little when he found that there was a being of flesh and blood by whom the mystery was explicable; his respect for me visibly increased; indeed, I rather think that in his mind, and in the minds of a few others, I was regarded as 'somebody extr', dealing with the powers that should not be.

Here is the explanation, as shortly as I can put it to non-mining readers. The mine had two shafts, as is usual—the downcast, by which fresh air was supplied to the working; the upcast, up which the foul air escaped. The downcast was the ordinary working-shaft; but the upcast was furnished with a winding engine and a travelling cage for occasional use. Now, when this cage was used, its passage downwards would naturally check the ascending volume of foul air, and would for the moment press it back down the shaft, and consequently would, to some degree, drive back the air which was in the ordinary way rushing along the air-roads. Now, returning for a moment to our old friend the air-door, we shall see the effect of this. We remember that the balance of air-pressure was against the door on the side on which it opened—the handle side; but when the cage descended the upcast, it would reverse for a moment the natural direction of the air-currents, and then the balance of air-pressure would be on the side of the door *opposite* to the handle, and would open it. When the cage stopped at the bottom of the upcast, the natural order of things would gradually restore itself, and the door would gradually close. The opening of the door would, of course, be repeated each time the cage descended the upcast. Its recurrence, three times, at a particular time each day, was explained by the fact, that a set of men, just numerous enough to fill the cage three times, were then working near the upcast, and were lowered to their work at that particular time each day. They were also drawn up and down at other periods of the day, and the air-door would have been seen opening and shutting at those times also, had there been any one there to observe it. Happening to be at the upcast when these men were descending, I was struck by the coincidence of the time, and of the number of descents of the cage, with the circumstances of the door opening, and this led me to unravel the mystery.

When I explained it to Jimmy, the poor fellow seemed to get rid of a nightmare; his parchment face became lustrous with relief. The other men, who had been quite as much 'struck of a heap' as Jimmy, anathematised themselves for not having seen it before, declared Jimmy to be a fool, and did not cease to joke him for a long time about his 'openin' door.' But he took it all very

good-humouredly. He was, I have no doubt, as rejoiced to get that incubus off his mind as Sindbad was to get rid of the old man of the sea; and I was not sorry myself!

INVESTMENTS.

A VERY curious state of things has taken place regarding money. When it was scarce and much in demand, it could be invested at a good rate of interest; now, from the prodigious accumulation of capital, there are more lenders than borrowers, and money becomes what is called 'a drug in the market.' In short, after a man has accumulated a large sum, he does not very well know what to make of it, with any reasonable hope of advantage. Matters having arrived at this crisis, a great many ingenious persons interpose to offer their advice to afflicted capitalists. They invent projects to relieve people of their money on the most specious promises of a high rate of interest. Who of any mark has not been deluged with prospectuses of joint-stock companies without end?

The concoctors of these pompously announced concerns for the most part rely on the ignorance of the public, feeling assured that the magnificence of the promised return will ward off any very close investigation into the good faith of those who initiate the scheme. A showy list of directors can easily be made up; and if a noble lord or two can be included in the number, the bait becomes all the more tempting. Some men of title, having little occupation for their time, are really willing to do a little 'City work' in an honourable way; partly for the influence it gives them in certain quarters, and partly for the directors' allowance of so much per day whenever they attend the 'Board'—men of title not being always men of wealth. Some allow their names to be used on the understanding that no loss or risk shall be incurred by them, and that fully paid-up shares shall be allotted to them as an *honorarium*. Some (as cases in the police and criminal courts too often inform us) are dragged in by company-promoters without their own consent; and the hapless man of title occasionally finds himself involved in the explosion of a bubble-company, the list of directors of which contains (to his astonishment) his own name. The purpose or work the proposed company professes to achieve, is very insufficiently taken into account. It may be of a character which a private firm could carry on better than a large company; it may even be so absurd as to deserve no consideration whatever; and yet a belief is held by company-projectors, founded on past experience, that there are foolish men who will invest in such enterprises. Charles Dickens's 'Hot Muffin and Crumple Baking and Functural Delivery Company,' was, of course, a mere invention; but it had its origin in actual facts; and names of men in good social position are to be found among the directors of companies only a little less ridiculous than it.

Political and financial economists have observed that there is a recurrence of this propensity at intervals of a few years, generally from eight to twelve. After a season of dull trade and timid enterprise, men pick up courage, and prove more adventurous; this progress becomes by degrees so wildly rapid, that prudent caution is laid aside, and reckless investments are made; then

occur bankruptcy, alarm, panic; rotten firms come to the ground, dragging with them others that are honest, but weak; and thus we arrive at the trough or hollow of the wave, to be followed by another uprise after a time.

The years 1872 and 1873, so memorable for the gigantic trade in iron and coal, and the enormous prices resulting therefrom, were also distinguished for their abundant crop of new joint-stock enterprises, companies professing to render invaluable services in all parts of the world, and tempting shareholders with a prospect of large dividends. In 1873 (taking one year as a sample of both) there were more than two hundred of these new schemes launched upon the London Stock Exchange, with an aggregate capital of sixty millions sterling; and (note the important fact) nearly fourteen millions sterling actual deposits to be paid by the applicants for shares. What became of all the money deposited, the history of the several companies must shew. Mr Spackman, an authority on this subject, grouped the two hundred companies into several classes—Investment, Telegraph, Mining, Colliery, Manufacturing and Trading, Banking, Finance, Railway, Insurance, Shipping, Gas, Water, Hotel, and (significant title!) 'Miscellaneous.' In addition to this, there were new issues of capital by old companies, to the extent of thirty-six millions sterling, of which an amount of twenty-four millions was called up within the year. Moreover, English lenders paid a large proportion of the foreign loans that were floated, and on which eighty-five millions sterling were advanced during the year, at interest ranging from 5 to 10 per cent. One requires to take a little breath after the mention of such stupendous sums as these.

The crop is still continuing in 1874, although with diminished intensity. Every week brings forth schemes concerning which we would advise an intending investor—'Don't.' Really good projects are brought into discredit by juxtaposition with others that are anything but good; and this is not the least part of the evil. The only security is, for persons who have a little money to spare, to 'look twice' before they allow themselves to be tempted by the offer of a high rate of interest. Every man must judge for himself whether the purpose of a proposed company is a reasonable one, and likely to pay a good return on the capital to be raised. Looking down the list, we take at random—The African Barter Company, the Beyrout Waterworks Company, the Dried Vegetables Company, the Fine Arts Finance Company, the Havana Co-operative Association, the International Ice Company, the London and Brighton Cheap Coal Supply Company, the Railway Passengers' Luggage Insurance Company, the Season Ticket Bank Company, the Universal Drug Supply Company, the Weekly Tenements Investment Company, the Boiler Cleansing Company, &c. We know nothing of these concerns, favourable or unfavourable; they are adverted to simply as a means of shewing how indefatigable are company-makers in bringing oddities into the list.

One class of companies requires much caution—namely, that in which the money is to be spent in some foreign country. Beyrout may very likely want an improved supply of water, Callao of gas, Lisbon of tramways; the townsmen or the respective governments may honestly intend to pay a

handsome rental for the use of these advantages; and the directors of the water, gas, and tramway companies may with equal honesty intend that this rental shall furnish a handsome dividend to the shareholders who advance the necessary capital. But still the distance is a difficulty. Not one shareholder in a hundred has seen the country in which his money is to be sunk; and if this money gilds too many palms in its passage, the fact is extremely difficult to draw to light—amid an English board of directors on the one hand and a foreign board on the other. Where the schemes come from wealthy cities, such as New York, Philadelphia, or the like, still more caution is needed; because, if the enterprise is likely to pay well, the inhabitants of those places will be willing enough to provide the capital; while, if they will not pay well, Englishmen may prudently keep out of such ventures. It is not a good sign that so many American railway companies are just now sending high-flown prospectuses to England. Speculation has been very intense across the Atlantic, and many investors have been sorely injured. For anything we know, there may be safe investments in the United States, but in the general disrepute into which they have fallen, our advice is to have nothing to do with one of them.

It is a marked feature, in connection with Stock Exchange enterprises, that country clergymen are inundated with prospectuses relating to new joint-stock schemes. From what source these documents come, the recipients are not fully aware; nor why a quiet secluded parsonage should be thus bombarded. The truth seems to be that stock-brokers, share-dealers, secretaries, promoters of companies, and others behind the scenes, get hold of the clergy list, and send tempting documents to all the incumbents of parishes—in the hope that, out of twenty thousand fish, some at least will bite. Most incumbents have a little money to invest, a percentage of income laid aside for declining years, or for family use; and it may possibly be that such persons, very much out of the busy world in their daily course of life, are easily imposed upon by offers of large rates of interest or dividend. Be this the case or not, it is known that clergymen figure largely in the lists of railway shareholders. It is also known that, unfortunately for themselves, many have been shareholders in the banks and insurance companies established some years ago, with unlimited liability, and have been brought to ruin by the failure of the more luckless of those concerns. Country gentlemen are in like manner appealed to by company-concocters, who send them pamphlets, circulars, and prospectuses in endless profusion; all telling the same story, which may be summed up in these words: 'If you will invest in our concern, you will get large interest for your money.'

There is one scheme afloat, concerning which we may offer a few observations; not because it tempts the incautious public with an exceptionally high return for capital, but because it hints at a questionable mode of obtaining the money which is to be invested. We do not choose to identify the company; let it suffice to know that the English money is to be spent in a foreign region. Landed proprietors are appealed to, with temptations to speculate with money not really their own. They are told that, 'as land in England yields only from 2½ to 3½ per cent. net return per annum

on the capital or saleable value of the land, it is evident that a landed proprietor who borrows money on the security of his land at a rate of from 4 to 5 per cent. per annum, is a party to a losing transaction, unless he can employ the money so borrowed at a higher rate of interest than 4 or 5 per cent. The operation of employing borrowed money to yield a higher return than the rate of interest at which it is borrowed, is the means by which bankers and men in every branch of trade and commerce are enabled to realise, if not fortunes, at least a large annual profit or income. There are few, however, if any, of our landed proprietors who employ in this manner the capital borrowed on the security of their land; the obstacle being, not the absence of a desire to increase income, but the want of knowledge as to how the higher rate of interest could be obtained without running the risk of losing the whole or a portion of the capital.' We have italicised two passages, because they relate to what we cannot but think an unhealthy characteristic of such a scheme. To risk our own money is not the invitation here given; it is to risk the money borrowed from other people, without asking the permission of those who have lent it. We are favoured with an illustration of the prospective operation of the scheme: The proprietor is to borrow on the security of his land, say £10,000, at the rate of 4½ per cent.; and to invest the same in certain American bonds professedly yielding 7 per cent., whereby a speculator would gain £250 a year. English gentlemen invited to borrow money on land in order to lend it to Americans! Whoever heard anything to match this?

Let it be plainly understood that whoever endeavours to obtain more than the usual rate of interest for money laid by, incurs a hazard. The investment may, perchance, be honestly planned, and the promised returns may be realised; but there is always some doubt, and the benefit of this doubt by no means generally falls to the lot of the investor. Especially is caution needed when, as we have said, the money is to be sunk in some foreign enterprise, beyond the ken of any persons in this country except those who assist in bringing out the scheme.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

MANY illusions prevail with respect to the theatrical profession. None is more potent than as to how the actor passes the day. There is a certain class who credit him with nothing beyond drinking, smoking, lounging, sponging on his friends, or borrowing half-crowns; and there are others who, on the contrary, conceive that his career is spent in ceaseless toil. These come nearer the truth. The profession of an actor involves the careful study of human character, passions, and feelings, with a view to represent them in mimic scenes of life on the stage. To perform his part with any chance of success, the actor necessarily undergoes an immense deal of training, both as regards study and rehearsals. It is scarcely too much to say that the success of a dramatic season, as well as the actor's fame, depends almost entirely on the arrangement, and the way in which rehearsals are conducted. A piece may be killed either from too little or too much care bestowed upon its rearing. As a general rule, pieces in the provinces are produced too hastily; in some cases, in London, the rehearsals are very

numerous, but varying according to the nature and importance of the piece. The quiet little drawing-room drama of *Still Waters run Deep* occupied but three weeks, the spectacle of *Babli and Bijou* nearly four months. The rehearsals of *The Corsican Brothers*, when the piece was originally brought out at the Princess', had the same lengthy preparation. Wilkie Collins' recent adaptation of *Man and Wife* was read to the company in December, and not produced till the latter end of March following. The actors and actresses during the intervening period were engaged in rehearsing from ten o'clock in the morning till three or four in the afternoon, the majority of them having to appear on the stage again at half-past seven the same evening. Rather hard work this.

There is a strong desire in the public mind to see a rehearsal, which, were permission granted to be present, would be speedily dissipated. The charm of the novelty of witnessing a combat with the combatants in modern dress, and armed with walking-sticks; of enjoying the privilege of a *tête-à-tête* with Juliet in chignon, pannier, and gipsy hat; of hearing the clown arranging seriously with the stage-manager when and where the inevitable and inexhaustible baby shall be changed into a snacking-pig; or of watching the fairy queen ascend into the realms of Bliss, in a polonaise and hessians: the charm associated in the mind with all these delightful little episodes would at once be dissolved by a closer acquaintanceship with a rehearsal in detail. The order adhered to in the production of a play is usually as follows: The piece is first submitted by the author to the manager for approval. The manager, supposing he is not an actor himself, hands it to his stage-director, one of whose multifarious duties it is to read all such manuscripts approved of; and the time for its production having been agreed on, the stage-manager's business is then to cast the piece according to the members of the company's suitability and talent. On these points, there is scarcely one member of the company (excepting those who get good parts) who is not 'wronged,' 'slighted,' or 'insulted.' The stage-manager thus generally finds himself regarded in much the same light that an editor is who is compelled to write to an aspiring Byron that his contribution is 'unsuitable': he is looked upon as being, from personal feelings, diametrically opposed to rising talent and individual interests. So, for the whole of the rehearsals, and however long the piece may run afterwards, he finds himself scowled at, talked at, laughed at, sneered at, pouted and wept at, according as the exigencies of the case may demand, and the peculiarity of the 'outraged' may be. The 'line of character' may be recognised under a few heads. There is first what is termed Leading Business. This comprises all the heroes and heroines of tragedy, and in some principal comedies also. Then there is the Second or Juvenile Tragedian, who undertakes with this light comedy. He knows (or should know) what will fall to his share, in characters ranging from Macduff, Mercutio, and Charles Surface, to Brown in *The Weavers*. The Juvenile Lady is always expected to play the opposite parts. Then there is the First Heavies: the actor engaged for this line always anticipates the pleasure of playing all the villains, and anything but a gentleman. Everybody knows what the Low Comedian and First Old Man, First Old Woman

(who acts the Queen in *Hamlet*), do. Then comes the second scale of talent, under which head we have the First Walking Gentleman, who is a 'shadowy' light comedian; an individual who plays all those characters who have very much to say, and very little to do. Next come Second Heavies, which means gentlemen who expect to play Rosse in *Macbeth*, First Actor in *Hamlet*, the presiding Demon in the pantomime, and so forth. Then, again, Second Old Men; those individuals who are invariably murdered in dramas, or thrashed with a bladder in burlesque; Second Low Comedians; Chambermaids in silk gowns and fancy aprons; Walking Ladies, who have little to do beyond being married to somebody at the end of the piece; and Second Old Women, who are always either very virtuous, very shrewish, or suddenly hysterical, genuinely useful to the management, and often amusing from their antiquated airs. Then come a host of 'Utility' people; persons who deliver messages, and lead armies, and head riots, and do all the speaking parts in the comic scenes of a pantomime. Each of these, as we have said, know, according to precedent, what character he, or she, is expected to play. In any old piece, a former cast, found in the beginning of the play-book, is referred to, and so the matter is settled, for the actors know to a supernumerary what each actor in the old time was engaged for; but in a new piece, there are constant broils, bickerings, and expostulations, as: 'You've made a mistake, sir; this is not a light comedy part, sir; it's only a walking gentleman, sir.'— 'This is a heavy; not a first old man, sir; &c.; to which remonstrance the stage-manager either turns a deaf ear, a conciliatory reply, or one to the effect that, as the 'aggrieved' does not choose to play the part assigned, he can at once leave the theatre. Hence, not unfrequently the public are amused with lawsuits connected with breach of theatrical engagements.

Suppose, then, the piece cast, the manuscript is put into the hands of the copyist of the theatre. This official is usually engaged at a yearly salary, and is subject to a fine of five pounds if, under any pretext, he parts with the manuscript prior to the first rehearsal. The copyist transcribes the manuscript, and then copies out the 'parts' of the respective characters. These parts contain also the cues, or two or three words to be uttered by the speaker whose speech precedes that of the character. No detail in connection with the stage business is named: the only reference to the latter is the monosyllable 'Bus.'

Meanwhile, the scenic artist is consulted as to new scenery, which, however, is sometimes prepared weeks before the company know that a new piece is projected. Parts being copied, stage-manager directs company to be summoned on a certain day and hour to hear the piece read in the green-room, by the author, manager, or stage-manager. 'All concerned' is the summons announced the night previous—'all concerned' embracing the meaning of stage-carpenters, musical director, scenic artist, property-man, prompter, wardrobe-keeper, the different actors and actresses who have been notified, and the call-boy. After the reading, supposing the piece to be of the nature of a spectacle, the stage-manager's time is occupied for some weeks in drilling the supernumeraries, arranging groupings; the bullet-

mistress making daily demands on the *corps de ballet* for the incidental dances, &c.; the orchestra meet in the music-room under the stage to rehearse the music; in fact, the hardest work is done long before the actors and actresses have anything to do with the rehearsals. But we will suppose now that the rehearsals of the dialogue begin. The first of these consists in each comparing parts with the manuscript of the piece; in the next, the various exits, entrances, situations, are arranged, and duly pencilled down by those personally interested in the scene. The first stone in the building of the piece is thus laid, and away go the company to work in real earnest. 'Clear the stage' is the signal for the business to commence. Fines varying from one shilling upwards are inflicted for any breach of discipline. Punctuality in attending these preliminary and, in fact, all meetings, is rigidly enforced. The clock in the green-room, where the company assemble, or the prompter's watch, decides any dispute on this point. The committing to memory of the exact words of the text of the manuscript is strictly enforced; and any substitution of the actor's words for those of the author, which is so frequently heard, and so constantly and justly complained of, in a small provincial theatre, is, in a first-class London one, unknown. There is a fine for being imperfect—half-a-crown for each scene; and one guinea, or dismissal, for substitution at night, or the introduction of what is termed 'gag.' That every care may be taken as to the exact words at rehearsal, there is even a fine inflicted for persons speaking too loudly when off the stage, in case of interrupting the speakers in the scene. As the piece advances, scenery and properties seem to grow into existence. For the first half-dozen rehearsals the stage is comparatively bare, separated from the back brick wall by only an old piece of painted canvas; gradually, however, the stage becomes the receptacle successively of house, gates, trees, waterfalls, fire-places, and new scenery; characteristic furniture takes the place of the faded and feeble old tables and broken chairs that have been used hitherto as substitutes. The attention to stage business and the exact words grows more and more minute. By degrees, the performers find their gestures limited, and toned down even to the movement of a limb and a turning of the eyeball. If the low comedian, in a supposititious tea, takes three bites of a slice of bread and butter, he is reminded that he must adhere to the original business, which was but two bites and a 'gulp.' Even the very steps of the actor come at length to be numbered, and a look, gasp, cough, or unrehearsed movement of a muscle, is considered as sufficient to endanger the success of the piece.

A number of years ago, I was present at the rehearsal of a new tragedy at a fashionable west end London theatre. In addition to the services of an excellent stock company, the piece was to be supported by artists of considerable note. On the stage—illuminated by only a gas-pipe, like a rake, with jets of gas for teeth, lighting up dingy scenes, bare walls, heavily daubed drapery, and making ceiling, pit, stalls, boxes, gallery, orchestra look very foggy, coarse, cold, gloomy, and wretched—at a small mahogany table, sat the prompter, with the manuscript, pens, ink, and papers before him. In his immediate vicinity, with their backs to the auditorium, and

their faces to the stage, were seated five gentlemen. One was the manager, another the stage-manager, a third the author, the remaining two were friends of the latter: they were Mr Westland Marston and Mr Charles Dickens. Despite the interest awakened by the novelty of the scene, and of being brought thus into the remotest possible connection with the unrivalled humorist, I found it of all pastimes that ever engaged me for five successive hours, one of the dreariest. To follow the action of the play, to have the slightest idea of what the scenes referred to, in what period the action of the piece was laid, or what one speech had to do with the succeeding, was a sheer impossibility. It was one series of interruptions from beginning to end. Everybody seemed to be talking, except the actors. There were endless consultations and detentions, a minute examination of every handkerchief, letter, table-cover, dagger, chalice, to say nothing of the scrutiny of every scene. The five reigning powers decided everything; and except in the case of the 'stars,' the individual judgment of the actor seemed all but ignored. Every exit, entrance, look, the raising of an arm, the bending of a knee, the inflection of a tone, the drawing of a sword, sitting down or rising, formed the subject of debate. I forget how many times somebody died, and got up, and fought, and gasped, and staggered, and tumbled down again, and was finally told to do it as he had done it at first. I cannot call to mind the numberless disputes amongst the five stage-managers as to what should be done, or the difficulty there was, after something was decided on, in persuading some of the actors to do this, and not to do that: all that I can remember is, that it appeared in all cases very difficult to please or satisfy anybody concerned. The uninitiated may have some idea of the cost in producing a spectacle when I state that, during the late run of a piece at Covent Garden, in six months, with fairly filled houses, the loss amounted to thirty-five thousand pounds. This was, of course, an exceptional case. The piece, when lunched, is usually called next morning for rehearsals, and trimmed, as to speeches, situations, and scenes. Then, if successful, the London actor has leisure for some six or nine months, during which recess, strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, he eats, drinks, rises, or sleeps, and goes to church like any other ordinary individual.

EVENING.

THE sun is set, and up yon western steep
Wee clouds sail slow, now that the winds are curbed,
Seeming like scattered, scarcely moving sleep
On heavenly uplands grazing undisturbed.
Now birds their vespers with redoubled zeal
Hymn forth to Nature and to Nature's God;
And from some far-off fane a dreamy peal
Floats o'er the fields, by home-bound labourers trod:
Anon the first faint shades of eve have birth,
And grow and grow till darkness everywhere
Asserts its sway supreme. The glooming air
Is emptied soon of sound; and heaven with earth,
Down Night's great dome, right from the zenith's arc,
Seems holding mute communion in the dark.

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MY ADVENTURES IN THE FRENCH WAR.

CHAPTER I.*

FROM the very beginning of that disastrous war against the Germans, into which the French had inconsiderately plunged in 1870, I yearned for an opportunity of throwing my fortune into the cause. Though temporarily living in England, France was my adopted country, and to it I had been indebted for employment. I was, perhaps, indiscreet in my wish to be a soldier, for hitherto I occupied the position of a civilian. However, I was young, active, able to endure fatigue, and possessed a large stock of enthusiasm. The catastrophes of Sedan and Metz only added strength to my resolution. Accordingly, I hastened off, and arrived at Tours, the seat of the Government of National Defence, and there placed myself at the disposal of the authorities. I had hoped to be admitted into a corps of *Franc-tireurs*. My success went beyond my expectations. Thanks to letters of introduction, I managed to obtain a lieutenancy in a regiment of volunteers that was being formed at Besançon.

The reader will no doubt wonder how it was that, with my want of experience in military matters, I got a commission. This can be easily explained. At this time, France had lost nearly the whole of her regular army, and its officers were in captivity in Germany. When the levy *en masse* was decreed, regiments were formed everywhere, and men of education and influence were called upon to command the new forces. Those who had been fortunate enough to escape from Würth, Sedan, and Metz, obtained at once high rank. Thus could be seen captains commanding brigades, and majors at the head of divisions, whilst corporals and sergeants obtained companies. The struggle to get an outfit was intense. At

length, I got mine, and set off in regulation dress for Besançon. There I presented myself to the colonel and the officers of the regiment *Franc-Comtois*, and next morning I entered upon my new duties. One word about this regiment is necessary. After the many disasters which France had sustained, an appeal was made to every Frenchman to stand up for the defence of his country, and Besançon was not long in answering the call. From all parts of the neighbourhood, men flocked in, asking to be enrolled as volunteers. Many regiments were formed, and among them the one I had entered. The men were mostly the sons of farmers and artisans, with a good sprinkling of the bourgeoisie or towns-people. I had seldom seen a finer body of men; and the province from which it took its name was entitled to be proud of them. They were well equipped, in a uniform consisting of a blue tunic with red facings; trousers of the same colour, with a broad red band on the sides; and all were armed with the *chassepôt* rifle.

Our colonel was the true type of the old French soldier—a bold and well-shaped head, stern features, with a somewhat benevolent aspect, close cut gray hair, a superb white moustache, and crook figure. I believe we could not have found in the whole service a better commander, a more strict disciplinarian, and at the same time a kinder-hearted man. Next to him in regimental importance was our adjutant, a very energetic officer, who had spared no pains about bringing his men to proficiency in drill. He had been at Würth, where he had received a bullet in the arm; and at Sedan, from which he escaped, he had received a sword-cut, which was visible on his manly features. Of his character as a soldier, no description will give a better idea than the following incident in his past military career. He arrived at Sedan on the second day of the battle, with a battalion composed of young conscripts, who had scarcely had a month's drill under him. They were sent at once to storm a hill, a position lost a short time before by our troops. First the major was killed, then the senior captain; the men began to waver, for the enemy was pouring down upon them a galling

* These papers are the truthful narrative of a young gentleman of Scottish parentage, born and educated abroad, who, after being some years connected with the civil service of France, took the part of that country as a volunteer in the fatal contest with Germany.—*Ed.*

fire. At this crisis, our adjutant dismounted, and turning his back upon the enemy, commanded them as if they were at drill: 'One, two! one, two! Right, left! right, left! Steady, number three!' And so on, till under a sense of discipline they reached the brow of the hill.

I never heard him speak of this; but at the arrival of each new volunteer, the narrative of his bravery was repeated for the hundredth time, and every time it was received with as much admiration and as much applause as at the first. The remainder of my brother-officers were, except in a few cases like mine, retired military men, always ready to help those who had not seen service before.

A short time after my arrival in the capital of Franche-Comté, an incident happened worth noticing, as it shews how our colonel deals with refractory cases. Among our men there were a few who for some time had given us a great deal of trouble. They no doubt attended some of the revolutionary clubs of the town, and every day they gave vent to their feelings in a way that could not be misunderstood or tolerated. They were mostly old soldiers, men whose time had expired, or who had escaped from Sedan; certainly we had expected better things from them, and we had relied upon them to give a good example to their juniors. One morning, after parade, they openly refused to execute some orders given by the adjutant, and when the colonel arrived, he was received by shouts of 'Down with the officers of December! Down with the capitalists! Down with the traitors!' The chief was very pale, and when he made a sign to remain quiet, as we had drawn our swords, we all felt that something terrible was going to happen. One of the men, certainly the worst of the whole regiment, came forward as spokesman for the others. He said he had read a proclamation from the new War Minister which said that all the officers of the Empire had betrayed them, and that he and his comrades would no longer obey the men who had sold France to the enemy; and he finished his oration by shouting 'Vive la République! Down with the traitors.'

Then our colonel simply asked him if that was all.

'Yes,' was the rejoinder.

'Then take this!' and drawing his revolver, he shot him dead on the spot. Turning to the group of mutineers, who looked on this scene with silent awe, he added that he was quite ready to hear on the same conditions any complaint they had to make. I need not add that this promptitude in dealing with mutiny proved beneficial, as we had no more insubordination to speak of, and these men became the most obedient of the whole battalion.

As soon as the colonel thought his men sufficiently drilled to take the field, he gave notice of the fact to the authorities at Tours. At the time, Besançon was nearly destitute of troops of any kind, and every day we expected to be sent to the east, when one morning we received orders to join Garibaldi at Autun. The telegram which brought

this news was read at parade, and from the murmurs it elicited from the men, there was no doubt that they did not relish the idea of forming part of the old condottiere's army. As for the officers, as soon as parade was over, they sent in their papers, and resigned, and I followed suit. For this conduct there were several reasons, but the principal was a horror of the wild band of adventurers with whom we were to be associated—Spaniards, Egyptians, Poles, Greeks, Italians, forming corps with grotesque names, such as 'Vengeurs de la Mort,' 'Dragons du Désespoir,' and 'Ours des Pyrénées,' and whose designations were not more strange than their behaviour was atrocious. They plundered dwellings, hunted down priests, sacked and burnt churches, and, in short, under pretence of fighting for France, were little better than brigands, with whom no man of any delicacy of feeling could be connected. Their riotous conduct, in fact, greatly paralysed the efforts of defence for the country. Being resolute in our determination to have nothing to do with Garibaldians, our colonel went to Tours, and there pleaded our cause so successfully, that the regiment was ordered to form part of the 20th corps, then under d'Aurelle de Paladines, at Chagry—a circumstance in which we all rejoiced.

The hour for the departure arrived at last, and amidst the cheers and tears of relations and friends, the volunteers 'Franc-Comtois' started for Chagry. Having been detailed to do duty in Besançon for a few days longer, I was left behind, with instructions to join as soon as my task was performed. When it was so, I, too, departed, proceeding to headquarters by railway. As the engine gave its parting whistle, and we plunged into darkness, leaving the lights of the station far behind, a feeling of seriousness for the first time came over me. Suddenly, by my own act, thrown from a life of peace and comfort into one of bustle, privation, and danger, my thoughts were a little gloomy. These, however, I tried to suppress by calling up visions of rewards and honours, and expectations that the cause I espoused would be successful. Hope was in the ascendant.

The journey was long and tedious. At last, at the end of two days, and after many stoppages, to allow other trains to pass, we reached our destination, stiff, hungry, and in far from a complacent humour. The troubles of war had begun. Leaving my men at the station, I went in search of my regiment. Chagry, a small town of Burgundy, presented an animated spectacle. A thousand men, in different uniforms, were seen loitering about, or hastening to their duties. There was the sprightly *Zouave* exchanging compliments with a *Chasseur d'Afrique*, an old comrade of Algerian campaigns, in his neat dress of light blue; not far from them would be a group composed of *Mobiles*, *Lancers* and *Cuirassiers*, their bright helmets reflecting the rays of the sun, surrounding a *vivandière* of the *Franc-tirailleurs de la Mort*, in her sombre dress of dark brown, with skull and bones in white on her breast. Now and then they moved to make way for a battery of artillery or an ambulance-wagon going towards the station. *Mobiles*, *linesmen*, *gunners*, men of the *garde-nationale*, and *Franc-tirailleurs* crowded the only street of the town, running to and fro, some on duty, others strolling to enjoy the last warm rays of the year. Then suddenly the bugles sounded,

and all again was in a stir, every man making his way to the place of rendezvous.

I was somewhat roughly disturbed from my sentimental contemplation by a hand heavily placed on my shoulder. Turning round, I found myself face to face with a captain of *gendarmérie*.

'What is your name? Who are you?' he asked in a rude voice.

'Before I answer these questions,' I interrupted, politely raising my *kepi*, 'might I inquire on what authority I am thus questioned?'

'I am the provost-marshal,' was the reply, 'and my business is to arrest all suspicious persons.'

'Suspicious persons!' I said in honest astonishment. 'Surely there must be some mistake. My name is ———; I am a lieutenant in a volunteer regiment now at Chagny, as my uniform indicates.'

'Quite so; we know all about that,' was the gruff reply. 'Be kind enough to hand me your papers, and to follow me to the headquarters.'

There was no arguing the point; so, handing him my commission and a passport, I followed him to a small house in which the general had established his quarters, wondering all the time what might be the cause of my arrest. I was not, however, kept long in suspense, for on arriving there I was placed between two long-booted gentlemen, and told unceremoniously that I was a spy, a Prussian spy.

Here was an awakening from a dream of glory with a vengeance. I reeled under the blow, and felt dreadfully humbled, crushed. A man that has been publicly horsewhipped, must feel what I did at that moment. I could scarcely believe what I had heard. I was lamenting over my fate, when my accuser, the provost, and my judges walked in. My papers were handed to them, as well as my private correspondence; my luggage was sent for, and searched. With an exclamation of triumph, the provost pulled out of my valise some English newspapers and a few letters written in the same language. They were carefully read; and I could see on the face of the staff-officer detached to perform that duty, that he felt very much interested on learning that my little niece had the mumps, and that Uncle Ben was suffering from the gout. However, these precious documents were returned to me; and as nothing compromising could be found in them, I was on the point of being set free, had not the quick eye of the gendarme, who could not make up his mind to give up his prey so easily, fallen upon one of the envelopes again in my possession. He took it from me, and handed it to my judges. That was sufficient to turn against me the tide which had been so far in my favour. On this accusing envelope were written in German letters and in blue pencil the words 'Französische armée.' I had never noticed it before; and when called upon to do so, was unable to explain the reason why a letter addressed to me should have been passed through the German lines, as the stamp of Ronen, a town then in possession of the enemy, was prominent on the envelope. Its contents were again read, and a part, thought by them to be compromising, was found to have been torn out. That was indeed suspicious; and after a few questions and a short deliberation, I was told that I should be kept prisoner till further information was gathered as to my late whereabouts; and if unsatisfactory, I should be dealt with as a spy—that is to say, shot.

I suggested that they might telegraph to Tours, and assure themselves of my identity; but that was impossible, as the wires had been cut, and not put up since; and I was left alone with my keepers, to reflect upon the vicissitudes of human affairs.

My thoughts were at that moment far from agreeable. I felt humiliated, and the blood rushed to my face at the idea that I might die the ignoble death of traitors. I had travelled more than seven hundred miles, I had given up my position, I was ready to sacrifice everything for the defence of France, and now I was a prisoner, liable to suffer the fate of murderers and deserters. Where were all my bright visions of victories, of rewards and crosses? My military career was to be of short duration, and was to end by being shot as a spy, and hustled into a ditch—degraded; my name struck from the roll of the defenders of France, instead of being read out at parade with the glorious answer of, 'Died on the field of honour!'

Then I tried to persuade myself that it was only an error, which they would soon find out. What had I done to make them suspect me of such a heinous crime? I was unconscious of having done any wrong. True, that envelope and its mystic writing were certainly very suspicious, but was it enough to condemn me? 'Come,' I thought, 'you must not give yourself up to despair; this mystery will soon be cleared away.'

I expostulated with my keeper, asking mildly if he had ever seen spies, and if I looked like one.

'We shoot, on an average, fifteen a day,' was the reply; and I fell again into a state of despondency.

How long I was tortured by these mixed feelings of anger, shame, anguish, and hope, I do not know, but I remember suddenly hearing a well-known step, and the sound of a friendly voice fell upon my ear as balm on a wound, and with a loud exclamation my colonel burst into the room:

'Where is he? Ah, here you are! So they wanted to shoot you, did they? We'll see about that presently. A nice business all this. I presume it is that provost's doings. He has not arrested a single man since he has been with us, so he took his chance in leaving you up; instead of arresting all the spies that are loitering about the place, and it swarms with them.' Without giving me time to answer his questions—'Why did you not send for me?' he went on to say. 'A narrow escape you have had of going down to an early grave; quite a chance I heard of it. They sent to me for a firing-party. When I came here, I heard it was for you. Come along with me; we shall explain it all to the general, and square it up in no time.'

'Beg pardon, colonel,' interrupted the gendarme, who said that I was, after all, going to escape, 'but I cannot let the prisoner go without an order from the general.'

'Very well. I'll get that soon enough!—Cheer up,' added the colonel; 'I will not be long.' And, indeed, a quarter of an hour later, he brought back an order for my release, signed by the general himself. He handed it to the gendarme, who bowed before it in sorrowful submission; and we left the room, I thanking my stars at this timely rescue; the colonel muttering something about fools not knowing the difference between an honest man and a spy.

'You see,' he went on, 'it will teach you not to be too anxious to do your duty, whilst others look on

and take no pains to learn theirs. It was no fault of that provost's. He was telegraphed to from Besançon, that a fair young man had been seen for some days loitering about the fortifications of the place, and taking notes, and that he had left for Chagny. Of course, it was you, and these very notes were found among your papers! Now, if I may give you a bit of advice—get your hair dyed, and your face also; swagger a great deal; look impudently at gendarmes; do not take notes, and my word for it, they'll not arrest you again!

'But, colonel,' I asked, 'do you really think they would have shot me?'

'No doubt they would, *pour encourager les autres*. There has been a mania lately for spy-hunting. It looks so very patriotic to arrest a man on the plea that he is loitering about to report our movements to the Germans. You have had a lucky escape.'

And thus talking and laughing—and well I could laugh now that I was rescued—I was led to that part of the camp where my regiment was bivouacked; and there, for the benefit of my brother-officers, I had to repeat the whole story of my arrest, which was heartily laughed over.

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

CHAPTER XIII.—AMONG THE NON-COMBATANTS.

It was a stormy day in November; the clouds were scudding in dark masses over the sky, parting to reveal great threatening cavernous spaces; the leafless trees in the thick plantations at Barholm were bending and shivering, as if deprecating the cruelty of the wind; and the murky waves came tumbling in upon the rock-bound shore with a mighty noise, at once raging and murmuring. Upon the rocks, and along the crest of the sea-wall, gulls perched, and others floated with the foam on the troubled waves. It was a wild day; there was strife among the elements, and the platform among the rocks below the old house of Barholm was wet with the encroaching water, and even the brown turf above was flecked with spray. It was an unusually high tide, and the whole scene had something tumultuous in its aspect, despite the solemn gray walls of the house and its loneliness. Barholm had been more than ever solitary of late; there was no heart for sociability in that part of the country during the war, which had laid the south of Scotland under heavy contribution. The young men were in the Crimea, and the homes where they were waited for were for the most part grave and still.

Very grave and still was David Mervyn's home that day. The wind was so high, that the sound of wheels coming along the carriage-road could not be heard within doors, and ever and anon a window in an upper story of the old house would be raised, and Marion Græme would put her head out, holding back her curls, which the wind tossed about wildly, to look and listen. Marion had looked out several times in vain before her impatient expectation was rewarded; but at last she discerned, through the bare stems of the trees, a carriage advancing rapidly. She watched it for a few

moments, then waved her hand in greeting to its occupant, closed the window, and ran down-stairs to the entrance-hall. Almost immediately the carriage stopped, and Anne Cairnes stepped out. Her face was quite colourless, but she was calm; and as she and Marion held each other in a close embrace, she said: 'You have news. What is it?'

'O Anne, he is dangerously wounded!'

Anne's arms tightened their clasp, and the two young women stood speechless; then each released the other with a shuddering sigh.

'Come up at once to my room,' said Marion. 'I cannot take you to mamma now. She will not see any one to-day, and Gordon is with my father.'

'How do they bear it?'

'My father, pretty well; but mamma seems turned to stone.'

'You knew it, I suppose, from an official source only?'

'Yes; we cannot hear anything more for some days.'

Then Anne and Marion went to Mrs Græme's room; and while David Mervyn's sister made her moan freely, indulging in the very fretfulness of sorrow, which the sight of her mother's stony grief had repressed, the woman who loved him had to bear it as best she might, and to endeavour to console her friend, who needed strength and consolation much less than she needed them. The news of the magnificent 'blunder,' known in the catalogue of famous feats as the Balaklava Charge, had reached Barholm on the preceding evening in a letter carefully written by a personage of high official rank, who was a friend of Lady Mervyn's, and had had sufficient thoughtfulness thus to break the shock to her of the public announcement. Mrs Græme had arrived a few days previously on a visit to her old home, and she had immediately despatched a message to the Tors, requesting that Anne Cairnes would come to her at once. The *Times* would reach them in the afternoon, but it could give them no news; they had before them the hardest of all tasks, that of waiting.

Not one of the melancholy group assembled at Barholm could have told afterwards how the time passed. Happily, Sir Alexander supplied his wife with so much occupation in attending to him—for his grief and anxiety took the expressive form of gout—that she had absolutely no leisure, and she bore her burden, after the first shock of its imposition, with silent courage, giving the younger women to understand that they must not talk to her on the subject of which they were all thinking, and that she preferred their absence. They 'could not help her with Sir Alexander' was a phrase familiar to the hearing of Anne and Marion since the respective childhood of the friends, and they recognised the truth it conveyed. Nobody had ever helped Lady Mervyn with Sir Alexander since she had undertaken the unequal yoke which their marriage bond had proved to be. Gordon Græme was a very good fellow indeed, but he did not feel, or pretend to feel, that the news from Sebastopol was the one solitary interest in life; and therefore, though he was attentive to his father-in-

Jaw, kind and sympathetic to Lady Mervyn, and far from positively cross with his wife, he was a good deal bored, in addition to being a little sorrowful, and he found it expedient to 'take himself out of the way' of the women by going out with the gamekeeper a good deal. As he usually made this considerate provision for their comfort immediately after breakfast, and did not come in until it was dark, and as his combined feelings of boredom disposed him to retire early in the evening, Anne and Marion found themselves very much alone. They read aloud sometimes, with a fair semblance of attention, the one to the task of reading, the other to that of listening, and they availed themselves of that blessed resource, needlework. They went out, when the weather permitted, and walked by the seaside, for the most part silently. The time seemed to be interminable, but it passed for all that, and the news came. It was better than they had dared to hope for. David Mervyn had not died of his wounds, but had been taken to the hospital at Sentari. He had survived the voyage, and was, though still in a dangerous state, living, when the latest despatches were sent from the seat of war. This information had been also communicated to Lady Mervyn by her friend in high official authority, and she allowed the letter to pass into the hands of Marion and Anne, after she and Sir Alexander had read it. It was a brief letter, and in addition to the statement just repeated, it contained nothing beyond a line of postscript to the following effect: 'You will be sorry to learn that Colonel Morris has died of his wounds.' The dead officer was David Mervyn's colonel, and, as his mother knew, her son's most intimate and trusted friend.

'What a big parcel they do an official letter up into,' said Marion Grème to Anne Cairnes, when they had enjoyed the relief from the deadly fear which had been hanging over them, sufficiently to admit of their talking of anything else. 'When Crawford took it out of the bag, I made sure there were two or three letters in the envelope, and I wondered how that could be, for surely David could not have written to us.'

'Of course not. It is only the official waste of stationery.'

Nobody ever beheld the opening of her correspondence by Lady Mervyn. From very early days, when her experience of the troubles and difficulties of her married life had set in, she had learned to expect more annoyance than pleasure from the receipt of letters, and, partly from pride, partly from prudence, she had made it an invariable rule that no observer should ever have an opportunity of guessing which of those feelings was produced in any given instance. The invariable rule of the house was, that her maid took Lady Mervyn's letters to her, placed them beside her, and left the room while her ladyship read them. Even the exceptional circumstances could not embolden Marion to break through the established custom, and she and Anne had been obliged to wait, with all the patience they could muster, until it should please Lady Mervyn to communicate to them the contents of the official-looking document, which Mrs Crawford regarded with somewhat of the respect with which Miggs eyed Gabriel Varden's sword. They were not kept in suspense long; the letter was brought to them in a few minutes, but, to Marion's sur-

prise and disappointment, Crawford was also the bearer of an intimation that Lady Mervyn felt unable to see any one just then.

'Does mamma mean me?' asked Marion.

'Yes, ma'am; every one. Her ladyship has had a bad night, and wants to be quiet. I have closed the shutters again, and she is not to be disturbed.'

'I should have liked to see her relief about David,' said Marion, thoughtfully, to Anne. 'I daresay she is very much overcome by it, however, and mamma never can bear any one to see her when she has lost her self-command. It is very strange, but such is her nature. I don't think she would mind Crawford's seeing her in a state of agitation half so much as she would mind my doing so.'

'Is she equally reluctant with your brother?'

'Yes, I think so, in all matters of feeling.'

It was some hours after the arrival of the official letter that Marion Grème made the observation above related concerning its pompous bulk. Lady Mervyn had not yet made her appearance in the drawing-room, and as the luncheon-hour was approaching, Marion thought she might now go to her mother's room without any risk of disturbing her. She knocked at the door, and was told to 'come in.'

Lady Mervyn's bedroom was one of the oldest in the house, and its aspect was somewhat gloomy, even twenty years ago, when the luxuriosity of the modern style, the decoration and the furniture which turn the sleeping apartments of the present into fairy scenes of beauty, wealth, elegance, and coquetry, had not invaded the ancient customs to any great extent. The long, but not lofty chamber was panelled alternately in carved oak and in tapestry, and the curtains of the planned bed which stood in the recess were also made of tapestry. The floor was of polished oak, the mantelpiece was of black marble, and all the furniture was heavy, sombre, valuable, and ancient. Opposite to the recess in which the bed stood, a door—cut in the tapestried wall, and which seriously disturbed, when it was opened, the figures of Eliezer and Rebecca, whose meeting at the well formed the subject of the picture in needlework—communicated with a dressing-room from which admittance was gained to Sir Alexander Mervyn's bedroom and his dressing-room beyond. The four rooms opened by their respective doors on a corridor overlooking the grand staircases, on the inside, and by their long, narrow windows on the iron balcony which was connected with the turrets, on the outside. These four rooms now formed, for many months of each year in succession, the sole domain of the invalid owner of Barholme, of the once well-known *vivier*, for whom the world had become so narrow; and Lady Mervyn might be said for the most part to live within them also. An oak bureau, of old-fashioned and cumbersome form, but beautifully carved, occupied one corner of Lady Mervyn's bedroom, where it interrupted the tapestry hangings, and supported a long line of prim porcelain vases; precious things from Japan, when Japan was a mysterious, almost a mythical country. When Marion Grème entered her mother's room, she found her seated in a black oak chair with a painfully upright tapestry back, in front of this ancient repository of dead and living joys, loves, sorrows, cares, and responsibilities. A bright wood-fire burned

in the low grate, and some ashes upon the hearth indicated that Lady Mervyn had been destroying papers. A number of documents were spread out upon the desk before her, and a long letter in her own handwriting lay folded upon the blotting-book. At sight of her mother's face, Marion started, it was so pale and rigid. The lips were set, and a fixed frown contracted the brow, which could assume, as Marion well knew, no common sternness, but which was now stamped, as she instantly recognised, with deep and searching pain.

'O mother!' exclaimed Marion, 'what is the matter? What ails you? Are you ill?'

'No, my dear,' said Lady Mervyn, 'I am not ill. I have been busy, and could not come down, that is all.'

'But you look quite ill, and in such trouble too. Surely you are relieved about David. The news is better than we dared to hope. Is it not? Anne and I have hardly dared to speak of it, to tell even each other what we feared, and now, surely you and papa are hopeful; are you not?' She ventured to be more caressing than usual to her mother, and knelt down beside her chair, taking hold of her white, dry, slender hands.

'I—I don't know, Marion. He is not dead, but there is, in truth, no more than that.'

'No more than that! But is not that everything? He is not dead, and the first report was "dangerously," and by the general's letter it was evident they believed *desperately*, "wounded." I am sure he is recovering, mother! I am sure whenever there is a little time gained, there is hope, and with such health and strength as David's, there is almost certainty. The colonel, wounded at the same time—they only said "severely" in *his* case—is dead, you see, mother, and our David is living.'

'*Was* living, when the despatch left, Marion.'

'I know, I know; but it means everything; it does indeed. You must not give way now, mother, you have kept up so well during the really dreadful time. Now, please God, David will recover, and be inviolated home.'

Marion, who was too honest, sensible, and womanly, to be in the least susceptible to ideas of martial glory, especially where her brother was concerned, gave vent to this unheroic aspiration with much fervour. But it did not lighten the look of care in her mother's eyes, or unbend her painful frown.

'It may be so, my dear; God grant it!' This was all that Lady Mervyn said; and Marion, though she went on talking cheerfully to her mother, soon perceived that her abstraction was not then, at all events, to be dispersed, and thought it best to leave her. Lady Mervyn said she would not go down to luncheon, and Marion rejoined Anne—after she had made a brief visit to Sir Alexander, whom she found much more cheerful than her mother—with a vague fear that Lady Mervyn was yielding at last to the physical effects of the lengthened trial she had been undergoing, and falling ill.

'Who could wonder at it if she did?' said Anne. 'When I think of the monotony and the confinement of her life, to say nothing of all this late suffering and suspense, I am astonished at her strength; and shall certainly not be surprised if it should break down now. And I should be all the less surprised, because your mother is so reserved.'

I often think her reserve must be a great trial to you, Marion. I don't know how I should bear it, if it were my case.'

'It is hard to bear,' said Marion; 'but I am, I suppose, used to it. Gordon and I often speculate upon the cause of it, for he insists that it is not natural, and we think she must have had some early troubles to hide, and so acquired the habit. She will never alter it now; but I have often thought, if there were any one in the world who could thoroughly win my mother's confidence, it would be you. She is certainly fond of you, and I have often noticed that she observes you very closely.'

'Indeed,' said Anne, rather tremulously—for she dreaded close observation by David's mother—'I can hardly believe that; there is not much about me to observe.'

'At all events, there's nothing you want to hide,' said Marion, in a gayer tone than any that had been heard in her voice for some days; 'so you need not mind, even if it is not a fancy of mine. And now, I must get ready to go out, for I promised to meet Gordon at the Point at three.'

'And I have to write to papa,' said Anne.

CHAPTER XIV.—REVEALED.

Marion had gone out, and Anne was writing in her own room, when an unexpected summons reached her. Lady Mervyn sent Crawford to request that Miss Cairnes would come to her at once.

Anne found Lady Mervyn, not as Marion had found her, seated before her bureau, but standing in the middle of her dressing-room, and surrounded by signs of packing, the premonitory symptoms of a journey. In answer to Anne's look of inquiry and surprise, Lady Mervyn bade her be seated, and said: 'I am going to London, Anne. I have made up my mind. After thinking it over for some time, I have determined to go.'

'Going to London!' repeated Anne, in astonishment. 'And Sir Alexander?'

'He is, of course, not going with me. You know the state he is in renders it impossible. But he is better, and I can leave him in Marion's charge without uneasiness, for a few days—more especially as you will be here with her. And I feel that I *must* go.'

Lady Mervyn spoke with emphasis and impatience, such as Anne had never heard in her tones before, and there was such evident, no longer controlled, suffering in her manner, that all Anne's ready fears and sympathies were awakened.

'Is there anything more?' she asked. 'Have you heard anything new?'

'Since this morning? No. How could I? There is but one thing new to hear; and that news could not follow the other so quickly. I am going to London, Anne, because I must get away for a little while. I feel I need some change, and there is a warning to me in the consciousness. I must not resist it, or I shall have an illness, such as I had many years ago, after a time of great trouble, when I had the same sort of feeling, and resisted it. I want to go to London, in order to see some of the people who are going out to the Crimea, and to send out things which I know David must need, but will not ask for.'

All this Lady Mervyn said hurriedly, and without meeting Annie's steadfast gaze.

'Crawford can finish now,' she continued. 'I am going to take very little luggage with me. Come into the next room, my dear; I want to give you a few directions, which I can depend on you to bear in mind much better than I can on Marion.'

'Are you going soon?' asked Anne, as she followed Lady Mervyn into her bedroom, and the door was closed upon Crawford and the trunks.

'Immediately. I shall take the carriage all the way to Dumfries, sleep there to-night, and go on in the morning.'

Anne's increasing surprise rendered her really powerless to speak. She could hardly have described her thoughts—if thoughts they could be called—which were rather vague impressions of the insufficiency of Lady Mervyn's motives for such prompt action, and of the feverish restlessness foreign to her nature, which was impelling her to it. Lady Mervyn motioned her to a seat beside the fire, and her glance fell idly on the hearth, on which lay a larger heap of ashes than that which Marion had noticed. Among them was a square scrap of unconsumed paper, written over in a hand which Anne recognised. It was Lady Mervyn's own. This scrap was all that remained of the long letter which she had written that morning, and had subsequently destroyed. Anne seemed to know this, in some vague, inexplicable way; and to discern that this resolution to go to London, so suddenly taken, was a change of plan. But, why there should have been a plan, or what it concerned, she had no notion, and she strove with the curiosity which tempted her to unwarrantable speculation. There was an awkward pause. At length Lady Mervyn said: 'I am so little used to giving way to fancies, that no doubt you are surprised I should do so now; but so it is; I am yielding to a fancy. Marion will not be in until it will be nearly time for me to set off, and I shall not be able to explain anything to her.'

'You will take Crawford and James?'

'Crawford only.'

Anne did not venture to ask how Sir Alexander had taken the announcement of Lady Mervyn's intention, but her ladyship's next words informed her.

'Sir Alexander is quite pleased and relieved that I have made up my mind to go to London; and he does not seem to fear my leaving him at all. The chief points that will have to be attended to are—'

And then Lady Mervyn proceeded to give Anne sundry instructions, which it is here unnecessary to repeat. When she had concluded, and Anne had assured her that every recommendation should receive the utmost attention, she came to what was evidently her chief object.

'I am feeling nervous,' she said, 'and far from well, and I should be very glad to escape questioning and discussion. Will you, my dear Anne, meet Marion and her husband, when they return, and tell them that I am going, and that I hope they will not make a fuss about it?'

Anne promised that she would do this; and shortly afterwards Lady Mervyn went to Sir Alexander's room, leaving Anne to interpret Marion and Gordon. Puzzled, and vaguely uneasy as she felt, Anne could hardly help smiling at the notion of any one's venturing to 'make a fuss' about anything which Lady Mervyn chose

to do, whether she should also choose to account for it or not.

Neither then, nor ever, did she choose to explain more fully than she had explained it to Anne, her departure from Barrholme for London on that dark evening in November. It was not until she was alone in her bedroom at the *King's Arms* hotel at Dumfries, the long drive at an end, and her isolation from all familiar objects complete, that Lady Mervyn loosed the chain with which she had bound herself, and gave free vent to the hitherto strongly controlled emotions of her soul.

There it seemed as though in her sorrow she had found her youthfulness again; the dullness of her middle age, its wayworn evenness, disappeared, and the mother's grief, the mother's wounded pride, betrayed trust, and ruined hopes were expressed in frantic sobs and tears; the translation into sound of the letter which she had written in the morning, but by an exercise of cooler judgment had revoked, and which now lay in ashes on the hearth of her vacant room at Barrholme. For Lady Mervyn knew the truth now. Marion's random shot had hit the blot. The big official letter had contained an inclosure, which her mother's eyes only had seen. The inclosure was the story of David Mervyn's marriage, written by himself on the night of the twenty-fourth of October, the night before the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava; written with all the urgent and affectionate solemnity of a last appeal from an only son to a mother of whose love and forgiveness he was well assured.

'We shall get our chance to-morrow, dearest mother,' he wrote; 'we shall realise the alternative of our somewhat braggart device, "Death or Glory," for that we shall go into action I am well assured by one who knows. So this may be the last word of mine that can ever reach you from this side of the grave. Indeed, it must be, for if I come off all right to-morrow, you will never receive it; but if I meet with a soldier's fate, it will tell you all that is in my heart, and the only secret I have ever kept from you. And it will tell you more than that, dear mother; it will tell you that I am not quite gone from you, not altogether lost to you. In telling you that there are others whose inalienable title to your love and care is that they are my wife and child, this sad letter will bring you consolation.'

It might have done so if, indeed, he had been killed in the charge of the Six Hundred. His mother felt that, after the first swift shock and keen pang of the revelation; but it brought her no consolation now, only inexpressible mortification and bitterness, and the horrid torture of unbearable anger with the son who might even then be dying; the son over every hour of whose life her miserable memory travelled, forcing her to find this one defalcation from duty, this one deception, unpardonable as it was unexampled. Never had her habitual self-command and reserve with all about her stood Lady Mervyn in such stead as on that morning. She had not betrayed herself for an instant, while her heart was convulsed with pain and bitterness. For this she had suffered, and sacrificed so much; for this—that her son should have deceived her, should have been for months a living lie before her face, and have rendered all her efforts useless! What would be the good of it all now? When David should find

out the truth, when he should know how his father had impoverished him, and how his mother had striven to resuscitate his fortunes, he would have put the one insuperable obstacle in the way by his own act. His marriage with a low-born and portionless woman must bring loss of position to complete the decadence which had commenced in the loss of wealth. Keenly as she felt this, and Lady Mervyn was of a nature to feel it with the utmost keenness, she suffered more, perhaps, in the first few hours of her freshly revealed misery, from the torture of jealousy and trust betrayed, than from the material aspect of her son's deception. She loved him with the strong, concentrated devotion of a nature which had been narrowed by adverse influences, and she knew in her inmost heart that it would have been hard for her to hear his marriage, even if he married entirely to her satisfaction, even if he had married Anne Cairnes, whom she would have chosen to be his wife. She never denied to herself the existence of this mean jealousy, nor did she try to palliate it, by calling it a 'sacred weakness.' Lady Mervyn was no hypocrite; and when she told lies, as we have seen she did sometimes, it was always with reluctance and difficulty. 'Il n'y a rien de si commun que de faire le mal pour le plaisir de le faire,' says the atheist, Prosper Mérimée, to the unknown lady who had the terrible misfortune to be his friend and correspondent; and it is perhaps one of those truths which the devil has the power of revealing to his disciples; but the doing of evil for the pleasure of it never goes with a nature capable of great self-sacrifice in any direction. True, such natures are not 'common.' Lady Mervyn's was one of them; and she possessed the defects of her qualities.

David Mervyn's letter had been forwarded by mistake. It was found, sealed and directed, among the papers in his tent; and his servant had zealously despatched it, while David lay delirious, and far away from the world of realities. It told his mother all, pleaded as his strongest motive for concealment, her own incessant injunctions to avoid agitating his father, but never for a moment admitted a regret for his marriage, or the most dimly glimmering possibility that his sense of filial obedience ought to have extended to abstinence from that marriage, in view of his parents' displeasure. The letter was a manly, frank, tender, and eloquent one; a production such as David Mervyn would have been amazed to find he had written, if he could have read it in after-days, a fitting utterance of the last words he intended it to be. It concluded with an urgent entreaty that his mother would go to his wife—his widow—and comfort her, if indeed she might be comforted, and take her and the child to her heart before she should make his father aware that he had not died childless. He implored his mother not to lose an hour about doing this; in the frenzy of her despair, who could say what his Lucy might do; she must have all the support and consolation his family could give her, so soon as they could possibly be extended to her. This injunction his mother, on second thoughts (her first had found utterance in the letter which she had afterwards destroyed), determined to fulfil. Under any circumstances, it would be the wisest course to take; and she must not lose an hour in taking it. Who could tell what low people, like

this woman and her relatives, might do, in the way of a public exposure of David's folly, if they were frightened about their own interests! Such was the effect which David's description of his wife's character and disposition, written with all the simple, earnest gravity of a last declaration, had had upon his mother!

Lady Mervyn was on her way to see Lucy.

ROSCIOMANIA.

On the 24th of August 1874, at 37 Anfield Square, William Henry West Betty, in his eighty-third year, disappeared from the stage of the world.

When newspaper readers saw the announcement recently, some of them, perhaps, wondered who the person could be; a still greater number passed over the matter unheeded; while a very few, chiefly elderly persons, with long memories, recalled to mind the period when a boy, under the pretentious designation of the *Young Roscius*, drove the theatre-going public nearly wild with excitement, and pocketed in a few weeks as many thousand guineas as a sterling actor would have been glad to obtain in an equal number of years. The 'Young Roscius' was born near Shrewsbury, on the 13th of September 1791, and was of highly respectable parentage. The family shortly afterwards removed to Lisburn, in Ireland. The boy, William Henry West, grew up at home and at school much as other boys do. His father took him to the theatre at Belfast in 1802, to see *Piaccara*. With the impressionability of a quick lad in his eleventh year, his whole heart and soul were smitten by the magnificent performance of Mrs Siddons as *Elvira*. Day by day, week by week, he could think of little else; school, meals, and games all fell into comparative disfavour, as being far beneath the dignity of sublime stage heroes and heroines. This tendency grew till the autumn of the following year; when the manager of the Belfast theatre, hearing of the enthusiasm of young Master Betty, and wanting some novelty for the dead season, made an offer—which the family accepted. The youngster made his debut as Osman, in the play of *Zara*, being designated in the bills, 'a young gentleman, only eleven years of age.' The novelty of the venture, and the interesting appearance of the young actor, brought him at once into favour; which was further increased by his performance of Rollo, Young Norval, and Romeo. He soon became a theatrical comet, meteor, wandering star, travelling to different Irish towns, and cramming the theatres whenever he appeared. Scottish managers then caught hold of him, and managers at York and other theatres in the north of England—certain that the treasury would be benefited by the attraction of the phenomenon. As he went from town to town, his fame preceded him—the fame of the 'Young Roscius,' copied from the name of the most famous among the known actors in ancient times. It was at Birmingham that the Rosciomania (as Lord Byron called it) came to its height. Even the Staffordshire miners and colliers heard of the juvenile wonder. A story is told of a collier who, determined to see what it all meant, put on a clean face and a clean shirt, and trudged along to Birmingham. A brother collier, astonished to see him so purified in the middle of the week, said: 'Oi say, sirc, where be'est thee gwin?' 'Oi'm agwain to Brummajum.' 'What be'est agwain

there for' 'O!m agwain to see the Young Rocus.' 'What?' 'O! tell thee o!m agwain to see the Young Rocus.' 'Is it alive!'

The London managers were not likely to ignore such an attraction. There were sterling actors both at Drury Lane and at Covent Garden; but a new phenomenon, who was sure to fill the house, was not to be neglected. They bid against each other; until at length Covent Garden engaged Master Betty for thirty nights, at the enormous salary of a hundred guineas per night, with two free benefits.

A momentous day was December 1, 1804, when the boy made his first appearance in London, as Achmet, in *Darbassosa*. The different avenues to Covent Garden Theatre were partly occupied at the early hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, and were completely filled at three; at four, the Piazza was crammed nearly as far as Russell Street; and the eager candidates for admission filled all the passages, and a considerable portion of Bow Street, on the other side of the theatre. The confusion that prevailed when the doors were thrown open was fearful. In about seven minutes it was announced by boards held up at all the pay-places, that the house was full. This information did not satisfy the outsiders; the pressure and struggle continued, long after there was any chance left of even seeing the stage. The tumult in the house was excessive; the orchestra could hardly be heard; and it was some time before the shrieks, screams, shoutings, and vituperations subsided sufficiently to allow the performance to go on quietly.

And, now, what did the critics say? We have searched out the *Times*, to ascertain how one of the leading newspapers spoke of Master Betty. It was in terms of the highest eulogy, such as would gratify the boy-prodigy to the utmost extent of his ambition and vanity. Although tall for his age, he was still only a lad of thirteen; but of this lad the phrases used were such as the following: 'Countenance extremely handsome;' 'eye filled with fire and intelligence;' 'action graceful and appropriate;' 'voice of much compass and variety, filling every part of the house, and without rant;' 'proofs of sound judgment visible in every scene;' 'his performance evinced the various workings of a superior and intelligent mind;' 'his attitudes are graceful and striking as painting or sculpture could supply;' 'throughout the whole of the performance he manifested powers, genius, and discrimination that are scarcely credible.' The *Times* was not so great a gun, in size or in power, in 1804 as in 1874; but still it was something to be spoken of in such terms in such a paper.

The ladies of the aristocracy were afraid to go on the opening night, lest there should be a crush; but in the following week they attended in full force; and the house was crammed almost to suffocation on each evening. No matter what character the phenomenon played—Osman, Achmet, Norval, Hamlet—the admiration was enthusiastic, and the applause unbounded. One impersonation, that of Selim, drove the Londoners always mad. It was, however, pretty generally felt that episodic and bombastic melodramas were better suited to him than the higher-toned plays of Shakspeare. The *Times* praised his Young Norval still more highly than it had praised his Achmet; and the Prince of Wales

(afterwards George IV.) attended frequently, and expressed his approval in unmistakable terms. Even on the fifth night there was such a wild crush for admission, that the lobby doors were burst in, and hundreds of persons got into boxes for which they had not paid. The Covent Garden manager having arranged with the lad and his friends for the first week in December, and the rest of the engagement after Christmas, there was an interval of two or three weeks. The Drury Lane manager filled up this gap by a separate engagement; and the Master Betty who acted at one house on Saturday the 8th, came out at the other on Monday the 10th, with the more sonorous designation of the Young Roscius, and with the same vast audience as before.

How many times the boy, lad, or youth received a hundred guineas per night for his services, or how soon he had to lower his terms, we do not know; but he or his friends must have received an enormous sum in all, for country managers competed for him whenever he was not wanted at the Theatres Royal. Very few judicious critics appeared; the excited public for a time did not want them, and would not have believed them. One correspondent to the *Times* made, however, some sensible observations: 'I own I could wish this interesting and extraordinary youth were withdrawn from the public. A few years are necessary, not only to mature his various powers, but to develop his person, and to render his constitution equal to the exertions of the stage. Then let him resume his post, and re-enter on his brilliant career.'

As year after year advanced, and the boy changed into a youth, and the youth into a man, there was an intermediate period when the voice 'broke,' and rendered him unable to speak well on the stage. Whether, as a young man of one-and-twenty, he believed he would have a new lease of public favour, or whether he was persuaded by the entreaties of friends, certain it is that he resumed his performances—coming out at Bath as Mr Betty in February 1812. The plain fact was now made manifest, that the change from boy to man had made him a different being, so far as concerned attractiveness to the public. As the Earl of Essex, as Achmet, as Hamlet, he shewed himself little more than a commonplace young man, somewhat stout in build. A Bath journalist said: 'It would have been unfair to have given a decided opinion about Betty on his first appearance; but after he has acted Hamlet, it may be said, without any scruple, that he is the worst actor who ever came before the public (except in a part for trial) as a first-rate performer! Bad fare this for one who had been almost idolised as a boy.'

In November of the same year (1812) he came before a London audience as an adult, not having acted here since 1806, when he was in his fifteenth year. Let us now go to the same newspaper as before, and see in what terms the *Times* spoke of him; the writer may or may not have been the same critic, but there is no reason to doubt that he went to the performance with a willingness to be just and impartial. He reported that 'Mr Betty's exertions throughout the play were anxious and eager; and no symptom either of carelessness or diffidence was suffered to come between him and his fate. Diligence is a valuable quality, but it is not the only one; and we are afraid that, with all

our propensity to praise, our panegyric must not go much farther. Besides an intellectual and poetic mind, a great actor should have a commanding countenance, a speaking eye, a manly form, a round and rich voice.' How far the actor possessed these qualifications, we are next told: 'It remains for those who persist in thinking Mr Betty equal to his fame, to discover how enuine may be, in his person, compatible with the want of them all. The person of this actor is not above the middle height, corpulent, and with but moderate pretensions either to grace or dignity.' His countenance, without being utterly vacant, is heavy; and his voice, without being peculiarly indistinct, singularly inexpressive.' This mortifying picture was not remedied by that which the critic painted when he had seen the actor a second time: 'Mr Betty may be a useful, an active, a diligent, or a decent actor; but with this praise he must be content. Nature has denied him the first and simplest materials of theatrical excellence; and art has not given him even the humble compensation that art can give. If Mr Betty should succeed, surprised as we shall be, our surprise shall not diminish our congratulations; if he fails, he will have the warning of a judgment unprejudiced, impartial, and sincere.' Such criticism must have been a bitter pill to the young man, whether he returned to the stage with the hope of drawing a new lease of renown, or simply to increase his income. (Whether his enormous earnings as a boy had been invested for his benefit, or had gone into other pockets, we have no means of knowing.) Other critics tried to give him a good word when they could, but there was a general concurrence of opinion concerning his merits as an actor who aimed high. *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, at that time a favourite eight-penny paper for family reading, said: 'His face is round and chubby; so that, whatever emotions may thro' at his heart, they will find it difficult to make a visible breach through this stubborn wall of flesh and blood.' This was decidedly a cruel cut.

For twelve years, Mr Betty took his place among the actors of the day; now acting leading parts, now playing second to some other leader, but never exciting enthusiasm among the audience. People wondered whether this could be the same Betty that had taken all England by storm in the days of perukes and hair-powder, and even speculated whether the heads they adorned could have contained any brains. He was the same, certainly, in so far as regards personal identity; but the evidence became clear that he had never possessed much of that dramatic genius that burned in a Garrick or a Kean. He appeared in public for the last time, we believe, in 1824, when he took leave in a benefit performance at Southampton. It is a very unusual thing for a man to live just fifty years in private society, after having retired with a competency from a life of excitement and public notoriety. Mr Betty did this: how he employed himself during those fifty years, we have no record.

Boy-phenomena, juvenile prodigies, do not often realise in mature age the promise they held forth when young. We have had infant Thalias, infant Garricks, infant Keams, infant Paganinis, infant pianists, infant orators, in plentiful numbers; but they have usually had to be content with a reputation for mediocrity when they grew up to

be men and women. True, a Mozart and a Joachim do once now and then appear, more than fulfilling in mature years the promise of genius set forth when young; but these rare exceptions do not disprove the correctness of the general rule. Nature has her own time for doing each part of her wonted work, and does not usually do that which is typified by putting the cart before the horse. The truth is, the theatre-loving, pleasure-going public like novelty; and it is by this cause that 'phenomena' and 'prodigies' have their day—and then sink into oblivion.

THE GENTLEMAN-EMIGRANT.

On those gentlemen, and they must be very many in number, who, in the hour of disgust or depression, or even of hope and ambition, are wont to dream a dream of successful emigration, Mr W. Stamer has, by the publication of his two volumes entitled *The Gentleman-Emigrant*, conferred a great benefit: he has given them a timely caution, and warned them to look before they leap. You may jump out of the frying-pan, but you are scarcely better off if you alight in the fire; and you may avoid Scylla, but Charybdis is perhaps a more objectionable monster. It may be quite true, as Mr Stamer says, that 'Dame Britannia is at the present time pretty much in the same predicament as was the celebrated old lady who lived in a shoe—she has "so many children, that she doesn't know what to do;" but her distant connections, Dame Anstralia and Dame Canada, and many another dame, though willing enough to receive, and behave as mothers to, any of the redundant children who can 'make themselves generally useful,' will extend nothing better than a step-mother's harsh treatment to the dainty gentleman who has not learnt, or cannot readily learn, to swing an axe, to build a shanty, to plant potatoes, to raise garden-stuff, to put off his gentility, and 'take it rough-and-tumble,' or who, in the absence of good bone and muscle, and knowledge of the way in which to employ them, has not their equivalent—capital. For, not to mince matters, 'the only men likely to succeed in the colonies are, besides household servants and skilful mechanics, capitalists, both large and small, and those of iron thwews and sinews.'

There was much point in the observation made by an American backwoodsman, who was so astonished at hearing the compound word 'gentleman-emigrant,' that he exclaimed: 'Why! what on airth's that? Guess, he's a British institution! He is; and we may learn from Mr Stamer's pages the fate that awaits that peculiar institution, as regards 'his daily life, sports and pastimes,' in the Canadas, in Australia, and in the United States.

First of all, the gentleman-emigrant must be provided, as has already been hinted, with the proper thwews, sinews, and skill in using them, or with so much capital as will represent their equivalent; and then he must rid his mind of the nonsense which causes many of his class to seek for 'a district where there is good society.' He

must, in the next place, steer clear of the dangerous rock called superciliousness; must not treat his ill-bred neighbours with arrogance; must put his pride in his pocket; must be not only courteous but familiar; must be content, in the interchange of salutations, with the use of bare surnames without any prefix; must not wince at the question, 'How's the woman?' when the health of his lady-wife is inquired after, but must nerve himself to answer promptly and heartily: 'Spry, thankee; how's yours?' He must, furthermore, be careful not to run himself aground on the quicksand of greed. He may, 'from the lying representations that have been made to him,' have formed 'the most preposterous ideas of the profits to be derived from farming;' but 'the settler who has only a few thousands at command, should be content if, in addition to a fair interest on his capital, he can manage to make a comfortable subsistence.' He must, lastly, give up all idea of combining sport, save to a very moderate extent, with farming; otherwise, he 'may rest assured that his farm will never be the best paying one of the district, and he should consider himself extremely fortunate if he do not go to the wall altogether.' It must be remembered that Mr Stamer speaks from personal experience; and he declares solemnly that in all his travels he 'never yet met with a sporting settler who was a thriving one.' It may be well, also, to modify, on his authority, what was said about familiarity of speech and manner in social intercourse. What was said applied only to 'intercourse with the neighbouring farmers. With hired servants or helps, it is different. It is always advisable to make them treat you with a certain amount of respect, and with a little tact, this can be managed even in the United States.'

Now let us 'cat-head our anchor, top our boom, and fill away for the shores,' first of all, of America; for our gentleman-emigrant is bound for the Canadas. In what part of the ship shall we look for him? If he be a married man, with a few thousands to his credit, 'the cabin is the proper place;' but if his 'capital is limited to a few hundreds,' and he be unmarried, he should 'go intermediate or steerage.' In either case, 'the passage is a short one;' and, 'if he be of the right stuff,' he will have forgotten all discomforts, and have recovered his spirits, when we bid him farewell 'on the wharf at Montreal,' leave him our address, and promise to pay him a visit so soon as he lets us know that he is settled down and can receive us.

And first, let us suppose him to be a married man, with a few thousands. He has 'purchased a superior two-hundred-and-fifty-acre farm in Canada West;' and, after a lapse of some eighteen months, we take a run down to see for ourselves how he fares. It is winter, and we find him, 'scarcely recognisable in his hooded fur-coat,' awaiting us at the railway station, whence 'we have a six-mile drive before us,' a distance which his ponies, drawing a sleigh, cover 'under forty minutes.' The road

is hard and smooth; the heavenly vault is of the violet's blue; the silvery moon sheds a gentle light; the frosty air is pure and exhilarating; the snow sparkles like precious stones; the pines bend gracefully under their hoary burden; the gigantic icicles glitter and flash, as we pass them by at a rattling pace. Before long 'we turn in at an open gate-way, and the white farm-house, with its barns and out-buildings, stands before us . . . ; shutters are opened, a curtain is drawn aside, the bright fire-light comes streaming forth, casting a ruddy glow on the snow-covered ground, and, as we pull up at the door, we perceive the pleasant English face of our friend's wife smiling us a welcome through the frosty window-panes.' A few moments more, and 'we are in a Canadian farm-house; but for any difference we can see in the dining-room and its appointments, we might be in an English villa. . . . The spiced round, and the ham, and the pickles, and the well-flavoured cheese, and the home-made bread, are washed down with very fair table-beer; and, supper over, our hostess retires, having put us on our parole not to smoke more than two pipes, nor drink more than one glass of toddy. We repair to . . . a cosy little room at the back of the house, where guns, fishing-rods, gaffs, and landing-nets are suspended against the walls; where there is a table strewed with churchwardens, cutties, and venerable mezzanims, and where there are two very comfortable arm-chairs and a roaring fire. We drink the stipulated tumbler of punch, smoke our calumets of good-fellowship, and then to bed; in a room which 'is the very picture of comfort.' We cannot help thinking that our gentleman-emigrant 'might have gone further and fared worse;' but we will wait for his own opinion, which is not long in coming. According to him, 'there are in the Canadas four great drawbacks to human felicity: bad servants, uncultivated, slanderous neighbours, the long dreary winter, the comparatively small return on capital invested in farming operations.' To take the last item first: he asserts 'that on this his farm of two hundred and fifty acres, be the same more or less, all that he can hope to realise is a living, plus five per cent. on invested capital, and that in England any tenant-farmer can do the same.' This, Mr Stamer admits; but he argues, that such a person as our gentleman-emigrant has neither the knowledge of farming possessed by the average English tenant-farmer, nor the same expenses in the way of investment; that he, having become a Canadian farmer, 'has no rent to pay; and 'but few taxes;' that if he were 'to enter into possession of a high-class English farm to-morrow, and endeavour to work it without the assistance of a bailiff, he would be eating his capital before his second year's tenancy had expired;' and that, as 'farming is farming all the world over, if a comfortable living can be made out of the land, and a fair interest be obtained on the invested capital, it is the most that can be expected by ordinary mortals—he who can effect more is either a man of very superior intelligence, or he must have more capital at his command than most farmers.' All which, briefly, comes to this: that, in Mr Stamer's opinion, and in accordance with his experience, the married gentleman-emigrant, with a few thousands to his credit, can, so

far as material comforts go, live somewhat better in the Canadas, with less skill and less original and continuous outlay, than the majority of tenant-farmers in England. But then the gentleman-emigrant's wife has to put up with social drawbacks, of which the worst is 'servant-galism,' and for which Mr Stamer suggests the remedy—namely, 'instead of hunting after smart, good-looking girls . . . to find some hickory-faced old woman, who has given up all hopes of securing a prize in the matrimonial market;' and, for choice, 'an old negress.' Another objection is 'the long, dreary Canadian winter,' for which Mr Stamer offers several ingenious but somewhat unsatisfactory apologies, such as that 'one fine Canadian winter's day goes far to make one forget a week's bad weather.' As for the almost intolerable evil of 'rude, uncultivated neighbours,' Mr Stamer candidly confesses that there is no remedy but 'patience.'

It is now time to look after our unmarried gentleman-emigrant with a few hundreds only. He 'has built him a wigwam in the backwoods of Nova Scotia.' We find him much changed from the fair, slender, natty emigrant, whom, with his immaculate linen, faultless gloves and boots, and 'summer suit of unmistakable London build,' we left 'on the wharf at Montreal.' He 'who now stands before us is bearded like the pard; his cheeks are ruddy, his frame is muscular; he looks as if he could carry a bullock, and digest nails. He wears a blue flannel shirt, with turn-down collar; a black silk handkerchief, knotted sailor-fashion, round his neck; shooting-coat, and continuations of thick gray home-spun; and heavy knee-boots. A leather belt does duty for braces, and to the belt are attached two sheaths—one for the reception of a bowie-knife, the other for a hatchet. Were it not that, in address and manner, he is still the gentleman, the metamorphosis would be complete.' We will draw a veil over the terrible road, 'through the heart of the forest,' and without 'a single human habitation, unless a couple of lumbermen's camps can be so considered,' for the whole 'eight miles, as the crow flies,' between the point at which he comes to meet us and the 'shanty,' where, after many wanderings, disappointments, and the expenditure of much out of his little capital, he at last found rest for the sole of his foot. 'Cold, wet, and weary are we when we reach the shanty,' for we have trudged through the very worst road 'we have ever encountered, even in America,' and 'it is late in the afternoon before we feel sufficiently recovered' to 'have a look round the place,' according to our friend's repeated invitation. We are free to confess that he 'has been fortunate in his selection of a location; a prettier site for a house it would be difficult to find in the Canadas. Even at this bleak season of the year, the prospect is far from gloomy. The knoll, which has an elevation of some twenty feet, stands just at the point where a broad and rapid river issues from a sheet of water, which may be perhaps six miles in circumference. If the ice-bound lake has just now a wintry aspect, the same cannot be said of the river. It is sparkling in the bright sunshine, playing and eddying round bank and rock, leaping and dashing over obstructing reefs and ledges, and disporting itself as joyously as though, instead of bitter February, it were the merry month of May. The

opposite shore is sloping and heavily timbered, and describes an arc, the river on leaving the lake making a bold sweep to the southward and eastward. So that, standing on the knoll, there is the broad expanse of the lake on one side, the winding river on the other, and in front the forest, stretching away for sixty miles or more in its primeval state. Turning our back to the river, and looking in the direction of the shanty, to the left, amongst the trees, is seen a small burial-ground, for here, before the advent of the white man, was an Indian encampment, and seventeen piles of stones mark where seventeen Micmac braves lie buried. To the right, a piece of level intervale, dotted with oaks, and in rear of all, and closing the view in that direction, a steep ridge covered with a thick undergrowth of silver birch and moose wood.' Verily, the lines appear to have fallen unto our gentleman-emigrant in pleasant places. And what is the extent of his estate? Four hundred acres. And what the price? Tell it not in the City of London, where they sell land for fabulous sums per foot, but it was—fifty pounds. However, the land must be cleared, before it can be utilised; and 'clearing and fencing will cost four pounds per acre, at the lowest calculation.' So that, to clear four hundred acres would cost sixteen hundred pounds, 'without a single penny having been expended on barns and farm-buildings.' And our gentleman-emigrant hasn't sixteen hundred pounds. Nor, if he had, would he be wise to expend it in the way suggested; for 'in these maritime provinces, farming is a very risky business, especially when the farmer is dependent,' as our gentleman-emigrant would most likely be, 'on chance-labour at seed-time and harvest.' Then what will he do? 'It is beef, pork, and butter that I intend to raise,' he says; 'for there is a constant demand for young working-bullocks fit for lumbering, and for fat broken-down ditto ready for the knife, for salt pork and fresh butter, and notwithstanding the lowness of prices, I think I shall be able to make it pay. Were it not for the labour nuisance, there is nothing to prevent my having a couple of hundred head of cattle on the place, for so far as grazing is concerned, I am in an exceptionally good location. . . . It is not probable that I shall make a fortune; but if, with forty or fifty acres of land under cultivation, some fifty head of cattle in my barn, a good kitchen-garden, a river teeming with fish, a forest where are moose, caribou, grouse, and hares, I cannot manage to keep the larder supplied, and earn sufficient money to purchase clothes, and such little luxuries as books and tobacco, I must either be very unfortunate, or a great ass.' And Mr Stamer appears to endorse that opinion. There is, however, the serious question of loneliness. Can the gentleman-emigrant bear the idea of living the life of 'a pelican in the wilderness,' or of 'an owl that is in the desert?' And that will be his fate, if he run away, for relief and for cheapness, from irksome neighbours to the solitude of the primeval forest, where his only society may be that of his 'factotum' and his 'factotum's' wife. Perhaps he will marry; and then, will he marry somebody who will 'not like the place, and will induce her husband to move to livelier quarters?' If so, 'he will be obliged to sell at a heavy loss;' for, 'if it be difficult to realise in the settlements, in the backwoods it is next to impossible.' The back-

woodsman must have 'the precious bump of adaptability.' On the whole, we gather that both the married and the unmarried gentleman-emigrant, the former with a few thousands, and the latter with a few hundreds, may, if they be not too particular, improve their material means of living by removing to the Canadas; but, in other respects, there are very many obstacles, too numerous to be dealt with here, but fully discussed in Mr Stamer's pages.

As regards the United States, Mr Stamer does not paint things in very glowing colours, but he says that 'of all the states in the Union, New York not excepted, Virginia is the one which would, we think, be most likely to suit the gentleman-emigrant. Not only has she a fine climate, a fertile soil, good markets, and numerous railways, rivers, and navigable creeks, but, what is perhaps of more importance to the gentleman-emigrant than any thing else, he would be certain of a cordial reception.' On the other hand, 'Virginia is not a poor man's paradise; and if three hundred pounds, or even five hundred pounds, be the sum-total of his capital, he would be much more likely to succeed in Canada or the Free West.' The 'minimum is fifteen hundred pounds, and even then one would have to sail very close to the wind.' Amongst the advantages mentioned there is one 'which most Englishmen will not fail to appreciate. There is plenty of sport to be had—duck on Chesapeake Bay, quail in the fields, ruffed grouse and wild turkey in the woods, and capital deer-shooting everywhere, more especially in Western Virginia; and if the reader settle in the neighbourhood of Charlottesville, he will have fox-hunting to boot.'

What Mr Stamer has to say about Australia is likely to be found less encouraging than any other part of his book to the possible gentleman-emigrant; and he declares, in so many words, that 'Australia, although, under certain conditions, a very good country, is, as a place of residence, far—very far behind Canada and the United States; that it is only 'a bedlamite like George Francis Train who would exclaim: "Of all cities in the world, give me Melbourne!"' and that, though 'sheep-farming and stock-raising' are 'the pursuits best suited to the gentleman-emigrant of average intelligence and limited capital,' besides being 'almost the only ones which can be followed without loss of caste,' yet 'the lonely existence of a squatter for fifteen or twenty long years' is such a prospect as might well scare the most determined, the most patient, and the toughest of men. And should the gentleman-emigrant who contemplates 'squating' be a married man, he ought to reflect that 'clearings-life is not particularly lively, but in comparison to that led by the wife of an Australian squatter, it is as May Fair to the Helvidæ; the expression 'clearings-life' being applied to that which was described in the account of the married gentleman-emigrant's settlement in the Canadas. 'In the United States,' we are told, 'there is a constant demand for help—help which is not menial—and the young man who is smart, sober, and willing, has not to search very far to find a job of some description. In Australia, the demand is limited to skilled artisans, domestic servants, farm-labourers, and station-hands; for every other vacant situation there are a hundred applicants; and Mr Stamer solemnly asserts 'that any father who packs off his son to the antipodes without first providing him with

sufficient money to make a fair start, is as guilty of that son's death, if any evil befall him, as though he had knocked him on the head with a hand-spike.'

Surely there is enough here to make would-be gentlemen-emigrants and their friends pause and ponder.

A WORD ON FISH-EATING.

MANY hints have recently appeared in the newspapers about the best modes of augmenting our food-supplies. It has been told us again and again that the national commissariat might be largely aided by a more sustained ingathering of the harvest of the sea. Public journalists, indeed, are frequently found asserting that an increased supply of fish will bring butchers and graziers to their senses. 'Give us,' say these writers, 'a greater abundance of sea-produce, and we shall speedily have to record a fall in the prices of beef and mutton.' Such a change is certainly desirable, but we fear it is a vain hope.

No supply of fish, however large, seems to affect the tariff of our butchers. Many kinds of sea-produce, notwithstanding their abundance, are dearer in proportion to their food-yielding properties than sirloins of beef or saddles of mutton. The price of fish is at present beyond its value as a food-product. An egg for instance, contains much more meat than an oyster, yet a fresh oyster brings more than double the price of a new-laid egg. As all the world knows, the worth of any given article, whether it be flesh or fowl, is just what it brings in the market; and we are all aware that many kinds of fish cannot be bought at certain seasons except at a fancy price. Salmon at half-a-crown the pound-weight, with turbot costing quite as much, and both fishes frequently much dearer, leave little hope of any considerable addition to our food-supplies being obtained from the sea. It might as well be argued that we could cheapen our beef by eating pie-crust, as expect that an increase of our fish-supplies would sensibly reduce the price of flesh-meat. The present demand for fish, even with the great organisation which now exists for its supply, can only be partially met; nor can fish-food ever become so abundant as materially to affect the prices of our other supplies. At certain times throughout the year, when markets become glutted with the commoner kinds of fish, the price falls so as to be almost nominal; but what is remarkable on the occasion of such gluts is, that however large the supply may be, it can readily be disposed of. By the aid of the telegraph, coupled with quick railway transit, such arrangements may now be made for the disposal of the largest supplies of fish as could not be entered upon fifty years ago, when the produce of the deep was asserted to be much more plentiful than it is at present.

In glancing over our stores of information about fish-food, we have been greatly struck with the desire shewn by various benevolent persons to 'have the poorer classes eat fish—a food-stuff at

once so plentiful and cheap.' Such efforts are not now required, because all classes eat as much fish as they are able to purchase, and would most willingly eat more if they could obtain it at a moderate price. Occasional strong appeals were from time to time, about the beginning of the present century, addressed to the working-classes, in order to encourage them to live more upon fish than they were in the habit of doing. One enthusiast says: 'I cannot help looking forward with confidence to the day when the fish of our streams, and especially those of the ocean which mummurs round our rocks, will contribute much more largely than it now does to supply a well ascertained want of the people of England.' One circumstance that must in some degree have prevented fish from becoming popular as food for the people arose from the fact, that, fifty years ago, it was difficult to procure it fresh; and, of all foods, fish-food requires to be eaten in season. Some fish decay quicker than others. A mackerel, for instance, begins to deteriorate the moment it is abstracted from the water. Doubtless, the people living half a century ago had their taste for such diet spoiled by partaking of fish that had begun to decompose or been badly cooked. No food is more susceptible of the arts of the cook than that composed of fish. A clever culinary artist can 'confection' such white-bait out of a little flour and gum as are difficult to distinguish from the real fish; and in America, where the oyster is more plentiful than it is here, excellent artificial bivalves may be purchased all the year round.

Another circumstance that perhaps prevented fish from becoming a popular diet, is well illustrated by the old housewives' proverb which says that 'when fish is bought, it is only half-bought;' for when the price of the butter is added to the cost of the fish, the total sum is comparatively large.

It may prove interesting to record here one or two of the schemes which some sixty years since were successfully set on foot to popularise fish as food. On June 15, 1812, by a preconcerted arrangement, seventeen thousand mackerel were sold in Spitalfields at a penny each! These fish had been contracted for by Mr Hale, a member of a committee which existed at that date for the relief of the manufacturing poor. That gentleman made an agreement with certain salesmen to purchase from ten to twenty thousand of these fish daily at the price of ten shillings for each hundred and twenty. The experiment, in consequence of the necessitous state of the people, was immediately successful, as many as half a million of these very palatable fish having been disposed of to the poor of London in one day. The total cost of carrying out the experiment for a considerable time amounted only to fifty pounds, that sum being expended in organising the distribution of the fish.

At Sheffield, during a time of distress, the same committee, of which Mr Hale was so active a member, sold upon one occasion two hundred tons of salted cod-fish, and four hundred thousand cured herrings—the cod-fish being sold at two-pence-halfpenny a pound, whilst the herrings were disposed of at two for three-halfpence; and the poor people were very glad to have such wholesome 'kitchen' to their potatoes. Another of the same series of experiments was the entering into a

contract for the purchase of all the fresh fish and corned (slightly salted) cod that could for a time be brought from the North Sea and Iceland fisheries, as much as eighteen pounds a ton being given for the supply. A considerable quantity was obtained; in the first instance, one hundred tons of salted fish, and fifty tons of fresh cod. In all, sixteen hundred and fifty tons of various fishes were bought and distributed. At eighteen pounds per ton, which was the contract price, the retail cost of the fish would come to about two-pence per pound-weight. It is now sixty years since these experiments, born of sad necessity, were tried; but the prejudice which prevailed among the working-classes in England against a fish-diet was slow to overcome, and it was not till many years after, that the 'common people,' as they have been called, took kindly to fish-eating.

Our supplies of fish are more limited than people suppose. Let us take the salmon as an example. Although a female fish weighing thirty pounds will yield thirty thousand ova, not a tenth part of these will ever become marketable fish; there are such hosts of enemies watching to feed on the eggs, and to devour the young ones when they are too small to be able to protect themselves. But even if all the salmon-eggs deposited in any given salmon-stream were to hatch out, and each yield a fish, they would not grow to any size, because a piece of water so many acres in extent, like a grass-field of similar size, will, as a general rule, feed and give growing-room to only a limited number of fish. Again, our sea-fish are supposed to be unlimited; but that too is a mistake, and exactly for the same reason. A female cod-fish, we know, spawns her eggs in millions; but in the ravening depths of the sea countless quantities of these eggs never come to life, nay, hundreds of thousands of them are never even fertilised by the milt of the male fish, and a large percentage of the young become the prey of enemies larger and more active than themselves. It is the same in the case of the herring and of the sole and flounder family; they are abundantly prolific, and it is well they are so, because the ingenuity of man, coupled with the daily inroads made upon the shoals by various piscine enemies, would soon despoil the sea of its finny treasures.

It is a fashion with certain economists to keep iterating that we do not draw on our sea-food supplies to the extent we might do; and it is still more a fashion to have always certain fishes in the market which bring fancy prices. The turbot and the white-bait may be instanced as examples of the rage which prevails for 'creating' expensive fish. In this matter we are following a fashion which is many hundred years old. The classic epicures gloated over their red and striped mullet, just as the gourmets of to-day may be supposed to gloat over their turbot flus, or the thin portion of the salmon. These fishes, turbot and salmon, rule high in price at all times; salmon, during certain seasons of the year, being sold at half a guinea per pound-weight, besides being generally, throughout the period of the year when it is in season, as dear as the choicest cuts of beef or the best hind-quarters of mutton.

Having said so much about the economy of our fish-supplies, the question will now be asked: What is the real value—as distinguished from the money value—of fish as food? If a turbot of ten pounds

weight cost a guinea, and a half, or if a middle cut of a salmon weighing five pounds cost ten shillings, what is the value of the salmon as a food-product, compared with ten shillings' worth of roast-beef, or the value of a turbot when contrasted with a guinea saddle of Southdown mutton? Now, both beef and mutton, when roasted, are subject to a considerable percentage of waste, as also when boiled, if the water in which they have been cooked is not economised by being made into broth. It is not too much to assume that meat in the cooking process loses at least a fourth of its weight, besides being heavy in consequence of its bony parts. Badly fed beef wastes enormously in the process of roasting, and mutton also. But many kinds of fish, if we may believe the cook, 'boil away to nothing,' especially when they are not in their best condition. There are times when fish are not worth the trouble of making ready, and when that kind of food should not be partaken of. Land animals of all kinds are, at particular seasons, quite unfit for food. We allude to their times of reproduction, when the care and affection they bestow on their young seriously deteriorate their bodily structures. It is the same in a sense with fish, although the circumstances of their case are somewhat different. At certain periods, all the nourishment they obtain is absorbed in the development of their roe and milt, and yet it is only at the period when some fishes are about to fulfil the grandest instinct of their natures that they can be obtained for food-purposes. The herring-fishery presents us with a notable instance of this fact, as that popular fish cannot be captured except at those periods during which they congregate in shoals for the purpose of spawning, and, moreover, it is a law of the fishery laid down by government, that no herrings will be passed by the officers who wait upon the fishery unless they can certify that they are 'full' fish—that is, full of milt and roe!

Many elaborate comparisons have been made as to the comparative food-values of butcher-meat and fish, and occasional controversies have arisen on the subject, in which the utmost diversity of opinion has been expressed. Some economic writers maintain that fish has no food-value worth speaking of; others say that fish-food must occupy a middle position between vegetables and beef and mutton. Again, a learned authority says, that fish, well cooked with oil or fat of some kind, or served with butter when brought to table, 'is chemically the same as butcher-meat, so far as nutrition is concerned.' Another writer says that fish as food is only fit for children and invalids, and is totally unfitted to support the health and vigour of men or women engaged in laborious occupations. As usual in such disputes, we may hold that the truth lies between the two extremes. Many people following laborious occupations, especially in Scotland, live largely upon fish. In that country, the fishermen themselves eat a considerable portion, and, as a class, fishermen are strong and healthy; and the wives, who undertake a part of the men's work, are still stronger and healthier. In Portugal, fish fried in oil forms a very large proportion of the food of the population; their fish-diet is supplemented by a little bread and fruit, and although the peasantry of the land never partake of flesh meat, yet they are a hardy, vigorous, and brave people. Let it be remembered that fish is a necessity of life in France and Spain, and as regards the latter

country, a constant organisation is at work in our own islands to supply it with many kinds of cured fish. A huge portion of the pilchards taken on the coast of Cornwall, as well as many hundred hogs-heads of cured and smoked herrings, are sent to the Spanish markets.

A lady friend of ours, a notable economist, being desirous of testing the food-powers of fish as compared with beef, tried the following experiment. She purchased a cod-fish weighing twenty pounds, for which she paid a sum of half a sovereign, or sixpence per pound-weight. This lady has eight in family, and she had determined that her cod-fish with a few little oysters should compose the dinner. She had the cod-fish divided into three portions: the head and shoulders were boiled, the middle portion was baked, and the tail-cut was made into a curry; a little water, in which a piece of veal had been boiled the previous day, having been added. Melted butter and half a hundred of small sauce oysters added to the cost of the banquet. The remainder of the dinner consisted of a bread-pudding. But it is only with the fish as holding comparison with butcher-meat that we have business. The cod-fish was bought whole, but was sent home 'cleaned,' and hal, of course, been robbed of the liver, the sounds, and the *tongue*, which the fishmonger doubtless knew the value of. The roe, however, was left in the fish, and was fried. The cost of the fish, with oysters and butter, was fifteen shillings and ninepence, which, with lard and curry-powder, would make a total of sixteen shillings and sixpence. The dinner, so far as the cooking was concerned, was quite a success; but the children, and the big people also, became sooner hungry than usual, so that the serving of tea had to be expedited by about an hour. Papa did not feel satisfied; he had a feeling about him that he had not dined. Mamma said little, but she felt that the experiment, comparatively speaking, had been an expensive one. And so it was. The same sum of money expended on butcher-meat, even at the present high prices, would, doubtless, have produced a more satisfactory meal. A tolerably large leg of mutton may be purchased for half a guinea; and a pair of rabbits for a curry, with a little bit of fat boiling beef to enrich the mess, would not have cost more than the cod-fish, and would have imparted to all sitting down to table the satisfactory feeling of having 'dined.' Such is now the opinion of that excellent domestic manager, who has from first to last tried a good number of experiments in the art and economy of cookery. What is especially desirable, is a wider knowledge of the art of cooking fish in a palatable and tasteful manner. How to dress up fish a second time, so as to be attractive as a dish at table, is what all females in the less affluent classes should be acquainted with. On this point, we can refer to some useful instructions in a small work recently issued, *Cookery and Domestic Economy for Young Housewives*.

As regards the comparatively nutritious properties of food, the question is, how much nitrogenous matter and fat is there in any particular article? Good fat beef, well cooked, may be said to stand highest in this respect—the nitrogenous matter being about 15 per cent., and the fat 25 to 30 per cent. In white fish the quantity of fat is for the most part as low as 2 per cent.; but the nitrogenous matter is as much as 18 per cent. The

percentage of fat in eals rises to 13 per cent.; the nitrogenous matter, however, sinks to about 9 per cent. The conclusion one may arrive at is, that though fish falls short of meat in point of nutrition, the deficiency may be largely compensated by more frequent eating. Besides, we have to recollect, that there is a prodigious virtue in variety of food; one kind, as it were, making up for what is wanting in the other. Hence, the ever increasing demand for fish, and rise in the cost of the article.

A HINT TO BEE-KEEPERS.

To encourage the rearing of bees among the rural population, there has been set on foot the British Bee-keepers' Association, which, as appears from newspaper notices, has lately had at Sydenham a show of bees, and the most approved apparatus for housing and managing these useful insects. The encouragement of bee-keeping is no new thing, for it is part of the recognised programme of most horticultural exhibitions in county towns. What seems novel in the case of the association in question refers to a method of extracting the honey more or less from hives, without injury to either the bees or the combs. It cannot but be considered a cruelty as well as piece of folly to smoke hives with sulphur, with a view to procuring the honey by destroying the colony of little creatures by whose industry it was produced. Nor is it almost less ineconomical to squeeze the combs for sake of the honey. As is well known, the combs are the cellular dwellings in the hive; and have to be constructed of wax, and made ready for being inhabited before the bees proceed with their process of honey-gathering and storing. To cause a new swarm of bees to spend weeks in constructing combs, instead of letting them have combs ready made, is to sacrifice a large part of their industry, and the profit derived from it. The question, then, is how to secure the honey without either smoking the hive or carrying away and destroying the combs. This is effected by what the Bee-keepers' Association call a honey-extractor, a machine of recent invention. As it is not very clearly described, we are unable to fully explain its character, but by a whirling process the honey is expelled without damaging the combs; the bees being induced to remove for a short time till they are re-admitted to their old homes. 'Thus,' as is mentioned in the *Times* (September 9, 1874), 'by making use a second time of the old combs the time of the bees is saved; and they give to honey-making precious days of summer which would be otherwise devoted to the building up of fresh waxen cells. The cheapest honey-extractor priced in the Association's catalogues is L.2, 10s., and it is fair to presume that the best which obtained the prize at the Crystal Palace Exhibition, and had no price affixed to it, is dearer. In a few minutes the extractor empties all the combs of a hive, and, therefore, it is not necessary for every cottager to keep one. But the village might subscribe for one, or some benevolent person might lend it. Lady Bardett-Coutts has already led the way in supplying swarms of bees gratui-

tously to labouring people, on the sole condition that they shall pass on a swarm to their neighbours when the profitable insects increase after their kind.'

As we believe little or nothing is yet popularly known in rural neighbourhoods of the honey-extractor, we have pleasure in giving circulation to these few facts on the subject. W. C.

TO CHEVIOT.

CONSPICUOUS Cheviot, thou dost proudly tower

Above the Border's ridgy mountain-line,
And, like a couchant lion, armed with power
To guard the realms that round thy feet combine,
This night I see thee from my northern bower
Rich in the flood of western brilliance shine,
And happy, fancy thee some Warden great,
Who wilt not spurn the minstrel from thy gate.

Full thirty years have crossed the stream of Time
Since first I gazed upon thy sphinx-like face,
Receding now mid evening shades subline,
Advancing now mid morning's lucid grace;
Now crowned with jewels of the Arctic cline,
Now bloomed with rose-tints from the westering
place
Of July suns, delightful to behold,
Descending homeward on their wheels of gold.

When blew the trumpet of the fiery deep,
That summoned thee from molten shades below,
To spring into the air, a rocky steep
Above the astonished sea's bewildered flow?
And when began the timid grass to creep
Around thy feet, streaked with the daisy's glow?
And when, amid the day-break's cloisters dim,
Didst thou first hear the lark's ascending hymn?

The wolf once lurked amid thy shaggy sides,
Once soared the eagle o'er thee with proud wings,
Once swam the shoals of otters down the tides
That issue from thy everlasting springs;
Rode once on thee, where now nor foeman rides,
Nor helmet gleams, nor wild réveille rings,
Percy and Douglas with their bows and spears,
Changing the hunt to battle, slaughter, tears.

O happy hill! emancipated now;
Gone are those savage sights, those wild alarms;
Thou hearest now soft bleating round thy brow
The numerous fold; thou seest fields and farms
Encircle thee with beauty, where the plough
Prepares a home for Autumn's golden charms;
Thou hearest shepherds shouting round their pens,
And songful milkmaids wailing slumberous glens.

Beloved hill! thy far-seen summit fires
With daily gladness twice ten thousand eyes;
Thy image haunts the world, and oft inspires
The pilgrim's day-dreams, and awakes his sighs;
And, when to midnight slumbers he retires,
He sees thy sunny spectral form arise,
Nor fears the illusion, but with wild delight,
Bounds o'er thy scenes through all the entrancing
night.

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A TALE OF HOMBURG.

THE Lutheran cemetery of Homburg vor der Höhe has no special attraction for a stranger, unless it be the profusion of flowers which spring up round the graves. Roses red, white, and yellow, dahlias, geraniums, pansies, sweet-william, and a legion of wild-flowers, seem to mock with their gaily the sad shadows of the grave-stones. Many of the monuments stand in a small plot of their own, fenced in by a miniature palisade, and laid out in flower-beds and tiny paths, a space being left for a seat under a trellised canopy. These gardens are more generally left to the bounty of Nature than to the care of man, but occasionally may be seen a sombre figure stooping over a flower-bed, or trimming the borders of some loved inclosure.

I was strolling one June evening amid the tombs and roses, when I saw the seat in one of the little gardens occupied by a man clad in deep mourning. An Englishman certainly, from his appearance, I at once judged him to be, before I had heard the voice of a little brown-eyed, ruddy child, who was toddling about the paths, and stooping over the flowers. Not far from the spot stood a man-servant, hidden by the arbour from the view of the visitors to the grave. The occupant of the seat, who was a young man of neat, soldier-like appearance, was gazing vacantly upon the little girl, who was engaged in filling a wire basket with flowers, picked with no small amount of difficulty. When filled, this was carried to her father (for so I naturally guessed him to be), duly arranged by him, and then laid as an offering at the foot of the bright green mound. This done, the child, clambering up to her father's side on the seat, asked him solemnly :

'Will mother like to smell them, father?'

'I am sure she will, darling,' was the reply.

I was all this time concealed behind an adjoining monument, whence I watched every movement of the mourners who had so attracted my attention. Presently, the man-servant coming forward, intimated that it was getting late, and, with an air of authority, mingled with respect, opened the small gate of the inclosure for his master to pass out.

The latter, kneeling for a moment, with his forehead resting upon the cross, which sprang from some ivy-clad rock-work at the head of the grave, kissed the name inscribed, and, followed by his daughter, who insisted upon shutting the gate herself with great carefulness, took the path to the entrance of the cemetery. As soon as they were out of sight, I hurried to the spot which had already awakened in me a strong feeling of curiosity, and read these words, inscribed in gilt character on a cross of white marble :

Here rethet in Gott, LOUISE MARGARETHA MARTYN, Geb. den 22 August 1849. Gest. den 3 Mai 1870.

On the reverse of the cross, an English inscription ran thus :

Here rests in peace, LOUISE MARGARET MARTYN, the dearly loved wife of CYRIL JOHN MARTYN, late a Captain in Her Britannic Majesty's —th Hussars. Born 22 August 1849. Died 3 May 1870.

After gazing sadly at these words, and noting much that I have described, I bent my way homewards, in a saddened state of feeling.

It was easy enough to read a tale of sorrow in what I had seen ; but there was something more to be read between the lines, I felt sure. The expression of the widow's face, and the authoritative manner of the servant, could not but mean something. However, I soon afterwards entered the gardens of the Kurhaus, and mingled with the crowd of promenaders. My friend, Dr Fichte, had asked me to sup with him that evening ; he would be sure to know something about the Martyns, if there was anything worth telling, so that I did not fail to avail myself of his invitation. After our pleasant little meal, when the doctor had pulled down from the wall a china pipe, with a stem as tall as himself, and I had filled my own pipe with caporal, I told him what I had seen in the cemetery.

'Ah ! there's a sad story about them, my friend, almost too sad for a happy meeting like the present ; but you shall hear it. It was in 1869, somewhat early in the season, that an English gentleman, named Martyn, called upon me for advice. He was a strong-looking man of athletic build, and had one

of your regular English faces, expressive of coolness and resolve. From his appearance, I should have said that there was not a healthier man in Homburg; nor was it easy for me, after a careful examination, to discover his ailment. But I need not tell you, that it is often the physician's duty to devote his attention to an imaginary sickness, and to listen with as interested an air to delusions as to real suffering. Without entering into any technical details, it will be enough for me to say that my patient described himself as suffering from general debility and lack of energy. He said he was always losing ground, that luck was against him, and that there must be some one thing radically wrong in his constitution, which prevented his playing a successful part in the world. He had tried all sorts of systems, as he called them, but they had failed miserably, and he was now a broken-down man. He assured me that he had no mental cause of anxiety, that he was perfectly happy in his domestic relations, and that he was not in any degree hypochondriacal. I prescribed for him a course of bathing, early hours, and regular exercise, and, on his taking leave, begged for my wife to be allowed to make the acquaintance of Mrs Martyn. This request, you must understand, I made from a desire to have a few words' conversation with my patient's wife regarding his case. But as he grew fidgety and nervous on my making the proposal, I bade him good-bye with the hope of seeing him again in my own house. His manner had tended to confirm my rising apprehension that my patient's disease was not of such a nature as we can minister to, and, after a second prolonged visit from him, I felt the absolute necessity of putting myself into personal communication with his wife. I had already made her acquaintance in the gardens, and had been struck by her singular grace and sad beauty of expression. I called at their lodgings one day after my afternoon's work, and was ushered at once into a small room at the top of the house, which was in Dorotheenstrasse, a street not much frequented, as you know, by your countrymen. I found Martyn and his wife seated opposite to each other at a small table, on which was placed an oval board covered with green cloth, and marked with the plan of a *rouge-et-noir* table. Opposite Mrs Martyn, who was acting as croupier, was placed the *inventaire* of the bank, consisting of rouleaux of gold and silver, two small boxes with compartments for various pieces of money, the *talon* of white marble for the *taille* of six packs of cards to stand on, and the basket into which the used cards were thrown. Martyn's back was turned towards me as I entered the room; his wife faced me, so that I caught at once her glance of anguish and anxiety, revealing in a moment the nature of her husband's ailment, which I had suspected to be beyond my power to cure.

"*Messieurs, faites le jeu,*" called out the poor wife.

"Come, doctor, try your luck," cried the poor madman, as he placed four gold pieces on the red. "Our minimum is two florins, and I never go higher than a hundred."

"I put a couple of florins on the red," Mrs Martyn called out: "*Le jeu est fait, rien ne va plus,*" dealt out in two lots the requisite number of cards;

and saying: "*Rouge perd—couleur gagne,*" sweeps off her husband's gold and my florins, and takes some fresh cards from the talon for the next deal.

"Bowing to the poor croupier, whose sad, serious face told plainly enough what it cost her to keep her poor husband thus amused, I said adieu to my patient, from whom, however, I had no small difficulty in getting away.

"My dear doctor," he said, "if you will put down your hat, have a glass of iced water by your side, and follow my play steadily, your fortune is made. The Bank has only an advantage of one-third per cent, which is double the chance of the public tables here." Then addressing his wife: "Pardon, monsieur, *voulez-vous bien me changer une note de trente-cinq gulden?*"

"However, I pleaded stress of work; promised to return before long, and have some steady play; and hurried out, my heart wrung with the sound of "*Messieurs, faites le jeu,*" as I went down the staircase.

"In the evening of the same day I received a note from Mrs Martyn, in which she told me that she would call on me between seven and eight o'clock the next morning. At the appointed time, after my last patient had left me, I found the young lady awaiting our interview. But before I go on any further, you must know what she was like. She was very tall and slim, too tall for beauty, though her natural grace and ease removed any awkwardness that excessive height might have given her figure. Her head and features were rather small, and the natural colour of her face—then pale—must have been fresh and thoroughly English. Her soft brown hair was tied behind into one thick plait, which fell below her shoulders. As she swept into this room through the folding-doors, my great pity for her was for the moment lost in admiration of her beauty. Sinking down on the sofa, she burst into an agony of tears. "Forgive me, doctor; I cannot restrain myself before you, for I know that you can feel for me. I was unwilling to take up your time, but knowing that you would wish to be informed of all the circumstances attending my husband's illness, I have drawn up an account of the few months previous to the accident which led to it." When you have read it, I will consult you again." She then left me the narrative, which I will now ask you to read, before I complete the tale.

The doctor soon afterwards left me absorbed in the carefully written manuscript, which ran as follows:

"My dear husband had not a fault, as I thought, when I married him. Accomplished, good-humoured, handsome; every one loved him, and our first year's married life was unclouded by a speck of trouble. We had spent our winter's leave of absence in Germany, my husband having wished to collect information about the Prussian military system, with the view of writing on the subject. We stopped here on our return, and one day, by way of amusement, going up to the roulette-table in the Kursaal, my husband put a napoleon on No. 19, which was then the number of my years. Round went the roulette, the ivory ball rattled, fell into No. 19, and my husband took up thirty-five napoleons besides the one he had staked. Pleased, as he could not help being, his face wore an expression of something almost like shame, as we walked out of the rooms.

"I don't feel as if I had come by this money honestly," he said; "what shall I do with it?"

"Amid various projects, he decided to give a grand treat to the men of his troop, and relieve the families in the regiment that stood in need of help. Sad news awaited us on our arrival in England. Owing to the failure of an insurance company, my father-in-law, who held a large number of shares in it, was deprived of all his fortune, and it seemed as if he must depend upon his friends for the very means of subsistence. My husband effected an exchange to a regiment in India, and we were spending the last anxious weeks in my old home. He had left me for a few days to go to town on business, and I was eagerly looking out for a letter from him during this our first separation, when at last came the wished-for envelope, with a foreign head on it, and stamped with the post-mark, Homburg v. d. H. Fortunately I was alone as I read, almost terrified, that my husband had gone to Homburg, with a view of winning a handsome sum of money with which to buy an annuity for his father. The success of his first venture in gaining thirty-five napoleons had in a sense demoralised him. He had now plunged into gambling; commencing to play with great luck, and winning five hundred pounds on the first evening. This was almost doubled the next day. He determined to leave when he had won fifteen hundred pounds, but on the third day he left off play with a loss of two hundred pounds, and on the fourth, the whole of the rest of his winnings was gone, together with the hundred pounds he had taken out to play with. The anxiety I felt to be with my husband, when I read this terrible letter, prevented my yielding to anything like useless grief; I got ready my travelling things in an hour, and telling my people at home that Cyril wanted to see me immediately on pressing business, I left our house in time to reach London by mid-day. Fortunately on that very morning a half-yearly dividend of money of my own had been forwarded to me in the customary way; I cashed this at our banker's, and after passing a wretched afternoon in London, of course all alone, I left by the mail train for Brussels. I must tell you that, waiting to rest somewhere, I had wandered into our Academy Exhibition of Pictures, and had there been at first staggered, and then fascinated, by a large painting of a rouge-et-noir table, surrounded by every representative of gambling life. Long did I stand leaning on the rail before the picture, reading the history of every group, and finding my own portrait in a young wife endeavouring to drag her husband from the scene. In twenty-four hours after I had left London, as quickly as the letters travel, I was with my dear husband in Louisenstrasse. Oh, how pale and wan he looked! But the happiness I felt in once more being by his side to comfort him, makes me look back to that meeting with more joy than sorrow. He kissed me so tenderly, asked how our little Edith was, and then, pulling a chair to the table, rested his head on his hand, and remained silent for a minute or two.

"O Louise," he said, "I have ruined you," and then he broke down completely. When I had had some tea, I told him cheerfully we must then talk of business. I had brought sixty pounds in ten-pound notes, which would pay any little bills he owed, and take us home. But my husband

would not speak, sitting motionless, with his face buried in his hands. At last, as I feared, came out worse news. He owed £150 to a banker in Homburg, and had bound himself to make over the proceeds of his commission, whenever he should sail out, to an English money-lender, who had advanced him a large sum at about 70 per cent. interest. I would not shew my husband what I felt on hearing this; and hard as the struggle was, I tried to talk lightly of his loss. We must stay at Homburg until more of my dividends were sent to me, then hasten home, and hurry out to India, where we could live on Cyril's pay, and perhaps send some of it to his father. My husband got more cheerful as the evening wore on; and as we walked through the Schloss garden into the cemetery, he said: "Well, I shan't have to lie here after all, Louise, having shot myself through despair." Tired out as I was, I went to bed very early, and was soon asleep, when I was awakened by the noise of some one groping about near the dressing-table.

"It is I, dear; don't be alarmed," said Cyril, as I asked in terror who was there. "I am only looking for my cigar-case."

"He seemed as frightened as I was, and his voice trembled as he answered me. The next morning, when I had occasion to open my purse, all my notes were gone, and there was nothing in it but some bits of tobacco-leaf sticking to it, as though it had been carried in the pocket with loose cigars. The purse had not been out of my possession till I had put it on the dressing-table at night. Oh the sad misery of the thought which dashed upon me! God forgive me if I wronged him, for he knew not what he was doing. That money must have followed the way of the rest. Cyril must leave here at once. I would not stay for the remainder of the money I expected. That morning we had engaged horses for a ride to Saalburg, and I would urge upon my husband the necessity of his going away in the afternoon. We had hardly left the town when occurred the accident which deprived my dearest husband of his reason. My horse shied across the road at one of the little milk-carts drawn by dogs, and slipped quietly down into a ditch at the road-side, allowing me to step off without a scratch. Cyril sprang off his horse, and rushed up to assist me, when my animal, in his struggles to stand up, kicked my husband on the forehead as he had stooped down to raise me. From that moment he lay without sense or feeling for five days, with a great starred wound on his forehead, like the break which a stone makes in glass. Nothing but a slow laboured breathing and the irregular beats of his pulse shewed that he still lived, for his eyes, though open, were quite insensible to the light. An operation of raising the depressed parts of the bone to their proper level had been successfully performed, and the symptoms generally seemed favourable to his recovery. It was not until he was unmistakably out of all danger that I thought of a consequence more terrible than death, and almost hoped that he might be taken from me if he was not to be restored whole. But it was not to be. His memory and reason were gone, and the doctors would not deceive me, they said, with the hope of a cure. We sent for our child, of course, and are staying here for a time, as my poor husband is amused by the people and music, and we have some very kind

friends here. The history of that toy rouge-et-noir table is this: One day, during a quiet time, I ventured to take Cyril into the gaming-room. I had thought, poor fellow, that his mind was too much of a blank to have been affected by the sight of the play, but he became so excited and anxious to be continually looking on, that it was judged advisable to withdraw him entirely from the rooms. I contrived a miniature table for him at home, where we play with counterfeit napoleons. He is under the delusion that he is always losing money, and had often talked of going to consult a doctor on the subject, but had promised not to do this without telling me.

'I have now told you our story, which will perhaps help to guide you in treating your patient. You will, I know, pardon me if I have wearied you.'

The foregoing narrative had so impressed me, that the only words I addressed to Dr Fichte, as he re-entered the room, were: 'And the sequel, doctor? What befell this treasure of a woman?'

'I was naturally anxious,' said my friend, 'that the Martyns should leave Homburg without delay, their sojourn here being as bad for the husband's condition as it was painful to the wife. But there were difficulties attending this step. Mrs Martyn, though she would have braved most things on the poor fellow's behalf, seemed to shrink most sensitively from the idea of meeting their relations in England. He was in good bodily health, she was greatly comforted by the society of some kind friends, and they were able to live here more economically than they could have done in England; so that it was decided that they should pass, at all events, the ensuing winter in Homburg. We saw a good deal of them during those months. Martyn was quiet and tractable; and his wife would brighten up as she saw him romping with their child, or eagerly excited over a game of backgammon with my wife. It seemed, indeed, as though her life might not be the blank it had threatened to be, filled up as it now was by care for her husband, and affection for her child. The hope, too, was ever present with her that the great trouble might pass away, and that this was to be but a sad chapter in the story of their lives. But with the spring came more sorrow. April had been unusually cold, when a short summer of great heat set in for a week. One day, Mrs Martyn called to ask my advice respecting her little girl, who had caught a cold, and was otherwise ailing, from having sat out too late in the gardens. I returned with her to Dorotheenstrasse, and found the child struggling for breath, and shewing all the symptoms of a severe attack of diphtheria. Captain Martyn was committed to the charge of some friends, but his wife, I need scarcely tell you, could not be persuaded to leave her child's side. The next day the little sufferer was worse, and gave such manifest signs of sinking, that it seemed unnecessary to prepare her mother for the end. For three days she had been by her child's side, giving it ammonia every second hour, fumigating the room, and changing the linen. She would do everything herself, from a feeling, as she told me, that no one would so faithfully carry out my injunctions. On the fourth day, when I knew that the crisis must come, the child began to mend, and in a few hours I was

able to gladden the mother by telling her that all immediate danger was over. I urged upon her the advisability of now leaving the patient to professional care, as the fear of contagion still existed. But she would not move from the house; and as the child slowly advanced towards recovery, so she began to sicken from the same deadly disease. In three days all was over, her powers of resisting the complaint being exhausted by her previous labours. I followed her to the grave where she now lies, and have taught her husband and child to take a pride in adorning it. He is happily saved from the real consciousness of his loss. We see much of misery and vice here, but also something of the beauty of goodness. I have done.'

Our pipes had long since gone out, while I listened to this sad story. I could not trust myself to revisit the cemetery.

I was at Homburg in the following year, and soon found myself at the grave which had so fascinated me the previous year. Another cross exactly similar to the old one, stood at the head of a very fresh mound, with an inscription recording that Cyril Martyn also here rests in peace. Little Edith was waiting in charge of the Fichtes, to be sent to her mother's relations in England.

A WORD TO INVALIDS.

MR C. HOMER DOUGLAS, in a little book appropriately 'dedicated to British and American invalids,' has done good service to those who, for change of climate, if not of mind, are constrained to cross the sea. His book, which is called *Searches for Summer*, shews 'the anti-winter tactics of an invalid;' and, as that invalid was the writer's own wife, there is the very best reason for believing that the care bestowed upon the details collected 'during three years of travelling,' was as real and earnest as it certainly is apparent. The chief places visited and meteorologically or atmospherically described are: Ajaccio, Alexandria, Algiers, Basle, Biarritz, Cairo, Cannes, Cordova, Florence, Funchall (Madeira), Geneva, Genoa, Gibraltar, Granada, Hyères, Jersey, Lisbon, Lugano, Madrid, Malaga, Malta, Marseille, Mentone, Montreux, Naples, Nice, Palermo, Pau, Rome, San Remo, Seville, Valencia, and the Isle of Wight. The writer himself supplies the best recommendation of his book by the statement that his own invalid, his wife, who suffered from 'severe and almost incessant coughing and breathlessness,' and, before starting, 'had become so weak that she could hardly stand, nor speak above a whisper,' rose, thanks to the 'beautiful Mediterranean climes,' from a 'condition of prostrate invalidism, to one of comparative health and strength.' Lest, however, too sanguine hopes should be excited in the bosoms of other sufferers, it is only right to remark that Mr Douglas divides invalids 'into three classes: those who are organically and hopelessly diseased; those who are functionally diseased; and those who, having no disease at all, have come abroad to relieve the ennui of country residence with a little fun and flirtation;' and that he puts Mrs Douglas in the second category.

As regards climate, too, a few preliminary remarks may not be out of place. The whole and the sick are equally prone to give the climate credit

or discredit for what is due solely to themselves and their habits, and equally resemble the invalid lady who, having taken a very liberal luncheon, and having subsequently been afflicted with headache, attributed her sensations to 'an intoxicating lightness in the air of this place.' On the other hand, an unusual elasticity of both body and mind is frequently set down to atmospheric influences, when the observant doctor, or nurse, or friend is perfectly aware that it arises from something very different, such as either the adoption or repudiation of a particular diet, an unwonted effort and course of exercise, the absence of an irritating cause, the presence of cheerful society. Of course, there may be certain subtle powers inherent in certain atmospheres, and supreme over certain organisations; but, as a rule, we may say of climate what was said by no less an authority than Sir James Clarke of another 'fetich': 'The belief so generally entertained, that medicine can counteract the effects of habitual errors of regimen, should be regarded as mere sophistry.'

Of Ajaccio, we learn that January there is 'in temperature equal to April in the south of England, and to May in Scotland; while, in point of what we understand generally by "fine" weather,' it would appear that 'the Corsican January is superior both to the English April and to the Scotch May. The mean of January at Ajaccio is 4° to 5° above that of Nice and Mentone; and the warmth of the nights is unquestionably a great point for an invalid.' A great deal is said in favour of Algiers; but not only is the climate of Algiers in winter 'an eminently fickle one, and in this respect dangerous to the invalid,' who is counselled 'carefully to note a well-placed thermometer, and whenever he sees a temperature abnormally high—and it is generally at first accompanied by the most exquisite weather—not to take his walk, or still less his drive, without making provision for an instantaneous change'; but the dust also 'is often extremely annoying,' and, 'coupled with the glare of the sun on the white houses and white roads, it is very injurious to the eyes. Let no one go without coloured *concecs* spectacles,' or omit to wear them at once, before 'the mischief is done.' It will be convenient to couple Biarritz and Pau, both because of their comparative proximity, and because the weather experienced at those two places in the winter of 1863-1864 was carefully observed and contrasted as follows: 'The mean temperature of each month will be seen to be higher at Biarritz than at Pau, as might be expected, since the former is nearly on the level of the sea, and close to it, whilst Pau is sixty miles off, and seven hundred feet above it. The difference of temperature is greatest at night and least at mid-day. At Biarritz there were twenty-one nights of frost during the season, against twenty-eight at Pau; and in January, when we had our greatest cold, the lowest at Biarritz was 22°, against 16° on the same night at Pau. The air, as will be seen, is decidedly drier at Pau than at Biarritz, as was to be expected, since the close proximity of the sea to the latter place must afford a never-failing source from which to draw the moisture held in suspension in the atmosphere.' Cannes, Mentone, San Remo, and Nice form a natural combination; and of them it is suggested that 'those who are not very delicate may find Cannes or Nice to suit them better than Mentone or San Remo.' It is a question, one

authority says, 'of shelter or no shelter; and shelter is not always in these climes an unquestionable blessing.' The great enemy to be dreaded is, no doubt, the mistral; but 'then, in ordinary seasons, the mistral does not blow often, nor long at a time'; and a winter is mentioned—the winter of 1873, apparently—during which, at Nice, there were 'not, in all, above six or eight days of it, between the 1st of January and the 1st of April.' If, however, shelter be the first thing desired, 'there can be no doubt that Mentone or San Remo are the places to go to.' Yet, even at Mentone, with its sheltering and picturesque mountains, there is at times dreadfully cold weather, against which, from the absence of coal-fires and other comforts, there is no protection for invalids. Here, in fact, we touch on the weak point of nearly all southern climes. If we could introduce good English houses, with appropriate carpets, coal, and fire-grates, to Mentone, or any other spot in the Riviera, no one need go anywhere else for a delightful winter resort.

As regards the Spanish places—such as Cordova, Granada, Madrid, Malaga, Seville, and Valencia—they all have a geographical claim to be named in the same breath; but, so far as the invalid is concerned, Malaga is the flower of them all, for its 'winter climate' is, according to the experience of Mr Douglas, 'as nearly perfect as any in the world.' As for Cordova, 'the invalid should not leave Malaga,' to travel thither a six hours' railway journey, 'till the middle of February'; and as by the 7th of March 'the heat of the sun was then beginning to be oppressive, the country round being quite shadeless' and 'uninteresting, there cannot be much inducement to settle down there. It will be better to proceed to Seville, which, however, though 'comparatively clean and free from smells,' is stated, on the ground of a month's observation, to have a 'spring climate not so good for an invalid as that of Malaga,' and to possess one great drawback in the number of sights which even an invalid, who hopes for convalescence, will have to face a battery of inquiring friends, must see at all risks. Of Granada, Madrid, and Valencia very little is said, though comparative tables of meteorology are given; but anybody who knows anything is aware that the climate of Madrid is beneath contempt; the very Spaniards themselves, in their own proverb, describe it as 'three months of winter, and nine months of Gehenna,' and the invalid who would dream of going thither in search of a benign atmosphere would find it cheaper, less fatiguing, and, probably, far more beneficial, to spend a few months at Hanwell. Florence, Genoa, Naples, and Rome occur to the mind in familiar connection; and of them not one is recommended to the invalid who is anxious to circumvent the winter. Genoa, we are admonished, 'is not a good place for an invalid'; the 'north wind, or Tramontana, at Rome, is bitterly cold, and, combined with the effect of a powerful sun, highly dangerous'; moreover, 'Florence is still worse than Rome'; and 'it is insanity for an invalid unable to stand exposure to cold, to set off in February, or even March, from Nice or Mentone to "do" Rome, Florence, Naples, &c.' Pegli, in the neighbourhood of Genoa, is admitted to be 'now considerably frequented by invalids in winter'; howbeit, it is asserted that 'those who depend much on temperature will do better at

the French stations in winter,' although 'in April or May a few weeks at Pegli may be an agreeable variety.' As regards Gibraltar, the account given by Mr Douglas of his experiences during a part of December 1870, is enough to raise an invalid's hopes to the highest pitch, to be dashed, soon afterwards, by the unsatisfactory warning: 'Let no one, however, go to Gibraltar on the faith of having such weather as we had; as it was undoubtedly exceptionally fine and warm for the season. You may encounter a "Levanter," which, having swept the whole surface of the Mediterranean before it reaches you, is chill and laden with moisture.' Still, 'to any one who does not dread the sea, a trip to Gibraltar in winter is well worth while. . . . In three days, you may expect to pass from the surly British winter to the blue skies and warm sunshine of the south;' and for the invalid, whose complaint is rather mental and sentimental than bodily, there is the mixture of novelty and homeliness in the sight to be seen 'from your hotel-window,' at which you may 'watch a strange gathering of many nations,' and in 'the familiar strains of *God save the Queen*, at gun-fire; while over the motley throng there waves the meteor flag, the proud banner of Britannia.' Of a once favourite resort it is written, that 'the days of Hyères have passed away; although 'its climate and its scenery are the same as when every one went to it or to Montpellier;' and the reason for the change may be partially due to the fact, that the hollow pretensions, which it did not itself put forward, but which others insisted upon putting forward upon its behalf, have at last been seen through, and it has been discovered that 'Hyères is subject to excessively severe weather both in winter and spring.' But, in justice to Hyères, it should be added that, so far, it is only 'like the whole of the south of France;' and 'this is a truth which ought to be dimmed into the public ear until it comes to be popularly understood, which at present it is very far from being; even medical men being for the most part as ignorant as non-medical. . . . Near the sea, on both sides of the channel, you have a somewhat mitigated winter climate; but as you get into the interior of France, you may probably encounter cold almost unknown in the British Islands.' As regards Jersey, an elaborate comparison is drawn between the climates of Edinburgh, Jersey, and Mentone; and the conclusion arrived at, which 'needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us,' is, that in January, February, and March, Jersey is considerably warmer than Edinburgh, and Mentone than Jersey, though 'it is a mistake for an invalid to make sure of finding again, either at Mentone or Jersey, the exact weather which he had found at a previous visit—the variations from year to year being quite as great there as at home.' This, from experience, we know to be the case.

Of Marseille it is written, that 'winter makes occasional raids, and succeeds now and again, between December and March, in establishing his rule for a few weeks;' and in 1871, the Marseillais appear to have had ten days' skating, which is quite as much as a Londoner has had for some years past, and even more. But what most concerns the invalid to remember is, that 'in spring and winter, Marseille, like the whole south-east of France, is liable to visita-

tions of the north wind—the terrible mistral—compared to whose venom even the fangs of our own spring north-easters are as the bite of the flea to the sting of the scorpion.' The Isle of Wight, having 'a temperature in January but 2° above that of Edinburgh,' holds out but small promise of enabling an invalid 'to get beyond the reign of winter;' still there certainly are nooks, even in the Isle of Wight, where, as at Nice, a great deal may be done with 'warm rooms in a sheltered situation;' and invalids, 'to whom it is not convenient to go so far from home as Spain or Africa,' may be glad to know that, 'bearing west from Portsmouth, the temperature 'grows rapidly warmer; and in this corner of England, if anywhere in Great Britain, may the invalid hope to escape from the rigour of winter. From Exeter to Land's End, the mean warmth of the coldest month of the year ranges from 42° to 44°. The latter temperature is nearly 6° above that of January in London, and very nearly equal to that of April in Edinburgh. It is considerably above that of either January or February at Pau in the south of France.' The information respecting Alexandria, Basle, Cairo, Funchall (Madeira), Geneva, Lisbon, Lugano, Malta, Montreux, and Palermo is almost entirely confined to a collection of meteorological tables; it appears, however, from the figures, that January 'is considerably colder' at Montreux, Geneva, Basle, and Lugano, 'than in London or Edinburgh;' that 'February may be said to be about of equal temperature in London, Montreux, and Lugano, but a little colder at Geneva and Basle;' that 'a London March is in temperature intermediate between that of Geneva and Lugano;' that 'April is nearly the same in London, Montreux, Geneva, and Basle, and 4°, to 5° warmer in Lugano than in these places;' and that 'in May all the above stations are considerably warmer than London: a superiority which may be said broadly to be maintained till November, when the conditions are reversed.' And let it be borne in mind that 'no invalid depending on temperature should think of leaving the Riviera for Montreux, or any of the Swiss stations, before May.'

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

CHAPTER XV.—THE BILLET OF A BULLET.

DURING the long journey of the following day, Lady Mervyn had the compartment of the railway carriage in which she travelled almost uninterrupted to herself. She did not feel the journey; she hardly took any note of the hours, as she sat back in a corner seat, the blind drawn between her and the wintry landscape, her hands folded over David's letter, in her lap. She broke the tedium of the time by none of the resources of travel; she had no book, no newspaper, no 'Guide;' and she took no refreshment throughout the long day, than which she had counted none more bitter in a life which had not lacked bitterness. The whole of that life passed in review before her mind's eye, during the hours of her journey. How fruitful in delusions, in deceptions, in mortifications, it had been; how wearisome, for the most part lonely, and little worth living, she said to herself in this moment of profound depression, and sickness of

heart, when her mask was quite off, and she was reckoning with Fate. Why was it so with her? Why was it so with almost every one? Lady Mervyn could not read the riddle; she had no key to the puzzle; she was unconscious that she was a thorough worldling at heart, and had all her life served false gods, whose payments are made in disillusion, in disgust, in deadly weariness, and the blank mortification of failure. She would have been shocked at the mere idea that she could be regarded as anything but a religious woman, and she had never entertained a doubt of the purity and elevation of her own motives. Had she not always lived for others, for the interests of her husband and children? And was it not quite intolerable that this should be her reward? Lady Mervyn was a good woman, no doubt, in a certain sense; she had fulfilled hard duties conscientiously, and endured difficult conditions well; but she loved the world and the things of the world, and her religion was the ordinary amalgam of opinion, sentiment, and decorum, which, passing for spiritual obedience, faith, hope, and charity, simulates the true supernatural life, to the supreme content and satisfaction of nine-tenths of so-called Christians. It was utterly shocking and unbearable to her that a blow should have been struck at her pride by David, her son, whom she had trained in principles of uprightness, propriety, and self-respect, and from whom she had expected great and good things, among them, his docile and cheerful compliance with her wish that he should marry Anne Cairnes. It never occurred to Lady Mervyn that there was any baseness in this design, or that she could forfeit her son's respect by forming it; but she was fully, keenly alive to the wrong which he had inflicted upon her.

The haste with which she had set out upon this journey was one of the very rare instances of weakness with which Lady Mervyn had ever had cause to reproach herself. Since the news of the Balaklava Charge had reached her, and they had all been in suspense about David, 'dangerously wounded,' she had suffered a great deal, mostly in silence; and when this letter came, and she knew that her son was, at all events, still living, but that the hope and ambition of her life were struck down as effectually as his death would have destroyed them; when she knew that only in view of death had he told her the truth at last, and that she had been deceived, living in a fool's paradise of baseless hopes and futile schemes for so long, there swept over the proud woman a storm of agony. Her first feeling was that she must get away; all of a sudden her surroundings became intolerable to her; the long monotony, which she usually minded not at all, became insufferable; she must get away; somewhere, before she could even make up her mind to the fittest line of action for her to take. The secret which she had learned suffocated her while she remained in the quiet, commonplace atmosphere of unconscious Bartholme; she must take it away with her safely from thence, and study

it, take into her heart all its bitterness and its full present and future significance, and then decide. There would not have appeared to most people much, if indeed there were any, room for discussion of what was to be done. The statement of facts which her son made to her was perfectly clear, the prayer he urged was as definite as it was earnest; but Lady Mervyn was by habit as well as by nature cautious. The very first thought that had come to her, distinctly, with the revelation of the truth, was—that it must be hidden as long as possible. Why? since it could not be hidden altogether. She could not have told, perhaps, but she felt it. Not until concealment could no longer be maintained, would she admit to Sir Alexander and Marion that her son had been so false to all the traditions of his race, so traitorous to all the interests of his family.

The night had brought counsel, but not consolation. There was none: there could be none; and the hours, as they passed, did not soften, but hardened her rather against her disobedient and ungrateful son. She did not forget his danger; she did not lose sight of the fact, that only respite, not security, was implied by the last news. She knew, she realised his pain, his fever. She probably exaggerated his mental and physical sufferings alike; but the picture did not move her to pardon, or to any softness of feeling; she was haunted by the knowledge that if, even yet, he should die, she could not forgive him. Husband and son! These two she had really loved. On them, all the passion and affection of her concentrated and reticent nature had been expended; and for what? As Lady Mervyn repeated this question to herself with a bitter smile, many an episode of the past came out of the long years which lay behind her, and forced her to look upon them again. And she saw their faces—betrayed trust; outraged love, delicacy, and honour; infidelities condoned, heartless, selfish extravagance covered up and repaired, oh, with what contrivance, sacrifice, pretence; and the barren triumph of governing at last—when, for him, life had no more temptations, and few pleasures—a man whom she still loved, indeed, but for whom it was impossible to feel respect! It was a meagre harvest for her to have reaped, who had stood, in her youth and beauty, 'breast-high amid the corn' of the great world's field; and she felt its meagreness. And now, when she had looked for aftermath, and an Indian summer, what had she found? Ingratitude, deceit, defection. What manner of woman was this, who had entrapped a gentleman into a secret marriage? David wrote of her youth and innocence, her ignorance of the world, her total unconsciousness of the arbitrary distinction which existed between his mother's place in life and hers; but Lady Mervyn believed she knew what that sort of thing was worth; and that this farmer's daughter, brought up in the coarseness of such a sphere, was merely a handsome adventuress, who had tricked her son into a marriage, which she knew must be acknowledged, and of which she would reap the advantages sooner or later.

And her son had been with her for weeks, and had kept this secret from her! All her love and care, all her solicitude and pride, the pangs she had endured, the efforts she had made to redeem his future inheritance from the ravages which his father's profligacy had made in it, had won for her this reward. Anger, especially the sharp and bitter anger aroused by those we love, is never consistent, and Lady Mervyn forgot, in adding up the items which made the sum of her son's ingratitude, that he knew very little of the family history, and positively nothing of her management of the Barholm estate. What had it come to now? David had ruined and undone all she had accomplished; and the old prestige of the Mervyns was destroyed. Of what avail would be the distinction he might gain now; he would come home, if he should escape the perils and win the glory of this war, either to be banished from his father's house, or to bring a low-born wife thither. Did Lady Mervyn remember, in the tumult of her angry sorrow, that Anne Cairnes was not of much more distinguished origin than the 'Lucy' for whom David so confidently entreated his mother's tenderness and care? If she did remember this, she put the reminiscence from her, and made Anne Cairnes and her vain wasted love additional elements of her displeasure, which, hour after hour, grew and deepened into an implacability that always had a place in her character, and that had asserted itself throughout her life against everybody who had ever wronged her, with the sole exception of her husband.

At ten o'clock on the morning after her arrival in London, Lady Mervyn, who had decided upon not giving her son's wife any notice of her intended visit, set out from her hotel (the Euston) for the unknown region of Hammersmith. The day was as unpropitious as the most ardent admirer of the fitness of things could have desired. Cold, rain, gray darkness, and omnipresent mud were the leading characteristics of the capital—a day on which surely all happy and contented folk would stay indoors by the fireside. The drive seemed interminable to Lady Mervyn, and yet she shrank with aversion from the idea of its vulgar termination at a shop. At length the carriage stopped, and Lady Mervyn looked out. This was not the right place; the carriage had stopped opposite a stationer's shop. She called to the driver, who came to the brougham door to explain.

'I can't get up any nearer, ma'am; they're bringing out the coffin.'

'Bringing out the coffin! What do you mean? It is Ferris, No. 11: a work and trimming shop I want.'

'Yes, ma'am, I know; and this is No. 8.'—The man stood aside, as Lady Mervyn put her head out of the carriage.—'But there's a funeral there. I beg your pardon; I thought you was belonging to it. You see, ma'am, there it is, No. 11, T. Ferris. And there's the mourners coming now; they've got the coffin in all right.'

'What shall I do?' thought Lady Mervyn. 'A death in the house makes it difficult for me to go in and ask for any one?' After a moment's uncertainty, she desired the driver to resume his seat, and she stepped out. It was not raining just at that moment, and the people in the adjoining houses had come to the shop doors to see the funeral procession start from Ferris's at No. 11.

It consisted simply of a hearse and one mourning-coach. The men had closed the door of the hearse, and were arranging the pall, when Lady Mervyn left her carriage; the next moment the occupants of the mourning-coach took their places. They were four in number, two women and two men. Lady Mervyn advanced as near to the mourning-coach as No. 9. Two girls, with very serious faces, stood on the threshold of No. 8, and she heard what they said: 'There goes poor Mrs Ferris; she feels it dreadfully. And that's the doctor. He gave her up from the first.'

'Poor young thing!' said the other girl. 'I suppose she never was strong. And just to think that the news that her husband wasn't killed after all came in too late!'

The little procession moved off, and the girls went back into the stationer's shop. Lady Mervyn lowered her veil over her pale face, followed them, and having asked to see some note-paper, said to the girl who served her, as she turned over the packets upon the counter: 'Ferris's shop is shut, I perceive. There has been a death.'

'Yes; the funeral has just left. It is Mrs Ferris's sister. She was married to an officer, and news came that he was killed in the Crimea. Poor Mrs Mervyn never did any good after that; and she died on Sunday last. Galloping consumption, they called it.'

The young lady evidently liked the romantic aspect of this bit of social tragedy. She told the brief history with emphasis, and not without feeling.

'Thank you; that will do nicely. The five-quire packet, if you please.' And then Lady Mervyn got into the carriage again, and went back to the Euston Hotel, from whence, in the afternoon, she despatched a letter to Mrs Ferris.

CHAPTER XVI.—LADY MERVYN'S EXPEDIENT.

In the same room which had witnessed the agonised parting between her son and his young wife—the parting destined to realise all their fears, though in so different a manner—the room from which Lucy's coffin had been carried out the day before, Mrs Ferris received the visit which Lady Mervyn's letter announced to her. The grief of the poor woman, very deep and sincere, was largely mingled with fright and perplexity. Lucy had sickened and died with such terrible rapidity, her illness had demanded such incessant exertion and care, and the end had, quite at the last, come so suddenly, that her sister had been unable to think of, to speculate upon anything but that which was before her eyes. Afterwards came the question, What were they to do? Lucy was dead; David, as likely as not, was dead also; there remained the secret of the marriage and the child. But what if David Mervyn were not dead—and two days after Lucy's death, they learned by the latest news from the seat of war that he was living when the mail left—then, how were they to inform him of the truth, and how, in his state, would he bear it? Much discussion of these matters had taken place between the husband and the wife—commonplace folks, but sincerely desirous to do what was right—during the weary days while Lucy lay in her shroud, with all the care and misery gone from her fair face for ever. And lo! the solution of their difficulty had come of itself. Here

was David Mervyn's mother, aware alike of the marriage and its dissolution, asking, courteously enough, for an interview with Lucy's sister. Her son had informed her, Lady Mervyn said—not hinting at all that the information had reached her by a mistake—of the circumstances of his marriage; and she had come to London with the intention of visiting his wife. Mrs Ferris read the words with a great pang, though relief mingled with its pain.

'Ah, my poor darling,' she thought, 'how much you would have felt this. If you had only had a little more strength to bear up against trouble, it might all have come right; for, if she had not intended to be kind to you, surely this lady would never have come to see you with her own eyes.'

Mrs Ferris was so unpretending a person, her appearance and manners were in such thorough accordance with her position in life, that she could not be called vulgar; and her reception of Lady Mervyn was respectful, yet independent. Lady Mervyn could not be quite insensible to the evidences of deep grief in the sister's face and manner, and she speedily recognised the total unconsciousness on Mrs Ferris's part of any possible cause of offence or antagonism. Mrs Ferris and her husband had always regarded the matter between David Mervyn and his parents as completely his affair; in no way theirs, and they so regarded it still.

The sitting-room had been 'settled' into the normal primness of its 'nulet' condition. No trace of Lucy's presence lingered there. The inner room, in which she had died, was dismantled. It was difficult to realise that so sad a drama of pain, sorrow, love, and death had so recently been played out within those walls; and Lady Mervyn, who, though she had been hardening herself all day against emotion, had not been able to overcome it altogether on her entrance, felt it subside with every minute that passed by. The angry impulse that had prompted her, even after the shock of the knowledge that the obnoxious marriage was so awfully ended, to treat Lucy's relatives as co-conspirators with her disobedient son, faded away before the quiet, sad face of Mrs Ferris, her deep mourning-dress, and the calm respect with which she received her. The recent presence of death, which Lady Mervyn could not realise, was too real in the sorrowing sister's mind for any other consideration to find a place there, except, perhaps, that of a welcome relief from responsibility.

'Of course, you were aware,' said Lady Mervyn, 'that my son had kept his marriage a secret from his own family?'

'I was aware of that, my lady,' replied Mrs Ferris simply; 'but as we knew the marriage was quite regular, we had no call to interfere. Captain Mervyn would have told you about it, I know, before he went out to the war, but poor Lucy would not hear of it.'

'And why?'

'Because she had a dread of strangers, my lady; and when her husband had to leave her, she thought she could bear her trouble better with her own people. It was not out of any unkindness,' said Mrs Ferris quickly, totally mistaking the meaning of the flush that came over Lady Mervyn's face; 'of course, she knew your ladyship had a right to the consolation of your son's wife and

child, but she felt she could not bear it, and that is the honest truth. She begged Captain Mervyn to keep the secret until he came back, and she got the better of him—indeed, he never refused her anything—and how he ever came to write to your ladyship, without giving Lucy due warning first, I cannot tell.'

'My son wrote to me on the night before he was wounded, knowing that he was to go into action on the next day, and wishing to place his wife and child under my protection.'

'Would to God he had written to her instead!' said Mrs Ferris; 'I think a letter from him might have kept her here for a while, at all events. I suppose he could not trust himself to write to her, and took the chance of not being wounded. Nothing could persuade her that he was not dead; in the first place, we could not keep the news from her: have it she must and would; and then she would not believe that there could be any hope.'

'I gather from what you say that she had been ill some time. Was that so?'

'Yes, my lady. Lucy was always delicate, and she never quite got over an accident she met with just before little Lucy's birth.'

'An accident! Of what nature?'

Mrs Ferris then briefly told Lady Mervyn the circumstances; and Lady Mervyn recognised, with a strange bitterness, the explanation of the sudden summons which had called David away from Bartholme in the autumn of '63. O yes, it had all been this Lucy, this dead Lucy! The whole scene re-enacted itself before her eyes, as Mrs Ferris went into details; she saw David dancing with Anne Cairnes, paying her the meaningless attentions which had led her (Lady Mervyn) to form such baseless hopes and projects—her cheek burned angrily at the recollection—she saw Anne Cairnes's face as it was when she came to her with David's deceptive message, and told her own secret so unconsciously at the same time. And she hardened her heart—torn as it was at the same moment with suspense and dread about him—against her son and his dead wife.

'She was never strong afterwards, my lady,' continued Mrs Ferris, while quiet tears rolled unheeded along her cheeks; 'and though she was very happy—for never did I see such love as there was between those two—it did not alter that. But of all things, she never could bear Captain Mervyn to think she was ill; wherever he wanted to go, she was always ready to go, and she had such high spirits, while he was with her, that she never would give in to being ill. But she had a bad cough the whole winter; and when the war began, and he went away, I thought she would have died before the next morning. And he—he looked more dead than alive too, when he came down, out of this very room.'

She paused, and looked round the walls with a shivering sob.

'We had a dreadful time of it, after that. Lucy did not try to bear her trouble well, but she would not have had the strength, at anyrate. She never complained much, but I knew she was very ill. I had seen my mother before her, with that kind of cough, and those bright eyes. She went away, with little Lucy, to the seaside for a while, and there she got better; but it did not last; and there was never an hour of her life when she was awake—and there were many, many nights

'How dreadful.' The mother had undergone her own peculiar agonies too, but they had not taken the same form as poor Lucy's weaker terrors.

'Then you have been alarmed about her for some time. Did my son know that her health was so delicate?' She never would hear of

'Have you written to my son?'

Lady Mervyn, almost in a whisper, 'what would you have done then?'

"You would have done rightly. However, it is better that, though late, my son has told me the truth himself. I do not now wish to express any opinion upon the subject of his marriage; it would be useless, if it were not also too late. We know nothing but that he was living when the last mail left the Crimea, and there is hope in that. I came to London to carry out the wishes he expressed in his letter, whether he should be spared to me or not. But, as—as it has been otherwise ordered," Mrs Ferris listened for some word of pity for the young heart which had broken under the load of its love and grief for this woman's son; but no such word came—"there is no opportunity for me doing so. I conclude you or Mr Ferris will communicate with Captain Mervyn."

"I will ask Ferris what he thinks," said Mrs. Ferris, as coldly and let you know," replied Mrs. Ferris, as coldly and as stiffly as Lady Mervyn herself had spoken:—
"but I feel sure he will think your ladyship is the properest person to tell the captain the dreadful news. I am sure," she continued, suddenly relapsing into tears, "I don't know how he will ever bear it. Poor fellow! poor fellow! He will wish he had died of his wounds, if he lives to know that his Lucy is gone!"

“Ah, yes, they’re dreadful; but they’re true. You never saw her, and you don’t care, and you think, perhaps, that Captain Merryyn will take it lightly, in the midst of the war and the bustle, and get over it easily, as men do; but you wouldn’t think that, my lady, if you had seen them together; if you had seen his eyes following every look and word of hers, and if you had known how beautiful and how good she was. He will never get over it, never. I don’t say he’ll die, and God forbid he should, for the child’s sake, and yours too, and his father’s; but as sure as he loved her living, he’ll love her dead, all his life. Ah me, there was no love other than Lucy!”

"I can't bear this; I must end it," thought Lady Mervyn; and she uttered a few words of commonplace condolence, and then asked if Mr Ferris was in the house. Mrs Ferris replied in the affirmative, and Lady Mervyn expressed a wish to see him. As his wife rose to call him, Lady Mervyn asked whether there was any likeness of Lucy.

'Only this little photograph,' replied Mrs Ferris, taking a locket off her watch-chain, and placing it in Lady Mervyn's hand. 'Captain Mervyn has a beautiful miniature of her—this could hardly give you any notion of her face.'

It was a common photograph, and Lady Mervyn was not to blame that she could discover little beauty, beyond straight, refined features, and an indication of profuse and beautiful hair, in the individual whom it represented. She was still looking at it when Mrs Ferris returned, accompanied by her husband, as unperturbed a person as herself.

'I have told my husband what I have said to

you, my lady, and he agrees to it,' said Mrs Ferris, to whom Lady Mervyn handed the locket without a word of comment.

'You agree that I shall communicate what has occurred to my son?' asked Lady Mervyn.

'Certainly, my lady. It is better you should do so; and I take the liberty of saying that I think we have done our duty in this matter, and I am thankful it has fallen to other hands to do theirs now.'

Lady Mervyn did not dislike or resent this downright way of talking. The man from 'the docks' was as respectable and straightforward a person as his wife, apparently.

'Captain Mervyn will take it better from your ladyship, since he has told you about his marriage himself; and I shan't be sorry that my wife should be saved that much. She has had a sad time of it, and she has kept her word to Captain Mervyn well.'

'I am sure of that,' said Lady Mervyn, with an attempt at graciousness, which displeased Mrs Ferris more than her previous cold indifference; 'and both he and I will be ready to acknowledge it.'

'I require no thanks for taking care of my own sister,' said Mrs Ferris: 'she was my sister before she was his wife, and her loss is very hard on me.'

'I do not lose sight of that, I assure you, Mrs Ferris,' said Lady Mervyn; 'but I am in a difficult position, called to act for my son under the circumstances, and wholly unaware of them until a few days ago. Mr Ferris will understand that I mean no offence in putting a practical question. Had Captain Mervyn supplied you' (she addressed Ferris) 'with funds for the necessary expenses?'

'Yes, my lady. You need not think about that; everything is paid. Lucy had not been used to spending money; and the sum he left with her was ample. He did not think it would go, some of it, to pay the undertaker; but so it was, and he was paid to-day. There is only the child to think about now, my lady, and I shall be glad to take your directions.'

'She shall meet her match for straightforwardness and coming to the point, since she likes that kind of thing,' was Mr Ferris's mental resolve from the first look he had given Lady Mervyn.

'I am glad you have had no inconvenience on the score of expense,' said Lady Mervyn. 'The child is here, I conclude?' She said this in a cold tone, which conveyed no wish to see the little creature, or any interest in her.

'No. Little Lucy has been taken home by a friend, close by, until after her mother's funeral. I presume,' said Mr Ferris—checking his wife, as she was about to speak, by an expressive look—'your ladyship will wish to take charge of the child?'

'I am not prepared to do that,' said Lady Mervyn: 'in the state of Sir Alexander's health, I could not bring a child to our house without consideration.'

'That is a pity, my lady. Of course, it's not for me to dictate, but I should have thought his little grandchild might have cheered up the gentleman.'

Poor Mr Ferris; his were simple, natural notions of life. Lady Mervyn could hardly resist smiling

at the notion of Sir Alexander's being cheered up by a baby.

'He is in too suffering a state,' she answered; 'and besides, I don't think, when my son is made aware of the melancholy event which has occurred, that he will wish the child to be removed from the care of Mrs Ferris.'

'As to that, my lady,' said Ferris stoutly, 'I am very sorry to say or do anything to disoblige Captain Mervyn, or your ladyship either; but my wife can't take the care of the child. It is not likely she could have little Lucy with her without growing as fond of her as if she was her own; and then she would fret more than I ever mean to let her fret about anything, if I can help it, when Captain Mervyn's daughter would have to be taken away from her for good and all, to go into her own place in the world, and have nothing more to do with us. I often told my wife she must not be too much wrapped up in her sister, for the same reason, because, when Captain Mervyn came back, he would, of course, take her away among his own people, and she would belong to them, and not to us. The same thing holds good, and more so, about the child, and we have done our part—I make bold to say it—well. It is the turn of Captain Mervyn's family now, whether he lives or dies, as I should have informed your ladyship by letter, if things had turned out differently, and your ladyship must understand at once that the child can't stay here.—Now, don't talk about it, my dear'—he turned to his wife, who was crying, and laid his hand upon her shoulder: 'you know very well I don't mean any unkindness, but quite the contrary, and that I am only saying what is common-sense.'

These purposeful words of Mr Ferris produced a commotion in the mind of Lady Mervyn. She had not really resolved on any course of action whatever with regard to the child; and she was quite unprepared for this opposition to her first impulse. But before she could remonstrate, or, indeed, reply in any way, Mr Ferris resumed: 'There's another reason, my lady, why it would be impossible for us to take the charge of the child for more than a very few months, under any circumstances, and which makes me determined that my wife shall not make new cause of sorrow for herself, through having the child with her. If your ladyship will excuse my troubling you with our affairs, I will explain what must have been explained very soon to Captain Mervyn. We are not intending to remain in England.'

'Indeed! And where are you going to?'

'We are going out to Sydney. My wife's brother, John Grainger, who went out when poor Lucy was married, sends us good accounts of the place; he is doing well; he has made friends; he has got a good berth ready for me; I am tired of the docks; and I always wanted to see what was doing at the other side of the world. John Grainger has nobody belonging to him but us, and we have nobody belonging to us but John Grainger. So we are going to pass the rest of our days together; so soon as we can dispose of the shop, and get everything settled. I beg your ladyship's pardon,' concluded Mr Ferris, 'for troubling you with this explanation, but you see I had to make it, to account for our not being able, however it might be, to take the charge of the child.'

What was the hope, the chance, the vague

temptation that stole into Lady Mervyn's mind, as she listened to these words? 'I quite understand,' she answered; 'I see that I must undertake this care myself, and I will at once make arrangements. When do you suppose you will be able to leave England?'

'If Lucy had lived,' said Mrs Ferris, 'we would not have gone until the spring; but now, we shall sail, if possible, in January.'

'It's a great undertaking, and a long voyage,' said Lady Mervyn absently; then, rousing her attention, she said that she would take leave of them with the understanding, that the fact of his wife's death should be communicated to her son by her, according to her own discretion, depending upon the report of his condition which should reach her by the next mail from the Crimea. She added, that she hoped Mrs Ferris would furnish her with a brief account, in writing, of her sister's illness and death, which she knew Captain Mervyn would wish to have, and asked what they proposed to do with any letter, addressed to Lucy, which might reach them.

'I shall return it unopened to Captain Mervyn,' replied Mr Ferris. To this Lady Mervyn assented. She then rose, and said: 'I shall send for the child within three days at the farthest. My maid will bring you a letter from me, and will take away the little girl. She has a nurse, I presume?'

'O yes, my lady,' said Mrs Ferris coldly, 'she has a nurse.'

'May I ask you to pay and dismiss her? One of my own servants will have the charge of my grandchild.'

'I suppose your ladyship will allow us to hear of the welfare of the child,' said Mrs Ferris, 'until we leave England? When Captain Mervyn returns, we shall not have neglect from him to fear.'

'Certainly, Mrs Ferris; you shall have news of the child. May I beg that you will send me your letter for my son to-morrow. Good-bye.'

Mr Ferris silently followed Lady Mervyn to her carriage, and when she had driven away, returned to the dismal sitting-room, where he found his wife crying bitterly.

'What an odious woman!' she exclaimed. 'What an odious, detestable, cold-hearted, unnatural woman! Not one word of pity for her poor son; and never a question about little Lucy. She did not know our Lucy, and I don't mind her cruel indifference so much; but oh, she has no heart, or a bad one, eaten up with pride! Thank God, Lucy did not know her, and had not to suffer from her!'

'Never mind her, my dear,' said Mr Ferris; 'she does not know any better. I daresay she has had plenty of troubles of her own. You must try and recover yourself, now our poor girl is at rest. It is a great pity she ever set eyes on David Mervyn, but it can't be helped; and his mother's pride does herself more harm than it does us, or anybody else.'

'Oh, but, my dear, do you think she will be good to the child?'

'Of course, she will. If the captain comes home all right, he will see to that; and if he doesn't, little Lucy will be all that's left of him.'

Before Lady Mervyn slept that night, she wrote a letter, which she posted with her own

hands on the following morning, before she applied herself to the ostensible purposes of her visit to London. The letter was addressed to 'Mrs Gale, Schoolhouse, Union Street, Manchester.'

THE BIRDS OF SHETLAND.

THE late Dr Henry L. Saxby, of Balta Sound, Unst, a most enthusiastic ornithologist, after spending twenty long years, or rather such part of them as could be spared for the work, upon a close investigation of the birds which, whether as inhabitants or visitors, frequent or alight upon the Shetland Isles, died before his task was fully completed. His brother, however, the Rev. Stephen H. Saxby, M.A., vicar of East Cleveiton, Somerset, came loyally to the front, undertook the duties of editor, and did justice to his brother's memory by the publication of *The Birds of Shetland: with Observations on their Habits, Migration, and Occasional Appearance*. There will be no need to commend the volume to the notice of professional ornithologists; but readers in general should be informed that they will find in it, over and above its few illustrations, cunningly tinted by the lithographic artist, not only a great deal of entertaining, but also, perhaps, an incentive towards the study of a very charming, instructive, wonderful, and, if properly pursued, healthful science.

Some idea of the energy and success which the lamented author shewed and met with in his ornithological career, may be gathered from an enumeration of the cases in which it is said that, with few exceptions, or apparent exceptions, 'the species was first recognised and placed upon the Shetland list' by him. First of all, we find the hobby, a bird commonly supposed to be of frequent occurrence in Shetland, but 'it appears that, under this name, are included merlins, kestrels, and sparrow-hawks, according to fancy.' Then we have the buzzard (one seen in 1858), the honey-buzzard, the buzzard (one seen in 1870), the song-thrush (one seen), the ring-ouzel, the hedge accenter (one seen in October), the redstart, the blackcap, the garden-warbler (one occurs in September), the white-throat, the lesser white-throat, the wood-warbler, the willow warbler, the chiff-chaff, the fire-crested regulus, the great tit (has occurred twice), the blue tit (very scarce), the long-tailed tit (four seen at once in 1860), the white wagtail, the gray-headed wagtail, Ray's white wagtail (a rare straggler), the meadow pipit, the black-headed bunting (three recorded), the yellow bunting, the siskin (very scarce; winter), the moaly red-poll, the lesser red-poll, the great spotted woodpecker (locks came in 1861 and 1869), the wryneck (twice), the tree-creeper (once, 1859), the sand martin (extremely scarce), the turtle-dove, Pallas' sand grouse, the quail (once found, with nest and eggs), the dotterel (one shot in 1870), the sanderling, the spoonbill, the glossy ibis (one shot in 1862), the common sandpiper (very infrequent), the ruff (two killed in 1860), the woodcock (becoming much less rare), the great snipe, the curlew sandpiper, the red-necked phalarope (local), the moorhen (rare; winter), the bernicle or barnacle goose, Bewick's swan, the pin-tail duck, the garganey (very scarce), the common scoter, the smew (very

rare, the red-necked grebe, the ringed guillemot, Sabine's gull (one seen in 1861), the cuneate-tailed gull (doubtful), the cinereous shearwater (occasional), and the 'dusky' petrel, as to which, however, it is surmised that Dr Saxby 'saw a bird, evidently of the petrel family, which he was unable to identify, and noted down his observations about it, hoping to elucidate something further at a future date.' At any rate, in Dr Saxby's own list, the name has a note of interrogation placed against it.

A promise of entertainment has been held out to even the unscientific reader who happens to take up the volume under consideration; and that the promise is likely to be fulfilled, shall now be made evident by examples.

Dr Saxby and a companion were in quest of some 'long-tailed ducks at Penrhyn, on the Traeth Back'; and the story of their wild-duck chase is told in the following lively and characteristic style: 'Off we set at full speed, loading as we ran, and keeping our eyes so intently fixed upon the distant point round which the ducks were disappearing, that somehow we forgot we were not upon level ground; the consequence was, that my foot caught upon a tuft of grass, and I toppled over a rock about twelve feet high. The top of my head made a dismal clatter among the loose pebbles below; and, upon reckoning up the extent of the damage, it was discovered that I had broken a tooth, left a considerable quantity of facial epidermis upon the stones, lost the charge of shot which was intended for a very different purpose, severely scratched the stock of the gun, and most grievously rent a most important article of clothing. Of course, we could not think of letting the ducks off after this; so, after a grumble and a hobble or two on my part, away we went to the point, and up got the female bird within a comfortable distance. I fired, and she fell dead, and the male bird immediately flew to the spot and settled close beside her, but in a few seconds he flew off again. Gordon fired, and he fell long out of our reach. By this time the dead bird was some distance off, for the tide was falling, and the stream inshore was running seawards with great rapidity. I stepped in, not knowing its depth, and soon found the water over my waist. However, the bird was floating temptingly before me; so deeper and deeper I had to go, until I had at last got hold of it, and then a serious difficulty made itself apparent. I had happened to walk out upon a ridge of sand, and now I could not find the way back, and there was deep water on all sides. Gordon then comforted me with the assurance that, if I would but "kick up my heels," the stream would take me down like a shot to a distant sand-bank, where he would soon join me. Accordingly, off he set for a boat, while I, in expectation of the cruise, threw my shot-belts ashore, and wished I were with them. Then the water began to lift up my heels for me; so, seizing the duck's feet in my teeth, I turned my face towards the shore, and just then, as luck would have it, I arrived at a spot where the strength of the stream was but slight; and so, after a flounder and a scramble, I found myself landed a good many yards below the place where the shot-bags were lying. Gordon soon came back, grinning from ear to ear, and in a quarter of an hour more we were safe at the nearest inn fire.' Thus does the votary of science, more readily, perhaps, than the keenest sportsman, risk skull, and teeth, and epidermis, and inex-

pressibles, and even life, in the dauntless pursuit of his 'specimens.'

It may not be generally known that in Shetland the cliffs are called *banks*, and that, 'in the days when fowling was extensively practised,' to 'die on the banks was looked upon as the most honourable death a man could meet with,' in consequence, no doubt, of the combined profit and danger with which the fowler's vocation was attended, inasmuch that, 'when two people were quarrelling, the crowning reproach of all sometimes took the form of the remark: "Ay, but my father died like a man—on the banks; yours, died like a dog—in his bed." A ludicrous rather than painful illustration of the aforesaid danger is afforded by an anecdote touching a 'would-be fowler in Unst, who, "having undertaken to climb the steep bank," and being "neither very experienced nor very brave, although he boasted of being both," met with a fate similar to, but less disastrous than, that of Humpty Dumpty. "He pushed upwards," we are told, "very briskly, without ever looking behind, till he had got to about a hundred and fifty feet, when he stopped to breathe. The pause was fatal to his self-possession, and he called out in tones of horror: "Men! men! I am going—I am going!" He still, however, held on for a little, and it was not till he had shrieked many times, "I am going!" that he did fall headlong. His comrades, having been thus warned, moved the boat out off the way, so that the poor fellow came sheer down into the deep water. At length he rose to the surface, when of course he was instantly caught hold of and dragged into the boat. After a good many gasps, and a considerable spluttering of sea-water from his mouth, his only remark was: "Eh, men! this is a sad story—I have lost my snuff-box!" Perhaps he had indulged in just one dram "to steady the nerves," or "in one single pipe of cavendish," against both which indulgences he who proposes to climb is most strongly warned.

Charges have at all times been freely made against the raven of 'greed, cruelty, and open robbery;' and Dr Saxby regrets his inability to 'add even one word in defence' of the bird's behaviour in Shetland. Ravens, he says, 'will scour the hills and glens in quest of a weakly sheep, and murder it without the smallest hesitation. Indeed, I have seen ravens hunting the terrified animals down the hillside, striking at their heads repeatedly, and, as I imagined, endeavouring to drive them into the loch below.' Let us, therefore, rejoice over an example of the way in which a crafty raven was circumvented by a sagacious dog. 'A dog, which had long been very much annoyed by one of these birds which frequented his master's farm, suddenly gave up all attempt at retaliation, and was repeatedly seen proceeding upon his way with apparent unconcern, while his tormentor was evidently using every means to provoke the usual snarl and its accompanying unsuccessful spring. Seemingly in despair of ever being able to grapple with his enemy, the dog could never again be enticed to forget his own want of wings, and consequently the raven grew bolder and bolder, hopping along almost beneath his very nose, and sometimes even striking him with its claws. One day, however, as the dog was passing along a low turf wall, the raven thought fit to repeat the performance, keeping most provokingly a little in advance, and occasionally varying

the amusement with a croak or a sly pounce. The dog trotted along as briskly as usual, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Then the raven, making a short circuit, again assailed him from above, and passing over his head, was about to alight deliberately upon the wall, when the dog, making a mighty bound forward, seized his enemy by the wing, and tore him literally to shreds.' How easily one of the many superstitions connected with the raven was upset by cool observation and reflection is related by Dr Saxby from his own personal experience. It is popularly supposed that 'the raven is immediately attracted to a house where a corpse is lying;' and so the funeral-looking creature is. But is it the corpse or the presence of death that forms the attraction? By no means; the attraction is the same as that which causes ravens in Shetland, where the inhabitants are 'most regular in their attendance at kirk,' to 'do far more harm on Sunday than on any other day of the week;' and that attraction is the absence of anybody who might interfere with the proceedings of a raven disposed to try a little chicken for dinner. Now, 'in most parts of Shetland the cottages are isolated, so that, when the inhabitants of one of them are out of sight, the immediate neighbourhood is perfectly quiet;' and 'as soon as a death occurs the door is shut, and, with very few exceptions, scarcely a human being is to be seen;' therefore the ravens, availing themselves of the favourable opportunity, alight fearlessly, and carry off whatever may first present itself. And what applies to Shetland applies, with the proper modifications, to other places. 'The truth became apparent' to Dr Saxby upon a certain melancholy occasion, when, having been much 'perplexed at seeing one or more of these dismal-looking birds upon the roof,' he suddenly saw 'one pounce upon a chicken and make off with it.' The fact appears to be that the raven, like the undertaker, has the decency to wear black, and to look solemn whilst hovering about the spot where death presides; but has no concern, either as a cause or as a mysterious concomitant, in the matter, beyond the opportunity it offers of doing a profitable stroke of business.

About the hooded crow, which is abundant in Shetland, there is at least one singular belief. Large flocks of them meet in spring, and are popularly supposed to hold a 'cra's' court,' at which they try and execute criminals. It is maintained, even by 'comparatively modern writers,' that the court meets, that a few only of the crows take an active part in the proceedings, the rest being spectators merely, and that, when the court breaks up, the bodies of those that have been condemned and executed are found upon the ground. 'For my own part,' says Dr Saxby, 'I can only assert that I have watched these assemblies scores of times, but have observed nothing particularly worthy of mention, with the exception of an occasional short-lived squabble, such as is constantly occurring in any large flock of birds. I believe, however, that a considerable amount of *courting* takes place at these meetings, having noticed that pairing takes place very soon after the dispersal of the flock.' The hooded crow, we are informed, 'makes a most intelligent and interesting pet, but it requires to be kept in confinement, otherwise it will get into the house and do serious mischief. I have known one enter a window, carry off everything from a

dressing-table, and then completely destroy nearly the whole of the wall-paper, beginning at the cornice. It also proves very troublesome to children.' Few people would dream of a cormorant as a pet; but 'it is very easily domesticated,' we are told, 'and, when treated with kindness, will become exceedingly docile, exhibiting a very high degree of intelligence, and an amount of affection scarcely to be expected from a bird which, in its wild state, is remarkable for its extreme shyness of man.' A very comical figure must have been cut by the pet cormorant that, having caught and swallowed one after the other, five starlings which were tossed to him, 'with difficulty waddled away to his favourite corner of the coal-shed, where' he was 'left sitting, face to the wall, upon a lump of coal, the legs of the last starling still projecting from the corner of his mouth.'

Magnus Troil, in Scott's *Pirate*, chapter the first, towards the end, speaks of 'the skylark I once heard in Caithness, or the nightingale that I have read of;' from which one would infer that, in the famous Udall's, or rather in the great wizard's own opinion, the skylark or lavercock was unknown in Shetland. But, though it becomes scarce in winter, during the summer it is one of the commonest of the land birds; its song has been heard 'as early as the 22d of February,' and in summer it has been heard 'in full song every hour in the twenty-four.' So sacred, in Shetland, is the skylark held, that 'it is but seldom that either the birds or their eggs are disturbed.' Should the reason of this forbearance be sought, the answer will probably be: 'Weel, if ye look under a lavercock's tongue, ye'll see three spots, and they say that every one is a curse upo' him that interferes wi' it.'

A curious fact is, that the redbreast is uncommon in Shetland, 'although every Shetlander believes this bird to be common throughout the islands.' According to Dr Saxby, however, 'the name "Robin Redbreast" is invariably applied there to the common wren, which is at all times abundant. The true redbreast,' he continues, 'is very rarely seen, and it is not a little singular that a bird so hardy, and so ready to adapt itself to circumstances, should never remain to breed, although, according to Messrs Baikie and Heddle, it resides in Orkney throughout the year. An Unst man, one winter, brought me a redbreast which he had killed in his corn-yard, and great was his disappointment on ascertaining the name of his prize; he, poor fellow, having been under the impression that it must be a bird of extraordinary value.'

One of the most remarkable birds, 'short though the visit may be' which it 'pays to the Shetland Islands every year,' is 'the great skua,' or 'skoot,' otherwise called 'bonxie.' It is indeed a pity that 'such a name should be so near its disappearance from the list of species breeding in the British Isles, but,' we are told, 'that consummation cannot now be very far away. Gone,' says our authority mournfully, 'from its last stronghold on the Mainland, Rona's Hill, gone from Saxaford, cruelly thinned down in the remote island of Foula, and reduced to a very few pairs on Hermaness, it will soon be only a memory of the past. Indeed, but for the exertions of the Bunes family, it would have been lost to us long ago.' As 'the eggs of this bird are naturally much prized,' and as they, consequently,

fetch a good price, 'numerous frauds are committed' in supplying them, 'the variations in colouring of course rendering this the more easy. . . . And although it is in most cases easy to detect the imposition, it is very difficult to define the precise points of distinction. . . . When the young are about, the birds become very daring, sometimes even knocking a man's hat from his head. A dog has no chance with them, for they buffet him so severely in their rapid swoops that he soon has to retire discomfited.' The bonxie is 'a fierce and formidable bird: not only does it compel other birds to supply its wants, by intercepting them when carrying fish, and taking it from them by force, but it will sometimes make a prey of the unfortunate bird itself, instead of its fish, killing even birds as large as a gull. The strong curved claws and powerful bill, hooked at the point, are weapons with which no bird that flies will care to have much to do. . . . Indeed, the skoot would have been lost to us before now, at anyrate in Unst, had it not been for the feeling that its presence was a protection to the flocks against the eagle; not even the erne himself causing any alarm to a colony of the great skuas, or being allowed to lord it in their domain. In size and weight we have nothing among the Lariides, save only the Greater Black-backed, or the Glaucous Gulls, to surpass or even to rival this splendid bird.'

It is to be hoped that the reader's appetite will grow by what it has thus far been fed on, and not be appeased until the whole volume has been devoured.

AIR-BRAKES FOR RAILWAY TRAINS.

Among the accidents which so frequently occur on railways, not a few are due to the inability of the engine-driver to stop a train in proper time. If the train is heavy, if the speed is great, if (especially) the great weight and the high speed are combined in the same instance, the difficulty is all the greater. An obstacle may be clearly seen on the metals ahead; but the driver may be powerless to stop the train in sufficient time, and within a sufficient distance, to avert collision. The companies, urged thereto by a regard for their own interest, as well as by the expositions of the public press, the legislature, and the Board of Trade, have made numerous experiments on newly invented brakes, that will have the effect of stopping a train quickly. The brake commonly in use is, as every one knows, a skid, which is made to press on the tire of a wheel by the action of a lever, and thereby retard the revolution of the wheel itself. But besides the insufficiency of the means to the end proposed, there is hereby produced great destruction of tire and rail by friction.

What is called the *disc brake*, by Schoubersky, is now under trial in Russia. It claims to stop a train in ten seconds, either at the will of the brakeman, or by a self-acting power in case of rupture or other casualty; but, of course, such a claim has to be well tested. A disc is made to press on the wheel, instead of a block of metal or wood; and as many of the wheels are thus provided as may be considered necessary. All are brought into action at one moment by compressed air. This air, compressed in a separate chamber to

any density found by experience to be best, is conveyed to the several carriages through tubes to the rear of the discs or round brakes, and drives them against the periphery of the corresponding wheels. The pipes are laid throughout and alongside the carriages, and are furnished with taps placed within easy reach. But it strikes us there is a fallacy in the arrangement. As there are not as many brakemen as discs, the aid of the passengers is to be invoked; 'any one who notices the possibility of a collision is able to stop the train, by simply opening the tap to let free the compressed air;' but suppose 'any one,' if a passenger, to be either timid or ignorant, may he not do more harm than good by interfering?

Most of the newly invented or proposed brakes are purely mechanical in their action; a lever being pressed down by hand, or a handle turned, to cause a brake or any block of wood or metal to press against the wheel. But unless the lever-pressure is considerable, and the brakeman always on the alert, the effect produced is not adequate to the requirements; our locomotive superintendents and engineers are not likely to lose sight of anything new in this direction, if at all feasible. Attention is more generally directed to some other kind of power, something different from or super-added to the mere action of the brakeman. Such is the purpose held in view by a French inventor, M. Le Chatelier, who adopts a method of introducing water from the boiler into the steam-chest, in order to retard, and then prevent the action of the piston. Whatever other deficiencies there may be in this plan, it certainly would have the disadvantage of being applicable to locomotives only; while it would also cause a great loss of heat. Experimenters are looking forward rather to the use of air than of mechanical power or of water; one such invention, by Schoubersky, we have just noticed; and we may now describe another which is at present attracting a large amount of attention.

The Westinghouse air-brake (or *break*, for the word is spelt in both ways) was invented in America about four years ago. Mr Westinghouse constructs the apparatus at Pittsburgh, United States; it is largely used on the railways of that country, and has been undergoing many tests in England. The primary motors are an air-pump and an air-reservoir on the engine; the secondary, an air-cylinder under each carriage, with air-pipes coming from the reservoir, and mechanism to act on the brake-blocks. The air-pump is of peculiar construction; steam from the locomotive keeps it constantly in action while the train is going on; but its speed can be kept down to any limit, so low as one stroke per minute. The reservoir is kept constantly filled with air by the pump; and by a well-conceived automatic arrangement, whenever this air is below a certain pressure, the pump at once begins to work more briskly. This required pressure, sixty or seventy pounds to the square inch, may be reduced by the supply of the brake, by leakage, or by any other cause; but the increased action of the air-pump soon restores it. No brakeman is required to insure that the reservoir shall be always full of compressed air; this is left to the intelligence (so to speak) of the machinery itself; but his hand is needed when the train is required to be stopped. He turns the tap that regulates the communication; the compressed air rushes along the pipes, fills the cylinder (one to

each carriage), and sets the brake-action in motion. As the cylinder is about equidistant from all the wheels of the carriage to which it is attached, its power is not required to be thrown to any great distance. The blocks or brakes, made of cast-iron, are not bolted at two or three points to bars, but are attached to them by a pivot; this allows the carriage-spring to have some play; a part of the spring-action is transferred to the cushion of air which acts on the brake-piston; and thus the passengers in the carriage experience little or no jar or vibration when the brake is acting. The mechanism immediately connected with each block need not be described in detail; its principle will be soon understood. When a train is being made up, by linking the carriages one behind another, the air-pipes of the several carriages are temporarily connected by lengths of india-rubber tubing, adjusted quickly and in an air-tight manner. When the compressed air from the air-pump and air-reservoir reaches any particular carriage, through the pipes and tubes, it enters and fills the cylinder; in connection with this cylinder is a rod acting on a rocking-bar; and finally the rocking-bar acts on the brake-blocks. The air-reservoir is immediately beneath the foot-plate of the engine; the engine-driver contracts it by a slight movement of a tap, and a part of the tubing enables him also to communicate with the guard at the rear of the train.

It is generally admitted that the inventor of this beautiful apparatus has sought to grapple with most of the evils and difficulties that attend the use of other brakes; whether successfully, in a financial, as well as a practicable point of view, is just the problem that railway companies are interested in solving. In country districts with scanty traffic, the brake-machinery is generally slight in character; for there are but few trains to suffer by collision. In and near the metropolis and other large towns, however, where the trains follow one another quickly, continuous brakes are now generally used, applying a retarding power to all or nearly all the carriages at the same instant. Hereby arise two evils: the skidding of the wheels wears away the tires quickly, by friction and heat; and the passengers experience unwelcome sensations—by the jarring of the carriages while the skidding is on, and by a sudden shock when it is removed. Mr Westinghouse has sought to avert all these inconveniences, by giving a degree of elasticity to the action of the brake. When it was sought to remedy the defects of continuous mechanical brakes by the substitution of continuous air-brakes (which several inventors have done besides and before Mr Westinghouse), the difficulty was to get the compressed air instantly to work, and to keep it always ready charged as long as the train is moving: this matter has obviously received close attention on the part of the inventor of the apparatus now under notice.

The Westinghouse brake is in use on several American railways, and under trial on many others; the experiments in testing the brake being attended with marked success. The reader will perhaps have noticed, in one of our recent columns headed 'The Month,' a paragraph to the effect that the air-brake has been carefully examined and tested by a committee of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia. Until that trial, the brake-blocks were only applied to

the wheels of carriages and vans; but now it is applied also to the driving-wheels of the locomotive, whereby the stopping-power is much increased. The committee gave a highly favourable report, and awarded to Mr Westinghouse a medal and premium set apart for rewarding mechanical inventions.

It is much to the credit of American engineers that their endeavours to improve the railway brake are receiving attention from English companies, notwithstanding the abundance of engineering talent among ourselves. Mr J. Y. Smith's continuous vacuum-brake is competing for honours with the Westinghouse system, just described. It is adopted on the Baltimore and Philadelphia, Connecticut River, Boston and Albany, Boston and Lowell, Boston and Maine, and several other railways in the United States. Described as concisely as possible, this brake acts as follows: Beneath each carriage and van is a service of two-inch piping; and these pipes are made continuous from carriage to carriage by the intervention of flexible tubing. A simple framework under the carriage supports a compressible india-rubber cylinder about two feet long by sixteen inches diameter; being stretched upon four rings, this cylinder may be expanded or contracted in the manner of a concertina. It is connected at one end with the piping; and at the other end, by means of bell-crank levers, with the brake-gear of the several wheels. On the locomotive are an air-ejector, an air-valve, a vacuum gauge, connection piping and tubing, and the necessary valves and levers. A vacuum in the piping and cylinders, produced by the air-ejector, sets the brakes in immediate action along the whole length of the train. As the air is sucked out of the cylinders by the ejector, so does the atmosphere press upon them outside, and shorten their length in concertina fashion: the effect of this shortening is to produce the required pull upon the levers, and thus to work the brake-blocks. All the wheels are acted upon at once; and each brake-block closely embraces, when in action, about one-eighth or one-tenth of the circumference. In an experimental trip on the Central Railway of New Jersey, in May 1873, a train of twelve carriages, with an engine of thirty-five tons, when running on the level at thirty-six miles an hour, stopped in twenty-two and a half seconds of time, and seven hundred and forty-eight feet of distance; when at twenty miles an hour, sixteen seconds, and three hundred and ninety feet. In London, this brake was tested successfully on the St John's Wood branch of the Metropolitan Railway, in July of the present year.

We do not touch upon any question of rivalry between the two inventors; this is a matter for decision by those who are directly interested in obtaining the best brake at a reasonable price. It may, however, be remarked, that the vacuum-brake utilises the pressure of the atmosphere in applying the brake-blocks; whereas the pressure-brake has no such aid, being dependent on the compressing-pump alone.

It will be hard, indeed, with so many ingenious minds at work on the subject, if we cannot be more free from railway collisions in the future than we have been in the past.

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A BELEAGUERED HOME.

It was the last letter in the post-bag that brought the news of our ruin as we sat at breakfast with the windows open to the ground, looking out on the sunny lawn, a silver streak of river beyond, and the mountains shining blue in the distance. The first day of spring, balmy and revivifying. I am no believer in presentiments; misfortune descends upon us unawares, without warning or foreshadowing, and the House Beautiful of our hopes is swept into ruin.

We had been very happy in our married life, little more than a twelvemonth old, with everything seemingly clear and bright before us. And now all was doubt and gloom; our means had vanished into thin air. All my fortune that had been my mother's, and that my father, a colonel in the Indian army, had generously resigned to me, was invested in the Lahore and Delhi Bank, and that had collapsed into ruin.

We had settled in Wales on our marriage, where I took a pleasant little house situated on a sunny slope of a hill overlooking the valley; well sheltered by trees, embowered in flowering shrubs, and covered with creepers; quite an idyllic little place. I had made up my mind to buy it, but the owner required such a heavy price for it, that I hesitated about withdrawing any of my capital from an investment where the return was so handsome as in our bank; and now it was all gone.

I had no profession, either, to fall back upon; I had served for a few years in my father's corps, but the climate of India did not suit me, and as I was an only child, and we had ample means, I retired and came home at the colonel's wish. Then I married my old playmate and my father's ward, Jane Hammond, to his great delight; he promising himself to complete another two years' service, and then to come home and live with his son and daughter.

Whilst I was reading the letter announcing the fatal news, Jane saw by my face that something dreadful had occurred. 'Is it papa?' she cried, for she always called my father thus; 'has any-

thing happened to him?' She seemed absolutely relieved when I told her that nothing had happened but the loss of all our means.

There is a kind of excitement about misfortune, when it first comes upon us, that eases off a certain portion of the shock. We were quite gay over it, I remember, that first day. We were young, with the world before us. We must descend into the arena of life and fight our way to success: hitherto we had been spectators only; for the future we must be actors, heart and soul. We would sell off everything here and go up to London, where I must try for employment. Jane would go out as a daily governess.

One circumstance interfered with any plans of immediate activity on her part. We were daily, almost, expecting the advent of a young stranger; and that must be got over first. Then there were several other hindrances. We had the house upon our hands for another six months at least.

Something could be done about the house at once, my wife suggested. We could write to our landlord and ask him to take it off our hands, or to accept a specified sum in lieu of notice. With an impulse of new-born activity, I sat down to write the note at once. Unexpected misfortunes, I wrote, had put it out of my power to occupy a house at such a rent any longer. Would my landlord kindly consent to some arrangement for relieving me of a portion of my responsibility? 'He must do it; he's sure to do it for his own sake,' said Jane, decidedly. 'If he won't, we'll put a chimney-sweep in the house, or the travelling tinker.' But I didn't feel quite so certain, knowing that landlords are usually tenacious of their rights.

Our landlord was not a native-born Welshman, but a retired attorney from one of the large towns, who had bought the property a bargain, and was bent upon making the most out of it. He lived in a small cottage about a quarter of a mile away, with a rather bold-faced housekeeper. He and I were friendly enough, but Jane would never take the slightest notice of the housekeeper, and I think the young woman resented this hauteur a little. Mr Tranter—that was my landlord's

name—evidently thought me a good tenant, for I had spent a good deal of money in putting things to rights about the house, which had been before in rather a neglected condition. I paid rather a high rent for the place, as rents went in that out-of-the-way locality—ninety pounds a year paid half-yearly. The custom was in those parts to pay the rent on a specified day, a good while after it was due. Thus the Lady-day rents would be paid late in June, and the Michaelmas about December.

I was a great simpleton, I thought afterwards, to write such a letter; for there is no need for a man to trumpet his misfortunes, which get wind soon enough without his aid. But I had at that time a stupid kind of confidence in the good-will of people about me, engendered by a careless, good-natured temper, of which it has taken a good deal of experience to rid me.

The day following that on which the sad news came was the 25th of March. All the sunshine was gone now; a chill north-easter blowing; all the excitement, too, attending our misfortune was over, and the cold, dismal reality clearly visible. The news of our trouble had got about, through the medium of Tranter and Company no doubt. Every one, at least so we fancied, looked queerly at us: a shower of unremembered little bills came drifting in upon us. In the course of the day came a reply from Mr Tranter—a note, at least, taking no notice of my letter, but reminding me that the half-year's rent was this day due.

The same evening about six, I was told that David the fisherman was in the kitchen, and wanted particularly to see me. David had been my guide and companion in many a pleasant fishing expedition; a wiry little fellow; his face lined and seamed with small-pox; with quick, intelligent eyes; and long lithe fingers, that were deft at anything. David's wife went out as a nurse, and in that capacity she had been retained by my wife for her approaching trouble.

'Beg your pardon, sir,' said David, touching his forelock in salutation, 'I wish to speak with you very particular; yes.'

With that I took David into my own room, where I kept gun and fishing-tackle. 'Beg your pardon, sir,' he said breaking forth suddenly into speech, 'you'll think me a very impudent fellow, but do you owe Mr Tranter any money?'

'Not I; why do you ask, David?'

'Well, sir, as I happened to make a call at the *Skinnars Arms* just now, my cousin, Hugh Jones, came into the bar, not seeing me, and he said to the man he was with: "Is it a good job I will have at Brynmor to-morrow?" "Capital," said Morris—for that was the one he was with—"there will be a week's possession, and then the sale; and between Mr Tranter and me we will skin the young Englishman nicely." There's for you.'

This Morris, it seemed, was an auctioneer and agent in a small way, bailiff of the county court, and wrecker in general. A burly, downcast-looking man, going about in a silent, stealthy manner; respectful to obsequiousness to persons above him in position, but with a hard cold eye that boded ill for any one at his mercy. But I was in no danger of any process of law. What could Morris be to me? Then in an instant I recalled the fact that this was legally the rent-day, and that the law accords to a landlord, without

notice or process, the right to seize his tenant's effects and take possession of his premises.

'But,' I cried, as all this flashed upon me, 'Tranter would never venture on such an outrage.'

'Indeed he would care little for what was said of him if he could make a trifle; and listen, captain—I heard Morris say that he has taken a fancy to your furniture, and means to get it all for the half-year's rent.'

Then I realised for the first time that I was in a very desperate position. I had only a few pounds in my pocket; everything else was locked up in this woful bank. Tranter had come to the conclusion that I was socially moribund, and hoped to have the picking of my bones. To-morrow my cherished home would be in possession of the roughs; and to my poor wife, such a shock would perhaps be fatal. What should I do? It was a cruel thing to contemplate quietly this invasion of my home at such a crisis. Surely any man with a heart not altogether of stone would hold his hand if he knew all the circumstances of the case. With a violent effort I overcame my pride, and resolved that I would humble myself before the man and ask his forbearance.

'Wait here, David,' I said, 'I may want you,' and I hastily took my hat, and went out to Tranter's cottage. I thought I saw his face at the window, as I passed, but when his housekeeper came to the door, she laughed in my face, and denied that he was at home. He had gone out, and probably would not be back till the next day. Evidently Mr Tranter had taken precautions not to be spoken to on the subject. I returned home dejected and miserable. The housemaid was looking out for me as I reached the gate. Her mistress was taken ill; David had been sent to seek his wife, and I must go and fetch the doctor.

At midnight things were still in suspense. The doctor and the nurse were in the house, but Jane was still in her trouble. The doctor talked cheerfully, but looked a little anxious. In one of the intervals when he came down-stairs for a little refreshment, I told him of the position in which I was placed.

'You must keep them out,' he said, 'at all hazards. If my patient has anything to agitate her, it will be her death.'

I took David, who still remained about the premises, into consultation. He brightened up when I told him what I intended to do, and entered heart and soul into the enterprise. We were to stand a siege; it was necessary to lay our plans carefully, and there was short time for preparation. At any time after daybreak the enemy might be upon us. In the first place, as to the out-works—the stable and coachhouse—these must be locked up, and the pony in some way got rid of, for it would be impossible to feed him during the blockade. David volunteered to ride off with the pony, and leave him with a friend up in the hills, among whose pastures he would be safe from possible capture. Then we must get rid of useless mouths. Cook and housemaid must go home for a holiday, and David undertook to get them out of the house. It would be my business to look to the inner defences of the citadel.

The house was long and low, with a gable at each end, and a covered porch between. In one of the gables was the kitchen, and the servants' bedrooms

were above that. The other wing contained dining and drawing rooms, over which were our bedroom and the guest-chamber, with another small closet bedroom lighted from the roof. My own little sanctuary was at the back on the ground-floor. To this room and the kitchen I determined to confine myself whilst the siege lasted. I went round the house therefore with gimlet, screws, and screw-driver, fastening all the windows, securely closing and barring all the shutters. I muffled all the bells in the house. There was no knocker to the hall door, the upper part of which was glazed to give light to the hall. The windows of the upper rooms I secured in the same way, except that of my wife's chamber, and of the bedroom I occupied myself, the catches of which were perfect, and closed by strong springs. The back-door I bolted and barred, but the hall door I simply locked—this to provide for sudden ingress or egress on the part of the garrison. These precautions taken, I felt rather easier in my mind and sat down to reflect upon the conditions of the contest, and my relations with the outside world.

First, as to supplies—bread would be indispensable, and milk. For the rest there was a quarter of mutton hanging in the larder, and the cellar was pretty well stocked with wine and ale. I had almost forgotten the necessity of firing, and that our coats were kept in a shed outside. Bringing this to mind with a start, I took a coal-scuttle and pail, and brought into the house as much coal as would suffice for a few days' consumption.

David presently returned in high glee at having saved the pony from the enemy's hands, and to him I confided the difficulty as to the bread and milk. The latter he undertook to bring night and morning in a can, and at a concerted signal I was to lower a cord and hook from the upper window and hoist it up. Bread enough for three days' supply he undertook to obtain.

Night dragged wearily on—a long night of trouble and anguish for my poor wife, of anxiety almost amounting to despair on my own part. She was passing through the shadow of death for my sake, and I could not put out a hand to help her. The doctor's face grew graver and graver; the nurse, cheerful and chatty at first, looked fagged and dispirited. Strength was becoming exhausted, life hung in the balance, and every moment the balance was more unfavourably inclined.

At last, just as gray dawn was breaking, a piping babbling cry resounded through the house, announcing the advent of a new life upon the earth.

'Well,' said the doctor, grasping me heartily by the hand, 'it's a fine boy, and we shall do excellently now; only perfect quiet, and stillness, and rest. She wants to see you—but you must not stop a minute.'

As I stood by her bedside, with her poor fevered hand in mine—and I couldn't speak a word, or I should have made a fool of myself—I heard the gate slam to, and I saw, through a crevice in the blind, two men coming down the gravel drive. They separated at the shrubbery, and one of them concealed himself among the trees, whilst the other made his way towards the hall door.

'Don't go,' whispered Jane.

'But the doctor orders it.' And I tore myself away, and hurried down to the door. Just in time. The doctor had gone out for a mouthful

of fresh air, and unwittingly left the door ajar. I threw myself upon it, and it slammed to against the ready foot of Mr. Morris, whose burly form was shadowed against the ground-glass panes.

Rap-a-tap-tap went his stick against the door.

'Don't trouble yourself to knock again,' I whispered through the keyhole, 'for you shan't come in.' Then warning the doctor of what had happened, I ran rapidly through the house to examine the fastenings. The siege had commenced.

From the first moment, that covered porch was a danger and trouble to the defence. Within it our assailants could lurk unobserved, and it gave them a shelter from the weather that I was by no means inclined to afford them. At the very outset, all my pains were nearly frustrated. I heard a ringing sound upon the pavement of the hall, and running hastily thither, I found that the key had just fallen from the lock, and another key was being introduced from outside. My landlord had evidently kept duplicate keys of the doors, and the bailiff had made use of one of those little instruments known to house-breakers, by which the end of a key within its lock can be seized and turned round from the other side. I was in time to place my foot against the door, whilst I succeeded in putting the bar across. My heart beat violently with excitement, and I was tortured by the thought that some forgotten precaution might ruin everything. But after this first attempt nothing more was done; quiet and silence reigned everywhere through the house.

I lot the doctor out through the drawing-room window, which I immediately secured. He had undertaken to see Mr. Tranter, and try to induce him to withdraw his men. He presently returned, and spoke to me at the window of my bedroom. 'No use,' he said softly; 'he'll have his pound of flesh.'

The day passed heavily enough. At every sound I quivered and trembled, thinking that the men had broken in. I paced softly up and down the house, watching at every opening. After some hours, Mr. Morris went away, leaving his man on guard—a fellow with a dirty-white come-to-twisted round his neck, and a battered, greasy hat. He forthwith began to pace about the grounds, and as he passed he turned his bloodshot, ferret eyes to the upper window where I sat, and laughed at me defiantly.

Thankfully I saw the sun disappear behind the hills, and darkness creep over the landscape. Everything had gone well in the sick-room; in another hour it would be safe to open the doors, and wander freely about. It was one of those moments suitable for surprise, when vigilance is lulled by a feeling of coming safety. Suddenly I heard a sound upon the roof, as of some heavy body bumping upon the slates. Could they be effecting an entry through the roof? Then I bethought me of the skylight in the closet bedroom, which I had overlooked. I ran to the place, and sure enough the skylight was open, and the ill-omened face of Morris peering in. Luckily the room was quite dark, and the man hesitated. He lowered himself down into the seeming abyss. He turned to call his man, and I seized the opportunity to spring at the fastening of the skylight, and pull it down, hanging upon it with all my weight. After several ineffective attempts to raise

it, the men desisted, supposing it securely fastened. This was their last enterprise for the night. Soon after, the men drew off, and I was free to open the doors.

All was still going on well with mother and child; but the former had been a good deal disturbed by a noise on the roof; her face was quite fevered and flushed as she eagerly asked what the noises meant.

'A man come to look after the roof; I sent him away, of course.'

Presently the doctor came. He was not altogether satisfied with his patient.

'There is feverishness,' he said to me, after he had left the room, 'which I don't like. She must be kept quiet, at all hazards.'

But that was easier said than done, for now that the immediate peril was over, she began to worry and fret about me. Was I made comfortable, and did the servants look after me? Had I had a proper dinner? She should like to see Cook, to give her some directions.

'The doctor expressly forbids any one to see you.'

'I don't care what he says.'

'Then I forbid you,' I said, making a prudent retreat, to avoid further rejoinder.

I had a long walk in the darkness, thinking over what I should do. I had written to several friends, on the spur of the moment, the night before, asking for a temporary loan to meet this sudden call; but I had little hope of any favourable reply, and I almost regretted having subjected myself to the humiliation of refusal. My father was in India, and had troubles enough of his own, for his fortunes, too, were embarked in this bank. Of course, I couldn't hold out very long; the men would find a way in at last, and all my goods would be seized. Fairly sold, there was enough to satisfy all my liabilities here, and give a handsome surplus; but in the hands of these harpies, everything would go for an old song. Still, if I could keep them out for a week, till Jane got strength enough to rally from the shock, that was all I could expect or hope for.

I reached home weak and hungry, for I had not had enterprise enough to cook anything for myself, and had eaten nothing but bread all the day. To my surprise I was greeted by a fragrant smell of cooking from the kitchen, and entering, found David standing over a capital fire, his face glowing in the blaze. 'Caught some trouts for your supper, captain,' quoth David. Delicious they were, those crisp brown trout, to a hungry, weary man. David waited upon me with gratified pride, and urged me on to eat still more and more hot from the pan. He had come to the conclusion, he told me after supper, to which he had been prompted by his wife, that he must come and look after me, and assist in the defence of the house, and he would employ his leisure moments in looking after my fishing-tackle, and trying some particularly killing flies for our next fishing expedition. I was very glad of David's company, for I had felt the strain of loneliness and isolation very much that day.

After supper, David produced a truss of straw, and spread it over the oven and about the kitchen fire to dry.

'What's that for, David?' I asked.

'Very likely I sleep in it,' he replied, winking knowingly.

There were plenty of beds upstairs, I told him; but he went on in his operations with the straw.

We had a quiet night, but the patient got very little sleep at first, being nervous and frightened when I was out of her sight, so that I took my rest in an arm-chair by her bedside, and after that she had some refreshing slumber. Daybreak brought our besiegers back again; but this time there were three of them, and they carried among them something that I took to be a ladder.

I woke David, and set him on the alert, and went over the house once more to see that all was safe. David took up his position upon a table in the little closet chamber, with his head out of the skylight reconnoitring the neighbourhood. Suddenly I heard him close the skylight and hurry down-stairs. 'Come along, captain,' he cried; 'I shall shew you some fun.' I followed him into the back-kitchen, where there was a wide open chimney of the old-fashioned sort. Upon its hearth was now piled a great heap of the straw that David had dried last night. A scrambling sound was heard in the chimney, and the bottom of a light ladder appeared, gently lowered down. 'Come you then, boys!' shouted David up the chimney; and with that he put a match to the straw, which blazed up fiercely. We heard a loud cry of rage and pain, and a quick scrambling up the chimney. David laughed defiantly. 'Plenty more fire down here,' he cried; and dragged the captured ladder into the kitchen. The enemy sullenly retaliated by throwing some water down the chimney. But David did not care for that; he had a reserve of dry straw ready to set fire to, if any further attempt were made. They presently abandoned any active means to gain an entrance, and contented themselves with a strict blockade; but it was a very narrow thing that attempt on the chimney, and if David had not been warned over night by the man they borrowed the ladder from, it would have assuredly succeeded.

It was necessary now for David to make a sortie. We had not sent to the post-office during two days, and it was just possible that there might be lying there an answer to one or other of the letters I had written. The post-office was five miles away, and David could not be back in much less than three hours. The fear was, that seeing the garrison so much weakened, the besiegers might make an attack on all sides at once.

But the time of his absence passed quietly enough, and David's honest face appeared on the lawn in front of the house long before I expected to see it.

'I can't come in, captain,' he cried; 'for they mean to make a rush upon me; but let down a bit of cord with a hook at the end quietly out of the window.'

This line of communication, which was invisible to those on the watch, was quickly established, and David fixed the hook into a little bundle of letters, which I quickly hoisted up. Two were excuses from friends—'Awfully sorry, so very short ourselves,' and so on. The third no doubt was to the same purport; but whose handwriting was it? I tore it hastily open, and read: 'Dear Harry, just come home on furlough about the affairs of this blessed bank. Things are not so bad as they said. Tom Brown has just shewn me your letter. Here are fifty pounds in notes to pay the rascals off; and I will be down myself

to-morrow.' Sure enough, inside the letter were ten nice crisp Bank of England five-pound notes.

I ran down and threw wide open the hall-door, letting in the air and blessed sunshine.

'Are you mad, captain,' cried David, as my three foes came rushing down upon me.

'Stand off,' I cried, making play with my fists, and keeping them at a distance. 'What do you want?'

'Five and forty pounds, half-a-year's rent, for Mr Tranter, and expenses,' gasped Morris, preparing for another rush.

'Here's the money for the rent—now give me a receipt. No; not inside the house,' I said.

Mr Morris knelt down on the gravel to write his receipt. 'And expenses six pounds ten,' he said, looking up.

'For which you will apply to your employer.'

David who had been looking on wondering, here cut a caper high in the air. Morris drew his men away sullenly, and thus ended the siege of Brynmor.

Next day my father came down, confident and cheerful. Things were bad enough, but there was the chance of something being saved out of the wreck. In the meantime he must stop in harness for another five years. For me he had the offer of the editorship of an Indian newspaper that was being established at Lahore, an offer I gladly accepted. And in due time I left Brynmor with all the honours of war, and found myself with my wife and babe embarked for the wondrous land of Inde.

TWO LATELY DISCOVERED TEXTILE FIBRES.

MUCH interest has recently been awakened in America concerning two textile fibres, *Ramee* and *Pita*, and no little enterprise has been displayed in endeavours to turn them to account; strong hopes being entertained that the former will soon become an important article of agricultural produce in some of the most southern of the United States, and that both will prove of great value for manufacturing purposes, opening up new sources of wealth. Neither of these fibres is in any sense new; they have both been well known for a long time, although their value, if really such as the Americans are now ascribing to them, has not been generally and duly appreciated. As to *ramee*, at least, there can be no doubt that it deserves all the commendation they bestow on it. It first became known in this country in consequence of the occasional importation of the beautiful fabric called *China Grass Cloth*, which is made of it. It is now imported to some extent from China; the export of it from Shanghai alone, according to the last report, amounting to more than 7,000,000 pounds in a year, almost all of which came to England, where it is used as a substitute for silk, and enters largely into mixed dress goods having 'a silk finish,' brilliant, durable, and useful fabrics, which have attained no little popularity in this country, and for which there is also a great demand in the United States.

The Americans have adopted the Malayan name of the fibre, *Ramee*; and that we shall henceforth call the plant, which is a native of China, and has been long cultivated also in Japan, Sumatra,

Java, Siam, Borneo, Assam, and other countries of the same part of the world. It belongs to the Nettle tribe, the natural order *Urticeae*, and to a genus (*Boehmeria*) which differs very little from the true nettles, except in the important particular that its species have no stinging hairs. There seems to be a little doubt whether the fibre used in manufactures is the produce of only one species, or of two or three nearly allied species. If it is obtained from one species throughout the whole vast region that produces it, the plant has received a number of different names from different botanists. The plant is herbaceous and perennial, and is propagated either by seed, or by parting of the roots. Considerable difficulty was experienced in the first attempts to cultivate the *ramee* in America, owing to ignorance of the peculiarities of soil and treatment necessary; but it has been found that it succeeds well if planted in a rich, deep, moist, well-drained soil, manure being added when the soil is not naturally very rich; the land ploughed to the depth of eight or ten inches, and well pulverised by harrowing. Weeds must be carefully cleaned off. As in China, three crops a year are obtained in Louisiana, new stems springing up, when a crop has been cut; but this, of course, weakens the roots, so that they cannot be expected to continue equally productive for many years. An acre of land is found to yield from four to five hundred pounds of crude fibre at each cutting, or from twelve hundred to two thousand pounds a year, which can be sold to American manufacturers at a price of from twenty to twenty-five cents per pound, making the annual produce of an acre from forty-five to almost one hundred pounds sterling, a produce sufficient to encourage further enterprise in this new branch of agriculture, which will, probably, not long be confined to Louisiana, but will extend over all the Gulf States, and as far north as the climate is suitable, although this cannot be very far, as the plant will not endure the frosts of winter, such as are experienced in Kentucky and Tennessee.

As regards preparation, the Americans take the stems as they come in bunches or sheaves from the field, and at once subject them to the action of machinery, by which they are crushed and scamped, and the fibre is turned out clean, as corn is turned out from the thrashing-mill. In this way, the fibre is neither discoloured nor weakened by moisture, as the fibres of flax and hemp certainly are, in a greater or less degree, by the ordinary process of retting.

Dr Roxburgh, whose work on the *Plants of Coromandel* is one of the most splendid contributions ever made to Indian botany, and who devoted his attention most earnestly to the useful plants of India, brought the *ramee* or *rehea* fibre under the notice of the Court of Directors of the East India Company in 1816; and they, after due examination, declared this fibre to be 'stronger than Russian hemp of the best description,' and to have been 'brought to a thread preferable to the best material in Europe for Brussels lace.' It may seem surprising that, for many years after the fibre had been thus strongly commended, and by so high an authority, almost nothing was done towards its introduction into Britain for manufacturing purposes. But this has been the case also as to other fibres—jute, for example, which is now so largely used, especially in Dundee; and sunn, which has

begun to be imported. The first alpaca wool that was imported into this country from South America, found, for a long while, no purchasers, till Mr (now Sir Titus) Salt happening to see a little of it escaping through a hole in a bag that lay neglected in a shed at Liverpool, was struck with its novel appearance, examined it, and at once appreciated its value. What followed is well known—the extensive manufacture of alpaca goods, and the rapid development of a new branch of commerce. In regard to a new fibre, not only are prejudices to be overcome, but a serious practical difficulty has to be surmounted, in the necessity of machinery specially adapted to it, involving an amount of expense which is formidable, whilst success cannot be regarded as certain till the experiment is fairly tried. As to ramée, however, the experiment has been tried in this country, and has resulted in complete success; so that we may expect to see, ere long, a great increase in the importation of the fibre from China, and also its importation on a large scale from India and other parts of the East. If the cultivation of the plant is carried on with success in Louisiana, as there seems no reason to doubt that it will be, it is not improbable that we may also import ramée from America, as we import cotton, and compete with American manufacturers in the utilisation of the produce of their own soil.

Pita, the other fibre at present engaging attention in America, is of more doubtful value than ramée, although the American papers contain most flattering notices of it. According to an account which we have read of it in a New York paper, it is derived 'from a plant or tree discovered in Mexico, and is said to be similar to hemp or jute.' One would suppose that this 'plant or tree' had been newly discovered, and that Pita was unknown till the present time. But in the article 'Agave' in *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, information will be found on this subject, and it may be found also in many other works of older date. Pita is the fibre of the leaves of the *Agave Americana*, popularly called the American Aloe; although that name is an incorrect and misleading one, for the plant is very different from the true aloe. It is a native of Mexico, and is one of the largest and most beautiful of herbaceous plants; has large fleshy leaves, all growing from the root, from the midst of which it throws up a *scape*, or leafless flowering stem from twenty-four to thirty-six feet high, which produces a prodigious number of flowers, sometimes as many as four thousand. When the flowering stem is cut over in an early stage of its growth, a copious flow of sap takes place, and this sap speedily fermenting, forms a beverage called *Pulque*, much used in Mexico, although generally disliked by those unaccustomed to it, because of its peculiar flavour. A spirituous liquor is obtained from it by distillation. The fibre of the leaves, called *Maguey* or *Pita*, has long been used in Mexico for making thread, twine, ropes, &c. It has been generally described as coarse, and not very strong or durable, soon decaying if exposed to moisture. It is now said by the Americans, who are endeavouring to introduce it for the manufacture of cloth, to be very fine and strong, of a pale yellow colour; and a sample six or seven feet in length has been exhibited in New York. From the size of the leaves of the plant, there is no difficulty in believing that

specimens of seven feet long, or upwards, may be obtained; and as to the quality of the fibre, perhaps the difference of statement, may be accounted for by difference in the mode of preparation. The common practice in Mexico has hitherto been to separate the fibre from the pulp and other parts of the leaf by maceration; but this is extremely injurious to the fibres of endogenous plants in general, to which great division of the Vegetable Kingdom the *Agave* belongs; so that if the American speculators concerned in the matter separate the fibre by mere mechanical processes—as is done in the case of New Zealand flax, Manilla hemp, and other endogenous fibres—without subjecting the leaves to the action of water, it is quite imaginable that they may have as the result a fibre very superior in quality to the ordinary maguey or pita of Mexico. 'There would seem,' says the *New York Bulletin*, 'to be every evidence that pita is destined to supply a most valuable material to manufactures and commerce, and that the possession of the territory producing it, and the supply to this country, and perhaps Europe, will make fortunes for those whose foresight has given them the ownership.' We hope that pita may prove as good and useful as those who have entered on the enterprise of introducing it into the United States for manufacturing purposes can imagine it to be; and we hope also that they will be rewarded for their enterprise, by making large fortunes out of it. But as to possession of the territory producing, or capable of producing this fibre, it is rather too much for any individual or company to think of making it exclusively their own.

If the attempts now being made to introduce the manufacture of ramée and of pita cloth in America are successful, it is probable that similar attempts will soon be made to employ in a similar manner other fibres which may be obtained from different parts of the world. Several species of *Boehmeria*—the genus to which the ramée plant belongs—yield fibres which are used for textile purposes in the East Indies. Of these, one that seems particularly worthy of attention is *B. frutescens*, which, as it grows on the Himalaya at an elevation of three thousand feet above the level of the sea, might probably be found suitable for climates too cold for the ramée. It is not cultivated in its native country, but often overruns abandoned fields. It attains a height of from six to eight feet, and the stem varies in thickness from that of a quill to that of the thumb.

Ramée, like flax, hemp, jute, and the sun of India, is the fibre of the inner bark of the stem of an exogenous plant. All the important textile fibres yielded by exogenous plants belong to the inner bark of the stem; or they are fibres of the fruit, as cotton and coir—the coarse fibre of the cocoa-nut. None are obtained from the leaves, the reticulated venation of which is inconsistent with the production of fibres long enough for textile purposes. But the leaves of endogenous plants having parallel venation, fibres are readily obtained of the whole length of the leaf. It might seem that these were more likely to be used, especially in the early ages of the world, than the fibres obtained with more difficulty, by steeping and other processes, from the inner bark of stems. But it has not been so; and at this day, the only endogenous fibres of any commercial importance are Manilla Hemp, the produce of a species of plantain or

banana, and New Zealand flax, the produce of a grass-like plant known to botanists as *Phormium tenax*. Those best acquainted with this subject, however, think it very probable that several other endogenous fibres may soon acquire importance, as those of the *Sansevieras* of India and Africa, and those of the common plantain and banana of the West Indies and other tropical countries.

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

CHAPTER XVII.—ALL SAFE.

THROUGHOUT the busy hours of the following day, Lady Mervyn was constantly revolving in her mind the facts of the situation. Her son's wife was dead, and the colonel of his regiment, the only person, except Lucy's quite insignificant relatives, who was aware that he had had a wife, was dead also. She had been both surprised and relieved by the demeanour of Mr and Mrs Ferris; and after the first great surprise of Lucy's death had passed away, with the strangely swift action of time and thought under exceptional circumstances, it seemed to her as if she had been prepared for that event. She could not go back to the mental condition in which she had travelled up to London—fiercely angry, bitterly hurt, and outraged, and yet not daring to neglect the injunction of her son—for the purpose of seeing the person whom, of all the world, she regarded with the strongest abstract dislike, that son's wife. To say that Lady Mervyn was positively glad that Lucy was dead, would be to make her out worse than she really was, rapidly as she had deteriorated under temptation. She did not think of the event in the light of either gladness or regret; she regarded it with a sort of complacent amazement, such as one feels when Providence, in an unexpected manner, intervenes in the game of one's life, and plays it for one. She had not had time to familiarise herself with the notion of Lucy, when Lucy was removed from her plane of mental vision as suddenly as she had been placed there; and she was entirely incapable of realising what the brief story which had come to an end had meant to David. Lady Mervyn loved her son without understanding him; the isolation, and habit of governing which characterised her own life, rendered her views of character narrow, and she found little difficulty in persuading herself that David would be easily consoled. There were moments during that day when the whole thing seemed like a dream to her, when she could hardly believe that there had really been a living tenant for that room she had so lately visited, and that living tenant the 'Lucy' of whom the letter in her possession spoke with such love and pleading. If David's mother had but seen Lucy once, had but stood by her death-bed, it might all have been otherwise; the better side of her nature might have been aroused and touched. As it was, she hardened herself against every consideration save that of the folly of her son; and the possibility of saving him, even now, from its lesser consequences, since Providence had decreed that he should not suffer the greater.

It was plain that there was no annoyance to be apprehended from Lucy's relatives. Evidently, Mr and Mrs Ferris had no intention of claiming any

privilege or profit from their quasi-connection with the Mervyns; they would regard the matter as closed with the handing over of David's little daughter to the care of her natural protectors. *And they would have left England for ever, long before David, under the most favourable circumstances, could return.* Every time that this reflection came to Lady Mervyn, and it constantly occurred, while she was going in and out of shops, and visiting her friend in high official places—who was all sympathy and polite attention—it came, accompanied by the temptation which had shot into her mind on the previous evening, and which was gradually assuming distinct form and substance.

Two days had elapsed since the interview between Lady Mervyn and Mrs Ferris, and no letter had yet been written to David. Lady Mervyn had returned to her hotel to dine, when she was informed that a person named Gale wished to see her.

'Let her come in at once,' said Lady Mervyn; and, while the attendant went to summon her visitor, she poured out and drank hurriedly a glass of wine.

Mrs Gale was a mild-looking woman, about forty-five years of age, simply dressed, as a servant in a high-class family might be, and with the quiet and well-trained manners of that position. She made an old-fashioned courtesy on entering the room, and took the seat which Lady Mervyn indicated, as comported as if she had just dropped in from next door. But when they were alone, Mrs Gale clasped the hand which Lady Mervyn extended to her, and kissed it fervently.

'You have lost no time, Susan. How did you contrive to get away so soon?'

'You wanted me, my lady—that was enough.'

'You can stay a few days, if necessary?'

'As long as your ladyship pleases. I have taken a room at a respectable coffee-house in the Marylebone Road, and I am entirely at your service. Your ladyship looks ill and worn; I hope there is nothing wrong at Bartholme?'

'No, my good Susan; there is nothing wrong there: it is trouble about my son. He has been guilty of a great folly, and I want you to help me to save him from its results.'

'I cannot be glad of anything that is a grief to you, my lady,' said the quiet woman, over whose face a sudden light of love and devotion shone; 'but I *must* be glad that I can do anything to help you; to prove that time has not made me forgetful.'

'I know, I know, Susan,' said Lady Mervyn. 'I never doubted you, and I can trust you entirely, as I would trust no one else in the world. Take off your bonnet and shawl, and prepare for a long story. It is no light thing I have to tell, and to ask of you.'

The conference was a long one. When at length it came to an end, and Mrs Gale took leave of Lady Mervyn, the face of the latter bore a weary expression; but yet she sat by the hearth lost in thought, for fully an hour longer, until the fire had dropped away into a handful of smouldering ashes.

While Susan Gale is absent, doing the best of her former mistress, the story of the tie which bound them so closely together may be told in a few words. When Lady Mervyn was a young

woman, living in London, Susan Thompson entered her service in the capacity of nursery-maid, and her only brother was engaged at the same time as page. The girl's intelligence, diligence, and unusual attachment to her ladyship—who passed more time in her nursery than was customary with fashionable mothers—attracted Lady Mervyn's attention, and Susan got speedy promotion in the household. Not so James Thompson, the page. The boy got into bad habits, committed a theft, was detected by Lady Mervyn herself, and—prosecuted? No; forgiven, screened from shame, saved from the sure and rapid ruin of a prison, rescued, to become one of the rarest of phenomena, a repentant and grateful convert from evil ways. Only Lady Mervyn, Susan Thompson, and the lucky lad himself, ever knew the story; and the woman who had acted from motives of the purest charity, reaped a rich reward in the devotion of two human hearts—more than many good people gain in all their lives. James Thompson had lived ever since, and proposed to die, in her ladyship's service; but Susan had left her some years previously, having married a well-educated and intelligent young man belonging to the Barrholme village, who had been set up by Mr Cairnes as a schoolmaster, in a small way, at Manchester. The bond between Susan Gale and Lady Mervyn had not been severed by absence; and now, when the proud woman needed aid, she asked it, confidently, from the humblest, but the truest of her friends.

Lady Mervyn intended to leave London by the mail of the following evening. All her preparations were made for doing so, and she had been occupied in writing during the morning and a portion of the afternoon. The heavy task she so much dreaded was done at last; the terrible letter which was to inflict a blow, whose severity she could not estimate, upon her son, was written. She had duly received from Mrs Ferris the statement which she had requested her to send, and it was inclosed in her own letter, which she had placed in a cover addressed to the Head of the Medical Department at Scutari. It had cost the mother dreadful pain to write the few lines of entreaty by which she begged this official personage to use his discretion in bringing the letter which she confided to him—and which she acknowledged contained distressing news, under the notice of her son. And yet, not all the pain she endured, had the power to induce the woman who had forgiven so much to the husband who had offended her, to pardon either the son, who had offended her once only, or the dead woman whom he loved, and who had owed her no duty. The pang endured, the task fulfilled, Lady Mervyn waited.

An hour before she was to leave the hotel, a letter was brought to her. It contained the following lines:

HONOURED MADAM—I have exactly obeyed your orders, and am now ready to return to Manchester. Mrs Ferris did not ask my name; but when I told her I had come from you, and she had read the note you gave me, she at once brought the child to me. She is a very pretty child, but delicate-looking, and very quiet. She cried at first, but has since taken to me. Mrs Ferris spoke of the poor mother as Mrs Mervyn, and of the Captain as her husband, and I, of course, seemed to believe

it all. I am quite certain no one could have found out from my manner that there was any doubt about the marriage. I said all you desired me to say about the little girl's future, and promised, for your ladyship, that they should hear news of her before their departure from England. Mrs Ferris also gave me a boxful of the child's clothes; and I never saw anything more beautiful than the work on them, all done by the poor mother herself. I shall have started by the time your ladyship reads this. I have told Gale nothing but that it is in our power to oblige our best friend; I am not afraid that he will not welcome the little girl, although, until I receive your ladyship's permission, I will never let him know that she is the Captain's child. I think your ladyship knows that I will be true and faithful to what I have undertaken, and that if the marriage really was a marriage, and the Captain comes to claim his daughter, he will find her as well cared for as if she had gone to his own home; but if it does not turn out to be so, and he does what your ladyship would wish in that case, allowing us to bring the child up as our own, we will do our best to make her a good honest girl. I could say a great deal more to your ladyship, only that I am a slow writer, and I have not time; but I must *make* time to beg your ladyship not to grieve over what has happened; you must remember that the Captain is spared to you, and trust that all will be right. And I am sure you will forgive this boldness from your ladyship's most grateful and faithful servant,

SUSAN GALE.

An hour after she had read and destroyed this letter, Lady Mervyn was journeying towards Scotland. She was exceedingly tired in body as well as exhausted in mind, and she felt, as the train sped rapidly through the darkness, that thought was impossible, that she must defer it until physical rest should have restored her. She did not sleep, but the hours passed, and she was in a kind of lethargy, in which neither thinking nor suffering was active. She asked herself in intervals of distinctness whether it was indeed possible that only five days before she had travelled down from Scotland. The time seemed intolerably long, measured by what she had suffered in it; and incredibly short, measured by its events. When she arrived at Dumfries, Lady Mervyn found her carriage waiting for her, and she decided on going on to Barrholme. At home, she could really rest and think, and be rid of this painful, unreal, dream-like oppression. During the drive, her thoughts became clearer; she could at least recall what she had done, and pass her hopes in review. She had the concealment of David's folly; for the present, to place on the list of her successes; she had fulfilled his behest in the letter, while violating it in the spirit. The only positive falsehood of which she had been guilty in the transaction which was constructively false throughout, was that by which she had expressed to Susan Gale a doubt of the validity of her son's marriage, of which, of course, she did not entertain the slightest. If she could but succeed in inducing David to make the only atonement within his power for the offence of his secret marriage, by still maintaining the secret, and consenting to leave the child unacknowledged—an infant whom he had hardly seen, and could not care very much about—then, Susan Gale must not be permitted to know that the child had rights.

The great thing was to gain time, to persuade David to silence now, to let this folly rest, known only to her and to him, and then to wait for events. He would hardly offend his mother further at present, by revealing the truth, to Sir Alexander and the world, when she for whom he had been guilty of the folly was lost to him for ever; and when that mother only asked of him to wait. For what? She did not put that question distinctly to herself, as yet; she only felt that it could not matter while the child was an infant, and that something, anything might happen to bury the whole miserable business in oblivion. Had not the most improbable, unexpected, wonderful thing happened already! Fate owed her some compensation, Lady Mervyn felt, for a troubled life, and could not be about to hit her harder still than she had been hit by the double blows of her son's disobedience and his danger. The sum of it all was a respite; but that was much, very much, when Lady Mervyn remembered the feelings with which she had left Barholm. The oppression on her mind was not increased, as in the case of most women such trouble would be, by its being an unshured trouble; she was well accustomed to that, and indeed, to her, partition or expansion of feeling was almost impossible, chiefly from the habit of the opposite. It was almost dark when she arrived at Barholm, and her unbroken journey of so many hours added to the fatigue of her occupations in London, sufficiently accounted for her paleness and weariness.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A SHOCK.

'Mamma looks very ill, I think,' said Marion to Anne, when Lady Mervyn had retired. 'I never venture to say anything to her, but I am afraid she is more than tired. It must be something extraordinary that makes papa think of anybody's health except his own, but I can see he is quite uneasy.'

Anne had been silently observing Lady Mervyn also, and she too thought her looking ill. But Anne's thoughts did not stop there; once again she found herself involved in something like a mystery at Barholm, and she vividly recalled the day on which she had seen David for the last time. Even as he had then assigned a motive for his departure which she felt to be false, so Lady Mervyn had now assigned a motive for her journey which Anne felt to be insufficient; and she was haunted by a conviction that in this second instance also David was concerned. The unuttered confidence of Lady Mervyn's farewell to her, had meant much to Anne's quick perception, and though she had not addressed half-a-dozen sentences to her on her return, Anne felt an inner consciousness that their relations were changed and strengthened. With the subtle pleasure of this knowledge, what pain there was also! For Anne, indeed, in her unreturned love, there was little but pain. Would Lady Mervyn come to trust her wholly, she asked herself, to let her share the trouble on David's account, whatever it might be, which had underlain the ostensible purpose of her journey to London? The next day, Lady Mervyn resumed her usual occupations, and in answer to their questions, said she was quite well. No incident of any importance had occurred.

Barholm was not one of those country houses

in which there reigns a feverish anxiety on all hands to get hold of the newspapers. When any intelligence from the Crimea was to be looked for, the arrival of the post-bag was the signal for a general assembly, but even then, a very superficial looking over of the *Times* sufficed for Marion, who cared nothing for details of anything beyond the doings of her brother's regiment, and another to which some friends of hers belonged. Sir Alexander Mervyn was anything but a reading man, but an invalid is forced into reading habits by degrees, however much they may be against the grain; and thus he had contracted, not exactly a taste, but a toleration for the miscellaneous literature of the daily press, which, before Marion's marriage, he had indulged rather more at her expense than she altogether liked. The single restriction on her liberty, indeed, had been the daily reading of the *Times* to her father, and she had indemnified herself for it ever since by a general voluntary ignorance of public affairs, which would have done honour to an Italian or a Spanish woman. Now that she had come to Barholm on a long visit, she was naturally afraid she might again be expected to read the *Times* aloud to Sir Alexander, and having given utterance to that apprehension to Anne Cairnes, she was infinitely pleased, and more than ever convinced of Anne's admirable qualities as a 'great friend,' for, as she remarked to Gordon Grames, 'nobody could possibly like reading all that dry stuff out, when one can't skip.' Thus, Anne was in the habit of going in the morning to Sir Alexander's dressing-room to read to him, and she went as usual on the second day after Lady Mervyn's return. Much to her surprise, she found Lady Mervyn, dressed as usual, and sitting by the window which overlooked the sea-wall. She still looked weary, and in answer to Anne's question, she said she had passed a sleepless night. Sir Alexander remarked gravely that she had 'overdone herself quite unreasonably,' and Anne having handed the *Times* to Sir Alexander, was going away, when Lady Mervyn asked her to stay and read aloud as usual.

Anne complied; while Lady Mervyn, her head turned away from the reader, looked vaguely out to sea, her thoughts far away. Anne had read through the political and foreign news and the leading articles, and was glancing over the miscellaneous contents of the paper, when her eye caught the announcement of a 'Frightful Accident on the North Midland Railway.' Anne's own instinct was to avoid the perusal of horror, but she habitually overcame it, in the interest of Sir Alexander, who liked them.

'A bad railway accident,' she said, 'and a long report of it. Shall I read it?'

'If you please. Carelessness again, I suppose. The old story.' For that story was already old, twenty years ago; and so was the story of inhumanly hard work, for wretched pay, and strain on men's minds and bodies beyond what those marketable commodities were constructed or intended to bear.

Anne read the account, which, divested of technicalities, officialities, and assurances that the strictest investigation of all the circumstances was about to be made immediately—that one fashion of twenty years ago is still permanent—was as follows.

A train, unusually crowded with passengers,

which had left London on the evening on which Lady Mervyn had commenced her journey, had been run into by a goods-train within a few miles of Manchester. The damage done had been great: the driver and stoker, and five passengers were killed; and the injuries inflicted were numerous and severe. The condition of one compartment was described as particularly awful. Its occupants were a man, three women, and two female children. The carriage was shattered almost to pieces; the man and the two women were killed. One of the women, much younger than the other, had apparently undressed her child, and laid it upon the seat beside her, where it was found, injured, but living, the mother having fallen sideways over it. The older woman occupied a corner-seat, and was found dead with an infant tightly clutched in her arms. She was not much disfigured, death having ensued from a blow on the back of the head. As yet, the identity of the younger woman had not been ascertained, but she was believed to have been the mother of both the children, who were apparently of the same age, and it was supposed that the elder woman had taken one of them to hold, while the mother undressed the other, as she had since been identified by her husband, Mr Thomas Gale, of Union Street, a schoolmaster, who stated that she had no child.

'Good heavens!' exclaimed Anne, as the words passed her lips. 'It must be Susan Gale!'

'Susan Gale!' Lady Mervyn uttered the words in a kind of hoarse cry, and rose from her chair, as if moved by a spring. 'Read that again, Anne; quick, quick!'

Anne, much moved, complied; while Sir Alexander, who did not exactly know why they were so agitated, stared at the two.

'Yes, it is too true. Poor Susan! What a state James will be in!'

But Lady Mervyn did not hear her. She swayed forward for an instant, then fell back into her chair, and fainted.

It was a strange and unheard-of state of affairs at Barrholme for any one to claim attention on the score of illness, except Sir Alexander. To him, especially, it was almost incomprehensible that he should be of secondary importance, and his wife, who was as indispensable to the getting along of the household at Barrholme as a linch-pin is to a cart-wheel, laid by. His astonishment had time to mature into anxiety, alarm, and suspense, such as he had never before experienced in the whole course of his good-for-nothing life; such as the intelligence of his son's danger had been far from arousing in him. Sir Alexander had not the faculty of grieving for circumstances which took place at a distance; he could be shocked for a while, and then fidgety for a while about them, but not grieved. When, however, the doctor came, and pronounced that Lady Mervyn's prolonged fainting-fit meant serious illness, and when day after day went by, and that illness was still serious, Sir Alexander was very unhappy indeed. As to picturing to himself what his future life would be without his wife, he eagerly drove away every fancy of the kind that suggested itself, and wavered in a lamentable sort of way, between impatience, which was almost anger with the sick woman herself, and dependence upon the comforting assurances of the people in the house, who expressed much more confidence

than they felt. Meanwhile, she who was the centre of so much anxiety, was profoundly indifferent to it all. In proportion to the unyielding strength and stern reserve of her character, had been the completeness of the nervous smash when it came; and, probably, in that completeness consisted the safety of her life. Lady Mervyn made no resistance, no effort; memory, fear, suffering itself, to any great extent, were effaced; while one of those mysterious fevers, of which it has been well said that the patient not so much *has*, as *is* the disease, had its way with her. Anne Cairnes remained at Barrholme, for Marion's sake, who was simply terrified and useless.

'I should know all about it, if it were papa who was ill,' she said to Anne; 'but I cannot get over the dread I have of seeing mamma, whose head managed everything in the house and out of it, in that helpless state. I am of no use; I cannot answer the doctor's questions, or help the nurse; and I never understand what she wants, but keep making the most wretched blunders. How dreadfully one feels now at what a distance she has always kept everybody.'

'I don't feel that at all,' said Anne; 'but I can understand your feeling it. I will stay with you. Papa will be glad for me to do so.'

Fresh intelligence arrived from the seat of war. David Mervyn was recovering from his wounds. There was a consultation upon the expediency of telling his mother that this news had come. She was apparently unconscious, and had not spoken for some days, and the general opinion was that it was useless. Anne thought otherwise. It was agreed that it could not harm the patient that good tidings should be told; so Anne, kneeling beside her bed, put her lips close to the pale, clouded face, and said very distinctly: 'There is good news of David. He is recovering, and will write to you soon.'

There was no attempt at a reply, but Lady Mervyn's head moved restlessly, and after a while she moaned. Anne felt satisfied that her words had been understood.

Though Marion, Sir Alexander, and Anne Cairnes all entertained a friendly regard for Susan Gale, chiefly because Lady Mervyn esteemed and valued her, it was not unnatural that she should speedily be forgotten, in the great trouble which had befallen them. Of course, the accident which occasioned her death was discussed, and the fact that it had given Lady Mervyn a great shock was admitted; but no one thought of imputing more than the rapid declaration of her illness to that cause. Every one in the house had noticed her looks, on her return from London, and the unanimity with which it appeared that the servants had predicted that her ladyship would 'be regularly laid up after this' was surprising. Her maid, Crawford, was questioned about her health during her stay in London, but she had nothing to tell. Her ladyship had seemed just as usual, but she had seen very little of her; for she was out all day, except one, and then she had not seen her at all. Crawford was totally unaware that Lady Mervyn had seen Mrs Gale, so that she could not communicate the fact, which would have lent additional meaning to the subsequent events. An inquest was held on the bodies of the victims of the accident, with the usual result, and the sufferers were identified, with the exception of

the young woman who was supposed to be the mother of the two infants, of whom one, though injured, survived, and had been taken to the work-house infirmary, where the child was to be kept until she should be claimed by her relatives. The name on the mother's clothing, and on one trunk among her luggage, was Jane Watts; but she had no letters, or papers, indicative of her former residence. These particulars had been carelessly read by Sir Alexander and Anne, but they were not regarded with any interest. The accident was fully discussed among the servants, of course, on account of James Thompson, who was sent by Marion to attend his sister's funeral. There, he learned from her husband that Susan had been summoned to London by Lady Mervyn, had seen her ladyship, and had undertaken some service for her, of the nature of which he (Gale) was ignorant. But as he added that Lady Mervyn had strictly enjoined Susan to keep silent on the subject of her summons to every one except her husband, James Thompson was inclined to resent his brother-in-law's information. If her ladyship did not wish it to be known to any one, that extended to him as well as to other people, and Gale had no business to tell him; though, of course, her ladyship should never know that her confidence had been even to that extent broken. Such being James Thompson's notions of loyalty to her ladyship, it will be pretty clear that no one at Barholm was at all likely to be supplied by him with material for speculation. So it was agreed that the shock of Susan's death had merely been the last and slightest of many accumulated causes of Lady Mervyn's illness, and the event slipped away into oblivion as the weeks rolled on.

No letter came from David Mervyn to his mother. The Head of the Medical Staff at Santari wrote to her—it was agreed on all hands that this letter should be opened by Sir Alexander—that he had been obliged to give her letter, inclosed to him, to Captain Mervyn, at an earlier stage of his convalescence than he considered quite prudent (but he did not refer to her acknowledgment that the letter was of a disquieting nature), in consequence of his patient's extreme anxiety to receive intelligence of his family, which made it necessary to tranquillise his mind. This letter, kind, but curt and business-like, excited no suspicion, and relieved them from apprehension about David. A fortnight later, and when there was a perceptible amendment in Lady Mervyn's condition, the promised communication, in David's own hand, reached Barholm, but it was addressed to Sir Alexander.

'How very strange,' said Marion, who had taken it out of the post-bag, 'David always directs his letters to mamma, even when there is one inclosed for my father. One would think he had a presentiment of her illness. No one can have sent the news of it out there, surely. I hope not; we have warned all the people who wrote out to the Crimea, to say nothing about it.'

David's letter to his father was short. It announced his convalescence, and his hope of speedily being fit for active service again; and it contained a general inquiry and a general message, in addition to a hope that his father had not suffered from anxiety about him. Then David added: 'Tell my mother her injunctions shall be attended to. I cannot promise to write much, or often;

you will have the official reports, and must take no news for good news.'

Sir Alexander saw nothing to blame or to object to in this mere note. He wondered what the women could possibly expect David to write about, except, indeed, his plasters and bandages, and he was, of course, glad enough to forget all about them.

Again, Anne Cairnes resolved that she would give Lady Mervyn the chance of comprehending that news from her son had reached his home. She was mending, very slowly indeed, and the change in her appearance was frightful to contemplate. When she should rise from her bed, it would be as an old woman; she, whom this illness had stricken in all the dignity and pleasantness of well-preserved middle age. Her hair had turned gray; and the fine colour, which had lasted so wonderfully, had given place to a pale waxen complexion. The beauty of form was the only charm left to her. Anne was looking attentively at her as she slept, a deep untrobbled sleep—no longer the painful stillness of stupor—and thinking of this, thinking how much it would grieve David, on his return, to note the change in his mother, and thanking God, from the depths of her true heart, for the two lives given back to those who held them so dear, when Lady Mervyn's eyes opened, and she turned them, with a sort of half-intelligence, on Anne, meeting her steadfast gaze.

'Dear Lady Mervyn,' she began; but the sick woman stopped her speech by a whispered question.

'David's wife?' she said.

'No, no,' answered the girl, while a crimson blush suffused her face; 'only Anne.'

PROLONGATION OF LIFE.

WHETHER we have borrowed from the French, or the French from us, or neither, it is quite certain that both we and they, and, probably, many another nation, have a popular saying about 'making old bones,' and that the desirability of that operation has been impressed upon us from our very earliest years, either when long life was suggested as the reward of those who should honour father and mother, or when we listened to the familiar eastern exclamation: 'O king, live for ever!' Nor, indeed, when we speak of 'old bones,' do we use a merely figurative expression; as will be easily discovered from Dr John Gardner's work entitled *Longevity: the Means of prolonging Life after Middle Age*, which contains many useful hints, and which has already met with so much appreciation as is implied in the issue of a second edition.

And now let us ask: Are 'old bones,' or, in other words, is longevity desirable? That is a question which must be answered in the affirmative or the negative, according to the particular feelings of the person or persons to whom it is addressed. But experience teaches us that, with very few exceptions, no living creature, unless extreme bodily or mental affliction supervene, would willingly part with one hour's existence.

And even in the case of those who, from sheer agony and wretchedness of mind or body, are inclined to gnaw their hearts, and ask themselves what good their lives shall do them, and whether it would not be better for them never to have been born, or, at anyrate, to depart at once and be at rest, it would be well for them to reflect that it may be something less commendable than a holy resignation which prompts them to say :

And sweeter far is death than life to me, who long to go.

Whilst there is a living being to whom we may, either by example or precept, by our authority or our service, do good ; whilst there is a soul—and as long as we have fellow-creatures, there are myriads—to whom we owe a duty ; whilst there is any kind of beneficial work which we may, to the most infinitesimal extent, promote in the world, it is not only selfish, but also something very like desertion of a flag, very like cowardice in the presence of the enemy, to encourage any other feeling save the determination of fighting on to the last. Be it granted, then, that, in the great majority of instances, 'long life' is, for some powerful reason, desirable.

The next question that occurs is this : When may we be said to have made or to be making 'old bones' ?

On this point, Dr Gardner is a most exhilarating informant. He allows, indeed, that the period cannot 'be strictly defined by years.' Some human beings, like some race-horses which are 'run off their legs' at two years of age, are too early exposed to the effects of wear-and-tear, and necessarily, instead of being strengthened by what might otherwise have been a severe, perhaps, but an invigorating and a hardening discipline, break down, and fall into premature decay. Then 'the phrase *fast living*' is full of meaning. It implies a crowding of pleasures or sufferings into a shorter compass than natural ; and, if we burn a candle at both ends, we cannot take the time in which it is consumed as a fair criterion of the lasting powers of candles in general, reasonably treated. Let us, however, put our human candle in a proper candle-stick, and burn it moderately, and snuff it and trim it carefully, and it will last so long that, as Dr Gardner says, 'observation has convinced me that sixty-three is an age at which the majority of persons may be termed old ; and, as a rule, we may adopt this as the epoch of the commencing decline of life.' This is calculated to cheer the spirits of those who have been told that 'a man is old at forty-five ;' but it will, on the other hand, prove a 'damper' to those who 'have considered seventy the normal standard.' Let not even the latter, however, be unduly discouraged ; for the doctor, adopting with certain modifications, the views of M. Flourens, 'would bring the natural life of man to be from ninety to one hundred and five years,' and would, therefore, draw the satisfactory, or, from another point of view, unsatisfactory inference, 'that all persons who die under eighty years of age, many who die under ninety, some who die under one hundred, or even one hundred and five, die prematurely.' And that more persons live to the age of a hundred than were dreamt of in the philosophy of the late Sir

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It being premised, then, that, under normal conditions, it is possible and desirable for anybody to 'make old bones,' and that the process of making them ought not to commence much earlier than the age of sixty-three, the next step is to ascertain whether 'the duration of life' is 'in any degree within our power.' Dr Gardner, supporting his assertion by the epigrammatic statement of a French writer to the effect that 'men do not usually die ; they kill themselves,' unhesitatingly affirms that it is, and mentions what he terms some 'incontrovertible facts.' First, that 'the average duration of life has increased during the present century in England and some other countries ;' secondly, that 'this average varies with different classes of society, and with different occupations,' so that 'the clergy enjoy the longest lives : medical men have the shortest ;' and thirdly, to the confusion of the very commonly held belief that old age is more frequent amongst the poor than amongst others, that 'the rich, or those exempt from the cares and anxieties of business, *everything else being equal*, live longer than the middle classes, or the poor.' Of course, when he says *everything else being equal*, he means it to be inferred that, as the middle classes and the poor are very much more numerous than the rich, we might expect to find many more cases of old age amongst the former combined than amongst the latter : from which state of things, unless due regard be had to *proportion*, an erroneous conclusion may be and, indeed, has been drawn. The 'incontrovertible facts' are traced to five principal causes—to wit, 'sanitary improvements enforced by law ; the more wholesome and provident habits of all classes—in avoiding the recognised causes of disease ; better food, clothing, ventilation and drainage of dwellings, the use of coal as fuel, &c. ; draining and cultivation of the land ; and the progress of the arts of healing—medicine and surgery ;' and, as those causes are undoubtedly under our control, we may assume that the duration of life is to a very considerable extent within our power, and that it lies with

ourselves, bar accidents and plain visitations, to determine whether we will or will not 'make old bones,' and, having made them, keep them from becoming a mere burden.

What are the means, then, of 'ameliorating and retarding the effects of age?' First of all, we are assured of one very consolatory fact, that 'the natural healing or recuperative power . . . remains in the system in old people until a very great age.' We are then admonished that 'the principal points claiming the attention of aged persons, even when enjoying the best health,' are 'a tranquil mind, well-selected and arranged diet, moderation in the use of wine and other stimulants, exercise short of fatigue in favourable states of the weather, confinement to a warm house in cold or wet weather, well-warmed and ventilated sleeping-apartments, clothing adapted to the seasons, maintenance of the animal heat of the body, particularly of the lower extremities, careful avoidance of external influences tending to produce disease, malaria, and the like,' and 'judicious bathing, to secure a healthy skin.' In other words, the elixir of life is little more than another name for common-sense.

Our doctor condescends to enter into particulars. He places water, as Pindar placed it of old, first of all things; and he truly remarks that, 'when it is considered how large a proportion of water enters into the composition of our bodies,' and when we are discussing the question of 'making old bones,' or, in other words, 'how to preserve and extend life in advanced age, the character of the water habitually taken must be regarded.' He recommends, if the cost be not an obstacle, distilled water, charged, to take away its vapidity and unpleasantness 'when drunk without admixture,' with carbonic acid gas; and he suggests that persons who have arrived at the distinction of making 'old bones' should 'occasionally and often substitute pure hot water; not lukewarm, but 'as hot as it can be taken,' for all other drink at their meals, 'especially if any feeling of oppression and fullness is experienced after eating.' As to the use of mineral waters, two precautions are given: B should not take a water which has been beneficial to A, 'unless he is quite sure his own case is the same;' nor should a mineral water, which has for a time been found efficacious, be proceeded with beyond a certain point, any more than a farmer should over-dose his land with repetitions of a particular kind of 'dressing.' It is roundly affirmed that 'the life of the Emperor Napoleon III. was evidently cut short prematurely by just such a proceeding with the waters of Vichy.' As to stimulants, our doctor teaches that 'sobriety is most congenial to health and life,' but, 'as a physician,' he declares that a moderate use of good sound malt liquor or good sound wine is advantageous rather than not, and that the 'bold assertions' made by advocates of 'total abstinence' are 'of no more soundness than the Bacchanalian songs which represent wine as the panacea for all human ills.' As regards climate, we are told that 'if the recorded cases of persons who have attained to a great age, say ninety and upwards, are tabulated according to the locality where they have occurred, it might be concluded that climate has had little influence,' and that, on the whole, 'persons who have passed the line of demarcation between adult and old age, would do

best by making judicious arrangements at home for warmth, pleasing occupation, exercise, and diet.' As to edibles, 'food rich in albuminous or staminal principles, such as eggs, with solid but juicy and tender meats, are to be recommended as the staple articles,' and a good word is said for what is known as the 'milk-cure,' a remedy consisting in 'living for a time exclusively on milk,' which is declared to have 'nothing of charlatantry about it,' and to be quite in accordance with physiology. As to the pains, which very frequently, if not always, accompany advanced life, and 'which we constantly hear spoken of erroneously as *rheumatic*,' they, 'wherever situated, and of whatever degree, should . . . be relieved,' and it is satisfactory to learn that 'science has furnished the means,' though what they are, and whence they are to be obtained, and how they are to be applied, must be elicited from the doctor himself, or from his book. It must be sufficient to state here, that 'narcotics should be employed, for the most part, only as temporary expedients to afford relief from suffering; they are at best but palliatives, and they may obscure the real disease which is causing the pain.' About baths, some advice is given. Elderly persons are warned against the use of the Turkish bath, unless at the instance and under the direction of a physician; hot-water baths are not to be taken without great care; hot-air or vapour baths are less open to objection; and 'for cleanliness, and to preserve a healthy state of the skin,' our doctor recommends 'all old people to employ hot water with soap and flannel or sponge (the flannel is best), using a moderate degree of friction.' As to *podophyllin*, which our doctor claims to have 'introduced to the profession in this country,' and which he extols 'as an alternative and means of evacuating bile,' so efficacious that 'I would not wish to live,' said a sufferer, 'if I had not *podophyllin*,' we are warned, nevertheless, that 'it ought always to be taken, when needed, under skilful advice as to quantity and frequency.'

It should be mentioned, before the subject of 'old bones' is dismissed, that our doctor differs from Sir Henry Holland, who, in his essay on *Old Age*, 'says the sympathy between the several parts of the body and their influence on each other diminish with age;' our doctor's observation leads him to a contrary belief.

In conclusion, let justice be done to the sensible manner in which our doctor holds up to reprobation the jests which wits and satirists and fools have levelled at the 'nervousness and anxiety' displayed by aged people about their 'old bones.' 'How sorry,' he observes pertinently, 'would such sallies appear, were they directed against a man's care respecting his dwelling!' Nobody laughs at us for repairing our roof if it let in the rain, or for stopping up a hole in the wall, or for 'anticipating and arresting decay and dilapidations' of brick and mortar, or for attending promptly and minutely to 'loosened beam or sinking foundations;' and, 'if the timely relief of some slight pain, the notice and repair of some scarcely perceptible disorder in the fabric or the feelings, may avert acute and prolonged sufferings, or even save for a lengthened time a valuable life—and every life is valuable—is it not most unwise to neglect seeking the remedy?' We glory in making our old boots last; and there is surely at least as much reason for glory in prolonging the serviceableness of our 'old

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On this point, Dr Gardner is a most exhilarating informant. He allows, indeed, that the period cannot 'be strictly defined by years.' Some human beings, like some race-horses which are 'run off their legs' at two years of age, are too early exposed to the effects of wear-and-tear, and necessarily, instead of being strengthened by what might otherwise have been a severe, perhaps, but an invigorating and a hardening discipline, break down, and fall into premature decay. Then 'the phrase *fast living* is full of meaning. It implies a crowding of pleasures or sufferings into a shorter compass than natural ;' and, if we burn a candle at both ends, we cannot take the time in which it is consumed as a fair criterion of the lasting powers of candles in general, reasonably treated. Let us, however, put our human candle in a proper candle-stick, and burn it moderately, and snuff it and trim it carefully, and it will last so long that, as Dr Gardner says, 'observation has convinced me that sixty-three is an age at which the majority of persons may be termed old ; and, as a rule, we may adopt this as the epoch of the commencing decline of life.' This is calculated to cheer the spirits of those who have been told that 'a man is old at forty-five ;' but it will, on the other hand, prove a 'damper' to those who 'have considered seventy the normal standard.' Let not even the latter, however, be unduly discouraged ; for the doctor, adopting, with certain modifications, the views of M. Flourens, 'would bring the natural life of man to be from ninety to one hundred and five years,' and would, therefore, draw the satisfactory, or, from another point of view, unsatisfactory inference, 'that all persons who die under eighty years of age, many who die under ninety, some who die under one hundred, or even one hundred and five, die prematurely.' And that more persons live to the age of a hundred than were dreamt of in the philosophy of the late Sir

George Cornewall Lewis, is conclusively proved, contrary, one would say, to the very candid author's own bias and expectations, in that most laborious, sagacious, instructive, and entertaining work called *Human Longevity, its Facts and its Fictions*, by W. J. Thoms, the learned and honoured late editor of *Notes and Queries*, a work which everybody who has not read it should read. It may be advisable to remark in passing, for the benefit of those who are not familiar with the views, alluded to above, of M. Flourens, that he 'taking his observations from the group Mammalia of the class Vertebrata, as having the closest resemblance to man . . . found that their natural life extends exactly to five times the period of their growth ;' and, 'applying the rule thus obtained to human life, and taking the age when the body is fully matured to be twenty years, he concludes the natural duration of the life of man to be *one hundred years*.' It does not appear, unfortunately, that M. Flourens made any allowance for the fuss, worry, knagging, and aggravation from which all mammals, except man, appear to be tolerably exempt ; which every human being has to endure more or less ; and which, as fatal to sensitive natures as disease or privation, tend to materially shorten existence.

It being premised, then, that, under normal conditions, it is possible and desirable for anybody to 'make old bones,' and that the process of making them ought not to commence much earlier than the age of sixty-three, the next step is to ascertain whether 'the duration of life' is 'in any degree within our power.' Dr Gardner, supporting his assertion by the epigrammatic statement of a French writer to the effect that 'men do not usually die ; they kill themselves,' unhesitatingly affirms that it is, and mentions what he terms some 'incontrovertible facts.' First, that 'the average duration of life has increased during the present century in England and some other countries ;' secondly, that 'this average varies with different classes of society, and with different occupations,' so that 'the clergy enjoy the longest lives ; medical men have the shortest ;' and thirdly, to the confusion of the very commonly held belief that old age is more frequent amongst the poor than amongst others, that 'the rich, or those exempt from the cares and anxieties of business, *everything else being equal*, live longer than the middle classes, or the poor.' Of course, when he says *everything else being equal*, he means it to be inferred that, as the middle classes and the poor are very much more numerous than the rich, we might expect to find many more cases of old age amongst the former combined than amongst the latter : from which state of things, unless due regard be had to *proportion*, an erroneous conclusion may be and, indeed, has been drawn. The 'incontrovertible facts' are traced to five principal causes—to wit, 'sanitary improvements enforced by law ; the more wholesome and provident habits of all classes—in avoiding the recognised causes of disease ; better food, clothing, ventilation and drainage of dwellings, the use of coal as fuel, &c. ; draining and cultivation of the land ; and the progress of the arts of healing—medicine and surgery ;' and, as those causes are undoubtedly under our control, we may assume that the duration of life is to a very considerable extent within our power, and that it lies with

ourselves, bad accidents and plain visitations, to determine whether we will or will not 'make old bones,' and, having made them, keep them from becoming a mere burden.

What are the means, then, of 'ameliorating and retarding the effects of age?' First of all, we are assured of one very consolatory fact, that 'the natural healing or recuperative power . . . remains in the system in old people until a very great age.' We are then admonished that 'the principal points claiming the attention of aged persons, even when enjoying the best health,' are 'a tranquil mind, well-selected and arranged diet, moderation in the use of wine and other stimulants, exercise short of fatigue in favourable states of the weather, confinement to a warm house in cold or wet weather, well-warmed and ventilated sleeping-apartments, clothing adapted to the seasons, maintenance of the animal heat of the body, particularly of the lower extremities, careful avoidance of external influences tending to produce disease, malaria, and the like,' and 'judicious bathing, to secure a healthy skin.' In other words, the elixir of life is little more than another name for common-sense.

Our doctor condescends to enter into particulars. He places water, as Pindar placed it of old, first of all things; and he truly remarks that, 'when it is considered how large a proportion of water enters into the composition of our bodies, and when we are discussing the question of 'making old bones,' or, in other words, 'how to preserve and extend life in advanced age, the character of the water habitually taken must be regarded.' He recommends, if the cost be not an obstacle, distilled water, charged, to take away its rapidity and unpleasantness 'when drunk without admixture,' with carbonic acid gas; and he suggests that persons who have arrived at the distinction of making 'old bones' should 'occasionally and often substitute pure hot water, not lukewarm, but 'as hot as it can be taken,' for all other drink at their meals, 'especially if any feeling of oppression and fullness is experienced after eating.' As to the use of mineral waters, two precautions are given: 'B should not take a water which has been beneficial to A, 'unless he is quite sure his own case is the same;' nor should a mineral water, which has for a time been found efficacious, be proceeded with beyond a certain point, any more than a farmer should over-dose his land with repetitions of a particular kind of 'dressing.' It is roundly affirmed that 'the life of the Emperor Napoleon III. was evidently cut short prematurely by just such a proceeding with the waters of Vichy.' As to stimulants, our doctor teaches that 'sobriety is most congenial to health and life; but, 'as a physician,' he declares that a moderate use of good sound mull liquor or good sound wine is advantageous rather than not, and that the 'bold assertions' made by advocates of 'total abstinence' are 'of no more soundness than the Bacchanalian songs which represent wine as the panacea for all human ills.' As regards climate, we are told that 'if the recorded cases of persons who have attained to a great age, say ninety and upwards, are tabulated according to the locality where they have occurred, it might be concluded that climate has had little influence,' and that, on the whole, 'persons who have passed the line of demarcation between adult and old age, would do

best by making judicious arrangements at home for warmth, pleasing occupation, exercise, and diet.' As to edibles, 'food rich in albuminous or staminal principles, such as eggs, with solid but juicy and tender meats, are to be recommended as the staple articles,' and a good word is said for what is known as the 'milk-cure,' a remedy consisting in 'living for a time exclusively on milk,' which is declared to have 'nothing of charlatanism about it,' and to be quite in accordance with physiology. As to the pains, which very frequently, if not always, accompany advanced life, and 'which we constantly hear spoken of erroneously as *rheumatic*,' they, 'wherever situated, and of whatever degree, should . . . be relieved,' and it is satisfactory to learn that 'science has furnished the means;' though what they are, and whence they are to be obtained, and how they are to be applied, must be elicited from the doctor himself, or from his book. If must be sufficient to state here, that 'narcotics should be employed, for the most part, only as temporary expedients to afford relief from suffering; they are at best but palliatives, and they may obscure the real disease which is causing the pain.' About baths, some advice is given. Elderly persons are warned against the use of the Turkish bath, unless at the instance and under the direction of a physician; hot-water baths are not to be taken without great care; hot-air or vapour baths are less open to objection; and 'for cleanliness, and to preserve a healthy state of the skin,' our doctor recommends 'all old people to employ hot water with soap and flannel or sponge (the flannel is best), using a moderate degree of friction.' As to *podophyllin*, which our doctor claims to have 'introduced to the profession in this country,' and which he extols 'as an alternative and means of evacuating bile,' so efficacious that 'I would not wish to live,' said a sufferer, 'if I had not *podophyllin*,' we are warned, nevertheless, that 'it ought always to be taken, when needed, under skilful advice as to quantity and frequency.'

It should be mentioned, before the subject of 'old bones' is dismissed, that our doctor differs from Sir Henry Holland, who, in his essay on *Old Age*, 'says the sympathy between the several parts of the body and their influence on each other diminish with age;' our doctor's observation leads him to a contrary belief.

In conclusion, let justice be done to the sensible manner in which our doctor holds up to reprobation the jests which wits and satirists and fools have levelled at the 'nervousness and anxiety' displayed by aged people about their 'old bones.' How sorry, he observes pertinently, 'would such sallies appear, were they directed against a man's care respecting his dwelling!' Nobody laughs at us for repairing our roof if it let in the rain, or for stopping up a hole in the wall, or for 'anticipating and arresting decay and dilapidations' of brick and mortar, or for attending promptly and minutely to 'loosened beam or sinking foundations;' and, 'if the timely relief of some slight pain, the notice and repair of some scarcely perceptible disorder in the fabric or the feelings, may avert acute and prolonged sufferings, or even save for a lengthened time a valuable life—and every life is valuable—it is not most unwise to neglect seeking the remedy!' We glory in making our old boots last; and there is surely at least as much reason to glory in prolonging the serviceableness of our 'old

bones.' And to those valetudinarians who are inclined to despair of themselves let the case be quoted of the 'late Mr S. Rogers, the poet,' who 'said he never knew what health was until he had attained his fiftieth year,' and he lived to be upwards of ninety.

MY ADVENTURES IN THE FRENCH WAR.

CHAPTER II.

GETTING to my quarters at Chagny, and wishing for a little rest after late perturbations, I was next morning told that the colonel desired to speak to me—was, in fact, waiting for me.

'Get your things ready,' he said, when I entered his tent; 'I am off to Tours on duty. There will be no fighting for some days, and you had better accompany me, so as to get your papers in order.' An hour later, we were starting for that town.

When for this, the second time I visited Tours, the Government of the National Defence was represented by three men, under whom everything was in the greatest confusion; for no steps were taken to put down the anarchy which prevailed in the large towns of France. Communism, which means the rule of the mob and robbery all round, was rampant. Lyons had hoisted the red flag, and set an example of pillaging; Marseilles had murdered its prefect, and Toulon the officers of the Empire. Instead of being the centre of a well-organised activity, Tours had become the rendez-vous of all sorts of adventurers, some of them full of schemes for destroying the Germans, others anxious to get contracts by which they might enrich themselves—one of these gentry, it will be recollected, contracting to supply shoes, the soles of which turned out to be made of pasteboard. I was thankful to get away from this scene of corruption. My papers being ready, I hurried away to join my regiment, which had, with the rest of the 20th corps, gone from Chagny to Gien, a small town on the Loire.

The next day, long before daybreak, the bugles sounded the *réveil*; orders had been sent that we were to leave our position, and march through the Forest of Orleans to a place called the *Rond-Point*. What a day it was! From morning till night, nothing but rain without ceasing. When we struck our tents, it was pouring; and when at night we pitched them on the spot chosen for our new bivouac, it was still coming mercilessly down. As the day advanced, and the ground got softer, the men gradually lost their *entrain* and the elasticity of their step. The weight of their knapsacks and their clothes, saturated and heavy with water, began to tell, but they kept on encouraging one another; and when a young hand slackened his pace, and could barely carry his rifle, a stronger comrade would relieve him of the burden.

It was late when we reached our encampment, but the tents soon sprung up around us, the fires were lighted, and the soup prepared; and our little camp quickly assumed an air of comparative comfort, which we doubly appreciated after our weary and uncomfortable march. I was superintending the important operations of raising the tent I was to share with my sub, when my name was called out as the officer charged with the command of an outpost on the verge of the forest. Not venturing to cast a lingering look upon the spot, where lay

behind me the anticipated luxuries of a freshly arranged straw-bed, I started off at the head of my little party, and we were soon lost in the intricacies of the forest. The night was spent in feeling our way, and at daybreak, according to orders, we fell back on the main body.

It was five that morning when we broke up our little encampment. The march the preceding day had been long and wearisome, and our few hours' rest had certainly not refreshed us. It was towards the end of November, so I need not add that the night had been uncomfortably cold, and when the *réveil* sounded, we were not sorry to leave our *tentes d'abri*, and to stretch our stiffened limbs, finding the bivouac fire more to our tastes than the shelter of a frosted canvas.

At seven, the march commenced, and we had proceeded some miles, before the feeble rays of the morning sun had penetrated the heavy mist that enveloped everything around us. As the day advanced, the temperature became milder, and our spirits rose also; the vapour, that still hung over us, now skirting the ground, was soon dispelled, and every blade of grass sparkled with white frost. I was then able to note the objects which were made perceptible by the bluish-gray light of the morning. The mist being rolled off, and the country through which we were passing gradually opening out, allowed us to notice at once the difference between the highly cultivated and rich landscapes of the fertile Touraine, or the picturesque scenery of hill and dale of the Vosges, and the flat uninteresting plains through which we were passing.

At noon we reached the village of Bellegarde, and then we halted, to prepare our mid-day meal. But a sad disappointment awaited us; the fires were lit, the meat and rice were boiling in the pots, when all of a sudden a great commotion took place around us, and the colonel gave the order to fall in. The contents of the pans (the dinner of the men) were left untouched, the cans were overturned, and with a hungry look, such as no one who has not been obliged to abandon a well-earned repast can understand, every one stood under arms.

'The division is engaged, gentlemen, and we must push on. Forward!'

And nearly at the double we emerged from the village. The fear of being too late to take part in the action, the desire of supporting our division, made us forget our previous fatigues and our empty stomachs. After half an hour's march, we halted on the side of the road. Before us, the ground was hilly, and although a distant rumbling, like that of thunder, told us that artillery was somewhere at work, we had yet perceived no other sign of the engagement. Then a staff-officer passed us at full gallop, shouting to advance, and to take ground on the left, and he was off again.

'You will take thirty men of your company, sir,' said the colonel, addressing me, 'and form a rearguard. You will fix bayonets; and if any man turns back, do your duty.' And, turning to the men, he added in a voice that could be heard by all: '*Franco-Comtois!* it is the first time I have had the honour of leading you to action. I trust you'll do honour to the county you come from. *En avant!*' Five minutes after, they had disappeared behind the hill. When, in my turn, I reached its crest, a startling sight, which sent through us a

heart-felt thrill, met our eyes—it was the spectacle of a battle in all its wild commotion. As far as the eye could reach in the valley that stretched itself before us, we could see our troops advancing; the skirmishers in the far distance, then the supports in line, and farther back the reserve in column. The firing was incessant, and, amidst the thundering of the artillery, we could discern the crackling of the mitrailleuses. I looked, but in vain, for my regiment; but remembering the instructions given by the staff-officer, I led my men to the left, making my way towards a thicket in that direction. Arrived there, on issuing from the wood, I noticed a farm-house, which seemed to me well situated for a defence. At the double, in Indian file, following a narrow path under cover of trees, without firing a shot, we made our way to it. In five minutes more, it would have been too late, for, at a short distance before us, were advancing the enemy's skirmishers, bent on the same errand. We opened a hot fire upon them from the windows: from behind fagots heaped up in a shed, from every corner which could shelter a man, the deadly chassépoté went to work. In the midst of the roar caused by such an unceasing firing, I heard a voice loudly calling from outside, and, on looking, I saw an officer, in staff uniform, galloping towards the house.

'Are you the officer commanding here?' he asked with a strong accent, which betrayed him to be a native of Great Britain.

'Yes, sir,' I replied in English.

He seemed surprised at hearing his native tongue, and then added: 'Oh! all right, then! By order of the commander-in-chief, you must hold this position at any cost. Reinforcements are coming.' As he spoke, he reeled back in his saddle, without a cry, and fell heavily to the ground. I rushed to him, but a dow of blood issuing from his mouth, and the contraction of his features, told me well enough that aid would be of no avail. He had been shot through the mouth, and the bullet had passed right through the head.*

The turn that things were taking soon called me back to my post. Evidently deceived as to our numerical strength, the enemy had changed his tactics. Artillery was called upon to play against us, and, with a long monotonous whizz, a shell came and burst a few yards in our rear, then a second to the front, and a third (how admirably these guns were served!) with a tremendous roar, crashed through the roof, burying us under a mass of falling bricks and mortar. Then other deadly missiles came in fast succession; and the walls crumbled down, the roof took fire, and the position being no longer tenable, I directed my men to a deep ditch, which could offer better protection from the galling fusillade of the enemy. As I led my little band out of our battered fortress, a strong shock threw me head-foremost to the ground, where I remained stunned for some time; when I looked up again, my sergeant and my corporal lay prostrate at my feet, weltering in their blood, one with both legs shattered, and the other frightfully mutilated. A sickening sight it was, and my heart failed me, when I saw those two fine fellows,

who, a short time before, were so full of life and vigour, distorted by the agony of a violent death.

'For God's sake, lieutenant, put an end to my tortures,' gasped out the corporal, when I squeezed his hand as a parting farewell.

I turned round, anxiously looking for the expected reinforcements, and none came; and then, for the first time, a feeling of fear crept over me, yes! fear, weakness, terror, an inevitable death amidst a wholesale slaughter. Here we were marks at long range, so to speak, of a gunnery to which we could make no reply. And therein is very much an explanation of the terrible success of the Germans. What signified French dash, élan, and so forth, when at a mile off you were swept to destruction! No wonder I had cause for apprehension in standing powerless to be shot at. All around lay a crowd of disfigured bodies, who a few minutes before had been men full of life and spirit. At every roar of the shells, the circle of corpses was extended. I felt as if standing in a sort of human shambles; and the spectacle grew so horrifying that I began to ask myself whether it was right in me to remain.

Again I looked round, trying to pierce the smoke of the firearms, and of the burning house, that blew right in our faces and nearly suffocated us; to hear through the din of the artillery; and yet no supports came. I walked up and down behind the ditch, encouraging the men, telling them to fire steadily. I spoke loudly, to excite myself; I tried to smile, and still I was afraid. The enemy, in black swarms, were advancing slowly but steadily towards us; I could see them on the right, on the left, coming out of ditches, from behind walls and hedges, at times creeping and disappearing, protected by small dwarf apple-trees, or crouching in the low brushwood, and then rushing forward, their officers leading them on.

Then a terrible thought struck me: What if the general is not aware of our position? What if he waits for that officer there, prostrate at my feet, to know if supports are wanted?

Again I looked; the Germans were pressing on. So close were they, that I could hear the *Vorwörts! Vorwörts!* of their officers. There were some cavalry on our right, and I expected them to charge us at every moment. Our ammunition was getting exhausted; the men, now reduced to twelve, had emptied the pouches of the dead and wounded. They looked at me for orders: there was the determination of men ready to the last extremity to do their duty, depicted on their faces, begrimed with powder. I thought no more of danger, all fear vanished as proudly I looked at them.

'Fix bayonets, and prepare to receive them, my lads,' I shouted, and drawing my sword, I cleared the ditch, and took the lead.

All of a sudden, there came from behind us a shout that was heard above the roar of the battle. '*Vive la France! Forward, the gallant Franco-Germans!*' and like a whirlwind, my regiment, headed by its gray-headed colonel, swept past us.

What followed, I can scarcely remember; for some time all was a wild confusion of shouts and groans, of savage yells and cries for mercy. There was another prolonged '*Vive la France!*' and the enemy fled in disorder towards the village of Larcy. The bugles sounded the rally; and, mounted on our adjutant's horse, as, from a wound in the

* This officer was Captain Ogilvie, a nephew of Lord Alrilo. He had only a few days before taken service with many others of his countrymen in the cause of France. He was buried the next day in the cemetery of Belle-garde.

foot, although a mere contusion from the fragment of a shell, I was unable to walk at the head of my gallant little band, I marched back to Bellegarde, amidst the cheers that accompanied a gun captured by some lancers from the enemy.

In the midst of those sanguinary times, surrounded by so much desolation and agony, it is pleasant to recall and dwell upon the one point in the picture which brightened up then, as it still does, these sad realities. This was presented to us by the untiring zeal, the unremitting care, and well-directed activity of that devoted band of men who brought help and consolation along with them wherever it was needed. As far as I could see or learn, the ambulance officers, whether French or German, or of any other nationality, made no difference in their humane efforts to meliorate the condition of the combatants on both sides. All were treated alike.

Although the hour was advanced, I knew that they would not deny me help. To the ambulance I betook myself as soon as I reached Bellegarde, and accompanied by a surgeon and his staff, I led the way back to where my brave men had fallen. Out of the thirty who had been put under my command that morning, eighteen lay stretched on the cold ground of a November night. Over eleven of the number, the chill hand of death had already passed, and these fine young fellows were as cold and stiff as the sword on which they lay. The others, among whom was my sergeant, were laid carefully on carts, and taken back to Bellegarde.

Thus ended our first day with the enemy. I thought at the time that it was part of Von der Tann's army we had met and repulsed that morning, and that, encouraged by that success, we were soon to march on Paris.

SIGNAL-LIGHT AT THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT—(POSTSCRIPT).

In our article on this subject (*Chambers's Journal*, August 22, 1874), a brief summary was given of the results of comparative observations on the Gramme Electric Light and the Wigham Gas Light, in regard alike to the intensity and steadiness of the illumination, and to the cost of construction and maintenance. The information, so far as concerns numerical tabulations, and the inference drawn therefrom by Mr Douglass, was derived from his official Report, printed as a parliamentary paper. We are informed that Mr Wigham has since addressed a protest to the First Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings, against Mr Douglass's Report; objecting to the mode in which the photometric experiments and observations were carried on (Mr Wigham himself not being present), and to the financial estimates of cost. This protest, entering with much fulness into the details of the subject, has not yet, we believe, been printed as a parliamentary paper.

Whatever be the merits of this question, it is not inopportune to mention that Mr Wigham's system of gas-lighting, depending mainly on the use of a peculiarly constructed burner, has been, and is now being successfully used in many light-houses. The Irish Lighthouse Board, on the suggestion or invitation of Mr Wigham in 1863, instituted experiments, and reported on them in 1865. Dr Tyndall assisted at further experiments

in 1867: on that occasion, and again in 1870, he pointed out many reasons why the Wigham light might be advantageously tried to a still further degree. Ten lighthouses—including those on Hill of Howth, Wicklow Head, Hook Tower, Hime Head, &c.—now adopt, or will soon adopt this light. As to the real comparative merits of gas, oil, and the electric light for lighthouses and signal-towers, it is evident that the time for a final decision has not yet arrived. For one thing, it has to be borne in mind, that at certain light-houses—such as the Bell Rock and Skerryvore—gas would be quite impracticable, for there is no exterior space for any gas-making apparatus; and even if there were, the difficulty of landing and storing coal for furnaces and retorts forms an insuperable objection.

LOVE AND LABOUR.

We do not all: for our deeds remain
To crown with honour, or mar with stain;
Through endless sequence of years to come
Our lives shall speak, when our lips are dumb.

What though we perish, unknown to fame,
Our tomb forgotten, and lost our name,
Since naught is wasted in heaven or earth,
And nothing dies to which God gives birth.

Though life be joyless, and death be cold,
And pleasures pall as the world grows old,
Yet God has granted our hearts relief,
For Love and Labour can conquer grief.

Love sheds a light on the gloomy way,
And Labour hurries the weary day:
Though death be fearful, and life be hard,
Yet Love and Labour shall win reward.

If Love can dry up a single tear,
If lifelong Labour avail to clear
A single web from before the true,
Then Love and Labour have won their due.

What though we mourn, we can comfort pain;
What if we die, so the truth be plain:
A little spark from a high desire
Shall kindle others, and grow a fire.

We are not worthy to work the whole;
We have no strength which may save a soul;
Enough for us if our life begin
Successful struggle with grief and sin.

Labour is mortal, and fades away,
But Love shall triumph in perfect day;
Labour may wither beneath the sod,
But Love lives ever, for Love is God.

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THE TALKING BIRD.

A BIRD so very remarkable for its powers of speech is about to be described, that it will be well to premise, that the sketch to be offered is perfectly true—not the least a fiction—and furnishes an interesting addition to the curiosities of natural history.

The subject of the narrative is a parrot, which belongs to Mr Peter Truefitt, photographer, Edinburgh, and may be seen in that gentleman's establishment at 65 Princes Street, by any respectable lady or gentleman who may wish to make its acquaintance. I am grateful to Mr Truefitt for his kindness in authorising me to make this statement, because it will save me from being suspected of inventing the story of the bird's extraordinary talkativeness.

I became acquainted with Mr Truefitt in the summer of 1873, and having occasion to visit him one Saturday afternoon, was invited to drink tea with the family. The only other stranger present was a Mr P——, who, like myself, had called on business. Mr P—— was a spiritualist; and of spiritualism in his conversation there was no end. He told us of having been present at a séance in London the previous week, and could assure us that he had seen a human body pass horizontally through the air from one room to another without any support save that given to it by the 'spirits.' 'What!' I exclaimed, 'a human body pass through the air horizontally without any support!' Mr P—— quietly answered: 'I have said so.' There was silence for a moment; and then a voice—I hear it yet—quiet, grave, solemn, but intensely satirical, uttered these memorable words: 'MY CONSCIENCE!' I turned round, and found, to my astonishment, that the speaker who had so suddenly and unexpectedly introduced himself was a parrot, which, after having thus expressed itself, sat on the lower bar of its cage, with its head on one side, looking straight across the table at Mr P——. 'Wonderful!' I ejaculated. Mr P—— trembled, but could not keep his eyes from the parrot. 'Eh, you

rascal,' said Poll; 'go to the kitchen. You're a Fenian. That's what I say.' And having thus delivered itself, it sprang into its ring, and shouted at the pitch of its voice: 'Ring the bell, ring the bell.' Mr P—— became pale, rose to his feet, called for his hat and umbrella, and finally said 'good-bye,' and took his departure. He did not long survive this fright. Peace be with his ashes.

As the reader may suppose, I was at once an admirer of Poll. I had heard parrots in a cracked voice endeavour to say 'Pretty Poll;' but what other parrots had attempted this parrot had achieved, and having been assured that what he had said was nothing to what he could say, I was determined—being an occasional scribbler for the journals—to interview him. This determination I immediately made known to Mr Truefitt, who there and then invited me to spend the following Monday with him, and intimated that as he and his mother and sister expected to be engaged during the day, I should have the bird pretty much to myself.

According to appointment, I went early, and was ushered into the dining-room by the servant. Breakfast was set, but, with the exception of Mrs Truefitt, no one had come down-stairs. Poll was in his usual place, and appeared to be very much excited. I got out my pocket-book and pencil, to be ready. 'We'll take our seats at the table,' said Mrs Truefitt; and we had no sooner done so, than Poll perched on one of the bars which ran across his cage, and looking toward the door of the room, shouted in a sound, clear, distinct voice: 'Peter, come to breakfast. Polly wants his breakfast. Quick, you rascal!' It being summer-time, there was no coal in the grate, but lifting the poker, Mrs Truefitt made a feint of stirring the fire, when the parrot, in a most pathetic voice, said: 'Is it very cold?' When Mr Truefitt entered the room, Poll more than surprised me by bowing most gracefully, and saying: 'Good-morning, Mr Truefitt; I hope you are well.' But when the auntie of the family appeared, the joy of the bird was unbounded. 'Auntie,' he said, 'comment vous portez-vous? What news in the Scotsman this

morning? Come and kiss me, auntie. Come and kiss me, darling. Kiss me then. O kiss me! This was uttered in a most affectionate voice. I felt astounded, and could scarcely believe my own eyes and ears. Nor would he cease repeating the latter sentence until the auntie approached him and wished him good-morning. What surprised me most was the appropriateness of the bird's words to the circumstances. Of course, this was the result of training; but how could a bird, not possessed of a reasoning faculty, be trained to know, not only *how* to articulate certain words, but *when* to articulate them? This was the question which puzzled me. For example, when the cups were being filled, he looked gravely down to the table and asked: 'Are ye wantin' yer tea?' and when we began to eat, he imitated the smacking of lips, and asked: 'Is it nice? Is it good—very good?' And after he had partaken of some dainty which Mrs Truefitt gave him, he again imitated the smacking of lips, and pronounced it 'good, good, nice, nice, very nice.' The fact of this appropriateness says much for Mrs Truefitt, his sole and exclusive teacher; but I confess that I have always felt a difficulty about it. We had salmon for breakfast, and some one having asked if it was good, Poll said: 'Fine, fine; taste it, taste it;' and again imitated the smacking of lips, as if he were tasting it himself. During the half-hour or so we sat at breakfast, he seemed to know that I was there to hear him and report; at least—which is not a usual thing with him so early in the day—he kept dancing about the cage, and firing off such sentences as the following: 'Mamma, Polly is going to school. Mamma, he's going to college to learn to be a doctor. Yes, my pretty bird—yes! Here he would pause a little, and then start another theme. Sometimes he shouted like a mariner: 'What ship? What ship, ahoy? Mate, there's a man overboard, of the royal navy.' This last sentence he articulated most admirably. Then he was a baronet, and a candidate for the suffrages of a constituency. 'Vote,' he cried, 'for Sir Polly Truefitt. I am a member. Major Polly Truefitt of the British army.' And that he was interested in passing events was evident from the fact that he asked Mr Truefitt the following question: 'Peter, have you seen the great Shah?' Then, as if he wished me to understand that he was not altogether ignorant of literature, he quoted: 'Come on, Macduff, and *coward* be he who first cries hold enough!' 'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!' 'Richard is himself again.' He repeated several other quotations, which I neglected to take down, but I remember that at the close he very emphatically and with a dash of pride, pronounced the author's name—'Shakespeare,' and shook his head, as much as to say that he knew what he was about. After a little silence, he said in a *wassome* manner: 'Poor papa, poor papa; he is up among the little stars.' This he had picked up after the death of the late Mr Truefitt, who was very fond of him. He repeated this several times; and then naming a terrier that once belonged to the family, he said mournfully: 'Poor Blucher, poor Blucher! Blucher

is dead.' Then sharply: 'But Blucher was only a dog;' and very proudly: 'But Polly is a good, good, good little boy. Ah, Jock'—this to the new dog—you are a bad boy. Go to the kitchen, sir. You are a bad boy; yes, yes.'

After breakfast, I was left alone with the parrot, but not long. An old gentleman called to see Mr Truefitt in his studio. He had a boy with him about eight years of age, who was put into the dining-room to wait until the old gentleman came down-stairs. The boy sat down on the seat nearest the door, directly opposite Poll's cage. A few moments of silence occurred, and then Poll, pulling himself up, addressed the little stranger thus: 'John, attend to your master. John, fetch me a cigar. John, a glass of beer with the chill off. John, put the horses to the carriage; Polly wants a drive in the gardens with Lady Polly. John, brush my coat; quick, you rascal!' At the conclusion of this speech, which was delivered with an air of authority, the poor little fellow, whose name happened to be John, was nearly frightened out of his wits, and leaving the room, he disappeared up-stairs, screaming: 'Grandpa, the bird in the room has been speaking to me.' When the old gentleman came down, he would see this wonderful bird; and he had no sooner made his appearance in the dining-room, than Poll very sharply asked: 'What's your name, sir?' The old gentleman literally sank into a chair. 'My name,' continued the parrot, answering his own question—'my name is pretty Polly Truefitt, seventy-two Princes Street' (the number of a previous house). 'I'm a Volunteer; Captain Polly Truefitt, first Highland company. What corps are you?' Then putting himself into the attitude of a drill-sergeant, he unburdened himself in the following manner: 'Attention. Dress. Eyes front. Shoulder arms' (the reader will excuse Polly's order). 'Fix bayonets. Rear rank, take open order; right about face; quick, march. Hooray, Hurrah for the Prince of Wales! Sergeant-major, right wheel. Make ready, make ready—present—fire.' He then continued for some time shouting 'toot-toot-toot,' &c. in imitation of the firing of rifles. The old gentleman was thunder-struck, and no wonder, for Poll's pronunciation, while delivering himself of these words of drill, the inflection of his voice, and entire attitude, are so perfect, that a captain of Volunteers told me that the first time he heard him at it he was waiting for Mr Truefitt in the adjoining drawing-room, and could scarcely believe, even after the truth was made known to him, but that Mr Truefitt, being a Volunteer, had engaged a drill instructor to post him up for the evening. 'Indeed,' he added, 'I never heard a drill-sergeant whose articulation was to be compared to that of the parrot.' After this effort, as if conscious of having done a good morning's work, Poll wished us 'good-bye,' and leaping into his ring, said no more until the one o'clock gun, which is fired from the castle, went off; when, rousing himself up, he made the room ring by crying: 'One o'clock, one o'clock; Polly wants his dinner. Jeanie, lay the cloth. Polly wants his dinner, with a glass of sherry;' and ceased not until the cloth was laid, and the dinner set.

It will be necessary to pass over the afternoon performances of this wonderful bird, as a description of them would take up too much space. In the evening, four ladies were present, and among

them a clergyman's wife, who was more than delighted with Poll's singing. As if certain that he would be desired to sing, he made the following request to himself: 'Poll,' he said, 'sing a pretty song to the ladies;' then coughing, like a nervous young lady about to entertain a party, he sang the following verses, giving to each its appropriate tune:

O dear, what can the matter be?
Jockey stays long at the fair.

He promised to buy me a bunch of blue
ribbons

To tie up my bonnie brown hair.

For Poll's a jolly good fellow,
Poll's a jolly good fellow,
Poll's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny.

Down among the coals,
Down among the coals,
Polly is a clever chap,
Down among the coals.

I wish I was a swell,
A-roving down Pall-Mall,
Upon the street to spread my feet,
I wish I was a swell.
Don't I, rather!

He sang other verses during the evening, such as *Charlie is my darling*, but of course substituting 'Polly' for 'Charlie.' *Up in a Balloon, Boys; My dear Boys, my dear Boys, he is a Pal o' mine; and Champagne Charlie is my name, up to every little game, my boys;* and amused and delighted us all by dancing to one or two of his tunes. His singing of *Poll's a jolly good Fellow*, was inimitable; but when asked to repeat it by the clergyman's wife, he very sharply told her to 'go to the kitchen.' That he objected to being encored was evident, so we allowed him to sing, dance, speak, laugh, or be silent just as he pleased. Polly is a capital laugh. He bends and unbends, and does it so heartily that it is difficult to believe that he is not consciously amused. Then he cries too, most mournfully, and generally indulges in it when he hears any one speaking in piteous tones. When the company had dispersed on the evening in question, he looked as if aware that he had shewn himself off to some advantage, and, indeed, went the length of saying: 'Poll is a very pretty bird. He's a good little boy.' When drawing near to the later hours, he interrupted an interesting conversation by saying: 'Are you not going to your beddies? Polly is going to his beddie. Yes. Good-night, good-night.' He then leapt into his ring, and retired for the night, evidently highly satisfied with the day's performance.

I am certain that I have not recorded the half of what I heard Poll say, but enough has been quoted to shew that he is a most wonderful bird. A lady offered twenty guineas for him lately, and was astonished to find that a hundred guineas would not buy him. The last time I saw him, he distinctly pronounced my name, after hearing it a few times. He then wished the Duke of Edinburgh much joy, and informed me that he was proud to have the honour of the acquaintance of the Prince of Wales. Indeed, he seems to be extremely fond of our future king, and an anecdote illustrative of this trait in his character may very appropriately conclude this paper. When His Royal Highness, accompanied by his beautiful Princess, was in Edinburgh laying the foundation-stone of

the new Infirmary, the royal procession passed along Princes Street, and halted for a few minutes opposite Mr Truett's window, which was open for the occasion. A maiden lady of democratic principles was heard to say very ostentatiously that the people of Edinburgh were very foolish in making such an ado about two common mortals like themselves. Some one very politely told her to hold her tongue, but she would not be put down, until Poll, who was brought to the open window, fairly silenced her by shouting until the procession moved on: 'Hurrah for the Prince of Wales!' That sentence was the bird's latest acquirement, and all who heard him were unanimous in saying that he made the best possible use of it. Poll's linguistic accomplishments clearly shew to what extraordinary lengths a bird can be taught to speak, not by mere rote, but with a wonderful degree of rationality and adaptation to circumstances.

MY ADVENTURES IN THE FRENCH WAR.

CHAPTER III.

On the morning after the desperate struggle in which I happened to be engaged, the regiment was, by an order of the day, summoned to parade before the general commanding the division. At the appointed time, we were drawn up in line, and the general, who soon made his appearance, proceeded to an inspection of the men. Calling the officers around him, he in a few but energetic words, spoke of the gallant conduct of the *Franco-comtois*, on the previous day. 'And now, gentlemen,' he continued, 'remember that it is not by courage alone that we can expect to repel the invader. To this must be added strict discipline and self-abnegation. The task which devolves on us has increased doubly in consequence of the heavy disasters which have befallen our country. If we are satisfied with merely doing our duty, the little that remains will soon crumble to pieces.'

When he ended his short address, the men gave him a hearty cheer, for they understood and appreciated better this simple language than the high-flown rhetoric of the revolutionary tribunes. He then requested the adjutant to present to him each officer individually, and, when my turn came, the colonel advanced and undertook the task himself. 'Allow me to present to you, general,' he said, 'the officer I had the good-fortune of rescuing, a short time ago, from the clutches of your provost. I presume it was in order to prove his sympathies with the Germans, that he acted as he did yesterday, for it was he, sir, who defended that farm for two hours and a half, and thus saved the division from being turned.'

I shall not here transcribe the flattering words the general addressed to me. I was so taken by surprise that I scarcely understood what he said. Indeed, it was only when his expression of approbation had been repeated to me by my brother officers, that I began to feel aware of their kindness and importance. As I returned to my company, the provost-marshal came forward, and apologising for his error, requested me to shake hands with him.

If I note down this little incident of my military career, it is because it left an impression I can never forget. Even now that I am writing this, the scene, with its most minute details, presents

itself clearly before me. The men, in their dark-blue uniforms, drawn up on the road, with the dull gray sky for background; their countenances beaming with the consciousness of having done their duty right well; the lusty cheer with which they received the general's words; the hearty congratulations with which my brother officers surrounded me. All this, I can see and hear, as if it had happened yesterday. No sooner were we dismissed than the men of my company called upon me to give them all the particulars of the defence of the farm; each turn in the recital, describing danger, or difficulty, or escape, calling forth looks of mute surprise and admiration, first at me, then at each other, convincing me of that fresh appreciation of active courage, which the peasant carries along with him from his agricultural occupations into whatever other work he may engage in. It would be useless to describe my own emotions. I was more than repaid for all my past troubles. I had no difficulty in accepting, in token of forgiveness, the hand held out to me by the provost.

We had scarcely returned to our quarters, when an order to march out again reached us. Staff-officers were galloping in all directions; bugles were sounding, drums beating; cavalry passed us, followed by artillery. All this sudden stir convinced us that we were going to have another brush with the enemy, and we were in high glee. As we went along, we heard that, with the rest of our brigade, we were sent to reconnoitre the country on the other side of the village of Ladon, and ascertain as far as possible the exact position of the enemy. Our brigadier, Colonel Girard, a brave man no doubt, but more fit to lead a regiment of cavalry into action than to handle a brigade, had placed himself at our head. We soon reached Ladon, where the regiments which were to take part in the *reconnaissance* were quartered. After half an hour's march through a thick wood we came upon a vast clearing, dotted here and there with a few bushes of black thorn, and from which we could see the village of Lorey; it was, we knew, occupied by the enemy. As we issued from the wood we deployed in skirmishing order. On we advanced, and yet no signs of the enemy, when all of a sudden, from the woods opposite, from behind the walls and the loop-holed houses of the village, from all sides, the enemy poured down upon us volley after volley of musketry and grape-shot. Our first line was literally mowed down. For one instant, one instant only, there was some hesitation in our ranks; but the ringing voice of our colonel was heard above the din of the firing: 'Lie down, my men,' he shouted, 'let every one lie down!' and we did lie down, seeking the little scanty shelter that this flat plain could give us against the withering volleys of the enemy; then we opened fire in our turn. I was fortunate enough to have a small bush before me, and from this point, through the bare branches, I looked around, and had time to examine our position. In front of us was the village of Lorey, with its little church; its steeples peeping out of the trees, and like a white phantom looking down with wonder and curiosity upon this slaughter. A little on its right were some farm-houses, regular loop-holed fortresses, from which an incessant fire was being kept up on us. In our rear, at about three hundred yards, was the wood which we had just left, and forming nearly a semi-circle, one end joining the houses in our front,

The plain was crossed by a road, cutting it diagonally from left to right, and losing itself in the thickets.

For some time we replied hotly to the fire of the Germans, who were so well protected that we could not get a glimpse of them, whilst their whistling and screeching bullets found us out behind our poor little covers, and many a man who had lain down there never rose again. Time went on, and still we remained motionless, deaths occurring on all sides. I looked at the men near me; there was a certain contraction of their faces that I had noticed before, caused by the instinct of life. They seemed to ask: 'Why do we remain here? Why do not we get up and defend ourselves?'

It was the old story, the oft-repeated mistake of Weissenbourg and Forbach, of Wörth and Gravelotte. There was a woful want of deliberate foresight, as well as ignorance of the formidable enemy that had to be encountered. The result of this inconsiderateness was, that a mere handful of men had been sent unsupported to attack an enemy many times superior in numbers. How the mistake had arisen we did not know; but we felt that if succour did not come it would be all over with us. Retreat was impossible, as we should have had to re-cross that plain, without shelter, and under the most galling fire we ever saw. And yet every second added a death to the already long list of 'casualties.' The enemy was closing round us, as, on our right, we could see puffs of smoke which told us we were enfiladed.

It was then that we noticed on our left a small party of cavalry issuing from the woods. The smoke did not allow us for some time to see whether they were friends or foes, but the clear call of trumpets, as they sounded the charge, told us that supports had at last arrived. Instinctively, without orders, our men ceased to fire, and we all looked on with the anxiety of men waiting for their reprieve. At a trot, then at a gallop, one squadron of *chasseurs*, headed by our brigadier, rolled along the road from left to right. As he passed us, Colonel Girard shouted: 'Fall back! fall back! To the woods!' In one instant we were on our legs, and in less time than I take to write this, we were under shelter. When we looked again, the *chasseurs* were making straight for a battery that was still firing on us. How these brave men rode on to almost certain destruction! Their courage was marvellous. In front of them was the range of heavy guns, admirably served, and belching out their murderous missiles—the horsemen reeling from their saddles and falling lifeless as they advanced, and their chargers flying all over the plain.

'The general is down,' said some one near me. Another said: 'The poor fellows are forced to retreat; their advance to save us is vain. How gallantly they fight! Here they come again! Poor fellows!'

Yes, poor fellows, indeed! Nobly they did their work, as, by that timely charge, they saved the *débris* of the regiment. We gave them a cheer, and a cry of '*Vivent les braves!*' as scarcely a dozen of them rode back at a trot to their former position.

It was with bitter thoughts that we returned that evening to our quarters.

On reaching Bellegarde, I was sent to the headquarters to give an account of the engagement.

'This is a very sad business,' said the general, as

I ended my narrative; 'a fruitless affair, that costs us many a brave fellow. So you say Girard is killed.'

'Or badly wounded and prisoner, sir,' I replied. 'I saw him fall from his horse, and a few seconds afterwards his aide-de-camp was also on the ground.'

'What are the casualties?'

'As far as my regiment is concerned, sir, I have not yet been able to obtain the returns; but out of six hundred and eighty we mustered this morning, four hundred and sixty-five only came back. Two hundred and fifteen killed, or wounded or missing. Our colonel is badly wounded; the adjutant and three captains are killed, and two wounded.'

'This is very sad indeed,' went on the general. 'Girard was very rash. He misunderstood my orders; and when he saw his mistake, he sacrificed his life to repair it. An inquiry will be opened to ascertain the cause of this affair. Tell your colonel that I am deeply grieved,' he continued, walking up and down the room. 'I shall see him to-morrow. As for you, I have just now received from the commander-in-chief an answer to a request I made on hearing of your conduct yesterday. You are from this day attached to my staff. Now do not thank me. I know what you would say, that you'd rather remain with your regiment. But after this day's business, it will be very likely sent back to Besançon to recruit, or be dissolved and mixed in another regiment. You will have more chances of seeing active service in remaining with me, than going to the dépôt. I give you till to-morrow to think over it. Good-night;' and away he went.

The next morning, after wishing my comrades good-bye, and assuring them I should not forget them, I entered the staff of the general commanding the 3d division of the 20th corps.

I was indeed sorry to part with my friends of the regiment *Franco-comtois*; the dangers we had incurred, the privations we had gone through together, although of recent date, had given me enough opportunities to appreciate their characters and cement our friendship. But the inducements held out by the general at our interview had decided me on accepting the kind offer he had made me, and the next day I entered upon my new duties. To learn these, I found my new companions ready to help me in every way possible. They did not, however, present many difficulties at first; I had simply to accompany the general during his inspections, receive the reports of our *reconnaissances*, and carry, when my turn came, orders to the different regiments under his command.

General Ségari, although young for the post he held, had already seen much service. His character as a soldier can be delineated in a few words. Early to rise, often in the small hours of the night, he was the last to seek his rest; a strict disciplinarian, looking constantly after the welfare of his men, always bivouacking among them, although the doors of some lordly mansion were opened to him, he was respected by his superiors, and loved by all. I should like to be able to introduce here all my brothers-in-arms—a brave, intelligent, conscientious little group of men, whose devotion to their country never failed for one moment, notwithstanding the insults (they were all soldiers of the Empire) flung at them by the Republicans of the town.

During my leisure hours, and with their help, I

found time to study our position and the plans of the campaign, concerning which I had been so far in total darkness. On the 23d of November, a general advance on Paris had been ordered by Gambetta, who himself directed, from his cabinet at Tours, the movements of the 18th and 20th corps, under Generals Billot and Crouza. The remainder of the army of the Loire was still commanded by D'Aurelle de Paladines; this general had been, after the victory of Coulmiers, much blamed for having let his best opportunity to march on Paris slip by. But we, who could see the state of the roads, the want of organisation and of discipline of the troops, understood the reasons why our commander-in-chief preferred remaining in the fortified camp at Orleans, rather than risk, by a hasty march, the last army of France. This march would have placed him between Von der Tann, the Duke of Mecklenburg, and the armies around Paris, whilst Prince Frederick Charles was menacing us with a flank movement, with his massive columns, fresh from their victories at Metz. At last, hard pressed by the strategists of Tours, D'Aurelle had begun his forward movement, and the first results had been the two engagements in which I had taken part. Our centre was at Orleans and Châteauneuf; our left extended to Marchenoir; while our right, composed of the two corps under Billot and Crouza, was touching the road running from Gien to Montargis. Of the positions held by the enemy, we knew little, and for a long time we ignored entirely the presence of Frederick Charles before us, thinking all the while that the troops we had encountered on the previous days belonged to Von der Tann.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 28th, I was in the saddle, ready for duty. We had received, the night before, orders to march on Beaune-la-Rolande, and dislodge the enemy from that position. We were to be supported on the right by the 18th corps, which was to operate a flank movement by Lorey and Mézières. We had reached the village of Bois-commun, and I had just been sent to the rear, to hurry on some of our reserve, when I heard the crackling of the musketry opening sharply on our front. It was about eight o'clock; the day was cold; a clear sky without a cloud; and the first rays of the sun were lighting up the top of the houses, as the battle of Beaune-la-Rolande, which was to settle the destiny of Paris, begun on all sides. My experiences of that battle will be related in next chapter.

ANECDOTES OF DOCTORS.

FOREMOST among the old English physicians whom we propose to sketch, must stand out that blunt, clever, inascible Yorkshireman, Dr Radcliffe, whose memory the great library at Oxford (for which he bequeathed forty thousand pounds) will never allow to perish. Though there was perhaps a certain pride about his honest bluntness, we must respect the man who could tell the truth even to royal patients.

Two years after his arrival in London, Radcliffe was appointed physician to the Princess Anne of Denmark; and soon after the accession of King William, was rewarded for the cure of two of William's favourites by a present of five hundred guineas from the Privy-purse. Though refusing the post of court physician, Radcliffe is said to

have received from the king in six years nearly eight thousand guineas. His gains, indeed, seem to have been enormous, for, in 1691, he received one thousand guineas from Queen Mary for successfully prescribing for the young Duke of Gloucester, the son of the Princess Anne; and we cannot disbelieve the story that Dr Gibson made a thousand a year by receiving patients who were unable to obtain admission to Dr Radcliffe.

In 1694 he attended the good Queen Mary for the small-pox, and on merely reading the prescriptions of the other physicians, at once pronounced her 'a dead woman;' a prediction very soon verified. Queens and princesses might shrug their pretty shoulders at his name, but they could not dispense with Radcliffe's services, and we find him telling a messenger of the Princess Anne, 'that she had nothing but the vapours, and was as well as any other woman in the world, could she but think so.' He was dismissed the court for this hit. Even royal pride, however, had to bow before the great doctor, and he was, in 1699, again sent for to see the Duke of Gloucester, whom he at once, abusing soundly the two court physicians, pronounced as beyond the reach of medicine.

In 1695, King William gave Radcliffe twelve hundred pounds, and made him the offer of a baronetcy, which he declined, for having gone abroad to attend the Earl of Albemarle, who, on his recovery, had sent him four hundred guineas and a diamond ring. Even the king Radcliffe did little to conciliate, and told him frankly that all promises to cure him were futile. He might, he said, if he gave up drinking long toasts with the Earl of Bradford (who drank hard), live three or four years; but no art would carry him further. When the king was finally seized with dropsy, and asked the doctor what he 'thought of his legs,' Radcliffe replied: 'Why, truly, sir, I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms.'

Can we wonder that William ever afterwards refused to see the blunt doctor, in spite of the intercessions of the Earl of Albemarle and other nobles?

For many years, Queen Anne remembered the message about the vapours, and never sent for him to the palace; but when her own husband, Prince George of Denmark, was dying, she had again to hate her pride. But Radcliffe was both blunt and rough, and told her plainly that no medicine could preserve him more than six days; and the Prince died of dropsy within that time.

Fond as Radcliffe was of money, he could bear losses philosophically, if the story is true, that, losing five thousand pounds in a foolish commercial adventure, he coolly remarked in his City tavern, that, after all, it only amounted to going up five thousand more pairs of stairs. He was equally calm when he lost fifteen thousand pounds down and a City bride. With that strange inconsistency common to human nature, Radcliffe, though he hated breaking a guinea for small payments, was charitable in a large way. He secretly sent five hundred pounds to the Nonjuring clergy of Norwich, and on another occasion three hundred pounds to the poor Episcopal clergy of Scotland.

To those whom he respected, the doctor was rough; to those whom he despised, he was terrible indeed. Tyson of Hackney, a notorious usurer and miser, once came to him disguised as a poor

man, in order to save the fee. Radcliffe recognised him, and at once shook Death's dart in his face.

'Go home, sir, and repent!' he roared. 'The grave is ready for the man who has raised an immense estate out of the spoils of orphans and widows. You will be a dead man, sir, in ten days.'

Tyson died within the time, having the wretched satisfaction of leaving behind him three hundred thousand pounds.

Radcliffe, who died in 1714, was succeeded by his protégé, Dr Mead, the son of a dissenting minister at Stepney, who first practised inoculation in England. Though an ardent Whig, Mead was a friend of Pope, Garth, and Arbuthnot. Educated at Utrecht, Leyden, and Padua, Mead became famous at an early age, and soon acquired a European reputation. Though a mild forbearing man, he once drew his sword on his scurrilous rival, Dr Woodward, and forced him to beg his pardon. His grand house in Great Ormond Street contained a library of ten thousand volumes, and curiosities innumerable, which he could well afford to purchase out of his six thousand pounds a year. A liberal patron of arts and sciences, he helped to start the Foundling Hospital, and was generous to artists and scholars. As physician to the St Thomas's Hospital, anatomical lecturer to the Surgeons' Company, and vice-president of the Royal Society, he knew every one who was eminent. He corresponded with his old fellow-student, Boerhaave, and was eulogised by Pope, who says: 'I highly esteem and love that worthy man.'

Like his patron Radcliffe, Mead was fond of taverns. He spent his evenings at Batson's coffee-house; and in the forenoons, apothecaries used to consult him, for half-guinea fees, at Tem's coffee-house, near Covent Garden. With all his learning, Mead believed that the sun and moon had influence over human bodies, and wrote a work on the subject. At the age of twenty, Fothergill, the son of a planter in Tortola, released his fifty slaves, and became a voluntary beggar; then commencing practice, he amassed nearly two thousand pounds in six months, and came to England, where he soon became renowned for his benevolence and his learning.

Passing over Freind, whose Jacobitism got him into the Tower, and Cheselden, with his predilection for pugilism, we pass on to that excellent man, the Quaker physician, Lettsom. When only forty years of age, Dr Lettsom is said to have made twelve thousand pounds per annum. The charity and generosity of this amiable man knew no bounds. For a highwayman who stopped him and took his purse, he obtained a commission in the army. His rich patients he neglected for the poor. He was one of the earliest supporters of the Margate Sea-bathing Infirmary. He promoted vaccination, and helped forward the Royal Humane Society. Lettsom is described as a tall man, with a dark yellow face. The well-known epigram upon him ran:

When any sick to me apply
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
If after that they choose to die,
What's that to me?—I Lettsom.

A greater man, and quite as social and amiable, was Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination. A chance remark of a Gloucestershire dairymaid was the origin of his great and useful discovery.

He was the son of a Gloucestershire clergyman; and on the expiration of his apprenticeship to a surgeon near Bristol, studied under the celebrated John Hunter. In 1790, parliament voted Jenner twenty thousand pounds, as it appeared clearly from a Report of the College of Physicians, that, out of 164,311 cases of vaccination, there had been only three deaths. Jenner seems to have been a meek, gentle, and modest man, astonished at his own fame. The character of the man is well shewn in a letter he wrote to Cline, who assured him, if he came to London, he would earn ten thousand pounds a year.

'Shall I,' he said, 'who, even in the morning of my days, sought the lowly and sequestered paths of life in the valley, and not the mountain—shall I, now my evening is fast approaching, hold myself up as an object for fortune and for fame? Admitting it as a certainty that I obtain both, what stock should I add to my little fund of happiness? And as for fame, what is it?—a gilded butt, for ever pierced with the arrows of malignancy.'

John Hunter was a remarkable instance of natural genius discovering its true bent. The Glasgow cabinet-maker's boy was right when he left the plane and the chisel, and turned anatomical assistant, to be in time surgeon-general of the army, and, without a doubt, the first surgeon of Europe. On his great collection, now in the College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Hunter is said to have spent ninety thousand pounds. It was purchased by government for fifteen thousand. Hunter's skillfulness may be gathered from the fact, that he once removed a tumour as large as a man's head, and healed the wound, as surgeons say, by the first intention. He was so diffident a lecturer, that he is said to have always taken thirty drops of laudanum before he commenced his discourse. In character, Hunter was arrogant and contemptuous, trampling down all opposition. When told of a hostile criticism being published, he said: 'Yes, we have all of us vermin that live upon us.' Hunter died in 1793, suddenly, at a meeting in St George's Hospital, where some opposition had irritated him. A fear of hydrophobia from a cut he had received in dissecting a hydrophobic patient, had lately preyed much upon his mind. His chief discoveries were in relation to cancer and popliteal aneurism; but he carried the study of anatomy farther than his predecessor, and established the existence of new properties in the gastric juice. Hunter was fond of keeping wild animals, from which he sometimes ran great risks.

In Abernethy, we come again to one of those rough eccentric physicians of whose kindness innumerable good stories are told. Like Dr Johnson, he had a warm heart under a rough exterior. Though he could be absolutely brutal to fine ladies and affected misses, he is said to have been an amiable man, beloved of his family and friends. But to tiresome patients and *malades imaginaires*, he was at times the personation of rudeness: 'Sir, that's enough; go home and read my book.' To a lady, who complained of low spirits, he would say: 'Don't come to me; go and buy a skipping-rope.' Sometimes, however, he met his match. Curran one day came to consult him, and was rather diffuse in describing his symptoms.

'Sir,' said Abernethy, 'you had better tell me your whole life.' Upon which Curran sat down, and seriously began: 'I was born in the year —, in the county of —, Ireland; and Abernethy

burst into a laugh, and entered properly into his case. A lady, determined to be brief, and to honour the tyrant, one day entered his consulting-room, and, thrusting out an injured hand, merely said: 'My thumb, sir.' 'Yon, madam,' he exclaimed in admiration, 'are the only sensible woman I ever had for a patient.'

A gentleman, equally determined, being roughly interrupted, suddenly locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and insisted on being heard. Abernethy smiled, and complimented the patient on his resolution. To a gentleman, who gave him twenty pounds to re-attend his wife, he said: 'Are you the fool who gave me twenty pounds the other day? Go home, and tell your wife to dine earlier, and eat less; and do you keep your money in your pocket, for no doctor's advice is worth twenty pounds.' To a lady, he said severely: 'Go home and tell your husband he will not have a wife this day six months.'

Abernethy was no respecter of persons. Poor or rich, his patients had to submissively take their turns, or they might go elsewhere. An angry nobleman once broke into his room, and stated his rank and titles in full, and told Abernethy if he knew who he was. To this Abernethy replied: 'And I, sir, am John Abernethy, surgeon-lecturer of St Bartholomew's Hospital, &c.; and if you wish to consult me, I am now ready to hear what you have to say, in return, sir.' The Duke of Wellington, angry at having to wait his turn, abruptly entered his room. Abernethy asked him how he had entered. 'By the door, sir.' 'Then,' said the irascible doctor, 'I recommended you to make your exit the same way.' He is also said to have refused to attend George IV. till his lecture at the hospital was over. The point on which Abernethy most insisted was the stomach, and through that important organ he declared all diseases could be cured. The celebrated biscuits which he used to eat and recommend were not so called from him, but from the baker who first invented them. That there was kindness in Abernethy, who can deny, who remembers the story of how he returned all his fees to a poor widow who had consulted him, and added fifty pounds, to enable her to give her sick child a daily ride? He had a horror of operations, and rejoiced when the evil could be averted without such rough and terrible remedies.

We must not forget to enroll among our doctors the poet-doctor, Akenside, who, at the age of twenty-three, wrote the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, a poem which Pope admired and eulogised. Akenside is described by one of his best biographers as a bundle of contradictions. 'By turns he was placid, irritable—simple, affected—gracious, haughty—mean, benevolent—kind and brutal.' He is described as thin, pale, and lame. He was rough to women, and sometimes paged the hospital preceded by porters with brooms, to drive back the crowd. The poet's classical tastes were ridiculed by Smollett in *Peregrine Pickle*; nor can we wonder at Smollett's ridicule when we read the stories of Akenside's sourness and arrogance. If he bullied his poorer patients, as we are told he did, we can only rejoice at the mortification he must have felt when one of the governors of St Thomas's plainly told him: 'Know thou art a servant of this charity.'

Among eccentric physicians we cannot select a

better instance than Garrick's enemy, the facetious Dr Monsey. A poor doctor at Bury St Edmunds, he obtained a patron by saving Lord Godolphin, who was on his way to Newmarket, from an apoplectic attack. In London, he became the friend of Sir Robert Walpole.

'How is it,' said Sir Robert, 'that nobody will beat me at billiards, or contradict me, but Dr Monsey?'

'Other people,' said Monsey, 'get places: I get a dinner and praise.'

One of Monsey's oddities was his way of extracting teeth. He would sometimes fasten a bullet to a piece of catgut, which he fastened to the guilty tooth. He then loaded a pistol with the bullet, and fired. He once prevailed on a friend to try this strange operation; but when all was ready, the patient repented, and bawled out to Monsey to stop.

'Stop, stop! I've changed my mind.'

'But I haven't, and you're a fool and a coward!' said the doctor, pulling the trigger with malicious speed. Monsey in old age became a miser; and there is a story told of his returning from a journey to find his servants at a tea-party, and just preparing to light a fire in a grate where he had hidden gold and notes to a large amount. Monsey died in his ninety-fifth year, and left his body to be dissected. His fortune—more than sixteen thousand pounds—went to his only daughter.

Talking of doctors' fees, reminds us of Sir Astley Cooper and his fifteen thousand pounds a year. His largest fee was thrown him in a night-cap by an old West India patient. An operation had been performed, and the two physicians had received three hundred guineas each.

'But you, sir,' said the old man to Sir Astley, 'shall have something better: take that;' and he flung his night-cap at Sir Astley.

'Sir,' replied Sir Astley, 'I'll pocket the affront!' The cap contained a draft for a thousand guineas.

Nor let us, in this cluster of doctors of the olden time, forget that amiable friend of Pope—Garth, the enemy of apothecaries, whom he scarified in his poem *The Dispensary*. Arbuthnot is another of the old physicians who was a friend of Pope's. The son of a poor Scotch clergyman, Arbuthnot, failing to get a living at Dorchester, came to London, and turned doctor. Gradually his practice increased, and he was appointed physician-in-ordinary to Queen Anne. He died at last of asthma and melancholy.

Perhaps no physician of eminence was ever so cruelly set upon by the wits as Garth's abomination, Sir Richard Blackmore, a conscientious but rather dull poet, whom Dryden had condescended to maud. That Sir Richard had once kept a school, was the chief charge pressed home against him. Nevertheless, he seems to have been a worthy man, whom William III. knighted, and made physician of the household.

Among the last of the clever but eccentric class of doctors, was Scott of Bromley, who flourished within the present century. Crowds flocked to him from London for his advice, although aware that they might meet with some unpleasant rebuff. Scott, like some other shrewd physicians, trusted more to dietetics and general habits than medicine for his cures.' He usually at a glance saw what was wrong—overfeeding, drinking, sedentary

employment, late dinners, snuff-taking, and so on. In a few words, he peremptorily ordered a change in these respects. A gentleman having gone to consult him, was told to dine early on a mutton-chop, drink no more beer, and give up taking snuff. The injunction was hard, and only to a limited extent obeyed. The patient some time afterwards returned to say he was not getting well. Scott in an instant detected the disobedience of his orders. 'You still take snuff, sir?' 'Yes.' 'Then, go away and die; why trouble me.' This time, the order was obeyed in all its integrity. The patient got completely well, and lived to be a nonagenarian.

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

CHAPTER XIX.—BARRHOLME.

THE only exception which either Sir Alexander Mervyn or his daughter would have ventured to make to the rule by which Lady Mervyn's correspondence was held in strict respect, was in the case of letters from the seat of war. Occasion for that exception arose, as has been said, but once; and when at length the heavy cloud of her illness rolled away from Lady Mervyn's faculties, and she was equal to a languid resumption of the ordinary business of life, an undisturbed mass of papers awaited her inspection. With the subsidence of disease she had recovered the power of suffering, and the day on which she set herself the task of examining the accumulation of her correspondence was one of terrible reckoning with the past. She knew she should find no letter from her son among those papers; and though she did not understand the full meaning of his silence, its warning of estrangement was not lost on her. The terrible depth and fixity of David's grief for his young wife she could not appreciate; but she felt, with the instinct of motherhood, that her son was lost to her, more effectually than he could have been, had the wife, for whose early death she had felt so little pity, lived to fill his heart. But she did find among the papers piled on her bureau one letter for which she had looked, and from the sight of which she shrank—a letter from Mrs Ferris. It was respectful, reasonable, and brief. They had heard, said Lucy's sister, from Captain Mervyn, much what they had expected to hear; but they had been looking very anxiously for the news of the child, which her ladyship had promised them. Six weeks having gone over, and the time for their sailing from England for Sydney being near at hand, Mrs Ferris ventured to beg that she might be informed where the little girl was, and whether she had taken easily to her new home. Something like the deadly faintness by which her illness had commenced came over Lady Mervyn as she read the few lines which composed Mrs Ferris's letter; and it was after repeated attempts made in vain, that she succeeded in writing an intelligible reply to it. On examining its date, and that on which Mrs Ferris stated that she and her husband were to sail, Lady Mervyn discovered that barely time

enough remained for her to reply, so that Mrs Ferris could receive her answer before her departure; and this consideration at length nerved her to the task before her. She wrote kindly, but vaguely, to the effect that the child had not long survived its mother, and that the shock of all the previous circumstances, and of the baby's death, had occasioned her a severe illness, from which she had but just rallied, and which had made it impossible for her to write sooner. She concluded with good wishes, expressed with wonderful warmth for Lady Mervyn.

When she should have told David that his little daughter was no more—and she might surely tell him the fact with as much vagueness as she had told it to Mrs Ferris, sparing him at least the knowledge of the horrible mode of the child's death—her task would be done, and the episode in David's life which had cost her so much, utterly at an end for ever. And yet it was with no sense of triumph that Lady Mervyn told herself this, as she sat, with her white attenuated hands clasped upon the desk before her, lost in painful thought, with no triumph, but with an utter sickness of heart, which, she felt only too sure, was destined to be abiding. The wicked hope that had come to her, that the child might not live, that if only she could secure concealment for a time, it might be made permanent by death, had been so suddenly and horribly realised, that Lady Mervyn felt its fulfilment as a judgment. She had indeed been 'cursed with a granted prayer;' and she shrank from the recollection of her own sin of thought, as if her hands had been red with the child's innocent blood. She must let her son know that the baby was dead, and every hour's delay made the task more difficult. If Lady Mervyn had been able to realise how much of the effect on her son's mind, which evinced itself in that estrangement from her from which she had to suffer so acutely, had been produced by her coldness of expression, she would have let some of her genuine regret appear in the brief letter which she forced herself to write to him on that same day. But her sense of guilt in thought and intention, the knowledge that she had dimly compassed in her mind the possibility of inducing David to ignore this only child of his dead wife, a strange kind of fear of the two beings who, unseen by her, had transiently crossed her path, and vanished into the silent land, restrained her. She stated the fact to David as she had stated it to Mrs Ferris—some day she might tell him the truth, when time should have softened the past—but, though she alluded to the sorrow with which he must learn the news, she did not imply that it had caused her any. Nor did she add one word of remonstrance or regret on the subject of David's silence towards her. No more than the death of his wife had the death of his child brought Lady Mervyn to forgive her son.

Marion returned to Nutwood, when her mother's convalescence was established, and things resumed their former aspect at Barholm. It was a time of year at which Mr Cairnes and his daughter usually went to Manchester, and though Anne would gladly have remained at Barholm, she could not discover that Lady Mervyn wished her to do so. With her reviving health, her former reserve returned, and Anne made no more war with her. Anne found matter for grave

thought in all that had occurred, and she never lost the conviction that Lady Mervyn's visit to London had had an unavowed motive; and that the mutual relations of the mother and the son had undergone a change. The incoherent words which Lady Mervyn had said to her recurred often to the girl's memory, and she sometimes flattered her fancy with the notion that they might be prophetic; but not for long together. Anne's good sense and habitual truth-culture were stronger characteristics than her fancy; and that the unknown something, the existence of which she divined—the clue to the respective conduct of David and of Lady Mervyn—was of a nature to render her hidden and hopeless love less hopeless, her good sense entirely forbade her to believe. No; it must suffice for her, in leaving his home and his mother, to take with her the knowledge that David had escaped from the death which had seemed so near, and that she had not betrayed herself to the observant eyes of those who loved him best, as they believed, but immeasurably less than she did. The pain of absence was a pain to which she had become accustomed; indeed, this love of hers had lived and grown upon as little sustenance as had ever been accorded to any human sentiment of so abiding and absorbing a nature; and she submitted to it, with all the added misery of something unknown, yet vaguely suspected, which, if known, would part her still more widely from the object of her love.

It had happened, somehow, that among the numberless subjects of their girlish discussions, that of David's marriage had never turned up between Marion and Anne. Marion was now vulgar-minded and scheming herself, and therefore not ready to suspect other people of being so; and though she loved her brother dearly, and admired him very much, she by no means imagined that the paramount object of every young lady in the county must be to 'catch' David, and the steadfast purpose of every young lady's mamma to aid and abet her in that laudable purpose. She had been, besides, much taken up with her own love affair, and also sufficiently impressed, unconsciously, by Anne's superiority of character, to have any gossiping tendencies of her own considerably subdued by it. It certainly had vaguely occurred to Anne, in moments of inevitable depression, that in addition to the pain of loving him without return, there would come, some time or other, that of seeing David the lover, the husband, of another. But this had never lingered long in Anne's mind; there had been nothing to increase or fix it. Rumour did not mingle the name of any fair English or Irish girl with David Mervyn's; and he passed, during his visits to Scotland, for being entirely fancy-free. It was natural that the instinct of love, with its ever present attendant, jealousy, should have suggested that in the mystery of David's sudden departure from Barholm a woman must be concerned; but, to oppose that natural instinct, there existed in Anne's case an exquisite purity of mind, which would have rendered the suspicion of anything clandestine, or in any sense whatever dishonourable, utterly impossible to her. Her thoughts never went beyond 'trouble' to David. When, however, she pondered over the words that Lady Mervyn had spoken to her, another idea struck her. Were the

mother and son at variance about a woman? Had Lady Mervyn, who had not succeeded so completely as she imagined in concealing the pecuniary embarrassments of Barcholme—for had not Anne's father detected them, at least in part?—and whose ambition and family pride were well known, proposed a marriage to her son, which he had rejected—a great marriage—to be carried into effect when he should return with all his fresh-gathered Crimean laurels? Anne well knew that Lady Mervyn's reserved disposition held within it much capacity of cold resentment, and that even her beloved son would not be exempt from its influence, when the crowning offence of resistance to her usually unquestioned will should be concerned. In this notion Anne discovered a feasible explanation of the preoccupation so plainly evinced by Lady Mervyn's muttered words, 'David's wife'—an explanation, too, which was welcome, for at least it signified a respite from the only occurrence which could oblige her to struggle with her own secret feelings. So long as David, though not her own, was not the lover of any other woman, Anne's conscience did not demand the rooting of her love out of her heart.

So, after long lingering farewells to every spot at Barcholme particularly associated with David Mervyn, Anne Cairnes left Scotland, for an absence of several months, during which she was to pass some time in London, with her mother's sister, a Mrs Westland, whom Anne had never yet seen. Mrs Westland had gone out to India with her husband when Anne was an infant, and was now a widow, very moderately provided for, with one son, a fine boy of ten years old, the only child remaining to her of several. Near kindred was a novel experience to Anne, and she looked forward with a good deal of interest to making the acquaintance of her aunt, of whom Mr Cairnes had a very imperfect recollection. His wife's sister, Maria, had been, he believed, considered quite a beauty, and she had made a good match, so far as position was concerned; Captain Westland having been a man of very good family, whereas, as Anne knew, her mother and her aunt were as completely 'nobody' as Mr Cairnes himself. He believed, also, that Maria had rather given herself 'airs' on account of this superiority. But Captain Westland was not a fortunate man; he had quarrelled with his family, and got into debt to an extent which had rendered his getting away from India impossible. When his regiment had fulfilled its term of service, he was obliged to exchange into another; and so it came to pass that the sisters had never met again. Colonel Westland died poor, and in debt; and his widow did not despise assistance from her rather despised brother-in-law, whose former position she remembered with disdain; but of whose present position, nothing, in her prolonged experience of the entirely different conditions of Anglo-Indian society, enabled her to form a just estimate. The truth—with which, however, Mr Cairnes did not make Anne entirely acquainted—was that, with the exception of her pension, Mrs Westland had no means whatever on which to rely for the education of her boy, beyond such as might be supplied by the generosity of the 'Manchester man.' That, however, was not quite an unknown quantity to Mrs Westland, and there

was considerably more of hope than of apprehension in her anticipation of the meeting with her brother-in-law and her niece. Anne felt both shy and anxious about this innovation on her life. She had for so long had but one natural tie, her father, and one close relation of choice, that which bound her to the Mervyns, that she could not contemplate with pleasure an association combining strangeness and duty. Mr Cairnes had no notion of such fanciful difficulties. His own easy and kindly life was lived entirely on the surface, it had no sentimental substrata; he frankly regarded his beloved Anne as too quiet and too solitary for her years, and thought it would be 'very nice' for her to have a relative, not too old to be a companion. Anne told him, in reply to a remark to that effect, that she wished for no other companion than himself; but he put that off with: 'Tut, tut, my dear; women always like their little gossipries with women; and the more the merrier, you know.' Nevertheless, Anne's heart was very heavy when she left the Tors, and she had a keener sense than ever before, of separation from David and his home.

Marion Græme was not unaware that, from some cause or other, the relations between her mother and her brother were changed. She felt some regret, and some curiosity on the subject, but she did not venture to indulge the latter. Lady Mervyn was not to be questioned, at least by Marion, about anything which she thought proper to do or to leave undone; and that this was her doing, Marion did not doubt. It never occurred to her as a possibility that the change might have originated with David, and not with his mother, and she ventured on only a moderate amount of speculation concerning it. Perhaps he had been getting into debt, before the war—young men were so extravagant, Marion thought; they had such a lot of expenses, and luxuries, which she had never taken into account, or indeed found out until she married, and had an opportunity of observing Mr Gordon Græme's notions of the comfortable and the indispensable—and perhaps her mother had had to pay those debts, and that had made her bitter. Marion knew something of how 'bitter' her ladyship could be about money, and judged her harshly for it, as it was not unnatural she should judge her, considering her ignorance of the root of that occasional bitterness. And then, David was so unsatisfactory a correspondent himself. Long after he had quite recovered, and was doing duty with his regiment again, it was useless to hope for a satisfactory letter from him. 'Tell me all about yourself, and Gordon, and little Sasha' (for he called his nephew by the Russian diminutive of Alexander, holding Sandy and Alick in equal aversion), 'and every one and everything, dear Marion, but don't expect in return anything beyond the assurance that I am alive and well; for there is nothing so impossible in this place, and leading this life, as writing letters.' Such was the tenor of her brother's communications, and Marion, at first provoked, soon minded it not at all. She assured Anne that her brief mention of David, in writing to her, was simply because she had nothing more to say. As he very justly remarked, news of the siege of Sebastopol was all he could possibly give them, and he was not going to compete with Mr Russell of the *Times*. Marion knew he was in

good health, because he said so; and she concluded he was in good spirits, because he said nothing at all about it. If they did not take Sebastopol within a reasonable period, Sasha would have a competitor before his uncle David should have made his acquaintance. With these actual and prospective demands upon her attention, it was not surprising that Marion did not trouble herself very much about her brother, after the first terrible fright which the Balaklava blunder had given them all.

So passed the dreary months of the war; and brought to the few persons with whom this simple story concerns itself, only such imperceptible, matter-of-course changes as belong to the ordinary conditions of human existence. Then came the termination, the 'drawn battle,' as that most infelicitous success has been justly called, and the beloved ones of many hearts came home.

CHAPTER XX.—'A SORROW'S CROWN OF SORROW.'

On a dull dusty day in the summer of 1856, David Mervyn, who had arrived in London, on the preceding night, walked out to Hammersmith, through Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, from his hotel. He took little note of the scene around him, and in his bronzed face was no sign of the elation of 'coming home.' In his heart there was not the faintest thrill of pleasure or of the excitement, which is as often its imitation as its accompaniment. Memory was busy with him; he was suffering a re-awakening and unendurable bitterness of grief. His wife, his sweet, loving young wife! his heart ached, his soul grieved for her, in the horrible void where she was not. The voyage home, the 'long leave,' the sight of the familiar scenes, the same when such ghastly change had robbed his life of hope and love; the people he would have to see, the frightful contrast between this home-coming and what it might have been, what he had pictured it to his Lucy, when she could bear to hear of it; all these tortured David with a fierce anguish, for which there was no relief. Every hour of their brief life together came back to him, every detail of their agonised parting; the clinging of her hands, the nervous quivering of every limb, while yet she held him as much by the desperate appeal in her wild sunken eyes, as by the clasp he was forced to loosen; the last kiss, when her lips dropped from his with a moan which he could hear now. Oh, if he had but turned back then, but lingered one moment longer, so that that should not have been the last, the very last sound of those sweet lips for him, for ever! Oh, for the love and the sorrow that were in it! The love that never, never, never was to glorify and sweeten his life again, and lift it up above common things. Alas! for the sorrow that was abiding! During that walk, which David Mervyn never forgot, the chief source of his torment was the memory of the meeting they had sketched. It was to be 'at home,' where they had parted, in the humble lodgings with which his gentle darling had been so well content; and Lucy was to wear her blue gown—'No matter about its being old-fashioned; it must be that very same gown,' he had said to her—and the very first song she was to sing to him was to be *Ben Bolt*, because the first time he ever saw her she had worn that gown, and sung that song. When these little things, came

crowding back upon David's memory, he started from them, as from the bite of some savage beast; and desperate rebellion made his heart burn within him.

Why was it not to be? Why was that young life demanded? What had they done, that the dreadful doom of separation had come upon them? He looked old and haggard, for all his upright martial figure and his strong elastic step, as he murmured thus in his impotent human anguish. A most pathetic pity for her, and for himself, mingled with the cruel, ingenious torture of his grief. She was so young, so simply happy, so harmless, she loved him—ah, how she loved him! It must have been so hard for her to die, alone, of terror and of grief for him! He realised her desperate, helpless fear; he knew every pang that had torn her until pain could do no more, and his heart was rent with craving pity. 'I think of Lucy in heaven, the place she was fit for,' Lucy's sister had written in her simple trustful way; and sometimes, during the past months, before the fierce renewal of suffering had come with his return, David had tried to think of her in heaven too. But all that broke down now, in the presence of the ruin of his earthly hopes. Where was heaven? What was heaven? He could not follow her into the vague void. It was *here*, here, he missed, and mourned, and yearned for her, and could not be comforted.

He wanted to see the house where they had lived out their little love-story together, where they had parted. He wanted to see it for more than the indulgence in the luxury of grief and memory. A terrible sense of unreality had sometimes come over him, in the distant land, where everything was so unlike the familiar objects, and there was no association between his Present and his Past. Was it all a dream? Was his Lucy fading away from him into the region of phantoms? How should he grasp and hold the truth as it had been, even with all its anguish, and never, never lose it? He strove with this haunting tendency, despairingly, as those who are losing their sight fight with the advancing blindness, and strive to assure themselves of the forms and outlines of things growing inexorably indistinct. But with the first glimpse of England the sense of unreality vanished utterly, and the full poignancy of his bereavement returned to him with such keenness as he welcomed with the jealousy of himself and his own constancy which is a quality of high natures only. He was strangely glad that he could suffer thus, as he approached her former home—that his grief could be so like, so worthy of that which had killed her for his sake—that the meeting which was never to be could not have found him more entirely hers; the world, and life, and all that was in them, more utterly shut out, set aside, postponed, than this hour found him, in which he was hastening to gaze, with horrid, vain yearning, upon the place which should know her no more for ever.

'I think you would rather be here, my Lucy, than in that far heaven,' was the murmur in David Mervyn's heart—and he could not submit.

At length, he reached the quiet, respectable row of shops; and the first sight of them, from the opposite side of the road, made him sick and giddy. It took him a few moments to recover himself, and then he crossed over, and stood before the house

that had once been Mrs Ferris's, looking blankly at the wool patterns, the strips of embroidery, all the women's gear of the Berlin shop. Yes, there was the house; in the rooms above there, he and she had lived out their little day; had been so happy, and so wretched; there she had loved him with the truest and sweetest love man had ever won; there her heart had broken, and she had died. Sometimes, he had thought, when the unreality he so dreaded came over him, that it would not have come if he had seen her dead; if he had looked at the sign and the seal which 'God's good angel of Death' sets upon the separated ones, at sight of which stubborn hearts are awed into submission. But she had vanished from him in the fulness of life; he had not seen 'the mower whet his scythe,' nor marked 'the crimson blossom's fall.' How often he had tried to catch at the reality, by picturing her to himself, in her coffin! He could see the room, the walls, the windows, the furniture, every little familiar object she was wont to use; he could see the clearance of them, and the blank. But Lucy—dead! Ah, no! he never could see *that!* until this moment! when it seemed to him that she was lying in her coffin in that room above there, and that it had all happened yesterday! The next moment, David Mervyn knocked at the private door.

'Can you tell me,' he asked the young woman who answered his summons, 'whether any part of this house is now let in lodgings?'

'Yes, sir,' she answered; 'the first floor. But it's let, and the lady and gentleman—which they're new married—are coming in to-morrow.'

'Indeed! I—I could not see the rooms, I suppose?' He took his purse out of a breast-pocket; the girl looked at it, and then at him, grew very red, and said: 'You can, sir, I am sure—leastways, I'll ask my mistress—but not for money. I beg your pardon, sir, but surely you're the captain?'

David looked at her. Was there, then, any living link between the past and the present?

'You don't remember me, sir; but I'm Mary Jane, as was here when you left. Won't you step in, and sit down a bit in the parlour?'

'I remember you now,' he said. 'I will come in, if you please.' He went into the narrow floor-clothed passage—how well he remembered the day he entered it first—and glanced with a shiver at the staircase. 'They carried her down those stairs, and out at that door,' he said to himself, mechanically. 'Thank you; I will stand here, in the passage, Mary Jane, if you will go and ask your mistress's leave for me to go up-stairs.'

Mary Jane went away without a word, and did not return for some minutes. She had been explaining who the visitor was, to the quiet little widow, Mrs Ferris's successor, who had taken Mary Jane, together with the premises, stock, goodwill, furniture, and fixtures. He stood, leaning sideways against the wall, looking up the staircase. 'That is the landing she used to run to, when she heard my knock—but that painted window-blind was not there; it was a white one.' A crowd of incoherent recollections thronged upon him; what were the Russians' sabres to the dagger-thrusts of memory? Mary Jane returned.

'You can go up-stairs, sir,' she said, 'with pleasure.' But she made no movement like accompanying him. He went up, and in another minute had crossed the threshold of the room in which he

and Lucy had parted. It was exactly the same as he remembered it, when his wife took joyous possession of her small domain; it was swept, garnished, ready for its new occupants, and—empty.

After a while, David rang the bell, and Mary Jane promptly answered it. He was standing by the window in the inner room.

'Were you here,' he asked her, 'when my wife died?'

'I was, sir; but I was not up-stairs much; there was a deal to do.'

'But you saw her? You can tell me exactly where they placed her coffin?'

'It was here.' Mary Jane pushed away a table which stood in the middle of the sitting-room, and drew a long line on the carpet with her foot.

'Can you tell me which way her face was turned when she died?'

'I can, sir, for I saw her before she was laid out. The bed was just as it is now, and her face was so'—she pointed towards the east. 'The nurse said, she died watching for the morning.'

He asked her no further questions, and Mary Jane ventured to say: 'We were all very sorry, sir, to hear of the baby going so soon after—though, for my own part, I think a motherless child is better there than here.'

'Yes, indeed, much better.—I will go now. I am much obliged to you. You must accept this'—he put money into her hand—'not for to-day, you know, but for old acquaintance' sake. And you must thank your mistress for me. Good-bye.'

He gave one quick glance round the rooms, ran down-stairs, and, remembering the trick of the lock, before the girl could follow him, had let himself out at the door.

For a whole fortnight David Mervyn lingered in London. He wrote to his father that he had business at the Horse Guards and elsewhere, and could not get to Barrholm. Two days out of that time he passed at Hastings, where he visited the farmhouse at which his wife had lodged, but did not ask the people there any questions, or mention her, or make himself known to them. On one of the two evenings, he walked a long way out on the Hastings side, and, passing a large house, on the right, inclosed within handsome gates, saw that it was called Douro House.

'That must be the fine seaside residence Marion told me Mr Cairnes had bought,' thought David. 'She said it was called Douro House. It is a fine house, and well placed. I wonder whether they are there, or in Scotland. It looks inhabited. Yes, there's somebody on the balcony. I daresay it is Anne. How astonished she would be if I were to pay them an evening visit! But I won't. I shall see them all, quite soon enough, in Scotland.'

He walked on; and presently he began to think about his last interview with Anne Cairnes, his resolution to tell her of his marriage, and how he failed to fulfil it; the telegram; his return to London, Lucy's ecstacy of joy, and rapid recovery. His mind toiled painfully among the ruins of his life; one thought was very distinct in it. If he had trusted Anne, she would have been kind to his Lucy. He looked back on all that time, now, with amazed self-contempt. How weak he had been, and how little it mattered now. His mother—he wished he could have felt the old affection for her; but it had gone, and he could not recall it—had

some right on her side. He *had* deceived her; in so far he had wronged her, and for that he would atone, by doing her cold, stern will: she, who valued obedience more than love, should have it. It would avail him and his lost Lucy nothing now, that she should be talked of by idle tongues, curiously, and that her name should be blazoned on a pompous tablet on the wall of the church at Dumfries, whereon were inscribed the virtues of countless Mervyns deceased. His Lucy and her child were shamed in his heart, which would never admit another tenant; and in that sacred silence, which his mother would not break—he had made that condition with her, in the one letter he had written to her since his arrival in England—they were more surely and entirely his.

Beside Lucy's grave in the old churchyard at Kensington, on the evening before he left London, David Mervyn pondered those things afresh. When at length he turned his steps from her resting-place, it was with the abiding sense of his marriage vows upon him, though the wedded hand had vanished, and the troth-plighting voice was still.

A hearty welcome awaited David Mervyn in Scotland. It was a time of rejoicing there, for the young men had come home, with few exceptions. The war had not been cruel to the gentry, though there were terrible blanks in the homes of the people. There was much visiting, and dining-out, dancing, and speech-making. In these festivities David shared, doing his duty with a military exactitude, except in the matter of dancing. He did not dance, which caused consternation among the young ladies; but when they were informed that he had been wounded in the right ankle, and could not dance without pain and inconvenience, they became reconciled, and he all the more interesting. He was not, perhaps, so popular as the other 'Crimean heroes' (as we called our young men in those days, with the harmless bombast which we cover with complacent ridicule when French people indulge in it)—who were ready for any amount of jollity and practical joking; but the elders liked him, and sought his society, and it was observed of him that Captain Mervyn seemed to know something about the way—the politics, the diplomacy, the tactics, and the consequences of it; whereas the others knew nothing about anything except the fighting, or, as Canrobert said, *la strict nécessaire*. But David Mervyn loved his profession the more that it was almost all he did love in those sadly changed days. Marion and her babies interested him; but his life did not need Marion, and he was quite content to see her entirely 'wrapped up' in her home, its duties, and its delights; to know that her life did not need him. He had always been 'good friends' with his father, a term which usually means a relation of natural regard, in which the equality, the companionship, and the confidence of friendship have no place. Sir Alexander was proud of David, glad to see him, sometimes vaguely sorry, for his son's sake, that he had 'cut up the property' so much. A man in such a state of health as Sir Alexander Mervyn's, however, unless he be of an exceptional disposition, loves nobody, and can dispense with everybody, except his physician, and 'the best nurse in the world'—that is, his wife, who cannot 'beg that some one may be got

to supply her place, as she is obliged to leave, and to whom he is not bound, by the great universal law of self-interest, to be grateful and polite.

And David's mother? The most comprehensive answer to this question will be found in the statement, that after one interview, exclusively devoted to the discussion of money matters, David avoided being alone with her as much as possible, and she acquiesced in that avoidance. He was kind, observant, and attentive to Lady Mervyn, but he was not the same David, and she felt almost afraid of him sometimes, as of a stranger wearing the form and features of her son. The silence respecting the past which he had imposed on her, he strictly observed on his own part. The questions about the child, which she had dreaded, were never asked. The mother's instinct divined—though her sterner nature could not sympathise with—the abiding sorrow which filled her son's heart; and her pride and jealousy raged against the dead girl, who had such sure hold of him even in her grave, who still baffled all her plans, as she had baffled them in life. If, during the second year of the war, Lady Mervyn, the shock of all the past events untold, and the smooth surface of her quiet life regained, had cherished hopes that David would have 'got over it' by the time of his return, and be ready to fall into her views about Anne Cairnes,—she was glad under any circumstances that she had told him that Anne was to be won—a very few days of her son's presence at Barnhorne sufficed to destroy them. David had literally forgotten his mother's revelation of Anne's supposed sentiments towards him, until he caught her eager look of watching, when, for the first time, he met Mr Cairnes and his daughter at Barnhorne. Strictly with Anne's hand in his, and his grave face lighted with one of its rare and beautiful smiles, he remembered it, and was angry with himself because he remembered it. Did he believe it? Did he—to whom no woman in the world was even interesting, but who had the truest reverence for womanhood—he, to whom the merest notion of inspiring or feeling love was only not repugnant because it was utterly foolish—believe that the dark-eyed woman, so much handsomer, and more refined in look and manner than he remembered her—loved him? With the perfect modesty and self-restraint of Anne's demeanour—lit through and through though her face was with the joy that had come at last—would he have known it without his mother's hint? Not, David felt, in the instant in which he acknowledged to himself that he *did* know, that he *did* believe it, if he had not loved his Lucy so as to have learned every secret in the sad science of human love. But, even as the black eyes now told their story unconsciously to his loyal look, so the blue eyes, long veiled in darkness, had told theirs to the lover's questioning gaze.

David's regret was too deep and true for him to go through a formula of self-deunciation for coxcombry. This was a great misfortune to a woman for whom he greatly desired happiness. His mother had been terribly right. And Anne? What did this meeting, and the days that followed it, bring to Anne? They brought knowledge that the man she loved was more than ever worthy of love; they did not bring despair, for she had not hoped, since the impression that the mystery in which David and his mother were concerned had

reference to a woman, had come to her; but they brought the intimate immutable conviction that he too had a rooted sorrow—a hopeless love. He could not deceive the girl who, in other ways inexperienced, had *passé par-là*. But he succeeded perfectly in deceiving her in another respect; he saved her with scrupulously loyal care from the slightest suspicion that he had discovered her secret. To her father, to Mrs Westland, who was staying at Victoria Lodge, and to herself, David was attentive and friendly; but the equality of his friendliness would have put his mother's hopes to flight, had they not taken wing long before.

Anne was happy when she was with him; she 'could not help that,' as she often said to herself, wondering why, a little, and yet had she not accepted her life with this unreturned love for its meaning? They were much together, at Barrholme, at Victoria Lodge, and at all the houses in the country where entertainments were given; and Anne gathered many hours of happiness into her garner of remembrance, knowing that they would be treasures for the years to come, but not foreseeing the shortness of the harvest-time. But David had to warn her of that, and he resolved to do it when no eyes but his own should be upon her.

They had been sitting on the rock-platform, for some hours of a fine autumnal afternoon, David reading and talking, Anne, Marion, and Mrs Westland working, when Mrs Westland went into the house.

'It must be pleasant at Hastings just now,' said Marion. 'When is your aunt going there?'

'Next week.'

Anne looked thoughtfully at the sea, and said to David, who had laid aside his book, and taken up the telescope: 'Did you know a Captain Martin of the 110th—he was in the Crimea?'

'Yes, I knew him well. Poor fellow, he was killed at Inkermann.'

'Indeed! I wonder what has become of his poor wife? I saw her at Hastings, the first season we were there.'

'She is dead too. He heard the news just before the battle, and was dreadfully upset by it.'

David rose and walked away, quite to the other end of the platform. Anne said no more; but her thoughts were busy with the sweet, young face, and the music that had floated over the summer sea. She would have told David about Mrs Martin, and shewn him the portrait she had drawn of her from memory, but that she felt her question had struck some chord which responded painfully. Marion looked at her watch, announced that she must go and see after baby, but would return, and left them.

David drew near the spot where Anne was sitting—it was the angle of the rock whence she had watched for his coming on Marion's marriage-day—and, still looking through the glass, said: 'You and Mr Cairnes are not going away next week, I hope?'

'O no; only my aunt. We have several engagements—all the same as your own, I think—for a fortnight to come.'

'Some of my engagements have a bad chance of being kept, I fear. I have not told any one yet; indeed, I have only got the papers to-day—but, I have been trying to effect an exchange into a regiment on foreign service.'

'Have you succeeded?' Her voice was quite

steady, and he looked away from her face across the bay.

'Yes, Anne, I have. I shall be off to India this day month.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THERE are no startling discoveries to announce: the meeting of the British Association, even, produced nothing extraordinary, except certain speeches which have provoked much discussion, but which seeing that they set forth nothing that had not been said before, may be expected in due time to take their place in the quiet haven of unappreciated speculations. It is well for science to have a quiet time, and to take holiday, as it is for the busy people who work behind desks and counters; and the scientific societies which are about to open their session will perhaps shew us before it closes, that a quiet time is a fruitful time. What the busy people will shew us remains to be seen. We hope at anyrate for real honest work, and not for make-believe. Art in the present day has an unhappy tendency towards the artful; and in the arts there are too many artifices. It has been well said, that if trades and handicrafts would do their very best, regarding excellence of achievement as the highest honour, London would be the noblest university in the whole world for material and moral culture.

Not least among the advantages offered by science is the fact, that scientific work must be honest work. The investigator finds that he must work according to the laws of nature, or else fail utterly. During the last session of the Royal Institution, Mr Francis Galton delivered a lecture 'On Men of Science—their Nature and their Nurture,' in which, after stating that the ratio of scientific men to the population of England is about one in ten thousand, he shews that the characteristics of those men are energy, health, steady pursuit of purpose, business habits, independence of character, and a strong innate taste for science. These qualities are strongly marked; hence, in addition to the laws of nature, we see a reason why scientific work should be honest work. But among them health stands conspicuous. Mr Galton records two of the answers he received to his inquiries on this particular—'Only absent from professional duties two days in thirty years; only two headaches in my life;' and, 'Never ill for more than two or three days except with neuralgia,' the latter being from a man between seventy and eighty years of age. 'It is positively startling,' says Mr Galton, 'to observe in these returns the strongly hereditary character of good and indifferent constitutions.' He finds reason to believe that marriages of unhealthy men and women are not infrequent; and he adds, 'these returns seem to shew that the issue of such marriages are barely capable of pushing their way to the front ranks of life. All statistical data concur in proving that healthy persons are far more likely than others to have healthy progeny; and this truth cannot be too often illustrated, until it has taken such hold of the popular mind, that considerations of health and energy shall be of recognised importance in questions of marriage, as much so as the more immediately obvious ones of rank and fortune.'

Mr Galton is quite right, and the truth which

he thus put forward is one of the highest importance. If people would only remember, that for the most part they may choose whether their families shall be healthy, active, and energetic, or not, much of the helplessness and misery which now afflict the nations of the earth would disappear.

The Science of Language is a modern phrase, introduced within the present generation; but it has been strengthened and confirmed by subsequent experience. Not least among the evidence in its favour is the Congress of Orientalists which met in London during the 'recess,' and contributed to our knowledge of the primeval languages, and incidentally of the peoples by whom they were spoken; discussed highly interesting questions in philology, and agreed on plans of research for the future. It is impossible to read the reports of their meetings and not feel that they have a very hopeful prospect before them. It is something to have given a clearer definition to the terms Semitic, Hamitic, and Turanian, as applied to the old languages of the East, than they before possessed; and to have divested them of some of their vagueness, and to have assured means of testing interpretations and translations of archaic writings and inscriptions, is a great gain, and a guarantee for accuracy. But Sir Henry Rawlinson, in his address to the Semitic Section, took occasion to warn the English students of cuneiform literature against the 'sensational' branch of the inquiry; and urged upon them to take up the 'practical; and in future 'to accompany the translation of every sentence with its grammatical and etymological analysis, especial care being taken to compare the corresponding roots and inflections in the cognate languages, not at random or from a fancied resemblance of sound, but according to the established rules of euphony and grammatical change.' If this warning and recommendation be attended to, English students of cuneiform literature will not be so far behind their contemporaries on the continent as they are at present.

The annual meeting of the Social Science Congress has been held in Glasgow, and, as usual, many questions of more or less importance were discussed, including law, education, and sanitary matters. Under these heads, certain subjects claim attention—'Is it desirable that the verdicts of juries should be unanimous?' 'How far may Courts of Arbitration be resorted to as a means of settling the disputes of nations?' 'What is the best method of extending the benefits of academical endowments in England and Scotland respectively?' 'In what way, and at what stage, can technical instruction be best introduced into our national system of education?' 'What are the best methods of sewerage towns, and of disposing of the organic refuse?' 'In what way can healthy dwellings for working men be erected, in lieu of those removed for the purpose of carrying out sanitary or municipal improvements?' Taking these as specimens, we may infer that most of the questions brought before the congress are such as press for solution. Some of them are of a kind to solve themselves; and the one regarding healthy dwellings is perhaps solved by what has been done on the Shaftesbury Estate. In any case, good may be done by keeping a question alive, and if only for this, and the promotion of friendly intercourse and hospitality, the annual gatherings are worth keeping up.

The news that the long-buried Austrian polar expedition had returned in safety, has been received everywhere with great gladness, and the two leaders, Lieutenant Payer and Lieutenant Weyprecht, led themselves famous. In June 1872, the *Tegelhoff* and her party of twenty-four sailed from Bremerhaven, to seek, in the first place, a north-easterly passage to the coast of Siberia. It was on a sledge-journey from that coast in 1823, that Admiral von Wrangell discovered the open polar sea. The season was unpropitious, and in September, only three months from the date of her sailing, the *Tegelhoff* was frozen in on the coast of Nova Zemlia, and was never afterwards extricated. The usual consequences followed: pressure and upheaval by the ice threatening instant destruction; but the brave crew were not daunted; observations were regularly taken in astronomy, meteorology, and magnetism. The aurora was also observed, at times with magnificent effects, and with indications of magnetic influence. The ship drifted with the ice, and in October 1873, had reached seventy-nine degrees fifty-one minutes north latitude, and fifty-eight degrees fifty-six minutes west longitude, where she was eventually abandoned. In the previous August, high land was discovered in the north, and was afterwards visited by sledge-parties. Some portion was named after the Emperor Franz Josef and another after his son, the Crown Prince Rudolf. From their farthest point, they saw a headland which they named Cape Wien (Vienna), in eighty-three degrees, the most northerly land yet discovered. Great risks and privations were encountered by the travelling parties, but they all got back to the ship; and in March last, in boats and sledges, they made their way towards the mainland, reached open water, fell in with Russian fishermen, and at the beginning of September, were landed at Vardoe, in Norway. Of the whole number, one only died. In some respects, their adventures remind us of stout-hearted Barantz and his half-score of hardy Dutchmen, who, at the close of the sixteenth century, encountered incredible hardships in the same latitudes.

Where the honey, there the bees, is an old proverb to which, in these days, the fit pendant may be: Where the coal, there the power. Political economists are now pretty well agreed that the supremacy of one nation over another depends on the extent of its deposits of coal. If this be true, nature must have intended that the supremacy should pass from one to the other, for monopoly of the useful mineral is nowhere to be found. It has, indeed, been suggested that England should seize China, where coal exists in prodigious quantities, and thus secure power for thousands of generations to come. But the answer to this is, that power is not the only thing worth living for, and that, as has been shewn more than once in these columns, England has as much coal within her own empire as the thousands of generations are likely to require.

Russia is now proved to possess a coal-field roughly estimated at thirty thousand square miles in extent, lying in the territory of the Ostzuka of the Don. Good house-coal and steam-coal can there be got at a moderate depth, and if the Russian government would send it to the ports on the sea of Azoff, a good market for it would be found in all the ports of the East frequented by steamships.

It is worth notice, too, that within the past two years, good bituminous coal has been found near Nassereit, in North Tyrol. If the Tyrolese are really in earnest in seeking to retard the destruction of their forests, they will plant young trees, and cease to chop for thirty years, and meanwhile dig out their coal with activity.

An application of the sand-blast to scientific purposes has been made, which will greatly interest microscopists: it is, the hollowing out of cells in plates of glass for objects to be examined with the microscope. In a hollow one-fifth of an inch deep, a whole insect, or part of insect, can be mounted in balsam much more perfectly than in any other way, and any number of such hollows can easily be produced by a very slender blast of sand. The hollow is of course somewhat rough, like ground glass; but, as Mr Hailes says in a communication to the Quekett Microscopical Club, 'this is only an apparent disadvantage. The refractive index of the balsam is so nearly that of glass, that it causes the granulation entirely to disappear.... For dry or opaque objects, no preparation is necessary, the ground-glass bottom of the cell making a soft and agreeable background for the object.' Another advantage in the use of these cells is, that the insects need not be flattened before mounting, and will therefore present themselves to the observer's eye without distortion or loss of structure. Glass slides with sunk cells, as here described, can be obtained of Mr C. Baker of High Holborn.

Flint and other crystalline substances have been subjected of late to keen examination under the microscope, with a view to discover their structure. As regards flint, the former conclusion is confirmed, that flints are silicified sponges. Other allied substances also exhibit organic structure: among them is iron pyrites. Mr Hawkins Johnson, who made the investigation, remarks that he was 'almost startled when he found that the well-known nodules of iron pyrites, so common in the chalk, and often known as thunderbolts, are not only of organic origin, but that the organic structure is still present in these masses, merely waiting to be uncovered.'

In an address delivered at Melbourne by the President of the Royal Society of Victoria, a word of warning against the waste of the forests is uttered. A few years ago, the colonists would have ridiculed the notion that the forests could be exhausted; but now, as the speaker said, 'the bad effects of the indiscriminate stripping of the mountain-ranges are becoming visible.' And he points out, that unless the timber be replaced by planting, the climate will suffer. With the example of Italy before their eyes, the Australians would indeed be blamable if they exposed their country to the like disasters. Perhaps they are aware of this, for they have a government botanist, who, as we are informed, is introducing and rearing large numbers of forest trees, which will not only replace the waste, but prove useful in themselves as wood or bark. Among them are the cork oak, the red cedar, the hickory, and varieties of fir; and these may be expected to flourish, when the eucalyptus, the mimosa, and other comparatively useless trees, shall have disappeared.

Besides exporting meat in large quantities as food, Australia converts waste flesh and offal into good manure by a quick process. The conversion

is effected by oil of vitriol, which, as readers are aware, is a highly energetic acid. The offal, the bones, whole carcasses even, when treated with oil of vitriol at a high temperature, are speedily converted into a fertiliser that meets with a ready sale. Three hours, we are informed, suffice for the operation, and, at the same time, the separation of the tallow.

Of late years, steam-power has been employed to load and unload large ships; the steam is conveyed in pipes to different parts of the vessel, and does its work in a wasteful and noisy way. It has been shewn in a paper, read before the Institution of Civil Engineers, that water-power is much better suited for the purpose than steam-power; that loading and unloading, hoisting the anchor or sails, warping the ship into dock, steering, stoking, discharging ashes, and so forth, can all be done quickly and quietly with a proper hydraulic apparatus. The power is supplied from an accumulator, into which water is forced from the engine-room, and is thence led in small pipes to the working apparatus. With this the engines of a ship may be reversed in three seconds; a large ship can be steered by a boy; and in a vessel of three thousand tons, the rudder can be put over from midships to hard a port or starboard in sixteen seconds; in unloading, four ropes running one hundred and eighty-seven feet per minute, can be worked from one hatchway, and without noise. With such capabilities as these, the hydraulic machinery can hardly fail to be brought into use at all our principal trading ports.

HOPELESSNESS.

Lonely wandering with the woe within me hushed,
No whit the less my sorrow stings and smart,
For the keen feeling, the keen sense, is crushed
Into my heart of hearts.

My sky of life is all with clouds o'erdrawn,
And night draws round me now that day is gone—
A night no wakening, dusk-dispelling dawn
Will ever rise upon.

Hope's luminous fingers I no longer see,
Pointing me where to go with guidance kind,
Doomed evermore to roam despairingly,
And aimless as the wind.

Alas for me, poor me, whose scalding tears,
Wept inwardly, burn to my bosom's core!
Whom life can reach with aught that life endears
No more, ah, never more!

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STORY OF A BANKING-HOUSE.

NEAR the west end of the Strand, on the south side of that leading thoroughfare, is seen a large but plain structure, forming the world-famed banking-house of Coutts and Company. Though many are familiar with the name, comparatively few, it is presumed, are acquainted with the history of this remarkable business concern. Like hundreds of grand old commercial establishments in England, it is traced to small beginnings, through a long course of intelligent enterprise, united with carefulness and scrupulous integrity. We propose in a familiar way to tell the story of the house, and some of the more noted persons connected with it. If the narrative be not romantic, it will at least shew to young men what great things may be accomplished by diligent application and business aptitude over a course of years.

The Coutts family are of Scottish origin. They spring from Coutts of Auchintoul, a sagacious northern laird, one of whose sons did not disdain to seek a livelihood by going into business in the small and prettily situated town of Montrose. There, he in time became provost, an office of local distinction which was held also by his son and grandson, in the seventeenth century. One of these provosts, Alexander Coutts, had a large family of sons and daughters. Our interest is centred in Patrick, his fourth son, who, emulous of pushing out into the world, quitted Montrose, went to Edinburgh, and there occupied the position of a general merchant, importing and exporting goods, as early as 1696. Dying in 1704, he left the sum of £2500 sterling—a great bequest in those days—to be divided among his children, two sons and a daughter, who were all young, and sent to Montrose to be reared by an uncle. The two boys, John and James, possessed the salient disposition of their father. While still young, they went off to seek their fortune in trade; John returning to Edinburgh, and James proceeding to London. As James did not live to continue the family, we take up the history of John. Arriving in Edinburgh about 1718,

when nineteen years of age, he served an apprenticeship in a mercantile concern, and lived with painstaking economy until he was able to go into business on his own account. Edinburgh was at that time a comparatively small place, and it had lately lost its political importance by the extinction of the Scottish parliament; but it was still a resort for persons of distinction, and there were in it men, the sons of landed gentry, who were laying the foundation of families of note by assiduous attention to trade. In his efforts at establishing himself, John Coutts shewed as much eagerness as had been successfully demonstrated by the Hamiltons, the Hopes, the Trotters, the Ramsays, and other candidates for fortune. He began his mercantile undertakings in 1723, and from that year may be dated the effective rise and progress of the Coutts family.

The business initiated by John Coutts was a combination of general dealings, and the negotiation of foreign bills of exchange. He imported and sold corn, either on his own account or as a commission-agent. But, in proportion as he advanced in business and acquired spare capital, as well as the confidence of persons who deposited money at interest, he appears to have laid himself out chiefly as a negotiator of bills, a species of traffic which had not yet been appropriated by banks, and demanded much knowledge and shrewdness. Whether from family connections or otherwise, he became acquainted with people of good social standing, through whom he widened his base of operations. For some time he had for partner Thomas Daliburton, of Newmains (who, through a daughter, was great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott); next, we find him assuming as a partner Archibald Trotter, son of Trotter of Castleshiel; then, by another change of firm, he was associated with his cousin, Robert Ramsay, brother of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Balmain. As further marking the esteem in which he was held by the aristocratic circle of Edinburgh, he formed an intimacy with Sir John Stuart of Allbank, whose sister he fell in love with and married. It is pleasant to note

these circumstances, as incontestably shewing how much more frequently relationships were established among the higher and middle classes early in the eighteenth century than they were in later times, when much greater reserve was introduced between different ranks of society.

Coutts's marriage with Miss Stuart of Allanbank was particularly fortunate; for, besides being an excellent housewife with lady-like manners, she proved a good mother. The pair had four sons—Patrick, John, James, and Thomas. Their dwelling, as was then the case universally, was a floor in a common-stair, on which (with two at each landing) there were not fewer than sixteen families—perhaps more; for the building was in the Parliament Close, in which were the tallest tenements in the city. The stair was specially known as 'the President's stairs,' from having been honoured as a residence by the President of the Court of Session, besides whom here dwelt several persons of eminence, including the Earl of Wemyss. One now wonders how the families of such personages were accommodated; for each dwelling consisted of only four or five small low-roofed apartments, and the stowing away of children and servants must have been a matter of ingenious consideration. As regards servants, however, few were kept. In the top story of the President's, as in most of the common-stairs, there lived a cady with his wife and family. Cadies were an order of street porters and messengers, who were useful in going errands, waiting at dinners, and undertaking a variety of other jobs, while their wives helped as domestics at a pinch; so that, by calling in such reinforcements from the garret floors, families of distinction who lived in these old-fashioned common-stairs, managed to tide over difficulties that might otherwise have been a little perplexing.

Here, then, on the second floor of this august and populous tenement, dwelt John Coutts, with his wife and four sons; and not only so, but here he carried on his banking business—of course, much in the cramped way that we still see banking concerns conducted at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and other continental cities, where, in some by-street, you have to clamber up long stairs to cash your letters of credit. There is something to add to the accommodating qualities of that second floor on the President's stairs. In 1730, John Coutts entered the Town-council of Edinburgh 'as first merchant councillor,' and being thus fairly in the way of attaining civic dignity, he rose to be Lord Provost in 1742. Shortly before this event, he had the good fortune to succeed to about twenty thousand pounds by the death of his brother James, who had been remarkably successful as a merchant in London. It was a lucky windfall, for it enabled John, as Lord Provost, to shew off in a style of hospitality to town-councillors, bailies, and great men generally, which had never before been exhibited—no, not even when lord-provosts of Edinburgh figured *ex officio* as members of the Scottish Privy Council. How the thing was managed within the narrow dimensions of the 'second door in the stair,' with all the assistance that could be given by town-officers and cadies, it is difficult to conjecture. No doubt, Mrs Coutts had her domestic arrangements considerably disturbed—beds taken

down and stowed away, youngsters sent out of the house for a night, and so on; but in these times the wives of Edinburgh notabilities were accustomed, on festive occasions, to see their household turned inside out, and it was all taken good-humouredly as a matter of course. Any way, John Coutts did the honours of the chair splendidly, not only in his own house, but at his own expense—two circumstances deemed remarkable; for until this time the Lord Provosts used to give their entertainments in taverns at the cost of the city. His liberality, therefore, marked an era in civic annals. Usually, when a man is at perfect ease in his circumstances, he encourages the fine arts, and gets his portrait painted. John Coutts, when Lord Provost, followed this wholesome practice. He had his portrait painted by Allan Ramsay, an eminent limner, son of Allan Ramsay, the Scottish poet. From this likeness, which is fortunately preserved in the London mansion of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, we see that this progenitor of the family possessed handsome prominent features, with a good intellectual development. The costume in which he is depicted is that of the era of George II.—a flowing perwig over the shoulders, cravat, and light-blue single-breasted coat—a close resemblance in point of size and style to the classic Kit-cats of Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Re-elected after being a year in office, John Coutts was Lord Provost from 1742 till 1744. On his retirement, his health was considerably impaired, and he never got over the ill effects of his profuse entertainments. His health continuing to fail, he sought reinvigoration by a visit to Italy. The effort was unavailing. He died in the neighbourhood of Naples in 1750; leaving at his decease the reputation of an upright citizen and useful magistrate. Before setting out on his journey, he executed a new contract of copartnery, by which his eldest son, Patrick, was taken into the business, under the firm of Coutts, Son, and Trotter. One learns with some surprise that the stock of the company amounted to no more than four thousand pounds—a small sum to be the basis of two extensive banking establishments! John, the second son, who had been bred to mercantile pursuits in Holland, acted as assistant in the business, along with his two younger brothers; but none of them agreed with Mr Trotter, and that gentleman found reason to retire. His place as partner was taken by John Stephen, a Leith merchant, who had married Provost Coutts's sister, and had a son, Thomas, who was already making himself useful.

Now ensues a kind of revolution in that primitive banking concern. What with the four young Couttses and two Stephens, there were more hands than were at all needed; and it was judiciously resolved to make a division of forces, by promoting an allied establishment in London. John and James remained with the elder Stephen in Edinburgh, under the firm of Coutts Brothers and Co.; while Patrick and Thomas Coutts, along with their cousin, young Stephen, were detached to London. There they commenced business; the first place occupied by them being in Jeffrey Square, St Mary Axe. Leaving this branch concern for a moment, let us see what became of the old establishment in the Parliament Close.

It is pretty obvious that success in any joint mercantile undertaking often depends on the clear and vigorous intellect and good business

habits of one partner; the others interested being too frequently little better than a sham or incumbrance. John Coutts appears to have been a partner of a choice description. Possessing agreeable manners, and with a knowledge of the world derived from his foreign training, he had that species of acute intelligence and tact which fitted him for his mercurial profession. By his good management, the business thrived—taking rank as the foremost of the private banks in the city. In 1754, when just starting in its renovated form, it received as apprentice a youth destined to make a figure in public affairs. This was Sir William Forbes, Bart., who, a year previously, had arrived in Edinburgh with his widowed mother, and now resided, as was befitting for a lady in reduced circumstances, in a small house, consisting of a single floor, in Forester's Wynd. In adopting the mercantile profession, Sir William was guided by an earnest desire to recover, by a course of assiduous industry, the decayed fortunes of his family—and he lived to do so; ultimately accumulating wealth, and purchasing back the estate of Pitsligo, which had been forfeited in 1746. At the expiration of his apprenticeship, he acted for two years as a clerk to Messrs Coutts, and, from his excellent abilities, he was, in 1761, admitted a partner with a small share in the business. It was a timely strengthening of the firm. James Coutts had, in 1754, gone on a visit to his brothers in London, and there, having married Miss Polly Peagrim, a niece of George Campbell, an eminent banker in the Strand, he was received into partnership under the firm of Campbell and Coutts; at the same time withdrawing from the connection with his brothers in London and Edinburgh.

A few months after Sir William Forbes had been installed as a partner, John Coutts was seized with a mortal disease, and being ordered by his physicians to drink the waters at Bath, he died there in 1761. We need not mention the changes that now ensued in the Edinburgh firm, further than that, in 1774, Mr James Hunter, the friend and fellow-apprentice of Sir William Forbes, was taken into partnership. By the successive deaths of four brothers of his wife, Mr Hunter succeeded to an estate in Galloway of considerable value, on which occasion he assumed the surname of Blair in addition to his own. In 1781 he was elected member of parliament for the city; and a few years later, on account of his spirited exertions for the improvement of the city, while Lord Provost, he was created a baronet. The firm of Sir William Forbes, Hunter Blair, and Co. lasted until our own times. At first, the company occupied the floor immediately below that which had been inhabited by Lord Provost Coutts. We regret to add that the tall tenement, which derived some interest from having been the cradle of the Coutts family, was unfortunately destroyed by fire during the disastrous conflagrations in November 1824. How the business was at length merged in the Union Bank of Scotland, is well known.

A word now regarding the London branch of the bank. It did not long continue on its original footing. Some changes took place. Mr Thomas Stephen died, and Patrick Coutts, who was a man of literary tastes, and fond of travelling, left the business to be conducted by his brother Thomas, a circumstance which led to a fresh

change. At this time (middle of the eighteenth century) there were only two banking-houses on the west side of Temple Bar. One was the establishment of Mr Andrew Drummond, a son of Sir John Drummond of Machanay, whose elder brother succeeded as fourth Viscount Strathallan, and was killed fighting in the cause of the Stuarts at Culloden. Drummond's Bank, as it was called, was patronised chiefly by the Tory families of the English aristocracy. The other bank was that of George Campbell, who had taken James Coutts as a partner, and was patronised by the Duke of Argyll and the Whig interest. Campbell (who had been originally a goldsmith) died in 1761, whereupon James Coutts assumed as partner his brother Thomas, who now withdrew from the two houses of Edinburgh and London. The new firm was James and Thomas Coutts. Such with its extensive aristocratic connection, may be deemed the beginning of the great banking house of Coutts and Company. James Coutts died in 1778. Patrick, who had for years retired from active life, died within the present century. Thomas was the survivor of all the brothers, and under his auspices the house in the Strand rose to its present distinction. One of his early and active partners was a man of some note, Mr Robert Herries, eldest son of Herries of Haldykes, in Dumfriesshire, and who had been bred to business in Holland—then a common thing with young men—and was afterwards a merchant in Barcelona.

Herries was a man of genius. He struck out the novel idea of issuing what are now called 'circular notes,' by which travellers, on depositing money with a banker, may procure orders to the amount, payable according to convenience, at a great number of banking establishments abroad—each circular note being, in fact, a bill on London. Appreciated as these notes now are, it seems strange that the invention of Mr Herries was looked so doubtfully upon, that he was led to separate himself from his previous connections, and, with the aid of some friends, to establish a bank on a new footing in St James's Street, 1772. Latterly, as is well known, Coutts and Co. have taken a peculiarly prominent part in the issue of circular notes; the success of which has fully verified the anticipations of their projector, Mr Herries.

Outliving all his brothers, Thomas Coutts became the first banker in London—great from his wealth and munificence, mingling in the highest circles, and never forgetting Edinburgh, which he visited occasionally; notably on one occasion when, along with Sir Walter Scott, his friend (and kinsman, through the Allanbank family), he was complimented with 'the freedom of the city.' He died at a very advanced age in 1821, when by the male line the Couttses were extinct. By his first marriage he had three daughters—the 'Three Graces,' as they were called. Susan, the eldest, became Countess of Guilford; Frances, the second, became Marchioness of Bute; and Sophia, the youngest, was married to Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., the noted politician in the early years of the present century. Angela, the youngest daughter of Sir Francis, having succeeded to the great property of her grandfather, Mr Coutts, under the will of that gentleman's widow, the Duchess of St Albans, assumed by sign-manual the additional surname of Coutts, and, in 1871, was created

Baroness Burdett-Coutts—on whose public-spirited undertakings, extensive yet delicate acts of beneficence, and efforts at home and abroad to assuage the sufferings of animals, it would be quite unnecessary to expatiate.

W. C.

THE SHAH'S DIARY.

It is not so very long since we were all nauseated with the iterated question, 'Have you seen the Shah?' and ninety-nine people out of a hundred believed, not without reason, that the persistency with which the inquiry was made could be accounted for by only that parrot-like fatuity which causes the multitude to catch up and repeat, in season and out of season, any cry which has once tickled their fancy or their ears, just as once upon a time the streets of Paris re-echoed with shouts of 'Ohé, Lambert!' and 'Avez-vous vu Lambert?' and just as, long ago, every ragamuffin in London desired to be informed whether you were out with your mother's knowledge, and, more recently, was incessantly anxious about the condition of your 'poor feet.' It is not impossible, however, that there was in the interrogation touching the Shah more than meets the eye or the ear; and that the person who first set the popular cry going was acquainted with a fact which is certainly not known to everybody; and that is, that the Shah possesses a jewel, said to have descended to him straight from Mohammed, which renders him who wears it invisible under certain circumstances, as long, indeed, as he remains celibate. It is true that, under these circumstances, the peculiar power of the jewel cannot be of much service to the present Shah, who, though he may not be married to such an extent as Solomon was, or Brigham Young is said to be, is, nevertheless, sufficiently incelibate to have no chance of invisibility; yet a knowledge of that mysterious power may have had an unsuspected significance in the mouth of him who first said 'Have you seen the Shah?' and a consciousness of having lost that power may have prompted the Shah to take his revenge upon those who so mercilessly availed themselves of his visibility. The Shah, in fact, seems to have been 'a chiel amang us takin' notes,' and, faith, he has 'prented' em. It appears that all the while he was in England he was keeping a diary, and that, after his return to his own country, he had it printed and published for the benefit of his subjects; not at once, however, but after a lapse of time sufficiently long to be in accordance with the movements to be expected of so grave, dignified, and exalted a personage, who, of course, could not be hurried by intermittent visits of a 'printer's devil' in quest of 'copy.' Perhaps, too, he hesitated a little at the thought of how his 'enemy' would chuckle, if he were to 'write a book.' However, he made up his mind, and took the plunge; and the writer of a letter (to the *Academy*) from Teheran has given an account of the diary. It is said to contain two hundred and eight pages quarto, and to be very badly printed. It is written in Persian; but the style is poor, and the language, according to our authority, of such a kind as to show that a 'king of kings' is not going to be subservient to rules of composition. A Persian, indeed, might think the book was written by a foreigner with but a scanty knowledge of the language; and this is partly true, for the Shah

hardly knows the Persian language, having up to his eighteenth year spoken nothing but Turkish. The Shah's descriptions remind one occasionally of the eastern potentate, sketched in *Eothen*, whose awe and admiration of European progress in the mechanical arts were expressed by the ejaculations: 'Whir! whirl! all by wheels! Whiz! whiz! all by steam!' His short, disjointed sentences read like the unconnected clauses of a schoolboy's letter; and, when there is anything which he would fain have dilated upon, but which is beyond his powers, he says: 'It was wonderful;' or, 'We cannot write an explanation.'

The Shah, it will be remembered, came to us by way of Belgium, and, after parting with the king of the Belgians, he embarked, according to his own account, 'with *Lorenson Sahib* (Sir Henry Rawlinson) on board the *Vigilant*, Captain M'Clintock, 'known through his several voyages to the North-pole Islands.' The schoolboy's manner is very apparent in his account of what he especially admired on board the *Vigilant*, to wit, 'peaches, white grapes, black grapes, small very sweet melons; the grapes were from hot-houses, and very dear, one bunch of them cost two francs.' This is a little in the fashion of the small boy, who, according to *Punch*, was promised by his uncle sixpence if he could say what he liked best of all he had seen at the International Exhibition, and who promptly replied: 'The pork-pies and the ginger-beer; fork out the sixpence.' On arriving at Dover, the Shah was received by the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur, of whom he says that 'the Duke of Edinburgh is a very good-looking young man, with small beard and blue eyes (very tall), and that 'Prince Arthur is not so tall, has a thinner face, and is smaller made than his brother.' As regards his journey from Dover to London, the Shah, struck by the appearance of the 'garden of England,' glorious Kent, remarks that 'it is not necessary to write about England's agriculture, it is known all over the world.' He passes 'Sheshurst;' and, a wheel of a carriage having caught fire, he observes, 'we were nearly all burnt.' At Charing Cross there was a crowd which he describes as 'endless,' and which served him as a sort of text whereon to preach the following short or, for him, long sermon: 'London has some very handsome women; on the countenances of both women and men are depicted nobility, greatness, dignity, and strength: it is evident that England is a great nation; the Almighty has to them especially given power and ability, sense, understanding, and education; no wonder they have conquered a country like India, and possess considerable colonies in America and in other parts of the world.' It is gratifying to learn that the Shah of Persia, a country celebrated for its horsemen from the days of Darius, admired our cavalry, and it is not astonishing to find that he deplored their small number. He describes the Duke of Cambridge as 'commander-in-chief of the English army, especially of the artillery and arsenals;' of the Duke of Teck he says: 'He is one of the German princes, and a very good young man; he has a small moustache.' He also claims to have seen 'Lord Gladstone.' Of the Duke of Sutherland he says: 'He has half a million a year, a good and noble wife, and a fine house.' The paragraph in which he describes an entertainment at the Duke of Sutherland's is an excellent specimen of his

schoolboyish style: 'There was a great crowd; we sat on a chair in a long hall; there were English ladies and princes, and an Indian prince, Naváb Nazim of Bengal, with his son; they came to London two years ago on business; remained here; is the nephew of the celebrated Tippoo Sahib; at last the dance was over; having reached home we slept.' There is something very expressive of boredom in the simple words that seem to hint how very glad he was when the irksome 'dance was over,' and how sleepy it made him to have to endure the infliction, as a Christian might grow sleepy under the effects of a long sermon. It has been said that the style resembles a schoolboy's, and so it does; but it is also a little suggestive of 'Mr. Peppy's Diary,' with the pious ejaculations and the shrewd remarks omitted. The Shah seldom or never forgets to mention whenever he sat 'on a chair,' with almost as much apparent glee as that with which a boy would record that he 'had a ride on a pony.' Of the Queen, the Shah says: 'Her Majesty's age is fifty, but she looks only forty; she has a genial and pleasant countenance.' Prince Leopold, in Highland costume, he describes as 'very young and good-looking,' and wearing 'a costume in which the knees are bare,' a costume, which so far, it is to be feared, is worn by many poor boys in Her Majesty's dominions. 'One daughter of the Queen,' he remarks, 'sixteen years of age, is always in the house and not yet married.' He never fails to record it whenever he has anything nice to eat, in such words as: 'We ate a good breakfast; there were some fine fruits.' When he goes to the City to the 'Culd Hall' (Guildhall), where 'the Lord Mayor lives,' he is struck with the number of policemen, of whom he says 'there are eight thousand,' and about whom he gives a piece of information which will be new to 'roughs,' street-boys, and magistrates, if to nobody else: 'The people of London think very much of their police; anybody that shews any disrespect to the police must be killed.' He joins the Lord Mayor in drinking 'To's' (toasts); after which he sleeps, and whether he wakes with a headache or not is unrecorded; but next morning he goes down to 'Volvytch.' He is so pleased with his reception at the Zoological Gardens, that he is induced to jot down the remark: 'Really they cordially like me!' When he goes to the naval review at Portsmouth, he embarks on board the '*Victoria Albert*, captain Prince Linoge' (of Leiningen), and sits down to breakfast. The breakfast proceeds, and 'then said H.R.H. the Prince of Wales: "Rise; let us go on deck to salute the ships;" we rose, and went on deck.' The Shah went on board '*the Acinacourt*, commanded by Fips Hurubi,' and '*the Sultan*, commander "Vanstart." On returning to the '*Victoria Albert*, the Shah appears to have had his nerves tried; for 'the boat got under the steam-wheel; the steam-wheel began to move; the wheel very nearly touched our boat; if the wheel had touched our boat, which was not the will of God, we should all have been drowned; praise be to God the Almighty, the wheel stopped; we got on deck without further danger.' The great concert given in his honour at the Albert Hall astonished him beyond measure: 'Such a crowd,' he says, 'nobody has as yet seen from the beginning of the world to now; there were twelve thousand persons present; from no single one came a sound; all listened and looked on; it lasted more than

an hour; when it was finished, we went home and slept.' He goes to Liverpool; thence to the Duke of Sutherland's gardens and palace, where he meets 'Mr Cok, who had been captured by the Chinese;' Marquis 'de Staffert (of Stafford), son of the Duke of Sutherland,' and 'Lord Albert Gavr' (Gower) and 'Lord Renauld' (Ronald); and they all played bowls to the Shah's great satisfaction. As to Manchester, he makes an apt observation: 'Most ladies wear black dresses here, for if they were to put on white or coloured dress, it would immediately get black.' He plants a tree at the Duke of Devonshire's at 'Chezike' (Chiswick); and he goes to see Lord Russell, 'who, although so old, has still a strong intellect, and belongs to the Vigh (Whig) party;' and he explains that 'all the ministers of the English government are divided into two parts. The party which is now in office is that of the Whigs; at their head are Lord Gladstone as Prime Minister, and Lord Granville as Minister for Foreign Affairs, and other ministers. The other party, which thinks contrary to the former, is called Tory; at its head are Disraeli and Lord Derby and others. Whenever the former party gets removed from office, all the ministers and others are replaced by others of the second party.' All which is quite in his character of a schoolboy writing a theme. At the Crystal Palace he observed that the ladies 'were handsome and well-dressed,' but his admiration seems to have been chiefly excited by the Japanese jugglers. On his way home he sees a by no means unusual sight, which causes him to remark: 'The European beggars, instead of begging, play music, play the violin; they don't ask. If anybody gives money, they take it; otherwise they play continually.' Natives of England will probably wish it were so, with the exception of 'playing continually.' The Dean of St Paul's will perhaps be able to verify the statement that, at St Paul's, 'the head priest was ill; he was replaced by his lieutenant.' In the entry, dated on the day on which he took leave of the Queen, the Shah declares: 'Verily the English Queen has shewn me the utmost kindness and friendship from the day of my arrival in England to to-day.' Before leaving Windsor altogether, he 'passes the grave of the Duchess of Guint (Kent), and reaches the grave of H.R.H. the late Prince Consort;' and 'he leaves the bouquet of flowers which he had in his hand at the time on the grave.'

Madame Tussaud's wax-work exhibition seems to have astounded the Shah completely. 'It is hardly possible,' he says, 'to distinguish which are living figures and which wax. I tried to distinguish between real living figures and those of wax, but could not succeed till the women got up, walked and laughed, and then I knew that they were living human beings.' At one of his visits to the Albert Hall, he becomes a purchaser of pictures; and his experience leads him to tell the following anecdote. 'I saw a picture of a donkey; asked "What is the price?" The director of the exhibition, who was a clever white-bearded man, read the price, and said: "One hundred pounds sterling;" this sum is nearly two hundred and fifty toman Persian money. I said: "The price of living donkey is at the most only five pounds, why is a painted donkey so dear?" The director said: "Because it costs nothing to keep; it eats neither barley nor straw." I said: "If its keep

costs nothing, it also does not carry anything, and cannot be used for riding." We laughed very much. The Shah is entertained by the Duke of Argyll with some account 'of a Mr Viteston (Wheatstone) and his wonderful printing telegraph.' He goes to 'Druxelam' Theatre, and there sees 'Nelson, a young Swedish woman, very talkative and artful, sharp; she earns much money in St Petersburg and America, and is married to a Frenchman named Gousseau.'

The writer of the letter to the *Academy*, from which our information has been drawn, observes that the Shah has said very little about 'beautiful and high-born ladies, emperors, kings and queens,' but that 'on negresses, Japanese jugglers, *cafés chantants*, and kindred subjects, he is quite communicative;' and it is probable, from the writer's tone, that we are intended to put these two facts down to the Shah's discredit; but there is obviously a point of view from which his reticence, if not his communicativeness, is decidedly to his credit. The same writer also says that the Shah's 'book is full of absurdities and blunders, which he might easily have avoided by calling to his assistance any one of his interpreters;' admitting, however, somewhat ungraciously, that it is 'better that he did not do so, for he might thus have spoiled for us a highly delightful treat. If there were no errors at all in the book, it were more profitable to read a Murray's guide-book or a continental *Bradshaw*.' Some people are never satisfied: a potentate publishes a well-written book, whether it be a defence of religious faith, or a biography, or leaves from a journal, and they hint, with sly winks and nods and knowing smiles, that it is not really the potentate's own work: a potentate publishes a badly written book, and they wonder, with a sneer, why he didn't get somebody to do it for him. To impartial minds, perhaps, the very blunders and bad style of the Shah's book will be the best evidence of his ingenuousness and good faith. It appears that the Shah, though he may never before have published a book, has 'written for the papers;' for 'some years ago he published, in the *Teheran Gazette*, a journal of a voyage he made in one of the northern provinces.'

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

CHAPTER XXI.—PAGES FROM THE PAST.

BROMLEY PARK was a new place. Situated in a flat but not ugly part of Lancashire, in the neighbourhood of Manchester, and appertaining to the modern order of things in that county of all England which perhaps retains most of the ancient order, it boldly avowed newness both without and within. Bromley Park had neighbours, according to the majestic measurement of such vicinity, of feudal dignity and importance, in comparison with which it was a bantling of yesterday, devoid of the one indispensable material of dignity, age. But the place possessed much compensating prettiness, and one advantage which can only belong to a modern mansion and its grounds—the advantage, as to the first, of its having been constructed, and the advantage, as to the second, of their having been laid out, under the personal superintendence of their owner. The only objects of antiquity about the place were a great number of fine elms, so tastefully disposed by nature as to furnish the

shade requisite for the house and shrubberies, and a certain degree of stateliness desirable for the main avenue, which was not of imposing length. A stout fence inclosed the demesne, which was small for a 'Park;' indeed, it somewhat derogated from the dignity which that appellation implies, as, with the exception of the lawn, the shrubberies, and a pretty wild 'bit' known as 'the Wilderness,' all the land was let for grazing.

The house, which occupied the only eminence of which the Park had to boast, was a handsome square, plain building, of no particular school, well and solidly constructed, with due regard to the taste of its owner, and the ways and conveniences of modern life. It was built of red brick, with white facings: not the staring vermillion of the London suburbs, or the pale carotry hue which makes so many school-houses, churches, and asylums needlessly hideous and depressing; but that rich, comfortable red which lends itself to the contrast and harmony of leaf-laden trees, and is seen to perfection in Sussex and Warwickshire. The house was surrounded on three sides by a smooth expanse of mossy lawn, interrupted by beds of flowers; on the fourth, rose a grove of tall and ancient elms. The prevailing expression of house and grounds was that of careful tending; and it was invariable in all seasons. There were no neglected corners in Bromley Park; and its fame was well established at the flower and fruit shows which have attained such popularity in England. Not that Bromley Park aspired to marvellous deeds of horticulture: it aimed at producing the best of everything in an ordinary way, but left the beautiful monstrosities which are the results of science and time in these later days, to its more elevated and ambitious neighbours. They could not beat Bromley Park in roses and carnations, in strawberries and apples, and its mistress was satisfied with these commonplace triumphs.

Bromley Park looks beautiful in June, for it is far enough away from Manchester to be out of reach of the smoke, and out of hearing of the turmoil of the big black town, and the summer glory shines upon it unalloyed. The time of roses is the hour of its triumph, and the roses are in all their brightness and beauty now; thousands are glowing in the conservatories, in the flower-beds around the house, and in the rose-garden proper; and the scent of them is abroad in the air, one afternoon in the midsummer month, when the light falls like golden rain upon the elm-branches, and dapples the mossy lawn. The owner of Bromley Park is out among her roses, attended by Davis, the gardener, who is less severe and repressive than gardeners of his calibre usually are, and who, recognising genuine taste and enthusiasm in his mistress, admits her to an equal partnership in the objects of their common devotion. They are even unusually interesting just now, for a flower-show is about to take place at Manchester, and Bromley Park is going to do wonders in the way of cut roses. To-morrow, the blooming beauties are to be severed from the bushes, and, cunningly packed, to be despatched to the scene of competition, where, Davis feels assured, unless there be very base favouritism indeed displayed towards the gardener of a certain noble lord, they must beat everything there all to nothing. The peer himself does not know a lily of the valley from a peony, and hates 'smells,' as he calls all perfumes. The roses are undergoing a last

inspection now, by the mistress of Bromley Park, who bends regretfully over the predestined beauties, looking lovingly into their rich velvety hearts, and inhaling their exquisite sweetness, while Davis presides at the inspection with the air of a head-nurse shewing off her clean-frocked and frilled-pinforced charges to a visitor of distinction.

The inspection is almost at an end, and Davis is quite satisfied with the intelligence and appreciation of the lady of Bromley. She is looking with loving wonder at one marvellously beautiful rose, of so deep a crimson that it is almost black, and so rich a perfume that it reminds her of the *atar ghul*, lying in sluggish oiliness in certain slender bottles of crystal and gold, sent to her from India by a friend several years ago. The association has started her memory on an excursion very far afield, when a servant approaches her, bringing a letter. She opens, reads it, and asks how it has come. For it should have reached her sooner; but that, it appears, is no one's fault. The letter has been left at the gate-lodge by a butcher's boy, in a cart, only ten minutes ago. The lady looks grave (Davis perceives that she has forgotten the roses) as she orders her pony-carriage to be got ready as soon as possible. She says to Davis, as she puts her garden scissors and a basket she has been carrying on her arm, into his hands: 'Will you cut some flowers for me, to take to poor Mrs Allen? I am going to see her. I am afraid she is nearly gone.'

Davis gives a gruff and unwilling assent. It is not that he grudges the flowers to a poor sick woman. For the matter of that, he thinks, 'she is welcome to them, and he knows very well what flowers are good enough for the likes of her, as doesn't know any better: roses "on the go," and such-like—but here's the missis going to knock herself up, a-sittin' up all night, he shouldn't wonder. Anyhow, a-wearin' of herself out the very day before the flower-show.' Davis proceeds to cut the flowers, with anything but kindly feelings towards poor Mrs Allen. After a short time, a pony-carriage is driven round from the stables; the lady of Bromley appears on the doorsteps, and having superintended the careful placing in the carriage of a small hamper, takes her seat and the reins. A little groom gets nimbly into the back-seat, and to him Davis hands the basket of flowers bespoken by Anne Cairnes.

As her ponies trot briskly down the drive, let us see how time has dealt with her, since we saw her last, fifteen years ago.

Anne Cairnes is a handsomer woman at thirty-five than she was at twenty. Her figure, full and firm, has gained in dignity; the settled calm of an occupied and responsible life which has had its griefs—none of them unworthily borne, but none of them forgotten—rests upon her features, and ennobles them. Her dark, deep, steady eyes are softer than in old times they were, and her lustrous rich black hair is unstreaked as yet with white; neither does her clear olive complexion tell harsh tales of the passage of time, though she has decidedly less colour than formerly. She looks her age, as all women do; whatever pretence they may make, or others make to them, there never is any real mistake on that point. But Anne Cairnes made no pretence, and suffered none; she was simply a handsome woman, who, though the freshness and the charm of youth

had been outlived, was in the prime of healthful, useful, responsible life. Her smile, though not frequent, and rather slow, was sweet; her voice, clear and musical; and her movements had a quiet grace.

If each one had to tell the history of fifteen years in his or her life, could any one of us undertake to vouch for the correctness of the record? that it should not be polluted by self-love, coloured by fancy, softened by memory? that the mercifully effacing hand of Time should not have swept away much of the mere material? For him who should have led the most tranquil life in outward seeming, it would be a task of greater difficulty, if other than the outlines of that life-history were demanded, than from him whose way should have lain, not 'in the plain below,' but where 'the wind is loudest, on the highest hills.' The chronicle must in all cases imply the passing away of familiar faces; vacant places by the hearth and in the heart; wayside graves along the path of the journey; and those slow changes in one's self, which sometimes, imperceptibly, transform the individual with his circumstances and surroundings, during such an interval as this. When one has to tell the history of fifteen years in the life of another, only the salient points can be dwelt upon; the current of time has to be crossed on stepping-stones.

For five years subsequent to David Mervyn's departure for India, the external course of Anne's life underwent little change. Neither she nor her father derived much comfort from the presence of Mrs Westland as a member of the household. In the first enthusiasm of his kind-heartedness, Mr Cairnes had invited his sister-in-law to take up her abode with them, and she, who had fully intended to do so, consented, with a more decided air of doing them a great favour than even kind and simple-minded Mr Cairnes could think the occasion warranted. There she was, however, and there she remained, and Anne and her father had only to make the best of it. There was some consolation in the discovery, which they soon made, that Mrs Westland disliked country-life. Anne sometimes wondered how and where she had acquired her taste for town-pleasures—for theatres, concerts, promenades, for shows and crowds of every kind; for she could have had little or no experience of these delights before her marriage. As the wife of a colonel who had held a command for several years at a remote station in the Bengal presidency, Mrs Westland had enjoyed a sort of supremacy much to her taste. Her mind had travelled round and round in the narrow circle of her own experience, until she had forgotten that any larger one existed. Now she verily and indeed believed that she might still be, as the widow of a colonel, an important personage, especially in the eyes of her brother-in-law and his daughter, who, though 'largely blessed with riches' (Mrs Westland affected cant phrases), had not, of course, such advantages of position as her marriage had procured for her. She was not, in the most repulsive meaning of the phrase, a 'military woman'; she did not deal in horseyness and dogginess; she was not familiar with sport and betting; nor did she adopt the hideous habit of calling men by their surnames. But while she had not attained the blatant vulgarity of the extreme style, she affected regimental talk, and believed

military men and military matters to be of supreme importance in the social system.

Given their respective characters, and Mrs Westland's total ignorance of the two persons whom she complacently proposed to manage, and the break-down of poor Mr Cairnes's scheme of perfect felicity for three will not require detailed explanation.

If life at the Indian station, which Mrs Westland regretted so bitterly and with so much iteration, whenever anything vexed her, had been as varied and as brilliant as in reality it was monotonous and dull, she could not have professed to be more disqualified by it for the mode of life to which her brother-in-law and her niece were addicted. She hated Manchester, she detested Scotland, and she could not induce Mr Cairnes to take a house in London, or even to go up to town for a few weeks in the season. She could 'put up with' Hastings, where she 'formed a circle'—as she called picking up incongruous acquaintances with ease and celerity infinitely surprising to Anne—and she generally passed a considerable portion of the year there, while Mr Cairnes and Anne were absent. Her 'pittance,' as she called her pension, was not extensively drawn upon, and she was well able to afford herself the few weeks in town in the season which she declared to be necessary to her existence. On the whole, therefore, Mr Cairnes and Anne were not too much burdened with her society, considering the rashness with which they had let themselves in for being burdened with it at all; but, at the same time, she took good care to make them feel and understand that she considered her interests as identical with theirs, and the first arrangement permanently binding. Mrs Westland would even do things which she did not like, at an inconvenience, to keep them well in mind on this point, and maintain a lively remembrance of her 'rights,' as she mentally called the privileges her brother-in-law's kindness, more weak than wise, had conferred upon her; for instance, she would join them at Manchester for a few days, or change her own plans for going to London, in order to detain Anne at Hastings, and resort to other little contrivances to prove her indispensable oneness with them. All this was a trial to Anne, but in it there was one great compensation. Mrs Westland had inaugurated their acquaintance by making a great fuss about her sister's 'poor motherless child,' by which gushing phrase she designated the very independent-spirited and thoroughly 'finished' young lady who had at this time been the mistress of her father's house for some years. No wonder that Anne should have taken fright at her fidgety, fussy fondness, when one of its earliest symptoms was an impatient wonder that her 'sweet Anne' had not married, and seemingly had no intention of marrying. Mrs Westland had the inquisitiveness of a vulgar mind very strongly marked, and she held, among the first principles of domestic management, that, in order to rule people, you must know all about them. 'By exactly so much as they can hide from you, you will fail of securing power over people,' was her version of 'Knowledge is power;' and there was no exercise of private judgment so detestable to her as that in virtue of which people kept their own affairs to themselves. She would have scrutinised the counterfoils of Mr Cairnes's

cheque-books, if she could have laid her hands upon them, or would have read the housemaids' love-letters. If the idea had occurred to her that there was anything below the surface of Anne's life, she would have dug it up, if the doing had been practicable; and for some time Anne had feared that the idea would occur to her, as she evidently held that the natural ambition of every girl must be to marry, and that of every widow to marry again. After a while, however, when David was gone to India, and another long lapse of anxiety, patience, prayer, and silence lay before her, Anne ceased to fear the inquisitiveness and perspicacity of her aunt; for she had gained sufficient acquaintance with her character to know that she would never contemplate as a possibility such a love as Anne's. A man who had never thought of her, and had gone off to India, of his own choice! No, no; there was no danger of Mrs Westland's suspecting even Anne (though she had ceased to be the 'poor motherless child' by this time, and had become 'a very odd young person indeed,' in her aunt's colloquies with her particular friends) of being in love under such conditions as those.

All was not, however, vexation and disappointment in the relations between Anne, her father, and their long unknown relative. Mr Cairnes, who, with all his kind-heartedness, possessed the shrewdness for which one rarely looks in vain in the character of a self-made man, read his sister-in-law's disposition clearly and soon. Thenceforth, he neither deceived nor troubled himself further about her; he extended to her all the advantages which she had calculated upon, availed himself of every opportunity which she afforded him of escaping from the penalty he had thoughtlessly imposed upon himself, and directed all the attention and interest he could spare from Anne to Mrs Westland's interesting and promising son, Cyril. The boy, a bright handsome child, with none of the pallor and languor which so frequently attend Anglo-Indian children who have been suffered to remain over their first infancy in India, became an object of new and strong interest in the life of Anne Cairnes and her father. Mrs Westland was not very fond of Cyril; and she could have contented herself perfectly without his presence, if it had suited her convenience simply to send him to a cheap school. But she soon perceived that the hold she had not been able to establish entirely to her satisfaction on the affection of Mr Cairnes and Anne, by means of her own fascinations, she might confidently hope to maintain through her boy. The strong likeness which Cyril bore to his mother's sister was the first cause of the attraction which Mr Cairnes felt towards the boy, whose blue eyes, 'like the sea at noonday from the long walls at Ostia,' looked up at him with the very same gaze he had so long loved, and so long missed. 'He is the very image of your mother,' Mr Cairnes whispered to Anne, who was just thinking the same thought, with almost startling recognition.

His mother's notions of what was to be done with Cyril were very vague. On his father's side there were no relations likely to befriend the widow and the son of Colonel Westland. That unlucky officer had lived so long in India that most of his relatives had never seen him, and such

of them as had, remembered nothing at all about him. Mrs Westland was sure she did not know what it would be best to do, though, indeed, the cruel smallness of her means must restrict the decision within narrow limits. Mr Cairnes listened to these complainings with but scant patience, and cut them short by telling Mrs Westland that she might look to him for the education of Cyril, and his launching in life. When the boy should have come to an age to choose a profession, he should be at liberty to choose one; in the meantime, he should be well prepared 'at home'—pleasant sounding phrase to his mother's ear—for one of the great public schools; institutions in which Mr Cairnes, who knew nothing whatever about them, felt a truly patriotic pride. So there arose a new and vivid interest for Anne; one which was better calculated than any other to protect her against her aunt's inquisitiveness concerning her single condition, and the attempts she might otherwise have made to induce her to change it. It was so plainly Mrs Westland's interest that Anne should not marry, that she was in the habit of speaking of her as a person who had entirely renounced matrimony, and of representing her care for Cyril as something like a formal adoption of him, when Anne was still under twenty-five.

CHAPTER XXII.—A DEAD CALM.

The years of which this is so brief a retrospect had brought to Anne Cairnes a sorrow so great and overwhelming, that she wondered how she could have grieved for anything, felt anything but the fulness of content, so long as that dread grief was yet unknown. After a short illness, which had not alarmed her in the beginning, her father died. He was a hale and healthy man, but little over fifty; and the apprehension that she might lose him had never made Anne's heart quail, until two days before she received his last blessing, and saw the light fade out of his face as it turned upon her with a smile. Then Anne fell into a state which was not far off despair; then she rebelled in her heart, and declared that fate had been too hard, and that life was too bitter for her; that love, the brightness and the garden of all, was denied to her on the one hand, and wrested from her by cruel unappeasable death on the other, and that she was altogether forlorn and utterly miserable. Anne's despondency was natural, and not unreasonable, for, in truth, she was a very lonely woman. She had been much separated of late from the only friends with whom she had ever formed a strict intimacy—the Mervyns of Barholm—and she had never felt so strongly that her aunt was an additional trial, as after her father's death. That event took place at Hastings, and not even the absorption of her grief could blind Anne to the innocent anxiety of Mrs Westland to learn the particulars of Mr Cairnes's disposition of his property, or render her indifferent to the hints which she dropped respecting her expectation that her 'brother's' sense of justice had led him to secure the interests of herself and her son. She did not permit the first awful days of Anne's bereavement to pass without holding forth sentimentally upon the unprincipled wickedness of giving rise to a feeling of security in the mind of a friend or relative, without taking care that it should be well founded,

beyond the reach of accident. Anne hardly comprehended her remarks, and had not the strength to resist them. They were well wrapped up in protestations of affection and effusive demonstrations of grief, but they hurt the mourning daughter not a little, and made her feel, before the time at which she should be obliged to form her plans for the future had arrived, that those plans must by no means include her aunt's residence with her. Anne also hoped, with all the power of hoping left in her, that her father had made Mrs Westland independent of her, and provided for Cyril, by his will; but she was destined to disappointment on that head. The only will made by her father which was forthcoming, was made before Mrs Westland's return to England, and there was no mention of her in it. By this instrument Mr Cairnes bequeathed all his property of every kind to his daughter, wholly free from all restriction, and he accompanied the bequest with a wish that she should not lose sight of the place and the people where, and amongst whom, the large fortune, of which it constituted her absolute mistress, had been made. There was no codicil: not a line of writing, not a memorandum of any sort, was found among Mr Cairnes's papers, to indicate that he had thought it necessary to instruct his daughter in any way concerning her disposition of this unwelcome wealth; or to tell her ever so slightly the freedom which was so unpleasantly dreary.

Anne was as much distressed as her aunt was infuriated at the result of the search among her father's papers. She would have infinitely preferred an exact knowledge of his wishes in regard to Mrs Westland and her son; and she felt, with an instinctive anticipation of her aunt's line of action under the circumstances, that nothing which she could do, would satisfy her, or prevent her from holding herself always aggrieved by being left, as she would ironically express it, at Anne's mercy. Anne's forebodings proved correct: not even self-interest, not even the humiliating knowledge that she was running the risk of incurring a penalty which she could not affect to brave, availed to restrain the anger and bitterness of Mrs Westland's language; and thus, to the desolation of Anne's grief, was added the degrading and distracting annoyance of querulous complaint and ceaseless bickering. There came a moment when Anne felt that she could not bear this any longer; and then she formed a resolution, which she did not disclose to her aunt until the execution of it was at hand. Among the items of Anne's inheritance was Bromley Park, which her father had recently purchased from his spendthrift and ruined proprietor. She knew that he had intended to pull down the house, which was little better than a ruin, and to build one, for which the plans were in preparation when he died. Anne resolved that she would carry out this intention, and make Bromley Park her own residence in the future. Thus she would be best able to fulfil her father's wishes, and render the wealth which he had left her to administer most fruitful for the purposes he had desired to serve. She made all the necessary arrangements for the building of a house, on the plan her father had selected, in a business-like way, and then she went to Scotland. Never, throughout the years to come, could Anne look

back upon that time without a faint renewal of its pain. At the Tors, far more than elsewhere, the fulness of her desolation made itself felt; there she knew the depth and the duration of the loneliness of her life; there she appreciated its flatness, its lack of interest henceforth; now that the blessed natural affection, the one sure and certain love and duty, had gone out of it, and there remained nothing but her vain hidden love for one who perhaps did not remember her existence once in a year, and whom she might never see again. Marion Græme was at Barrholme when Anne Cairnes arrived at Victoria Lodge, and though the friends met with sincere warmth of feeling, Anne, whose nerves were in a state of quickened sensibility, discerned that she had but little place in the fully occupied affections of the happy, bustling wife and mother, who, with a nursery full of children, and a husband who wanted perpetual waiting on and looking after—was very happy, very fussy, and as narrow-minded as the most estimable of her sex too often are. Anne was in the mood to see broken links everywhere, and she saw them here. She was not necessary to Marion Græme, and, though she should always love her, it would be absurd to take her into account in any projects for the future. Marion unconsciously confirmed Anne in this conclusion by expressing satisfaction when Anne alluded to the probability of her letting Victoria Lodge for a term of years, if she could find an eligible tenant. She was so glad, Marion declared, for the place would exactly suit Gordon's cousins, the Camerons, who were most anxious to come into the county: she would write to Charlie Cameron at once, if she might, and he should come and see the place. He did come; Victoria Lodge did suit him. Anne Cairnes installed the Camerons as her tenants; took her leave, of Marion, and of Lady Mervyn and Sir Alexander—who was just as much of an invalid, and just as little likely to die of his ailments as usual—and left Scotland, as she thought it most likely for ever, feeling that now, indeed, she had locked the door on her past life, and thrown away the key.

Mrs Westland was at Hastings all this time, in a state of sullen warfare with her niece and her fate; a prey to grave misgivings about the future of her son. Anne set them at rest on her return, by telling her that she intended to fulfil all the projects for Cyril which her father had formed, and that she proposed to settle on her the house at Hastings, and an annuity of three hundred pounds. Mrs Westland could not pretend to have expected that Mr Cairnes would have done more for her than this; so, having carefully ascertained that Anne did not mean any of Cyril's expenses to be provided for out of her annuity, she actually expressed gratitude for her niece's liberality, and interest in her plans. She had discerned, with pleasure, that a residence in common was not among the latter, and she did not allude to the possibility of an arrangement which would have seemed to strangers natural and desirable. Then she learned that Anne was going abroad. She had engaged the services of a companion, for propriety's sake, and she intended to educate herself, as she said, by a sojourn of at least a year, perhaps more, in the art-cities of Europe; it might be to see something of the East. During her absence, the house at Bromley Park

would be built, and ready for occupation on her return: there she would settle down, and there, she hoped, Cyril would be much with her, unless he should persist in his wish to be a soldier, like his father. If he did not change his mind, Anne would buy his commission when the time came, and equip him as her father would have done. At this point Mrs Westland saw her way to putting a question to Anne on which she had never previously ventured:

'Nothing can exceed your kindness and generosity, my dear, I am sure,' she said. 'But is it not rather rash for you to calculate on being a free agent, so very far in advance? You may have a husband to consult, you know, long before Cyril's time at Rugby is up.'

'I shall never have a husband, Aunt Westland,' replied Anne calmly. 'I have not the slightest intention of marrying.'

'Not now, I daresay'—

'Neither now, nor ever. Take my word for that, once for all.'

'That is a strange resolution, Anne, and one you will have many a chance of breaking.'

'I shall never break it.'

The assurance was so satisfactory to Mrs Westland, that she did not care to speculate upon its motive; and a pleasant vision of Cyril, in the capacity of his cousin's heir, the future owner of Bromley Park, and of the wealth of which Bromley Park represented but a small portion, presented itself to her imagination. Anne Cairnes went abroad, and her travels prolonged themselves for more than two years. During this interval, her house at Bromley Park had been built, and was ready for occupation. She took up her permanent abode there, and in due course of time and events, Cyril Westland completed his school-life, went to a military academy, passed the necessary examinations with credit, got his commission, and went out—in such high spirits, that even parting with his 'fair godmother,' as he called Anne Cairnes, could not damp them—to the Bengal presidency, to join a cavalry regiment, then within a year of the expiration of its term of service in India. Cyril had fulfilled the promise of his childhood, and the hopes of his cousin, who was devotedly attached to him. If he owed much to her generosity, he also owed something to her firmness and good sense in the steady counteraction of his mother's foolish influence, and, for a young fellow whose only natural guardians were two women, Cyril was a wonder of unselfishness and absence of vanity. To him, Bromley Park was home, and Anne all the world of his domestic life. He never thought of her as a woman still young; it did not occur to him, when he was twenty, that Anne was only thirty years old, and that the mother and son-like relation established between them rested upon an insecure foundation. Nor did these facts present themselves to the minds of observers. It was strange, perhaps unreasonable, that the persistent singleness of a woman of thirty, rich, handsome, and perfectly unfettered, should be taken for granted by every one who knew her; but so it was. Nobody ever talked of Anne's marrying, and if she had chosen to assume the distinctive badge of old-spinstership, to call herself Mrs Cairnes, nobody would have been much surprised. But, if it was agreed on all hands that she was a decided 'old maid,' no one ever added a disparaging epithet

to the appellation; not even young girls, in the pardonable insolence of youth and prettiness, ridiculed or depreciated the gentle, sweet, rather silent woman, who had ready and tender sympathy for every one, for their young hopes and pleasures, as well as for the cares and sorrows of their elders. Anne felt the parting with her 'boy' very much, but she did not in the least resent the glee with which he left her. She was eminently reasonable; she had the faculty of looking at things from the point of view of others, which is sometimes lacking in the most loving women, who, in consequence, endure much suffering avoided by the clearer-sighted.

And then, her boy was going, not only to India, not only to the land towards which her fancy turned with many a day-dream, and where her heart dwelt, in the possession of its unconscious master, but to constant association with him; for Cyril Westland was going to join the regiment of which David Mervyn was lieutenant-colonel. That gallant and distinguished officer had doubled his Crimean reputation by his achievements during the mutiny, which took place shortly after the arrival of his regiment in India, and Cyril took letters to him from Lady Mervyn and Mrs Græme, in which they recommended to Sir David's good graces 'the adopted son of his old friend, Anne Cairnes.'

These were the chief events of eleven out of the fifteen years which have elapsed since David Mervyn left England behind him, like a closed book, with the story of his life and love in its hidden pages. After another year, the regiment came to England, and Sir David Mervyn, who had not been induced, even by his father's death, to take leave of absence during the entire term of its service in India, once more visited his home. Anne did not meet him on that occasion, not, indeed, for long afterwards, for he had imprudently braved too extreme a change of climate, and his health had suffered so immediately and severely, that he had been sent to the south of France to recruit, before Anne's extended visit to Scotland could take place. About twelve years had run their inexorable course since those two had parted, and now David Mervyn was a gray-headed, gray-bearded man, dried and browned by Indian suns, with no remains of youth about him except his slight, active, martial figure. When they stood face to face again, he remembered, with a touch of self-ridicule, that in the old time he had actually thought it necessary to take precautions against injuring the peace of the handsome, dignified, self-possessed, exquisitely sweet-looking lady, who welcomed him to her house so gracefully, and thanked him so cordially for his kindness to her young kinsman. The recollection flitted across him like a dream, as many other sweeter remembrances were wont to flit across him, while he looked at Anne, as she did the honours of her house, with cordial admiration, and a conviction that he must have been a consummate coxcomb in those days.

This first meeting was an old story now. It had been followed by a second, in Scotland, in the succeeding year, during which Sir David Mervyn retired from the service, to the infinite disgust of Cyril Westland, who bewailed the loss of his beloved colonel to an extent which would have been wearisome to any one except Anne. After this lengthy, but indispensable digression,

we must now return to her, as she pulls up her ponies before the door of a small, but neat house, in a respectable-looking street in a comparatively quiet quarter of Manchester.

UP LAKE SUPERIOR.

I WENT to Toronto in July 1874, to transact business for a house in Glasgow. There was some delay in settling it, owing to legal difficulties; and while waiting for instructions from home, I took an opportunity of seeing what the Canadians call 'the upper lakes.' There are two lines of steamers now plying over these lakes, although the country in the north-west has been but a very short time opened up. One line starts from Sarnia, on the St Clair River, just at the south-eastern point of Lake Huron; the other from Collingwood, on Georgian Bay. There is but a few dollars' difference in the fare, but the latter is considered the fashionable line. I, however, decided to go by Sarnia, having heard that that line was a temperance line, and having noted, as we went up the St Lawrence, the evils attending a drinking-bar on board ship. I got a ticket for the round trip for L.9, 4s., which covered board and state-room.

I left Toronto on Friday, August 14th, at twelve o'clock, by the Great Western Railway; and for six hours we rode through a rich country, in some places still in course of being cleared, but for the most part laid out in snug farms. The snake-fences struck my eye as very peculiar, and they certainly looked very pretty. A snake-fence is made of lengths of split trees laid on the top of each other, so as to form a series of wavy zig-zags, and hence the name. As we approached Sarnia, we passed on the right, for several miles, a great belt of well-cultivated land; and I am afraid I should be thought to use exaggerated language if I attempted to give an idea of how beautiful those fences looked. Over the corn-fields, with their stalks glowing in the strong sunlight, the eye leaped from one graceful serpentine fence to another, until it rested on the dark wood in the distance; and as the train sped on, and the eye glanced back, the receding landscape, field and fence intermingled, shone like spears piled in the midst of a wilderness of gold.

As I alighted on the platform, I saw young men and women dancing; and on inquiring who they were, learned that they belonged to an excursion-party from London, a town about midway on the line between Toronto and Sarnia. I don't know how it was, but it seemed to me as if I was at home, on some day of unwonted idleness. The British flag was flying in all directions. Our destined steamer, the *Manitoga*, lay near. Across what could be made a splendid harbour, was Port Huron; and in the offing, the stars and stripes flying from her masthead, the *Michigan*, an American gun-boat, built on the lakes, and carrying eight twenty-four pounders.

After the killingly oppressive heat of the ten days previous, the breeze from the water was delightful. I went across to Port Huron, and found that little town considerably in advance of Sarnia. The tourists from London visited our boat, and did just as they liked. I may note here one of the peculiarities of this country—any place that is not locked up people will enter, and nobody thinks it strange to do so.

The *Manitoba* is about the size of one of the Clyde steamers, but built very differently. Her cabin is on the deck, and part of her engine is exposed, and can be seen working high above the hurricane-deck, which is only another name for what may be called the roof of the cabin. She draws but nine feet of water, and is only equal to the storms of the lakes because shelter can always be gained.

It was five minutes past five when I got up on the 15th. I looked at the man at the wheel, at the man on the look-out, at the wide-stretching waters—for we were now in Lake Huron. It resembled the sea, but without the smell of the brine. The air had an exhilarating pungency, and there was a fragrance as of mountain heather. I said to the captain: 'Captain, is that heather I smell?' 'O no,' he said, 'we have no heather here. It comes from the blossoms of the trees yonder;' and he pointed to the dark masses of coast to starboard. As the boat neared Goderich—a rising town on the north coast—I saw that the shore was covered with the tall-stemmed, heavy-topped pine; the graceful maple; the tall, slender white birch; the spruce, and the tamarack; and the outline of the primeval forest was drawn against a long background of purple cloud, on which the silver rim of the upper gray sky rested. As the day became brighter, the morning mists rose from between the hills, and lingered and drew themselves from point to point, while the fragrance of the atmosphere grew stronger every moment. As we entered Goderich harbour, the mists lay heavy on roof and tree; dark masses of building seemed wrapped in smoke; but as the atmosphere cleared, we observed that men were already busy dredging the channel and completing the breakwater. The town, which is pretty and thriving, is gained by a steep road. Just inside the entrance to the harbour, there is a salt spring, whence three hundred barrels of salt a day are got.

We proceeded onward, with a beautifully wooded shore to starboard. No land being seen on the other side, I began to experience a sense of weariness at the sameness of the scenery, and could not help longing for ten minutes of the Clyde. Still, there was a novelty about the very sameness; and the vast inland sea is, of course, a new thing. We passed Kincardine—settled, as its name imports, almost wholly by Scotchmen from Kincardineshire. As we neared Southampton, the evening was falling. The water was without a ripple. Before us, the revolving light flickers at the head of the white building, rising out of a dark elongated island facing a little city of beauty, which, on the other side of what seemed a lovely bay, lies in wooded coverture amongst the hills, and flushes back the tints of the delicate sunset. At Southampton, the captain met a friend, a Newfoundland dog, that comes seven miles to see him whenever the boat stops here. 'He's always in time,' said the captain, as he looked down on the fine animal sitting on the wharf.

The day must have been terribly sultry ashore, for even on the lake, and at night, we were able to sit outside without much wrapping-up. The ladies sang sentimental songs; some of us of the rougher sex sang comic ditties, and finally the party broke up and went to rest.

On the Sunday morning we passed between two islands, Cockburn and Manitoulin: densely wooded and lonely, they lie there beneath the gauze-like

clouds as they had lain thousands of years ago. An old gentleman, who evidently regarded himself as a wit, said: 'I guess if a man had his morning-paper there, he'd have time to read it.' The woods of spruce glowed in the clear sunny atmosphere. Cockburn Island is eighty miles long. We had not gone far through the narrow strip of water, when we saw a few wigwams—poles stuck in the ground, and covered with bark dyed various colours—and a canoe with its dark solitary owner. In a moment the squaws came out of their huts, and smiled blandly, shewing their fine white teeth. As we got into broad water, Cockburn Island sloped away in long receding curves, making a series of terraces reflected in the clear depths of corresponding bays.

We now got into scenes impossible to describe: a vast sea covered with little islands, wooded and rocky, and standing towards each other in beautiful relationship. Passing through this picturesque scenery, we soon got to Bruce mines. Here, as I learned, there are splendid beds of copper, which had been wrought in very early times by a people now unknown, and of whose workings there are still traces. Latterly, the workings have been revived; but, for what reason I know not, all industrial operations were at a stand. Possibly, the low price of copper had something to do with the general stagnation. I observed heaps of crushed granite, ugly shapeless boxes surmounting the shafts, the scattered houses, the 'publics'—only too numerous—and the grave-yard. Seeing a number of young men with crape bound with white flying from their hats, I inquired the cause, for nobody looked grief-stricken, and I learned that, early in the previous week, a youth was drowned, and that it is customary to wear the funeral crape for some weeks after the burial of a friend.

In Bear Lake, which we now entered, the scenery is very various, and I saw, while we passed on, as charming bits of marine landscape as are to be seen in any part of the world, with a character of their own, which made them worth seeing, even by an eye that had looked on whatever Scotch and English lakes and rivers have to shew. Not a sound was heard but the throb of the paddles, not a bird was to be seen. On we went, by bold headland and bosky isles, some glowing in sunny mist, some laden with gloom, some steeped in purple shadows; and from over watery vistas, the distant woods shewed as in a dream.

We are now approaching St Marie's River, which leads up to Sault St Marie. On the left is Sugar Island, laden with maples, under whose protecting shade the raspberries grow. Here a man named Neebish, an American, makes tons of raspberry jam and maple-sugar every year. The scenery here is bolder—the same vast expanse of water, bounded by mountainous hills of irregular outline. At an Indian village we stopped to change the mail, and buy Indian ornaments and fancy-work. Both on the Michigan and the Canada side the scenery is very pretty, and the land evidently rich.

Having got up Lake Huron, we were now to enter Lake Superior, which is of much grander dimensions. The connection between these inland seas is a river, the Sault St Marie, strong and rapid, about a mile in length. It is much too rapid for navigation, and the difficulty in transit is overcome by a canal with locks. In our passage from one

lake to the other, there was time to loiter about, and inspect new locks in course of being constructed, each a hundred and fifty feet long and eighty wide.

Arriving in Lake Superior, we experienced a change. The land is higher, the air keener, the sky more clouded; the water, instead of the dark green of Lake Huron, wears a deep blue tint, and storms threaten. Fogs darken round us, and cause some delay. In Michipicoot Bay—a great obtuse angle made by vast irregular pine-covered rocks tumbling away to the distant horizon—the roar of the water is as great as on the Atlantic in a freshening breeze. We take soundings, but find, as the mate says, that the 'bottom 'as fell out.' A thousand different shades of green rest on the hills. A flight of ducks pass under our prow. The sea-gulls here are plentiful. A good many of our passengers are sick. Greatly taking, I determined to go in the boat which carries a Scotch half-breed in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company to his settlement. I was well rewarded. The Maggie Falls, some distance up the little creek leading to the 'settlement,' where a lot of old servants of the company are spending their old days in comfort, are as beautiful as the rainbowed Arc. As we came back, I saw a sunset such as I never saw before. Hawthorne's boast as to the superiority of New-world sunsets over old was not a vain one.

As Tuesday morning broke, we arrived at an Indian settlement, presided over by a Scotchman who has made himself quite at home, and is esteemed for his powers of governing. The Indians here were studies. Their dirt, long black hair, and fine profiles; their laughter and perfect self-possession; and their graceful management of their canoes, were all very interesting to me. The panorama of irregular hills is very fine, and the effects of masses of illuminated and tinted vapour resting in the gorges were such as I could not hope to describe. The blended capacity of Turner and Millais would be necessary to do justice to those hills.

Neepigon Bay is the glory of Lake Superior. The scenery is alternately grand and beautiful, and always solitary and silent. No bird skims these lovely reaches of water. Thunder Cape and Silver Islet are the great attractions of the journey. Silver Islet is the only place where there is a show of real enterprise; that is an Eldorado, and is, of course, in American lands, Canadians having sold their inheritance for sixty-seven thousand dollars! Now, there is no limit to the value of the mine. Seventy tons a day of rock are raised, and three hundred will be the figure before long. Every one of the Americans connected with it has made 'his pile,' as the Yankees say.

Prince Arthur's Landing, a fine town, a growth of five years, and Fort-William, are disputing which shall be the terminus of the railway to be built forthwith up to Red River, as part of the Pacific Railway scheme. I say both will be the terminus—one place, Fort-William, is suitable for unloading goods, and the other for disembarking passengers.

While here, an amusing little episode occurred. A friend of mine, a magistrate of Toronto, had with him his little boy, in whose Scotch cap there were two eagle's feathers. Hawkeye, one of the chiefs, insisted on the boy removing the feathers, as nobody but himself had a right to wear two eagle's feathers; and he explained that his subor-

dinate chief, Blackarrow, had a right to wear one. His feelings of indignation were only pacified by one of our party assuring him that the boy's father was a chieftain of the first class in Scotland, and that it was one of the privileges of his eldest son to wear two eagle's feathers; and so all was settled. The principles of court etiquette had not been outraged.

Duluth, a city a few years old, lying at the eastern end of Lake Superior, would astonish any one not accustomed, as people on the American continent are, to see cities spring up like Jonah's gourd. This has been called another Chicago; but I fear the simile of the gourd might be again appropriately brought into requisition, for there are already signs of decay.

In our trip back, we went straight for Sarnia, and save that we passed some woods on fire, there was nothing to call for remark. I never felt my own island home to be so small physically, as after going over a little bit of the Dominion of Canada. The impression made by the scenery of Lake Superior and Lake Huron is, in my experience, absolutely unique. Considering how easily, and at little cost of time or money, the excursion can be effected, one is apt to wonder that European holiday tourists with a taste for the grand in nature do not attempt to visit these magnificent American lakes, the sight of which is something that will never fade from the memory, but be a recollection of life-long enjoyment.

MY ADVENTURES IN THE FRENCH WAR.

CHAPTER IV.

I AM not going to attempt to write here a description of the battle of Beaune-la-Rolande; more than one competent writer has already done so. Besides, it is impossible to understand and follow all the movements of two armies engaged on a large front. I shall, therefore, touch only upon my own doings and those of my division on that day.

For a long time, the battle was simply a duel of artillery. Our men, held in reserve, were drawn up on the slopes overlooking the town, and from this point we watched with anxiety the advance of the Mobiles. Considering that these were mostly young conscripts, their marching was admirable. Making use of every bit of shelter, firing steadily, and then dashing forward, at the voice of their officers, they soon gained ground. Constantly on the move, carrying orders now on the right, then on the left, I had not much time left to myself. I had dismounted, and was looking with my glass in the direction of a wood, to ascertain whether a small body of cavalry, the accoutrements of which shone brightly through the branches, belonged to us or not, when, at the corner of a road which led to that point in a direct line, I saw a French general and his staff riding quietly on, straight for it. With a hurrah! the cavalry, issuing from their hiding-place, were upon them. In a second, I was in the saddle, and, spurring my horse, away I flew to the rescue. As I passed a troop of cuirassiers, without a word, and pointing my sword in the direction of the engagement, I beckoned to them to follow. As I rode on, the ring of the horses' hoofs, the rattling of chains, and swords as they were unsheathed, told me that I had been understood. With a joyous cheer, to announce our

approach, away we swept along the road, first at a canter, then at full gallop. 'By your right and your left!' shouted the officer commanding the troop, and like a whirlwind we dashed on the German hussars (Hessians they were), and in a few minutes later we were upon them. I remember little of what took place. I could not say whether the engagement lasted long or not. There was a clinking of swords, some imprecations as the men fell from their saddles—and the enemy was gone.

'Well done, men!' said a voice close by me; and, on turning round, I saw our commander-in-chief, for it was no other but he whom we had just rescued from being sent as a captive into Germany.

When I returned, the battle had made some progress. Our skirmishers had advanced within a short distance of the walls of the town, and at every moment we expected the order for a general attack. We were only waiting to hear the result of General Billiot's movement. Weary at inaction, every one asked: 'When is our turn to come?' At last it did come! At three o'clock, aides-de-camp were sent in all directions to warn the regiments that the attack was at hand. The 3d division was to storm the town. In breathless silence, we heard the general giving his last instructions. Then the bugles sounded the *Casquette*.* The word 'Forward!' was heard on all sides, and the division shook itself for action, with the feelings of a lion let loose from its cage, General Ségard in person leading the attack.

The setting sun was shining brightly, catching the points of the bayonets, as we emerged on the plain that divided us from the enemy. I had been separated from our party, and was riding next to the colonel commanding the 47th of the line. In that regiment my former comrades had been incorporated, and I was glad to be with them, to share their dangers once more. However short the distance might be, it appeared as if we were never to reach the first houses, hidden from our view by the dense smoke of the German musketry. We were marching steadily, notwithstanding the bad roads, the ditches we had to cross, and, above all, the storm of canister-shot poured down upon us, causing constant havoc in the ranks, as the 'Close in! close in!' of the captains told us but too well. With a spring, and a shout of *Vive la France!* the regiment dashed up the first street. Every house had its occupant, and every window was defended by one or more of our enemies. The bullets rattled against the houses, crackling like hailstones; the noise of the small arms reperculated by the walls; the roar of the guns, defending the barricades; the yells of the combatants, were deafening. The fighting at that point became fierce and more obstinate; every house had to be stormed separately. But nothing could stop the *élan* of our troops, and, by dint of perseverance and bravery, an hour after our entrance into Beaune-la-Rolande, the greater part of the town was in our hands. A barricade, at the end of one of the streets near the church, was still replying to our fire. Two companies were detached to carry it, and soon after, I saw young Boyer of my regiment planting the colours of the gallant 47th upon it.

'At length the day is ours!' said our briga-

dier, as he sent an officer to announce the news to the general. Fighting was still going on in some of the streets, but they were the parting shots of the Germans evacuating the town. Darkness had set in, and we were waiting for orders. By the glare of the burning houses—another sign of the retreat of the Germans, who applied the torch and the petroleum freely before they left a place—I could see the men resting on their arms, some wiping the blood that trickled from their bayonets, others bandaging their wounds, or attending to a fallen comrade. The street was slippery with human blood; and around the barricade against which I was resting, my horse having been shot at the beginning of the action, were piles of bodies, distorted by the agonies of death, nearly all of them killed by bayonet-thrusts.

Suddenly, like the rumbling of the wave breaking against a pebbled shore, we were conscious of some distant sound—a low, rumbling noise, that grew louder and louder, till it burst upon us in a monotonous hurrah!

'Tis Billiot at last!' said some one near me. And we all looked with breathless anxiety and uncertainty, for the sound did not come from where the 18th corps was expected. On our left, a dense black mass appeared like a cloud skirting the earth, rolling down the hill; and by the lurid glare of the fires, we saw the helmets of the Germans silently advancing on us. Here were fresh troops that Frederick Charles had hurled against us. In a second we were ready to receive them. One shot, then another, and the whole street was lighted up by the renewed conflict. Hand to hand, we stood our ground against the masses, swelling every moment, and pressing down upon us; the bullets and the bursting shells thinning our ranks as the scythe mows down the grass. An officer had started for reinforcements; but soon after he returned with orders to fall back. Panting and bleeding, exhausted and broken-hearted, we retreated, defending every inch of the ground that had cost us so dearly a few hours ago. As we emerged from the town, we could see black phantoms running in all directions—the Mobiles were giving way before the new columns of the enemy. The battle won at four o'clock, was lost at six.

On reaching the positions from which I had watched the first moves of that game in which we had just been checkmated, I heard the voice of General Ségard calling upon the men to rally. I brought him the few that remained of the 47th, and with some others we lay down to await the enemy, and stop them in their pursuit. All was dark around us, but in the distance the town of Beaune-la-Rolande was lighting up the horizon. All was confusion and silence, excepting the cries of the wounded, or the tramp of the men hurrying on towards the rear, or the angry calls of officers vainly trying to rally them. Volley after volley was fired in our direction, but they passed over our heads. For some time we remained there; we had no ammunition left, but we were ready to stand there to the last, to give time to the division to fall back on Bois-commun. We could hear them approaching, and their heads could be seen, as they passed the crest of the hill, when a dozen shells from our right came crashing down upon us. It was Billiot, who at last had arrived, and mistaking us for the enemy, had caused two batteries to open fire upon us. Then we fell back

* *La Casquette du Père Bugeaud*, a favourite bugle-march of the French infantry.

on the main body, and by two I was back at Belle-garde.

A few nights after that sanguinary battle which had ended in the defeat of the eighteenth and twentieth corps, I was sent on duty to our posts. When I reached the margin of the wood which sheltered them from the bitter cold that had suddenly set in, my attention was aroused by a distant rumbling noise, like that of heavy carts moving on hard roads, coming in the direction of the villages occupied by the enemy. The information I gathered from peasants passing through our lines, and the reports of parties I had sent to reconnoitre, confirmed my opinion that the Germans were evacuating their positions, that they were changing their front, and marching towards Pithiviers, a town D'Aurelle was to attack the next day. I hastened to the general headquarters, to apprise General Crouza of my discovery; but whether he waited for instructions from the war minister and his major-general, M. de Freycinet, who, as I have stated already, commanded those two corps d'armée from Tours, and by telegram, or that he considered my news to be of little importance, no move to draw near the rest of the army of the Loire was made that night.

The next morning the 4th December, a date to be remembered, we were awakened by the distant sound of artillery coming from our left. We all listened, with the anxious feelings of men convinced that some event is taking place not far from them, and without their power to act any part in it. That sound, so deep and low, we had heard many times before; but on that morning, there was something so sad, so sinister in its tones, as it rolled on in the distance, waking the early morn with its sullen growling, it seemed as if it were the voice of friends calling for help—help which we were hindered from rendering them. Long we heard it, now becoming louder and louder, advancing nearer and nearer, then growing fainter, till by four o'clock it died away, and all was silent, leaving a stillness that oppressed us more than did the sounds we had been listening to. We felt that it had been acted out, and that all was over; and no one dared to put the question, although mentally asked by each: How has it ended? Have we lost or won?

The division had been under arms during the whole day, expecting, nay, eagerly hoping to be sent to take part in the battle raging at the time; but no orders came. Night set in; in the distance we could see the dust of villages burning; rumours came, no one knew how or from where, that we had lost another battle; and yet there were no orders. Then the men, weary of a day of inaction, were sent back to their bivouacs. As I was turning in myself, I heard the gallop of a horse nearly ridden on the road; a few seconds after, an officer halted at our door, and in a voice hoarse with fatigue and anguish, he asked the way to the general headquarters. It was a young officer of lancers, his face black with powder, swathed in blood-stained bandages, his uniform covered with mud, his horse reeking and white with foam. We grouped round him, and in a few words he told us the sad tale of the day. It had been as we anticipated. Prince Frederick Charles had concentrated the whole of his troops on Pithiviers, and when D'Aurelle de Paladines had

attacked that place, he had found the whole of the German forces there to contend against. Thus, he ended, speaking in short sentences, as he could with difficulty keep on the saddle from fatigue and weakness: 'We expected every moment that you and Billiot would come up and support us. And now, we have been beaten. Chanzy did wonders; our men fought like lions, at times three and four to one. We held our ground as long as human strength and courage could. What could we do against such long odds? And now,' he ended bitterly, 'there is no more Army of the Loire! What remains, is dispersed, fleeing in disorder towards Orleans. If you do not hasten, you'll be cut off!'

We spent that night in mortal anxiety; we could not help accusing ourselves of having deserted our friends in the hour of danger. There was little sleep for any of us, and we were not sorry when the bugles sounded the *réveil*, and we began our march towards Orleans. We were still in hopes that, by hard marching, we could yet reach that city before the enemy, and save it from another occupation. A staff-officer had been sent to apprise D'Aurelle of our tardy approach, requesting him to rally his men, and to stand fast till we came. On reaching Point-aux-Moines, a small hamlet that stands at the junction of the Orleans-Pithiviers and Orleans-Boisscommun roads, we encountered the head of the German columns. After a brisk engagement, the Mobs of the Vosges carried the position at the point of the bayonet; and whilst our division struggled to open a way to reach that town, General Crouza, afraid of being hemmed in, with the Loire on his flank, gave that order which lost Orleans for the second time. Long did we remain in our position, to protect the rest of the army, as it crossed the river; and it was late that night when, in our turn, we too began our retrograde movement.

The artillery and the heavy wagons had preceded us to the bridge of Sully, whilst the infantry and cavalry passed the river over that of Jargeaux. This was a suspension-bridge on three arches; the centre one had been destroyed, and again hastily mended. To avoid a crush, and a consequent disaster, the men were only allowed to pass one by one, and at a yard distant from each other. To insure this order being carried out, we had to stand at the entrance of the bridge, and there remain with determined vigilance, watching that long *défilé*, which lasted from eight at night till six the next morning. For some days past, the snow had been thickly and steadily falling, and now lay nearly two feet on the ground; the cold was intense—many degrees below zero. The wind, cutting and sharp, shook the last bare leaves over the whitened roads; and under our feet, the Loire carried slowly large blocks of ice, which met there, crushing each other with an ominous crunching and clinking sound, that made us shudder as we looked down from where we stood. Bright fires were burning on the hills; they had been lit to deceive the enemy. But they gradually died away one after the other, and we knew that as soon as the Germans had found out our stratagem, they would shell us from these very heights. At six, the last man had passed; the bridge was blown up, and we resumed our march.

Here began one of those retreats that can find

few parallels in the annals of war. Of what happened during that long march from Jargeaux to Bourges, I have hardly any recollection. It was as walking in a long continuous dream, or rather a hideous nightmare, from which it seemed as if I should never wake. On we marched and marched during the day, on that frozen snow; the artillery first, then the infantry and cavalry, followed by an interminable file of caris and wagons of all sorts, ambulances crowded with sick and wounded. Now and then the whole column came to a sudden stand-still, caused by the breaking-down of a gun or a wagon. The men, silent, listless, and miserable, their uniforms in tatters, and covered over by everything that could procure a particle of warmth, halted, unconscious of what was going on around them. The gun-carriage mended or thrown aside, the column resumed its march, not a word of command being given, not a bugle sounding. The bridle of my horse passed through my arm, I trudged along, following the general's carriage; wounded in the leg, he had been obliged, much against his will, to take to this mode of conveyance. Occasionally, he would put his face at the window and give his orders.

At night, we reached Argent, and there we halted for two hours, and again we resumed our retreat. After this, I have no clear recollection, only faint visions of what was taking place around me. I remember passing through a village—D'Aubigné, I believe, they called it. On both sides of the little street, there were fires lit up, and around them groups of soldiers of all arms—*franc-tireurs* in their once gorgeous uniforms, lancers and dragoons wrapped up in their white, and cuirassiers in their scarlet cloaks. They exchanged no words; and if a new arrival approached, they moved aside, to make room for him, and again fell into their state of torpor. If some gun passed, its heavy wheels crushing past close to them, they scarcely noticed it, and made no movement to avoid them. Instinctively, I drew near these fires, dragging my poor horse after me, and then I stood rejoicing at the delicious warmth that gradually penetrated into my stiffened limbs. With this, the feeling of duty came back, and I called upon the poor weary wretches around me to get up and fall in. But my orders, my entreaties were of no avail—all sense of discipline was gone. I remember seeing Mobiles, in groups of ten and twenty, throwing away their arms into ditches, and making across the fields, for some farm-houses we could see in the distance; and there they invaded every room, every corner, from garret to cellar, seeking for warmth and rest, and piteously begging for food. And when I saw passing before me these worn-out creatures, without arms, without shoes, begging for a morsel of bread at every door, I wondered if they were the same I had been with a few days before, so full of fire and spirit. Was that the Army of the Loire? that army of *citizens* defending the sacred soil of the country, that I had read of in Gambetta's proclamations?

Gradually, I myself slackened my pace, looking with envy as I passed houses on the side of the road, the interior of which I could see all lighted up as the door opened. Weary, hungry, and stiff, I sat down, my horse, as weary and as hungry as myself, resting its head on my shoulder, its warm breath freezing there as it stood still. Something must have roused me, but I know not what.

When I looked up again, all was deserted and silent around me. The moon had come out behind some inky clouds, and was sending forth its cold, clear silvery rays over the vast white plains, that seemed to stretch themselves out without limit on both sides. Mechanically, I got up, speaking to my poor horse, as to the only friend I had left. As in answer to my words, I heard a faint moan, and something low as a whisper caught my ear. Close by me there was a young soldier, resting on his rifle, staggering at every step.

'Courage, friend!' I said, passing my arm through his, and supporting him to the best of my ability. He did not answer, but, with a look of deep gratitude, allowed himself to be dragged on for a few paces; then his strength failed, and he sunk on his knees, begging me to leave him to his fate. Again I raised him; but, after a step or two, again he fell. He was dead. On all sides—from the road, from the ditches on both sides—I could see bodies half-buried in the snow, stiffened by cold and death. A cold perspiration came all over me, and my feet seemed riveted to the ground, as if all those outstretched hands clung to my cloak! A shudder seized me, as I felt that my strength and my senses were abandoning me. Fearing to meet the same fate, trying to shut out those awful sights and sounds, I fled, I knew not whither.

From this, I can recall nothing, till, awakened from a sound sleep, I found myself stretched on a bed, close by a good fire, my faithful servant watching over me. Through the window-panes, I could see the first rays of the morning sun topping the roofs of a large town. It was Bourges; and I was told then that we had marched consecutively for thirty-six hours.

THE FIRST SORROW.

BEAUTIFUL boy! so still to-night;
Little pale face, 'twas once so bright;
Weary mother, with tearful eye,
Patiently hoping he will not die.
Oh, there is no grief so deep and clear,
None springs from the heart like a mother's tear.

Why wilt thou leave the bright green earth?
When the sunshine and roses are bursting forth,
When joy and plenty are on the wing,
Away to welcome the beautiful Spring,
And clouds of light from the crystal shore
Are gliding in at window and door?

Why wilt thou go, my own sweet child?
Is the world too cruel, too sin-defiled?
Canst thou not venture thy spotless soul
Where waves of the deepest colour roll?
Nor dare to launch thy little boat,
Sweet boy, on the waters unbound afloat?

Ah! I have watched thee with jealous care,
And wafted thy name on the wings of prayer;
Have listened thy tones with earnest joy,
And caressed thy form, my angel boy.
Heaven wills it, I rise this test above,
With the faith and the trust of a mother's love.

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CHILDREN I HAVE MET.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

UPON a certain Christmas Eve not many years ago, I was in a train on the North-western Railway, bound for London. It is the fashion to express pity for persons of my mature age who are obliged to travel upon that festive season, when they ought to be 'by rights' in their chairs by their own hearth, surrounded by laughing child-faces, and looking forward—not without some apprehension—to snap-dragon; but I did not feel any commiseration for myself whatever. My home was in town, and I should meet there with such a loving welcome, I well knew, as would compensate me for any inconvenience of my present position. As for the child-faces, they indeed were not awaiting me, but since I had never known such a thing, they would not be missed. I was content to picture to myself the bright glad face of her who had been my own true wife for near a quarter of a century, and which, if not so fair, was ten times as dear to me as on the day on which I had beheld it first. The battle of life had been a hard one for me, and in my secret heart I believe I should have lost it had she not stood by my side; for in that warfare the non-combatants count for much.

Good wives are the music that puts man in heart, as the martial band inspires the soldier; only in their case it plays right on throughout the fight, now soft, now loud, but ever heard till death comes to us or them. They are the hospital staff, who bind up our wounds and nurse us tenderly, when the battle has gone sore against us; and they are the chaplains also, who, taking advantage of our weakness, would lead us—God bless them—to the skies, of which we have lost sight in all that smoke and turmoil. I would not have said this to my Nelly for a kingdom—for these angels are human, after all—but such was the thought that I entertained about her as the express flew through the falling snow, which had clothed all objects with its dazzling robe, as though it were attiring earth as a bride for heaven.

As the day drew on—for my journey was a long one—and the sunbeams faded, those bridal garments became those of death, and the look of the vast snow-shroud made me shiver. What would life become, thought I, if my sunbeam were to cease, and I should be left alone, without even that reflection of it to comfort me such as the widower sees, or thinks he sees, in the eyes of his children? A selfish thought indeed, but are not all our thoughts selfish, even when they are busied with those who are far dearer to us than self itself? If she did die, would the religion which I professed prove indeed a solace? Would there be any actual consolation in the belief that we should meet again where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, and where all the conditions of our existence must needs be wholly changed? I am not a sentimental man—far from it; I plume myself, with reason, upon my practical character. To many a plain man of mature years and of the middle class, who has no pretensions to be considered a philosopher, such thoughts, or others like them, have doubtless sometimes come for a brief space, to be dissipated by the first material incident. The carriage passing over the points at the terminus, and shaking us all up a little, cut the thread of my slender speculations, and set me wondering, as our long train banged and clattered into the station, whether there would be a sufficiency of cabs to supply our needs. I had not much luggage, but there was a box containing a certain Christmas present for my Nelly about which I was solicitous, and I repaired at once to the luggage-van to look after it. 'Of course, it is the last box,' was upon the tip of my impatient tongue, as trunks, imperials, and hat-boxes were poured out upon the platform, and ever and anon the 'By your leave' of the porter with his iron-wheeled barrow made my keen sense of the rights of property succumb to the care of life and limb; but as it happened, I had this time underrated the malice of destiny; the box was not there at all. The luggage-van yawned before me with nothing in it; and with my heart full of bitterness and thoughts of action at law for loss of goods in transit, I turned upon my heel, and almost overset a little woman of five years old or so,

with a look of wistfulness in her tear-wet eyes of blue that would have melted Herod.

'What is it, my dear?' inquired I, stooping my ear to the level of her rosebud of a mouth.

'Gibbinth,' said she, laying her small hand upon my arm.

'Give you what, my darling?' It was plain she was not a beggar; indeed, I should have used the phrase of a 'lady's child' in describing her, had not her woful little face put all ideas of her social rank out of my mind. She was well and warmly clad, as assorted with the snowy night, and had a seal-skin muff hanging round her neck, in which, so soon as she found she had attracted my attention, she replaced her little hands.

'You are Gibbinth?' continued she, looking at me anxiously from top to toe, as though to discover for herself some distinctive mark of the Gibbins family.

'No, my dear,' said I; 'I am not.' It was impossible to be angry with such a tiny creature, but I certainly did not feel flattered at being taken for any such person. If it had been Montmorenci or Howard, the mistake might have been intelligible enough: but Gibbins!

'If you are not Gibbinth, where can Gibbinth be?' continued the little maiden; 'the Dutchman has been in my eyes for ever so long.'

I had never heard the metaphor about the Dutchman (who, by-the-bye, turned out to be the Dust-man), but it was evident that the poor little thing was sleepy and tired. The passengers had by this time all departed, and, besides the officials, there was no one visible beneath the roof of that ghastly station save myself, this little one, and a single cabman, who was making intermittent signs to me with his whip—as though he were moved by clock-work—that he was waiting there for my convenience, and that he hoped any longer delay would be considered in the fare. A feeling began to creep over me that I had done some wrong to this poor little scrap in not being Gibbins, as she had expected, and that she had some sort of claim upon me in consequence. In vain I said to myself that that 'wouldn't wash,' and called up all the precepts of a long and successful commercial career to justify the great principle of non-interference. The most that they could do for me was to suggest my shifting the responsibility upon somebody else, and referring the matter to the railway officials.

As I moved away to where 'Inspector's Office' was inscribed over a doorway, my small acquaintance again laid her little hand upon my wrist, not as a grown-up lady takes a gentleman's arm, but with a certain sense of assured dependence, that it was impossible to ignore or to resist.

If I was not Gibbins, that tiny pressure seemed to say I was in Gibbins's place, and the future conduct of affairs, so far as she was concerned, was no longer in her hands, but mine.

'Mr Inspector,' said I, when I had found that officer, 'what is the meaning of this little lady being all alone here?'

'Well, sir, I was in hopes that you could have told us that.' He took off his cap, which had a gold band round it, not in my honour, as I supposed, but for my small companion to admire and handle (it had been, as I afterwards discovered, her plaything for the last six hours, in the intervals of his official business). 'We all thought that you were Gibbins come at last.'

'I am nothing of the sort,' said I testily. 'I never saw this'—here she looked up from the cap with such an astonished gaze, caused by my harsh tones, that I felt quite ashamed of myself—'I say I never before set eyes upon this little lady in all my life.'

'I am sorry for it, sir,' answered the inspector, 'for she don't seem to have any other friend.' She has been here for half the day, and more, in the waiting-room yonder; and whenever a train comes in, out she trots, and asks for Gibbins. It's an infamous shame of those who have sent a child like that up on a Christmas Eve, with nobody to meet her, at a great station like this; and I should like to have the whippin' of 'em.'

'What's her name?' inquired I, in a whisper.

'Well, you had better ask her, sir; for none of us can make head or tail of it ourselves.'

Then I stooped down, and put the first question in the Church Catechism to this poor little wail and stray.

'What is your name?'

'I'm Osey,' replied she, looking up in surprise that such an obvious fact should not be already known to me.

'She means Rosey,' explained the inspector; 'such a child as that can never pronounce her hars, bless you. It's plain to me that you ain't a family man, sir.'

I had once, however, been within a very little of being so, and that was, in truth, the chief reason why I did not at once offer this delicate human wail the shelter of our home.

Some years ago, I had met, within a few streets of my own door, an ayah, an Indian nurse, with perhaps the fattest child in her arms which England has yet produced, and who had lost her way; she could understand a little English, but could speak no more of it than informed me that her master's name was 'Jone,' evidently Bengalee for Jones. As to where he lived, she had no notion, except that it was in the direction of the setting sun, which for London is a somewhat vague address.

She had a robe of white, which contrasted strikingly with her black and shining face; she had a ring through her nose, of more splendour, I should say, than value; and a pair of very lavishly embroidered slippers turned up at the toes. Altogether, she was not a desirable person for a gentleman in my line of business to be seen going about with, between six and seven in the afternoon, when his friends and neighbours are all returning from the City.

I felt at the time that she wouldn't 'wash,' and indeed it would have been no use if she did; yet I could scarcely leave her to wander about all night with that enormous child; she was very tired already, it was evident, although not hungry; people had offered her buns, it seemed, in great profusion, and one woman had nearly killed her with a bottle of ginger-beer (an article I believe

forbidden by the Hindu faith), and of the use and value of money she was utterly ignorant; in short, I was obliged to bring her home, which I did, accompanied by a mob of about forty street-boys, and a policeman in the distance; I had told him of her calamity, and he could suggest no remedy beyond the station-house, but the situation interested him.

By the skillful cross-examination of my wife, it was elicited from the ayah that she had gone out for a walk that morning with the child, and had been walking ever since, probably in a circle.

'But Jones must be the greatest idiot in Great Britain,' said I, 'to send a nurse out with his child who can't speak English, and who doesn't know her way.'

'Perhaps he didn't want to see either of them again,' observed my wife, with dismal sagacity.

Then I perceived what a very unwelcome material this article I had become responsible for might turn out to be; to have a strange child on one's hands for life was bad enough, but to adopt a black woman with a ring through her nose and turn-up slippers! It might be that we were about to entertain an angel unawares, but I am bound to say she didn't look like it.

'I suppose she must have sheets to her bed,' said my wife doubtfully, when discussing the arrangements for the night.

'Yes, yes; her colour is fast enough,' returned I gloomily; 'she is not an Ethiopian serenade.'

Not a syllable indeed did she sing or say, beyond 'Yes' or 'No,' and 'Jones,' while she remained under our roof, which was only for twelve hours; nor did the fat child open its mouth except for food, which it devoured voraciously.

After breakfast the next morning came Jones (of India), whom the police had informed of the asylum which his offspring had received. He swore in Hindustani at the ayah, boxed the child's ears for being frightened at his father's violence, and then expressed his thanks to my wife (for I was gone to the City) for her 'injudicious hospitality.'

'I am sure your husband meant well,' he was good enough to say, 'but I should have had much less trouble if he had left matters to the police.'

It was the remembrance of this fiasco that made me even more practical than usual on the present occasion, and caused me to hesitate in constituting myself 'Rosey's' temporary guardian.

'You have told me your Christian name, my pretty child, but what is your surname?'

'My turname?' It was plain that I might as well have asked her the explanation of the Slesvig-Holstein difficulty, at that time at its acme of complexity.

'What is your papa's name?'

She shook her head till the golden curls fell over her sweet face as the summer wind scatters the laburnum.

'And mamma's?'

'Mamma? Me no mamma,' answered she quietly, as she buttoned and unbuttoned the chin-strap of the inspector's cap; an indifference far more pathetic to behold than any tears.

'But where is your home, Rosey?'

'Home?' Even that word had no meaning for her, it seemed; and yet her dress and manner shewed that she had experienced dutiful, if not kindly ministrations. Her unsuspecting trust and confidence told also the same tale.

'Are you at school, then, darling?'

'Er!'—here she brightened up, well pleased to find her questioner at last intelligible—'me at tool!'

'And where is your school, Rosey?'

Here she became a laburnum again; names and places were evidently not her strong point; she might have dropped from the skies themselves for all she knew of, whence she came or whither she was going.

The station she had come from, the inspector said, was Crewes—a large manufacturing town and junction—so much was told by her ticket, and by the company's luggage label upon a large box that had come with her, but which had otherwise no address.

'What is to be done with her, Mr Inspector?'

'Well, the woman in charge of the waiting-rooms will look after her for the night, I daresay. I would take her home myself, if I had not a house full of brats already, though, Heaven knows, I don't want to lose any of 'em. Every lady as has seen the child took notice of her, and gave her tarts and things in the refreshment-room; but when it comes to taking her home with them—why, that is quite another matter. It's so few wives, and still fewer husbands, as dares to do it, you see.'

'Well, this is my card,' said I; 'and I will take her to my wife as a Christmas present. I suppose Mr Gibbins will turn up to-morrow morning at latest.'

'Well, if the worst comes to the worst, you can but send her to the work's, you know—poor little innocent soul;—and with that he kissed her.'

If I had not been of so practical a nature, and if the regulations of the company had not forbidden it, I could have almost given that inspector five shillings; as it was, I left that amount with him for incidental expenses—giving me early news of Gibbins, or what not—and then I called a cab.

'Rosey, my dear, I shall take you home with me,' said I; 'you must want rest and supper.'

'But Tosey must turn too,' said Rosey.

'By all means.' I thought Tosey was some doll that she had left in the waiting-room, and accompanied her thither to get it, while her box was being lifted on to the cab.

In one of those vast and cheerless apartments with which railway travellers who arrive too soon, or too late, are so well acquainted, I found the woman in charge peering up and down the place with a large bundle in her arms.

'Hallo, missy!' said she: 'so you have found your friend at last.—I must say, sir,' added she, addressing herself to me, 'that you have given me a great deal of trouble—though I don't grudge it, poor little fellow—in minding this boy for the whole afternoon. He's as good as gold for one of his years, but of course he's dog-tired, and ought to have been in his cot hours ago.'

'Why, what boy is that?' inquired I, with a vague sense of apprehension.

'Dat my itty brodder Tosey,' explained my small companion. 'Now, Tosey, tum along: the coachy-pachey is waiting.'

There were two of them! Only those who have had twins unexpectedly presented to them, can picture to themselves my feelings at that moment. There was, however, nothing for it but to say with the pincushion—nay, with two pincushions—'Welcome, little strangers.'

At the word 'coach-poy-coachey,' as though it had been an open sesame to his young affections, Tosey held out his arms to me, with a wild chuckle, at the same time kicking his little legs like one learning to swim. It was a terrible moment, for I did not know how to handle so delicate an article; it was as though a parlour-maid who has never been 'out' before should begin with washing up a service of eggshell china; though Tosey did not look so much like the outside of the egg as the inside, *poached*. So white—for the poor little soul was wan and weary—so soft, so dimpled, so wabbly, and so warm he was, it seemed as though the touch of a finger would have broken him.

He was a fair-complexioned child, like his sister; but his eyes were a soft brown, whereas Rosey's were as blue as the sky in June; and though, I suppose, a year younger than she, he had a look of thought and gravity (with wrinkles, too, everywhere) which might have become his own grandfather. I have since had some reason to believe that, in another state of existence, Tosey had been king of the fairies, and that the cares of his tiny kingdom still weighed upon him; but this is mere conjecture. He permitted himself great excitements, but, having expressed his feelings, sank always into a state of philosophic reflection, as though to examine whether or no they had been justified. Thus, on catching sight of the cab-horse, he cried 'Jee-jee,' and jerked himself so violently in my arms that I thought for the moment we had both fallen backwards; then immediately afterwards he became stolid, silent, and statuesque. I seized upon this opportunity to place him on the back-seat of the vehicle, where I could have my eye on him, and where, being wedged in by his sister and her multitudinous wraps, I thought he would keep his equilibrium. This, however—although throughout the catastrophe he preserved his gravity—was by no means the case, for no sooner did the wheels begin to move, than both of the children fell forward, knocking my open purse out of my hand, from which I had just been paying the waiting-woman, and scattering its contents upon the floor of the cab, which, as usual, had as many holes as a cullender. What was the precise extent of my pecuniary loss, I never ventured to calculate, but certainly I did something to realise the dream of Dick Whittington in paving the neighbourhood of Euston Square with gold.

Property, however (except in the eye of the law), is of less consequence than life, and all my energies were directed to preserve my fellow-travellers. Fortunately, they were so wrapped in clothing, that they could scarcely have been hurt—unless they had fallen on their faces, which they did not, but quite the reverse—had they dropped from the top of St Paul's; but for the rest of the journey I placed one on one of my knees, and one on the other, and held them each with one arm as well. There is a famous picture (not the least like me, however) called the *First Cradle*, which accurately represents my position in the four-wheel; nor did I dare to change it even by a hair's-breadth, for in a second or two both of my little friends had fallen asleep, and it was clear by their sweet faces that it would have been a crime to wake them. Rosey was away in Paradise, where the only idolatry is baby-worship—the Peris were handing her about from one to the other, and she had a smile for

every one. Tosey was back in Elfland, recounting his adventures among mortals, accompanied by philosophic reflections. Not a sigh escaped them, not a movement stirred their tender limbs; the snow, that was falling more thickly than ever, could not have come from the skies more innocent and pure than they were.

I had not the least doubt of the nature of their reception from my Nelly; my apprehensions were solely upon my own account. That ayah business, though it had happened long ago, still rankled in her memory. If she had been in my place, she would, I knew, have done exactly as I had done, and I should have expostulated with her upon acting upon impulse, and giving way to sentiment upon Christmas Eve. It is so different being philanthropic one's-self, and bearing the inconvenience of the philanthropy of other people.

The astonishment of our parlour-maid upon perceiving her master return with these unexpected guests, was such that she actually forbore to remark upon them, as I carried them into the house.

'Is that you, George?' cried my wife's delighted voice from the drawing-room floor.

'I am not quite sure, my dear,' was my reply; for indeed I had by this time begun to entertain suspicions of my own identity: 'you had better come down and see.'

'Ah! you nice old darling, that is to look at the Christmas present you wrote about, I know.'

'Well, no,' said I; 'that is gone astray' (I had up to then forgotten all about that unhappy box); 'but I have brought you two others instead.'

'You dear, delightful, generous—— Oh, my goodness, whose children have you got there?'

'Gibbins's.'

For the moment, that answer proved sufficient, for Rosey and Tosey had both opened those masked batteries, their wondering eyes, and, silenced by their unexpected fire, my wife could only gasp, and gaze from one to the other.

'Mum—mum—mum—mum,' ejaculated Tosey very rapidly, with the air of a discoverer.

'Why, he takes me for his mamma, I do declare!' continued Nelly with enforced admiration, as she folded him in her arms. 'And are you his sister, my pretty dear?'

'Et.' This monosyllable was elongated and dwelt upon with conscious pride. 'Me and Tosey is sister and brudder.'

'But where on earth are their parents? Where did you pick them up, and why did you bring them home?'

'They were left at the station, and never called for,' explained I; 'and since there was no sleeping accommodation for them in the waiting-room—which must, moreover, be rather a lonely place for a nursery after business hours—since it was snowing hard; and being Christmas Eve, when, above all times, little children should be had in remembrance'—

'Jane, bring some tea and cake as soon as you can get it,' interrupted my wife; 'and tell Elizabeth to get the spare room ready. She had better sleep with the poor little dears, for they are too young to be left alone, and, of course, it will only be for one night.'

'Of course,' said I cheerfully; 'Gibbins is certain to turn up in the morning, just as Mr Jones did.'

My object was to draw a deduction from experience that might inspire confidence in these young persons being taken off our hands, of which in reality I by no means felt assured; but I had made a mistake in mentioning Jones of Bengal.

'We shall doubtless get no thanks for whatever we do,' remarked my wife tartly, at the same time taking off Rosey's multitudinous wraps with tender solicitude. 'I have no patience with wretches who leave their little children alone and friendless in the great waste of London. I wonder where they expect to go to.'

'Yes, and where they expect their children to go to,' rejoined I. 'However, it isn't Rosey's fault, nor Tosey's.'

If the children had looked beautiful in their furs and wraps, they appeared still more attractive now that they were in their under-garments, which shewed their grace of movement. Rosey's limbs were very slender, but she climbed actively enough into the chair that had been set for her at the tea-table, though not before she had seen Tosey's more plump proportions already seated in his. It was plain that she still considered him under her charge and conduct. When my wife cut her a slice of cake, she passed it on to her brother, and broke it into small pieces for him, as one breaks bread to feed the birds; nor, while attending to his physical comforts, did she neglect his manners. 'What does Tosey say?' inquired she, 'to the lady who gives him cake?'

Tosey stared at her in shocked surprise. Could she not see that he was eating?—indulging in the only occupation in which (as she must be aware) he took at present any satisfaction? Nay, even upon the lowest ground, who could be expected to reply to abstract questions, who has his mouth quite full of currant cake? Again she appealed to his sense of politeness, and this time he transferred his eyes from her fair face to the central ornament of the ceiling, at which he stared, and continued to stare (though eating all the time) with an intensity that riveted our own attention also.

'Now what does Tosey say when he is dood, and has had his cake?' repeated the other, more persuasively even than before.

'Moa' (more).

At this my wife burst out laughing, and threw her arms about his neck. 'Did you ever hear such a sensible child,' cried she, 'to say More instead of Ta? Why, it's human nature in a nut-shell.' It was one form of human nature, no doubt; but it was another—though, alas, one not so much dwelt upon by the theologians—to see Rosey's unselfish solicitude for Tosey's comfort, as though a nightingale should take a wren under its wing, and tend it. And the wren acknowledged her loving service. Tosey declined the offer of my wife's assistance to descend from his chair, with a certain austere calmness. 'You mean well, I have no doubt, my good woman,' his manner seemed to say; 'but this honour is reserved for another; it pleases her, and I am disposed to please her, when there is no temptation to do otherwise.' So Rosey's outstretched arms received him, after his repast; and in their loving hold he instantly fell asleep, like a despot gorged with wine and meat, in the embrace of some favoured slave. My wife carried him to bed herself; while Elizabeth carried Rosey, a burden scarcely heavier than he—her blue eyes heavy with sleep, her golden hair streaming be-

hind her like a sheaf of stars. The painter who drew Jacob's Ladder with the angels ascending it, must have seen some such spectacle as that, I think, on his own stairs at home.

THE WAVERLEY DRAMAS.

COMPARATIVELY few persons now living can remember the excitement caused by the appearance of a new fiction by the author of *Waverley*. Circulating libraries were besieged by their customers, eager to be favoured with an early perusal of the new book. In some libraries, each volume was divided and bound in two portions; and at Bath and other fashionable places of the period, they were sometimes split into three parts to facilitate reading. The writer remembers seeing, in a Scottish provincial town, the novel of *Guy Rannering* bound in portions of a hundred pages, each of which, at that time (1833), was lent to read at the price of twopence per night. It consisted in all of ten parts, the reading of which, at the price named, cost one shilling and eightpence; and the feat of perusal, in a case we personally know of, was achieved, not in ten nights, but in a gallop of eight hours! When the Leith snack which carried these literary treasures to London arrived in the Thames, no matter that it might be midnight, or that it might be Sunday evening, the London agents of the Edinburgh publishers were on the alert, and had porters and vehicles in readiness to carry off the treasures to the 'Row,' or to '90 Cheapside,' where—the books being, as it is technically called, in 'quires'—the bookbinders were in readiness to perform their work, so that in a very few hours copies were on the way by coach and wagon to all parts of the country.

A good story is related *apropos* of the 'quires,' which has never yet, so far as we know, appeared in print. A nobleman, living in a rather inaccessible part of England, had sent up his valet to London expressly to procure for himself and guests the new Scottish novel, which was expected to reach the great metropolis by the day the coach set out for the town in Lincolnshire which was nearest the gentleman's residence. The valet, having a friend in Messrs Hurst and Robinson's warehouse, was assured that he would obtain an early copy. Unfortunately, the snack did not arrive till the next coach-day, and only cast anchor in the Thames three hours before the starting of the vehicle. A copy of the novel could not be bound in time; and the valet, determined not to lose other two days, would not wait, but set off at once with his master's copy of the work in quires, intending to have it bound by the local binder of the town near the country-seat of his lordship. A gig, however, was in waiting at the inn for the arrival of the messenger, with a message for him to return home at once, as the book was eagerly than the packet was impatiently opened; but when the condition of the book was seen, all were embarrassed: it was comprised in unfolded sheets, and no one knew what to do with them! The robbers' cave without the 'Open sesame' of Ali Baba was not a greater cause of chagrin than the possession of a Waverley novel which could not be read. The sheets were greedily seized, however, by the guests staying in the house; but, as a matter of course, they found it rather difficult to

get through them. At length, a young lady, a daughter of the house, by much studying and examining of the pages, and after having dissected a sheet or two into leaves, discovered how to fold them; and in the library, sheet by sheet properly folded, this young gentlewoman handed the novel to a gentleman, who, cutting open the leaves, read aloud the story for the pleasure of the company.

It was not likely that such a rich quarry as the *Waverley* novels and romances would be long neglected by the London dramatists. Theatrical managers knew very well that the great mass of the population could not afford either to buy the new novels, or even subscribe to an expensive library, and that, therefore, dramatic versions of these popular stories would be sure to draw large audiences to their houses. So, after a time, as soon as a new novel by the author of *Waverley* was published, and on some occasions even before that event took place, the story was produced with all advantages of scenery and correct costume, both upon the metropolitan and provincial stages. The *Waverley* drama which has attained by far the largest share of popularity is undoubtedly *Rob Roy*, but the first of the novels to be dramatised was *Guy Mannering*. It was prepared for the London stage by the 'ingenious comedian,' Mr Daniel Terry, a personal friend of the author, and a rather celebrated actor of the period, in such parts as Lord Ogleby and Sir Peter Teazle. Mr Terry was quite fitted to be a companion even to Sir Walter Scott, as he was a man of good culture, skilled in the old literature of the drama, and possessed of artistic taste and antiquarian knowledge of a high order. With reference to the play of *Guy Mannering*, it is said that the great novelist had himself a finger in the pie of its production, and that he gave both good advice and practical aid in its construction. It is certain, at all events, that he contributed to it the song of the *Lullaby*, and, as he was at that time the 'Great Unknown,' it was suggested that the secret of the authorship of the *Waverley* Novels might be untimely developed by means of the song. Sir Walter, however, was of a different opinion, or rather he thought that the two things would not be put together. 'I am afraid,' he wrote to Terry, 'I am in a scrape about the song, and that of my own making; for, as it never occurred to me that there was anything odd in my writing two or three verses for you, which have no connection with the novel, I was at no pains to disown them.' The song in question is the one beginning:

Oh! slumber, my darling;
Thy sire is a knight;
Thy mother a lady,
So lovely and bright.

As the Great Unknown could not see how fathering the song would be acknowledging the novel, the song was duly sung, and was thought a feature of the drama. Miss Joanna Baillie was a contributor to the stage *Guy Mannering*, which was brought out as a kind of opera, there being in it duets, glees, and other music, composed by Sir Henry Bishop. The play, with all its shortcomings, was highly successful, especially in London, where it had the advantage of being played with an excellent cast of characters. In Edinburgh, where the play was likely to be much criticised, it was not

nearly so well liked as in London. The Edinburgh audience is the most critical in the kingdom. Both Dandie Dinmont and Dominie Sampson became great favourites, and Meg Merrilies was remarkably well personated. Sir Walter, when this drama, or rather, as it ought properly to be called, semi-opera, was announced, made a joke of the subject by saying he had been 'Terry-fied.' The great author enjoyed the play very much himself, as he also did *Rob Roy*, and indeed all the series of the *Waverley* dramas as they were produced. About the time of their production, he had begun to take considerable interest in local dramatic affairs, having not only bought a share in the Edinburgh Theatre-royal, but become one of the trustees of the building. Moreover, his friend, James Ballantyne, was a dramatic critic, and had an excellent knowledge of the stage-literature of the time, as well as of how it should be acted; and John Ballantyne being personally acquainted with all the performers, great and small, often invited them to his house, so that the Great Unknown had opportunities of seeing all the dramatic celebrities who came to the Modern Athens; besides, the chief actors and actresses were in those days received in the best society of the city.

The Edinburgh theatre, in the early days of the *Waverley* dramas, was under the management of Mr Henry Siddons, a son of the great actress, whom Sir Walter was instrumental in bringing to Scotland. He was succeeded by Mr W. H. Murray, his brother-in-law, who was a great personal favourite, and much petted by the author of *Waverley*.

Mr Terry, who ultimately became lessee of the Adelphi Theatre in London, and who was supported by Sir Walter in this enterprise to the extent of one thousand five hundred pounds, had become most useful to his great patron. Whilst the building of Abbotsford, the great novelist's 'romance in stone and lime,' was going forward, a constant stream of correspondence was carried on. Terry had named his first-born, a son, after the lord of Abbotsford; and was so fond of the great man, that he actually took the greatest amount of pains to imitate his handwriting! In fact, his hero-worship knew no bounds. The comedian did not rest satisfied with his edition of *Guy Mannering*, but, in course of time, adapted to the stage one or two of Sir Walter's other novels, in particular the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, which, however, being more by Terry than by the author of *Waverley*, was a comparative failure. The reading class of those days, who had the words of the novels strong in their memory, found it intolerable that the language of Sir Walter should be tampered with for the purposes of stage illustration. It was *de rigueur* in the adaptations of the period to hold to the language of the author, and, in consequence, the edition of the *Heart of Mid-Lothian* which was produced at the Surrey Theatre in London, as a melodrama, in three acts, by Mr Dibdin, on the 13th of January 1819, was held to be incomparably the better of the two dramas. It will be as well, however, to be chronological in our little narrative, and not anticipate the sequence of production.

Rob Roy McGregor, or *Auld Langsyne*, adapted to the stage by Mr Isaac Peacock, was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, London, on the 12th of March 1818. Its success was instantaneous, and it has kept its hold upon the stage ever since, and

has been oftener performed than all the other Waverley dramas put together. Mr Terry, at the time when this play was produced, was the stage-manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and assisted very much in the arrangement of the drama, in consultation, doubtless, with Sir Walter, who was prodigal of such help. Mr Terry himself wrote several of the songs and laments which are interpolated, some of which are now omitted during the performance. Mr Liston the comedian played the part of Bailie Nicol Jarvie—a part which was made a great feature of the play—very lamely, so far as the speaking of the Scotch was performed. Mr Murray of the Edinburgh theatre did not produce the drama of *Rob Roy* till a considerable time after it had been first performed at Covent Garden. It was played, indeed, in the north of Scotland at Aberdeen, Perth, and Dundee, long before it was placed upon the stage of the Modern Athens. Mr Corbet Ryder, of the Aberdeen theatrical circuit, made a great sensation throughout the Scottish provincial towns by his excellent performance of the bold outlaw; and the gentleman who played the Bailie also made a great hit; some playgoers thought him superior to Mackay, whom the author of the novels praised highly for his delineation of the part. The performer of the Bailie just alluded to had been a Glasgow compositor, but falling in love with Miss Mullindar, the daughter of a strolling manager, he took to the stage, and made a great hit in the part of the Glasgow magistrates, which he performed more than two hundred times in the north of Scotland. *Rob Roy* was a favourite play all over Scotland both in theatre, hall, and barn. In one of Ryder's playbills, the announcement was made, many years ago, 'that *Rob Roy* would be played for the thousandth time!' Between February 15, 1819, and March 14, 1837, *Rob Roy* was played in the Theatre-royal, Edinburgh, two hundred and eighty-five times; and during the thirty-seven years which have elapsed since that period, it will have been played in the Edinburgh theatre at least double that number of times; although Mr Murray the manager, when Mr Mackay retired from public life on April 25, 1848, and bade farewell to the footlights, which he did, of course, in his favourite part of the Bailie, announced that the play would then be 'performed for the last time in Edinburgh!' This announcement was, of course, speedily contradicted. It was a piece of Mr Murray's sentimentalism. On the occasion of his leave-taking, Mr Mackay alluded in feeling terms to all the kindnesses shewn him by Sir Walter Scott: 'Had he never written, I never should have been noticed as an actor; it is to the pen of the mighty dead I owe my theatrical reputation.' So said Mr Mackay. As shewing the popularity of the Waverley dramas, it may be stated that, during the winter season of 1829-32, they were performed upon no less than eighty-three occasions in the Edinburgh theatre!

Reverting for a moment to London, it may be mentioned that the original *Rob Roy* of the Covent Garden stage was the afterwards celebrated tragedian, Mr W. C. Macready, who was then seeking fame on the London boards; the Diana Vernon was Miss Stephens; and Mrs Egerton enacted Helen McGregor, the outlaw's wife. Mr Mackay performed the Bailie for a few nights in London; but coming after the caricature version of Liston,

and speaking the real Scotch Doric, he was not very successful, although his acting was undoubtedly most excellent, and he was warmly recommended to many friends by his illustrious patron.

When Sir Walter Scott first saw the play of *Rob Roy* performed, he was very much pleased with the acting of the Bailie, and, as a compliment to the performer, sent him, in his character of Jedediah, an honorarium of five pounds, by way of securing a ticket in the centre of the pit for his next benefit. *Rob Roy* was the play which George IV. elected to see performed on his visit to Edinburgh in 1822, when, as may be expected, the theatre was crowded to suffocation. His Majesty, we are told in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, enjoyed the play exceedingly. 'The various "points" were quickly apprehended by both His Majesty and the audience.' Captain Thornton's speech, as may well be supposed on such an occasion, brought down the house: 'I know how to die for my error, without disgracing the king I serve or the country that gave me birth.' The captain was impersonated by Mr W. H. Murray, who acted as manager for his sister, Mrs Henry Siddons. The hero was enacted by Mr J. W. Cole, then known professionally as Mr Calcraft, afterwards manager of the Theatre-royal, Dublin, and long associated with the management of Mr Charles Kean, and also an adapter to the stage of some of the Waverley novels. Since these palmy days, *Rob Roy* has been 'revived' over and over again both in English and Scottish theatres. It has been played with horses and without horses; and all kinds of startling effects have been introduced, such as real-water scenes, and scenes with 'real smoke' coming from the chimney of the huts in the clachan of Aberfoyle. All the would-be great actors of their day have essayed to play the part of the outlaw, whilst not a few comedians have been successful in delineating the Bailie, the Dougal Creature, and others of the male characters. We have seen the part of *Rob Roy* played on the English provincial stage by a person who wore the kilt over his trousers!

We proceed now to a brief *résumé* of the other Waverley dramas. The first production of the author was not dramatised till the year 1824, when it was brought out on the Edinburgh stage by Mr Calcraft, the then leading actor. Dibdin's *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, which has already been alluded to, proved very successful. It was written and produced with great speed; the novel was read, and the play dramatised and produced with all appropriateness within a period of fifteen days! The *Antiquary* was brought out at Covent Garden on the 25th of January 1830. It was another 'Terry-fication,' the adapter playing Lord Glenallan; whilst to Liston was intrusted the character of Jonathan Oldbuck, and it is no disparagement to the illustrious delineator of Paul Pry to say that the part as acted by him was a gross caricature. The *Bride of Lammermoor* and *Old Mortality* were both dramatised by Mr Calcraft. The *Fortunes of Nigel*, a version of which was lately produced by Mr Andrew Halliday at Drury Lane Theatre, was originally dramatised by Mr W. H. Murray, who was the author of several other highly successful pieces. *Ivanhoe*, when produced as a dramatic spectacle, was very successful; and in turn nearly the whole of Sir Walter's novels and romances have been produced on the stage; one or two of them, indeed, have become classic operas, and are frequently performed in the

Italian operas, particularly *Lucia di Lammermoor*, by Donizetti.

It was anticipated, from the great success which attended the dramatic versions of the Waverley novels, that Scott might himself be persuaded to write for the stage; but, although he wrote the dramatic sketch of *Halidon Hill*, which brought him, from Messrs Constable & Co., the handsome sum of one thousand pounds, he shrank from trying his fortune on the boards, except by means of an occasional 'Terry-fication.' In a letter to Southey he says: 'To write for low, ill-informed, and conceited actors, whom you must please, for your success is necessarily at their mercy, I cannot away with.' He said this in the face of the Waverley dramas having rained golden showers on all the theatres, London and provincial, and especially on the theatre which he knew best, the Theatre-royal, Edinburgh. Although he was told that the dramatist of *Ivanhoe* had pocketed from three to four hundred by his work, he declined to interfere, and so the Waverley dramas were left to flourish on their own merits. And they did flourish: they called into existence a new body of actors. Previous to the era of the Waverley novels, there were few plays on the stage that required Scotch in its purity. *The Gentle Shepherd*, by Allan Ramsay, and the *Man of the World*, were about all that were current. The tragedy of *Douglas* did not require any Scotch actor. In concluding this sketch of the Waverley dramas, it may be mentioned, that it was at a dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund that Sir Walter Scott first made a formal confession of being the author of the Waverley novels.

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CYRIL'S COLONEL.

UPON some natures, the influence of external objects and the effect of change are marked and rapid; though those natures are not, therefore, necessarily shallow or inconstant. Their susceptibility to influence belongs to their facility of observation and versatility of intelligence, rather than to fickleness of heart. Upon others, change of scene and surroundings has but little effect, beyond its unconscious, involuntary, physical action; the centre of thought is not disturbed, the current of feeling flows on in an unaltered channel. David Mervyn's nature was of the latter category. A world might have unrolled itself before his gaze, and though that gaze would not have been unintelligent, the steadfastness of his thoughts, the concentration of his memory, would not have been lessened. He was by no means a brilliant man, intellectually, but he had intelligence of a clear, active, and reflective order, and a particularly diligent mind, knowing accurately its own range, and never idle within it. A leading 'note' of his moral nature was its steadfastness, whence came his punctual, simple discharge of all duties, and also his capacity for cherishing a deep and abiding sorrow for the early lost love of his youth.

David Mervyn went out to India with the regiment into which he had exchanged, shortly before the outbreak of the Mutiny of 1857, which appalled the United Kingdom, and changed the governing system of our Indian Empire. Throughout the whole of the stern repression of the

revolt, and the reprisals, which, when it was over, stained the English rule in Hindustan, he served gallantly; but he was not very popular with the authorities who enjoined those reprisals. He stood high, however, in the esteem of the really great men of that terrible period, who, being both humane and just, regarded with horror the cruelties which were perpetrated, and with disgust the falsehoods which were invented to justify them to the far-off English people, roused to terror and fury by reports as false as any of the *bulletins*, repugnant to our British 'moral sense,' by which the French government and the French press deceived the French people in 1870. When the troubles had subsided, and the work of reorganisation had begun, David, whose health had not suffered either from the service or the climate, took no leave; he did not want to go home.

The flavour had gone utterly out of his life, and he was not unwilling or impatient that it should be so. That the gray of evening should have fallen upon his mid-day, he did not resent, or wonder at; had not the dust and the darkness hidden away his beautiful darling in her noontide beauty and love? Was she to die, having given him all her life of loveliness and devotion, and was he to be angry because there was a pain in his heart, and a void into which his eyes gazed, aching while they looked listlessly; because, without her, joy had become a dead thing, music had no more melody, and the hours were meted out with a dull sameness, modified by neither hope nor fear, and never hurried by heartbeats! The strong sweet draughts of love were no more for his drinking; the golden bowl which her fair hands had held to his lips had fallen from them, and was broken; and those fair hands were meekly folded in silence for evermore—in silence which dwelt around his heart. Should he not submit to it, even welcome it? Would she have ever broken it, had such silence come to her instead, from his grave? The answer was ready—the mere dread of it, the all-sufficient agony of it, had killed Lucy. He was content to be sorrowful, and, in all things outside his professional duties, to have assumed the attitude of a spectator thus long before his time.

The secrecy of his marriage, its short duration—the quiet hidden romance of the episode which had been so brief, in comparison with its incalculable importance—the utter passing away of it, leaving no trace on the life of any human being except himself—the shutting of it up in his own breast, Lucy's name being never spoken by any lips: all this made David Mervyn cherish the bitter-sweet memory more fondly and closely. The veil of time interposed itself very, very slowly between him and the beautiful face and form, which had at first haunted him almost cruelly, appealing to him for that pity for the early dead, to which the lurking paganism in us all never fails to respond; as well as torturing him with the pain of parting and loss. However slowly it may fall, that veil does come down, with merciful inevitability, and it drew itself gradually across David's mental vision. But it was a veil of slight and silvery texture, and the soft sweet light came stealing through it from afar, lambent, and welcome: it was no thick curtain of oblivion, with a grave on one side, and the business and pleasure of life on the other. Gradually the

image of his young wife became like the dim vision of an angel seen in a dream, and hovering ever within the horizon of his memory, tortured him no more. Gradually, the grievous chastening bore fruit of sweetness; and David knew how that sacred love had purified his heart, leaving it an empty shrine indeed, but fragrant of incense, wherein no base idol could ever set itself up to command a false worship.

If but few incidents marked the lives of those whom David Mervyn had left in Scotland, fewer still broke the ordinary routine of his own life. Lady Mervyn had never again mentioned the subject of marriage to him. During his stay at Barholm, before he went to India, he had asked her whether she did not think it would be better, for the sake of all concerned, to put him in full possession of the facts respecting the property. She had nothing, he added, to fear from opposition on his part, to any plans or proceedings of hers. To this, Lady Mervyn—whom he found strangely altered—much of her old imperiousness having disappeared—but still cold and restrained in her intercourse with him—assented, and she admitted him to a confidence as complete as any confidence of the sort ever is. It was sufficient for the mother and the son to discuss results; they avoided causes, by mutual implied consent, never making any reference to Sir Alexander. The business conference concluded with so earnest and affectionate an expression, on David's part, of his sense of his mother's ability, care, and self-denial, during her long and painful administration of the family affairs, that for a moment Lady Mervyn was tempted to remind her son that he had still power to put an end to all embarrassment, and retrieve all the losses and follies of the past, by marriage. She was tempted to recur to her old arguments about Anne Cairnes, and to reinforce them with her conviction that Anne was still unmarried for his sake. But she looked at him, before speaking, and then she refrained, fortunately. With David's departure, his mother's last hopes on this subject vanished. The only thing to be expected, she thought, was that if he should 'get over' his grief for Lucy, he would marry some other penniless girl, 'out there,' of less objectionable position: 'every one knows,' thought Lady Mervyn, 'what Indian marriages are.'

Clearly, for every reason, the best thing David could do was to remain in India, his health being good, and his work interesting. He went home on leave, when his father died, but it was only to replace his mother in full possession and authority at Barholm, and afterwards make a short continental tour. This time, he walked past the house in the row at Hammersmith, but he did not go in. The Berlin shop was still in existence; and no doubt the first-floor was still let as lodgings, for, as he passed the house in returning, the door opened, and a nursemaid pushed a perambulator, with a chubby child in it, on to the footpath, grazing David's shins in the process. He visited the grave in Kensington churchyard too, but it brought him no keener, closer realisation. His Lucy had been, for a long time now, to his calmer, less earthly vision, not there, but risen. He was in London when the Exhibition of 1862 closed; afterwards he went abroad, and did not revisit England, but started on his return journey from Marseilles in the spring of 1863. Reviewing the

incidents and the experiences of his 'leave,' he was surprised to find how little they had affected him, with how little emotion he had revisited his home, with what moderate regret he had quitted it; how his vividness and keenness of feeling had declined. Lucy's death, and the fever at Santari, and the experiences of the Mutiny, had, he supposed, used up all the power of emotion, all the sensitiveness that was in him, and left him a mere commonplace soldier. How changed everything was at Barholm! His father dead, his mother an old woman almost; her well-preserved looks all gone, her hair white—there was a good deal of gray in his own—and her active ways laid aside. Poor Mr Cairnes too—David was sorry for Mr Cairnes—who was so kindly and happy, helpful, good, and prosperous a person, that one could not think of him as among those to whom death comes duly, or welcome, but rather as an unkind, almost an unreasonable surprise. David missed him from the Tors, and hardly cared for the place, though his sister and her children were so often there with Gordon Greeme's relatives. And Anne, who would have supposed that Anne could be so altered; could have become so handsome? David did not remember ever to have thought Anne handsome when she was a girl. But she was indisputably handsome now, a most graceful, refined, sweet, and impressive woman. Why had she not married? David's mind never returned to the old remembrance, which he had denounced as coxcombant, and of which he was genuinely ashamed. He answered his own question by supposing that she had never loved; and then he fell to making a comparison of their respective fates: his, who had loved and lost; hers, who had never loved at all. Of course there was a shifting crowd of remembrances of people, places, and incidents before his mind, and for the most part he was not sorry to be done with them; but he recurred to these for some time, until they were merged in the routine of his military life, its duties and associations.

It was not unnatural that the death of his child should have made but little additional impression on David's mind. The news of it reached him before he had begun to rally ever so slightly from the shock of Lucy's death, and the two had merged into one great waste of calamity. Afterwards, he had hardly thought of the mother and the child separately, he had never pictured to himself the different aspect his life might have borne had his little daughter lived. It was at the Tors—as Victoria Lodge was again openly called, Miss Cairnes not objecting—that David had a vision of the child as she might have been. He was walking with his sister through the shrubberies which divided the Tors from Barholm, and they were talking of her numerous little brood. The two elder children marched gravely in advance of their mother and their uncle, with a highly deceitful aspect of amity and accord, the stipulated condition of this privileged promenade.

'How fast Marion grows,' said her mother; 'she is taller for her age than Sasha.'

'What is her age?'

'She will be seven in August.'

'And Sasha?'

'Why, David, you surely have not forgotten! He was born on the anniversary of my wedding-day—in '54, while you were in the Crimea.'

David looked at the children—tall, fine, noble—

looking creatures they were, with perfect health and untamed spirits; and the curtain was lifted from before the past. His sister's wedding-day, nine years ago, had been that of his only child's birth. The day, every hour of it, leaped out of oblivion, and confronted him. How brief the little life had been, and yet how full of meaning, and of consolation to the young mother, who had so nearly paid for it with her own! Nothing could be more commonplace than the incident, than the words which had struck the chord of association; yet, with what a keen pang it gave out its answering sound! If his Lucy's child had lived, she would have been now a tall girl of nine years old, fair and blue-eyed like her beautiful mother, no doubt, and merry, rejoicing in life, like those children before his eyes. And his sister—talking to him with the pleasant wisdom, the full happiness of her matronly content—if she could have divined the vision which her words had conjured up! It was not dismissed immediately. That night, as David paced the rocky platform, in the moonlight, smoking his cigar, he thought more of the dead baby than he had ever thought before, and he remembered the words of his mother's letter—it was put away among his papers, and he had not looked at it for years—in which she told him that the child had followed the mother to the Better Land. 'I had made the best arrangement in my power,' wrote Lady Mervyn, 'for the dear child's welfare; had procured a most respectable and capable nurse for her, and had every reason to hope and believe that she would thrive. In every respect, except that of bringing her to Barrholm—an exception already explained—I am convinced I had carried out all you could have wished. But it was not to be, my dear David; and in a little time, you will be consoled for what is so frequent an occurrence, the death of so young a child.' He had never known, never asked any particulars; he had taken it for granted that the child had died in London, and had been buried in Lucy's grave. Nothing had been said on either point by Mrs Ferris, in the letter in which she referred to the child's death, and which, as it happened, was so worded as not to convey the fact that she had only heard of the death from Lady Mervyn, but had no personal knowledge of the circumstances. All this Sir David Mervyn remembered, and for the first time he felt a wish to break the silence so long maintained between his mother and himself. But the wish passed away with the reflection that only pain could come to both out of any revival of the past, and that it would desecrate the long unspoken name of his loved Lucy to utter it where it might possibly arouse a spirit of contention.

With David's return to India, having succeeded to his hereditary title, and fortune, such as it was, it might well be supposed that his persistent indifference to female charms would have been regarded with increased surprise and displeasure. But it was not so. The famous experiences of William Dobbin were not repeated in his person. No Miss Glorvina O'Dowd, aided and abetted by a sister-in-law of the vigour and perversity of the immortal Peggy, danced at him, sang at him, talked at him, or tried to 'finish' him with a pink satin gown. Sir David Mervyn was popular enough among women, although those of the sentimental order—not quite extinct in the sixth decade

of this century—did not consider him 'interesting,' and no one ever propounded an unrequited attachment as the solution of the problem, 'Why Sir David Mervyn does not marry?' But his manners, though pleasant, were perfectly even; no woman—except, indeed, she was old, or in any kind of trouble, or snubbed by the other women—ever obtained the least advantage over any other woman in the way of uncommon or significant attention from Sir David. It was perhaps expected at the 'station' that he would marry during his leave, and either not return at all, or bring out a Lady Mervyn with him; but the surprise occasioned by his not doing so was very moderate; and when he came back, there was no more expectation nor disappointment among the young ladies and their friends than there had been before. Ten years in India is a longer period, in some social senses, than ten years anywhere else, and before they had expired, David began to feel strangely old. He had seen so much mutation in the lives of others, his own life standing so still the while. The young ladies who had been a little surprised that Captain Mervyn's attentions were so very general, when he went out to India ten years before, had all married so long ago, that they had already sent home consignments of pale children to the care of grandmothers and aunts, or other guardians. The succession crop of young ladies, who, when Sir David returned from his leave, thought it would be very nice to be Lady Mervyn, but promptly discovered that there was no use in thinking about it, had all married sufficiently long ago to have a supply of children in process of becoming sufficiently pale for exportation. But these latter would not be 'consignments,' for the regiment was going home.

CHAPTER XXIV.—SIR DAVID'S SUBALTERN.

One year before this happy period, there had come a new interest into Sir David Mervyn's life. A very fine young fellow, one Cyril Westland, had come out, specially recommended to Sir David, to join the regiment. He knew all about Barrholm, had been there quite lately; his cousin Anne had her Scotch place on her hands again, he hoped she was not going to let it any more; and he could give Sir David quite the latest news of everybody: from Lady Mervyn and Mrs Græne, to James Thompson and the dogs, old friends of his, but with whom Sir David could hardly have been acquainted, except indeed Help, the collie, an animal illustrious in the annals of the county, and of whom Cyril reported that, like a sensible fellow, at his time of life, he was turning lazy.

The high spirits of Cyril, his frank amiability, his enthusiastic freshness of mind, had an immense attraction for Sir David—an attraction with the qualities of a relief also. The young man's company was like fresh air which came across well-known gardens, and brought with it their familiar fragrance; and thenceforth Sir David acknowledged to himself that he should be very glad to get home. To his young subaltern, just joined, who had come out with an extravagant outfit, and a great deal too much money to spend, the simple soldierly ways of the colonel were a useful lesson, and Sir David, a distinguished Crimean and Mutiny man, was a fitting object for the hero-worship of which he was capable; for to this extent Cyril was behind his age; he could feel those exploded

sentiments, admiration and respect. Cyril was twenty. Sir David was forty; respective ages which hardly coalesce in general, but these two soon became genuine friends. From Cyril Westland's talk, Sir David learned over again the life he had for so long almost forgotten, and grew once more familiar with the home he had so long been absent from. Cyril was acquainted with every nook of Barholm; of which he developed to its owner many unsuspected resources, hedges where wonderful walking-sticks might be cut, ditches, or 'dikes,' as he called them—priding himself on following the colloquial customs of the country—perfectly delightful to jump; other haunts, caverns among the rocks along the coast, which he had evidently explored at the imminent risk of his life; and many other delights too numerous to mention. Cyril and the Gremes were great allies, and he could tell the colonel all about the young folk—how Sasha had a first-rate head for figures; and Marion was such a jolly little girl, a perfect little lady, you know, nothing hoydenish about her, but she could ride, and walk—good, honest uphill and downhill walks—better than any girl in the lowlands, or, indeed, Cyril believed, in the world. With details of this sort, Cyril was wont to diversify the more serious talks between himself and his superior officer.

'The adopted son of his old friend Anne Cairnes.' Thus Marion Greme had introduced Cyril to her brother, who had merely a vague recollection that a sister, the dear old friend of his boyhood, Anne's mother, had come home to England, before he went to India, bringing a child with her. He congratulated Anne upon her adopted son, as he wrote to Marion, speaking of him in such warm words of praise that Marion sent the letter on to Anne, and told her to keep it, for the pleasure and encouragement of herself and Mrs Westland. But Anne preserved it, solely for her own pleasure and encouragement; firstly, for a thoroughly feminine reason best known to herself; and secondly, because she would not by any means have liked Mrs Westland to know the appellation that Marion had bestowed upon Cyril. Her aunt would, she was aware, be well content with the heirship to her possessions which the term 'adopted son' implied; but she knew that Mrs Westland would violently resent the ignoring of herself and of her own rights which lurked invidiously within it. She was as exacting a mother as she was negligent, and she had an unfortunate temper, ready to imagine a slight in everything, and to distort the merest inadvertence into a deliberate injury. Therefore, Anne, in answering Marion's letter, deprecated the employment of this phrase, playfully reminding Marion that Cyril, like Dolly Varden, possessed an 'own and only mother,' and expressing most gratefully her sense of Sir David's kindness to her cousin Cyril. Whereupon, Marion Greme, to save herself the trouble of rewriting this explanation to her brother, sent him Anne's letter, which Sir David preserved, for no better reason than that, though he had known her for so many years, he had never chanced to see a letter of hers before, and the letters of a woman with any character at all are always characteristic.

Cyril Westland was always ready to talk of his Cousin Anne; and, though Bromley Park was not to be compared for a moment to the Tors, nor for

half a moment to Barholm, it had much to recommend it to the favour of this intelligent young critic, whose judgment was, at all events, founded on a thorough and exhaustive knowledge of the subject in question. The grounds were nothing, merely ornamental gardens 'and that'; and the house, though very handsome ('Fitted up with every modern invention and convenience known to civilisation, up to yesterday, with orders to go on improving from this morning; for that's Anne's way,' was Cyril's flippant description), was too new to be very interesting. It was rather blank and commonplace, he held, to begin the history of a house one's-self; not to be able to read, or to imagine any of it already written on the walls; to have no store of ghosts or traditions. He delighted in old houses in which ghosts and traditions lurked, such, for instance, as Barholm; there must be lots of secrets hidden there. Sir David supposed that Miss Cairnes liked Bromley Park better than the Tors, as she lived there so much more. His supposition set Cyril off on the theme of his Cousin Anne's virtues and perfections.

'She thinks so much more of other people than she thinks of herself,' he said, 'that she would live at Bromley whether or no. It is quite wonderful how active she is in doing good; more active than most people in amusing themselves. And so quiet about it too. The monument she has put up to her father's memory is an almshouse; though, by-the-by, she does not like it to be called so; and there is not a charitable institution in Manchester which she does not help to some extent, unless it's a bigoted one, bullying people about their religious opinions, before it supplies their bodily wants. Cousin Anne hates that kind of thing.'

'So I should think,' said Sir David, 'from what I remember of her. You were with her a good deal, no doubt?'

'Whenever I could. She is capital company; and—I suppose you know, colonel, that I owe everything I have in the world to her?'

'No,' said Sir David; 'I did not know that.'

Then Cyril Westland told Sir David all about it; very simply but amply acknowledging his own good-fortune. He did not, however, say anything which implied a belief that he should be Anne's sole heir—of which Marion Greme appeared to be convinced—and Sir David said: 'Bromley Park and the Tors will both be yours in time, no doubt?'

'I suppose so, if Cousin Anne does not marry. But I don't see why every one should feel so perfectly certain that she never will marry. It is quite a settled thing, it seems—though she never said anything to me about it herself. Don't you think it is very absurd, colonel, to take it for granted, at her age? You know her age, don't you?'

'I ought to know it, but I have forgotten. Somewhere in the thirties, I think.'

'She is thirty-three. And such a handsome woman! They all go on as if she was fifty; and I never heard anybody say she had ever had a notion of marrying anybody, or anybody had ever had a notion of marrying her. The people about call her Madam Cairnes; and instead of being a single woman with lots of money, and accountable to nobody, she puts so many duties upon herself, that she might be the little woman who lived in a

shoe, and had a large and troublesome family to provide for.'

'I think you're safe to be the eldest son, at all events,' said Sir David Mervyn, with a smile.

This conversation took place soon after Cyril's arrival, and before Sir David wrote that letter which came into Anne's keeping. It was like the revival of an old acquaintance, which had been dropped through the action of time and distance. Thenceforth, Sir David often heard of Anne, and Anne often heard of Sir David.

A year later, the regiment came home. Cyril Westland went at once to Bromley Park, where he found his mother on one of her rare visits to her niece. Mrs Westland had 'worn well'—she was the sort of woman to wear well, being in easy circumstances, and not susceptible to 'worry' on account of other people. She had disposed advantageously of the house at Hastings, some years previously, and established herself in London, where she had succeeded in finding a 'sphere,' wherein she received all the homage due to her position as a colonel's widow, free from encumbrances. She and her niece saw little of each other, by common consent; and Mrs Westland had the pleasure at once of despising Anne's way of life, as 'thoroughly provincial,' and regarding it with satisfaction as a guarantee of there being 'all the more for Cyril.' She had quite made up her mind on the point of his inheritance. The young man returned in perfect health, looking bright, brown, vigorous, and handsome. He was full of 'the colonel.' If he had not done any of the foolish things fellows do in India, it was—thanks to the colonel. If he had kept straight, had not overdrawn his allowance, had learned to be ashamed of dandyism and 'haw-haw-ishness,' if he was cured to some extent of that fine Britannic insolence of which he had had a fair share; if he had learned that a slight knowledge of the country and the history of its people might advantageously replace the swaggering contempt for both, which is the natural accompaniment of profound ignorance: all these were—thanks to the colonel. Cyril was not far from thinking that of all the good things which he owed to his Cousin Anne, the friendship of Sir David Mervyn was the most valuable.

It was very provoking, Cyril protested, that Anne and his mother should not have an earlier opportunity of beholding this incomparable colonel. But so it was, and it could not be helped. Sir David had merely waited to fulfil the military formalities attendant upon the bringing home of his regiment in splendid order from Indian service, before—taught by the experience of his former 'leave'—he resorted to a mild European climate, as a preparative for Barrholme. Lady Mervyn, Mr and Mrs Grame, and the elder children met Sir David in London; and his sister and brother-in-law went abroad with him, for the winter and spring. Lady Mervyn returned to Barrholme, and Cyril hoped Anne would come up to Scotland for a good bit of his leave. He had given the colonel a pressing invitation to Bromley Park, on his return to England; he knew he might; he knew Cousin Anne would be delighted to see him; and the colonel had said that he would most certainly avail himself of it.

'So that,' said Cyril, in conclusion of an animated discourse, 'if you don't see him in Scotland

when he comes back, you are sure to see him here.—What's the matter with you, Anne? You don't seem to hear what I'm saying to you. You're not half glad.'

'O yes, I am; I'm a great deal more than half glad. It is a very long time since I met Sir David Mervyn.'

'So he told me. He said he had only had a glimpse of you when he came home in '61—you were abroad when he arrived, and he went abroad before you came home—so that he merely saw you for a few days at the fag-end of his time, when you staid at Nutwood with Mrs Grame. The Tors was let then. That's correct, isn't it?'

'Quite correct. Sir David remembers the circumstances accurately.'

CURIOSITIES OF FRENCH PAWN-BROKING.

THERE is perhaps no subject that gives rise to such loud complaint in the literature of the middle ages as the wickedness of usurers, or, as they were then called, Jews or Lombards. The need for money, and the desire for undue interest, were in constant opposition to each other; and on the part of the lenders, it could be called by no other name than skilful robbery. They demanded a hundred and twenty per cent. per annum, besides the fixed charges for commission and writings.

It was an Italian monk, who, horrified by the misery which he witnessed, in 1462 preached on the subject, and moved his auditors to subscribe a sum of money with which to endow an institution where goods might be pledged, and where the interest charged should be very small, or even nothing. The work was to be a charitable one; thus it was called the *mont-de-piété*. These institutions were widely established, to the great indignation of the usurers; and the quarrel became so serious, that it needed the decision of a council of the church to make them legal; after which their continuance was assured. As regards Paris, they were finally, after many vicissitudes, taken in hand by the government in 1777, and immediately became a flourishing and most valuable resource.

The early capital was furnished from the general fund for hospitals, and the profits are always paid to the charities of the city; but now it is something like a savings-bank, for it receives small sums from any one who is willing to lend upon its security, for which interest is paid at from three to five per cent. There is the central office, and twenty-four minor ones in different parts of the city, and, to avoid embarrassment, there are always two departments: in the first, jewellery and small valuable articles are pawned; and in the second, every diversity of goods. It is not, however, the object of this paper to describe the way in which it is managed, since M. du Camp's work gives every information on that point, but rather to point out the peculiarities of its clients.

It may be generally supposed that the work of the *mont-de-piété* would be much increased when

a commercial crisis takes place, when the workmen are in want, or politics disarrange the ordinary course of events. Nothing of the kind: it is the banker of all the little shopkeepers and trades in Paris, and its surest and most numerous customers want money when they can turn it over most quickly. January and July are the times when the greatest activity takes place; and also during the month of December, when the makers of toys and fancy articles are preparing for opening their stalls on the Boulevards for those who purchase New-year's gifts. They bring everything of value which is not wanted immediately, and pledge it; and with the money they receive, purchase the materials for making the tasteful boxes, toys, and sweetmeats which prove so attractive to the thousands who crowd the Boulevards during the three days' sale. When this is ended, the articles are taken out of the office with great punctuality during the first fortnight in January.

The masters who can only keep two or three workmen, and those who possess a small capital, lend to the *mont-de-piété* when a bill falls due, or the time arrives for renewing a patent. They do not generally pledge their watches, clothes, or jewellery, but the work they have done, which accounts for the immense quantity, amounting to a sixth of the whole, of new goods in the warehouses. Many pledge the materials given by one customer in order to finish the work ordered by another. A dressmaker, for instance, receives a piece of silk for a dress; she is finishing another which requires the trimming, for which she cannot pay; the first piece goes to the *mont-de-piété*, and with the money she buys the fringe and buttons required, takes the dress home, and with the payment of her bill releases the other. A very advantageous arrangement, as persons closely pressed for capital can still pursue their calling.

A much less valued portion of pledgers are the gamblers, who, in order to pay a debt of honour, lay their hands on the diamonds of their wives or other relations. Sometimes it proves a perilous path, and leads to disagreeable discoveries. A young man, who was a stranger in Paris, lost a large sum at play; his sister consented to his taking her diamonds to pledge. He paid his debt, but demanded his revenge, and lost again. Not knowing where to turn, he sold his pawn-ticket to a low broker, who took out the jewels without delay, and parted with them to a young man on the point of marriage. In a little time, the sister demanded her ornaments, and the brother, having been more fortunate, wished to redeem them, but did not know where to find them. After much troublesome search, they discovered a celebrated jeweller, into whose hands they had been put to reset, and by whom the old setting had been broken to pieces. Happily, the two parties came to an amicable arrangement, or justice would have intervened to know why a pledge-ticket had been sold when the articles did not belong to the vendor. Another class of customers is formed by players, students, or drunken workmen, who familiarly call it 'going to my aunt,' when they require money to go to the theatre, to put off the time of their examinations, or to spend Saint-Monday. The pledges are released very irregularly by actors, who have to wait

for a good draw; the students manage it at the holidays; and the workmen at the end of the fortnight, when the wages are paid.

The really indigent classes go very little to this huge pawn-shop, a fact which was proved during the late war. When our country, moved by the sufferings of the people during the blockade, sent over money to assist them, a sum of eight hundred pounds was specially devoted to release the tools of the workmen, who were supposed to have pledged them during such a time of misery. The managers of the *mont-de-piété* made this known as widely as possible; for the warehouses contained above a million articles, and how far would that small subscription go when the sum-total was so great? Yet it proved to be much more than was needed, for they were only asked to release two thousand tools, and above two hundred pounds were left to apply to other purposes. If real misery had pledged its goods at the *mont-de-piété*, no doubt it would have made its appearance, but most of the clients were quite able to redeem their goods when brighter days dawned.

It is not wonderful that a certain class of thieves try to draw some advantage by pledging the articles they steal. The police have frequent communications with the administrators: when a thief is discovered, a description of the stolen goods is sent, and search is at once made in the books. The thieves are generally juvenile ones, for the adepts have their regular receivers. Sometimes those who pledge are in a high social position. About fifteen years ago, before the decree was passed limiting the sum borrowed to ten thousand francs, a lady of title, belonging to some of the most illustrious families in France, pledged in one day some sets of new jewels to the amount of fifty thousand francs. Soon after, the managers were much surprised to hear from the police, not believing that any one of so high a rank could be implicated in a notorious transaction. It was, however, the case: using her own name, which gave confidence to the jewellers, she had got the gems on credit, and immediately pawned them. The creditors, when tired of waiting for their money, and suspecting the truth, applied to the police for a search. No doubt was possible. Numbers of persons of high rank interfered in the affair, hoping to hush it up; but the lady had no more money, having quickly spent what she had got, and her family refused to pay it for her. Justice had to be called in: when the affair was arrested as if by enchantment. The prefect of police had spoken of it to the Emperor, who gave a cheque to pay for the articles and return them to the real owners. The most curious part of the affair was that the Emperor, deceived by the name, thought he was saving from disgrace the wife of a man who was in strong opposition to his government.

Sometimes there is a more tragical end to such adventures. Some years ago, it seemed quite certain that forged pawn-tickets, bearing every mark of authenticity, were sold to shopkeepers, who could not find a trace of the thing they demanded when they applied for it. Strict examination proved that the clerks were not to blame. The police at last fixed on an individual who led a respectable life outwardly, held an important office, and seemed to be above suspicion. It appeared that, under a plausible excuse, he had the *entré* into several of the offices belonging to the *mont-de-piété*, that he

was known by two different names, and had three homes. He was arrested, led before the magistrate, where he denied any evil intention; but seizing a moment when he was unobserved, he drew a pair of compasses from his handkerchief, and stabbed himself to the heart.

There are two kinds of sharpers against which the officials have to defend themselves very carefully. The first are a class of dealers in jewellery, very prudent tradesmen, and difficult to find out in a fault, who go by the name of *chineurs*, a word meaning to increase fraudulently the apparent value of goods. They detach from a real gold chain, which is made of links fastened together, the ring or part on which the hall mark is to be found, and fit it to a copper chain of the same description, doubly gilt. The chain is then sullied, to give it the appearance of age, and taken to the office to pawn. The valuing clerk sees the stamp, believes he has a gold chain, and gives a sum representing ten times its value. The *chineur* accepts it, gives a false name, shews false papers of identity, and sells the pawn-ticket. When the yearly auction comes round, the fraud is sometimes discovered; then the valuing cashiers are bound to pay the difference. Sometimes this is very serious: there is a story that some false gold-lace cost them more than twelve hundred pounds. These rogues also pour boiling lead into hollow parts of the mounting of ornaments, to give them greater weight: they will even imitate the government stamp. One of them is quite a genius in his way, and is styled the King of *Chineurs*; but he has never been caught in the act. Nothing is accepted from him at the offices; that, however, is unimportant, as he employs four underlings, who do the work by proxy.

This kind of fraud is by no means confined to jewellery: mattresses are filled with the sea-weed called *caveck*, and coated with wool; calico is glazed and calendered by a certain process which gives it the appearance of the best Irish linen; clocks are sold without the works; and it would be impossible to enumerate all the things they adulterate. This class robs the *mont-de-piété*; the other kind of sharpers rob the merchants and wholesale dealers, and make it their receiving-house. Thus the hand-loom weaver takes away a part of the silk, linen, or wool which is given him to make up, yet returns full weight, by making it very damp in a cellar, or rubbing it on a preparation which adds to the weight. The working-jewellers abstract some of the gold; the shopmen cut off a few yards from their masters' stock. The heads of houses complain bitterly, and demand that no new or unmade wares should be taken in pledge; but the government considers that they should watch over their own clerks and men, as it would ruin many small capitalists had they no place where they could borrow on their new goods.

Though there are sold at the auctions a considerable number of pieces of dresses measuring from fourteen to sixteen yards, it must not be supposed that these have all been stolen. Many persons wishing to make a present to a woman, give her a dress, not liking to offer money. She prefers the latter; pledges the dress, and leaves it to be sold by auction. Thus it would be disadvantageous to the general public to refuse new goods. And the officials are not often deceived; they have their eye always on suspected persons, and thus greatly assist

the police by giving information of robbery as well as crime. Closely watching slippery customers, they never interfere with the honest ones, to whom they assure by their organisation the most perfect secrecy and discretion.

The articles pledged are obliged to be kept for thirteen months; but fourteen is the usual time, and, if desired by the owners, a longer period than that. They are always informed of the sale by letter; adding that, in the case of a *bonus* being obtained over what was given at the time of pledging, that money will be placed to the credit of the borrower for three years, after which it will be paid over to the charities of Paris. There are three auction sales daily at the different offices. The lots are arranged so that the dealers know when to attend. Monday is set apart for ornaments and books; Wednesday, for rich stuffs and shawls; Friday, for diamonds, jewellery, and watches, which are daily brought to the *mont-de-piété* in numbers varying from ten to twelve thousand, amounting at the end of the year to about forty tons. On the other days the miscellaneous goods are disposed of. The saleroom is an immense rotunda, with a horse-shoe table in the middle. At the outside, the public are seated; and inside, the auctioneer and his officials. Anything may be withdrawn by the owner at the last moment, before the blow of the hammer. Of about three hundred and fifty lots sold daily, six or seven are saved *in articulo mortis*.

The same people generally attend these sales; the ladies appearing on a Wednesday, in addition to the dealers in toilets, who are judges of lace, cachemeres, and such things; whilst on Friday, about one o'clock, the buyers are of a decidedly Jewish cast of countenance, such as know how to value a diamond to the hundredth part of a carat. Any stranger who comes for a bargain will find himself outwitted; the old habitués are in league together, and bid high. On Monday morning, the Auvergnats, who are the menders of pans and tins, appear, because all that kind of material is disposed of; they are succeeded by the dealer in old books, who has his stall on the quays or in the neighbourhood of the schools. Diamonds, watches, silver and plated goods, fetch a high price; other things are absolutely disdainful, and go for next to nothing. The dresses, which are very numerous, have not the miserable appearance that might be expected; many are elegant, having been pawned by some actress or lover of balls. It is curious how fond some owners are of renewing their pawn-tickets for the same thing. There was an umbrella which gained great celebrity, having been thus renewed for forty-seven years in succession; it was hung against a wall, and clothed from handle to point with the paper-tickets like scales. One of the functionaries at length took pity on it, paid the money, and sent it to the rightful owner, who, far from being grateful, went into a passion, and declared that he was not an object of charity. A white calico curtain has been in pawn since 1823, upon which thirty-five francs have been paid—seven times its value, as five francs were originally lent upon it. A bronze leg of a statue may be seen; it has been sent to enable the sculptor to finish the whole. There exist many heroes who have passed through the *mont-de-piété* limb by limb before standing on their pedestal in public squares. Ten or twelve mattresses will be brought in at the

same time by a master of a boarding-school who has no pupils; in one of the sub-offices there were no less than eight thousand eight hundred of these at one time.

It is thus that this useful institution borrows, lends, releases, and sells its contents day by day, and by this series of operations it has endeavoured to cut the throat of exorbitant money-lenders. It would perhaps be too much to say that usury no longer exists in Paris; the love of gain is always more or less an attraction. But the administration of the *mont-de-piété* is very skilfully combined to give satisfaction at the same time to the public and to the government; it requires constant vigilance and exemplary punctuality, and must be ever on its guard against unscrupulous borrowers and cheats, as well as careless clerks, who, when labelling goods, have to be cautious how they are described, or in the enormous storerooms they will be assuredly lost.

SAILORS' HOMES.

The restraint and exclusion from worldly experience, under which a large portion of a sailor's life is passed on board ship, naturally tend to make him the prey of unprincipled agents of various sorts, on going ashore with his hard-earned wages. How he is stripped of his money, his clothes, his bedding—everything he possesses—it would be painful to describe.

It was the consideration of this prodigious evil, and of the wretched condition to which seamen were often reduced from the want of some respectable lodging-house to which they might resort when in port, and where they might be secure from plunder, which induced some friends of the sailor to try and meet the want. A distinguished naval officer, the late Captain Elliot, conceived the idea of establishing houses for the reception of seamen, where plain but comfortable accommodation should be provided at moderate charges, and money, clothes, and any other possessions safely deposited. A suitable site was secured in the vicinity of the London Docks, where a building was erected, which, under the name of a 'Sailor's Home,' was to supply what was needed. No sooner were its doors opened, and its existence made known to seamen arriving in the London Docks, than they began to avail themselves of its privileges. Very speedily the success of the experiment was proved by the numbers who flocked to the Sailor's Home. Increased accommodation was called for, and supplied. The building was enlarged so as to contain five hundred beds; and the fact that a quarter of a million seamen have boarded in this institution since its opening in 1855, attests the success which has attended Captain Elliot's conception. A bust of the captain is now appropriately placed in the large dining-hall of the building which he founded, and his name well deserves to be remembered as that of a true 'sailor's friend.' From the first moment when he conceived the idea of the Home, until his labours were terminated by sickness and death, he made it the great object of his life,

giving up the advantages of his birth and position in society, and coming to reside in the remote east of London, where the building is situated, in order that he might devote himself more exclusively to the work.

But the good work was not suffered to drop with Captain Elliot's death. Many others, both in the profession and out of it, came forward to help it on. Amongst others, Admiral Sir William Hall took up the cause with especial energy; and many years' experience has now established the success of the undertaking, and proved its value. We recently paid a visit to the Home, and can testify to its admirable arrangements, and the perfect manner in which it is adapted to the purpose for which it was instituted. One peculiar feature in the internal construction is, that instead of the large dormitories which we usually meet with in similar institutions, we find here long rows of little separate apartments, each of the inmates being allotted a small cabin big enough to contain his chest and 'kit,' in addition to a clean and comfortable bed. This makes Jack feel quite at home, and as though he were on board ship; an illusion which is still further increased by the forest of masts which he sees from his window, overlooking the London Docks. In the dining-hall, four wholesome and substantial meals are furnished in the course of the day; and below-stairs is a 'bar,' where beer and ale—undrugged—aresupplied to those who desire them, as well as tea and coffee. A comfortable reading-room, well supplied with magazines and periodicals, invites the seamen to a profitable disposal of some of the spare time which hangs so heavy on their hands while ashore; and for those less studiously disposed there is a billiard-table—on which we saw a couple of tars playing a very good game—and several bagatelle boards and other amusements. There are baths and wash-houses and a barber's shop on the premises, and by no means least, there is an outfitter's shop, where Jack can supply himself with an entire 'kit,' at fair prices, without being imposed upon by the dealers who usually make a harvest out of him. The principle of the institution is to afford its inmates the opportunity of providing themselves with everything they require while on land, without being exposed to the rapacity or dishonesty of those who are only seeking to take advantage of their simplicity. The moderate charge made by the establishment to boarders for all these advantages is only fifteen shillings a week for men; and eighteen-and-sixpence for officers, who mess in a different room. But perhaps the greatest of all the advantages offered by the Home is in taking charge of the seamen's money for them, and preventing their being robbed or cajoled out of it. Its authorities receive the men's wages, and keep an account with them, investing their money in the savings-bank, or remitting it when required. Some idea of the benefit of this system may be formed from the following statistics, supplied by the treasurer—namely, that during the past year £75,000 have been lodged; and since the opening of the Home, upwards of two millions sterling have been paid into the bank. Without the intervention of this institution, the greater part of this money would doubtless have found its way into the hands of 'crimps,' and their confederates, the low lodging-house keepers.

It is satisfactory to be informed that these have diminished considerably in number since the opening of the Home, and are known to complain that their occupation is no longer so lucrative as it was. The original Home in London was quickly succeeded by the establishment of others in the different seaport towns; and there are now nineteen of them in various parts of the coast of England and Wales, five in Ireland, four in Scotland, and ten in the colonies, besides nine in America and in different parts of the continent. Immediately adjoining the Home in Well Street, there is another kindred institution, originated by the same founders, and opened at the same time, called the 'Destitute Sailor's Asylum,' for affording assistance to sailors of every nation who are in need of it. Sickness or shipwreck, or imposition on the part of others, such as we have glanced at above, or recklessness, or old age, or many other causes, may bring distress on sailors. To such, this institution holds out a helping hand. Those who are in want, it welcomes without distinction of nationality; it feeds, and shelters, and clothes them while in need, and assists them to retrieve their misfortunes, and find employment. Since the opening of this Asylum, 50,772 seamen have been received into it.

THE IRWELL.

Manchester is advancing in a new direction; it means to have a 'humorous and satirical journal,' the *City Lantern*, all to itself. Why not? There are readers enough and to spare; Aristophanes, we know, catered for a very much smaller public. And as for writers, in these days, when everything is reduced to a question of counting heads, it may be 'confidently expected' that Manchester and Salford contain wit enough to keep their *Lantern* at least up to average brightness. The *Lantern* has begun well; it does not attempt too much, and is strictly and intensely local. One must be a 'Manchester man' to understand a great deal of the fun which is impartially poked at town-clerk, mayor, mayor-expectant, bishop, dean, and ritualist clergy. The following *Song of the Irwell*, however, is, unhappily, of more than local application:

I flow by tainted, noisome spots,
A dark and deadly river;
Foul gases my forget-me-nots,
Which haunt the air for ever.
I grow, I glide, I slip, I slide,
I mock your poor endeavour;
For men may write and men may talk,
But I reek on for ever.
I reek with all my might and main,
Of plague and death the brewer;
With here and there a nasty drain,
And here and there a sewer.
By fetid bank, impure and rank,
I swirl, a loathsome river:
My breath is strong, though I am weak;
Death floats on me for ever.

The whole parody ought to be separately printed and sung by ballad-singers in scores of our northern, and alas! a good many of our southern towns. If the *City Lantern* can do for the Irwell what *Punch* did for 'dirty Father Thames,' we may hope that other lanterns will be turned upon equally polluted rivers elsewhere. — *Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE CEMETERY.

How still the cemetery lies
Beneath the early morning light!
Ere from the turf the thick dew rises,
That fell from the cool wings of night.
There was a name in olden times
To this last sanctuary given,
Solemn and sweet as midnight chimes,
Embalmed with thoughts of peace and heaven;
'God's Acre,' ever-hallowed word.
Like the sweet frankincense and myrrh
That once the weeping women poured
Within the Holiest Sepulchre,
It sheds a fragrance through the gloom
And shadow of the silent tomb.
Mutely as sleeping seraphin
With hands in prayer unspoken pressed,
Peace and deep silence dwell within
The portals of this place of rest;
The very winds seem hushed and low;
Softly they pass along the sod
With a continuous sigh, as though
The feet of pitying angels trod
Where the translucent sunlight laves
With rippling gold the low green graves:
Half hidden in the quiet gloom
Of branches stooping to the moss,
With daisies showered, the massive tomb,
White urn and monumental cross,
Around, far as the eye can see,
Tell of some cherished memory.
Sweet sacred meditations seem
To brood in the still atmosphere;
All is so calm, one scarce might deem
That night of grief could linger here;
And yet how oft the weary feet
Tolling along this rugged earth,
And hearts bereaved and sad that meet
Around the desolated hearth,
With speechless bitter longing turn,
Day after day, to this calm spot;
With restless thoughts in vain that yearn,
For the beloved ones who 'are not,'
For the departed smiles that shone
All radiant once with trust and love,
And for the household voices gone
To join the eternal choirs above,
For the hearts once warm and true,
Crumbling now beneath the yew,
Under pale spring-blossoms lonely laid
In the cemetery's shade.

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A REAL HISTORY OF MUSIC.

If envious time be not too malicious, and do not insist upon interfering with the completion of a great work, there is reason to believe that, before many years are over, we shall have an almost perfect and a trustworthy *History of Music*. Its author, Mr William Chappell, F.S.A., is no charlatan; but, so far as a judgment can be formed from appearances, reputation, experience, and almost incredibly conscientious effort, an absolute master of his subject. No labour has been too irksome, no research too minute for him. As an example of the thoroughness with which he proceeds, a single anecdote will suffice. It appears that 'the late eminent historian, George Grote,' recommended Mr Chappell 'to make an attempt to explain Greek music.' Mr Grote, in his enthusiasm for everything Greek, would, no doubt, have himself undertaken the task; but, though he knew Greek enough to have astounded the celebrated Professor Porson, he had little or no technical knowledge of music. On the other hand, Mr Chappell, though he had technical knowledge of music enough to put embarrassing questions to Apollo himself, had no more knowledge of Greek than consisted in somewhat faint reminiscences of a branch of education not generally kept up. However, under the stimulus of a further reminder, he went so far as 'buying the works of the Greek writers upon music,' which, though not very far, is probably farther than any of his predecessors in the task he purposed to some day undertake had ever gone before. 'Years passed on,' and then, sad to relate, he, 'in consequence of attempting too youthful a jump, gun in hand, met with what appears to have been a serious accident. Well, 'it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good;' and so he, with the cheerfulness and courage which nearly always distinguish earnest and solid workmen, calmly and patiently prepared to utilise his misfortune: 'the books,' he says, 'were then taken from their shelves,' and he applied himself to a feat scarcely less than that ascribed to Cato, who is reported to have begun the study of Greek at eighty. And thus Mr

Chappell's first volume, which is all we have at present, and in which he writes the history of music amongst the ancients, that is to say, the 'ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans, Greeks, and Romans' (for the Hebrews are only incidentally mentioned, and will be treated of in a second volume, under the superintendence of the learned Dr Ginsburg), has been brought to a wonderful pitch of perfection. How many volumes there are to be, the author himself, probably, does not yet know; but Mr Chappell certainly intends to deal with the music of the middle ages, and, where he leaves off, his friend Dr Rimbault will commence 'a new history of modern music,' and 'will exhibit, by extracts, the progress of modern harmony, which will be a boon to the musical world.' It is scarcely necessary to state that Mr Chappell's volume is far too learned and too technical, comparatively simple as he has made it, for the ordinary readers of a popular periodical; but, nevertheless, he draws attention to certain facts, which everybody, learned or unlearned, musical or unmusical, cannot fail to find curious, instructive, interesting, and amusing.

As regards previous histories of music: 'It is now nearly a century,' we are reminded, 'since the two General Histories of Music from the earliest times, by Sir John Hawkins and by Charles Burney, Mus. Doc., F.R.S., were first published;' and we are then informed that 'the subsequent minor histories by Dr Busby, by Stafford, by George Hogarth, and by others, were not offered as original, but are avowedly derived, either wholly or mainly, from the works of their predecessors.' There is also a *Histoire de la Musique*, by one M. Fétis, whom Heine, by instinct, divined to be an impostor. If, then, Mr Chappell could shew beyond a doubt that not only was Heine's divination sound, but that the minor English historians leaned upon broken reeds in the cases of Hawkins and Burney, who themselves trusted to blind guides, he would at least have proved that there was room for a new history, even if his own were not destined to supply the vacancy. Let us see how he deals with the three 'impostors.'

We will begin with Sir John Hawkins, for whom, and for whose laborious but desultory and inaccurate work, Mr Chappell seems to have a sort of sneaking kindness, notwithstanding its general unintelligibility and its frequent incorrectness when it is intelligible. Sir John, it appears, 'could not understand ancient Greek music;' and Mr Chappell is under an impression which would fully account for it—namely, that Sir John 'had not learned the Greek language,' a serious drawback for the historian of Greek music. In the same way, perhaps, we might account for the singular style adopted by Sir John, who 'anglicised Greek words,' so that 'no one but a Greek scholar could understand them.' For instance, Sir John uses the imposing-looking but un-English term 'hemiolian,' and, instead of explaining (for, perhaps, he did not know) that it means 'in the ratio of 3 to 2,' he further mystifies his English readers by grandly remarking that it 'is but another name for *sesquialtera*;' he talks of '*magades*' when he means 'bridges,' and of '*diastems*' when he means 'intervals;' and, instead of 'the ratio of 18 to 17,' he goes to the extraordinary length of '*sesquidecimaseptima* ratio.' It is not strange, then, that Sir John should have incurred a great deal of ridicule. Moreover, he had the misfortune to publish his 'complete work' at the same time, in 1776, at which Dr Burney published his first volume. But Dr Burney, though wrong in his facts and doctrines, wrote good and intelligible English; whereas Sir John combined error with outlandish and unintelligible language. The consequence was, that the celebrated Dr J. W. Callcott satirised Sir John's work in the following amusing catch, both words and music being Callcott's:

- 1st Voice. Have you Sir John Hawkins' Hist'ry?
Some folks think it quite a myst'ry.
2d Voice. Music filled his wondrous brain—
How d' ye like him? Is it plain?
3d Voice. Both I've read, and must agree
That Burney's Hist'ry pleases me.

'When the third singer has sung his part, the three take up the cross-readings in the following order: (1) "Sir John Hawkins;" (2) "How d' ye like him?" (3) "Burney's Hist'ry, Burney's Hist'ry"—the last sounding like "burn his hist'ry! burn his hist'ry!" And 'this piece of waggery,' we learn, 'was fatal to the success of a work upon which the labour of many years had been expended, and the 'merits' of which (for there are some) 'remained in the background until within the second half of the present century,' that is, until the year 1853.

Now for Dr Burney. That vivacious, readable, and intelligible, though flippant and incompetent, writer, as Mr Chappell describes him to be, had 'been a pupil at Shrewsbury School,' and therefore had at least a bowing acquaintance with Greek; but, nevertheless, he 'had a strong preference for deriving his knowledge of the Greek authors at second-hand,' which is extremely unfortunate, inasmuch as of Boethius and Melibonius, on whom Dr Burney chiefly relied, the former 'had no practical knowledge of music,' and 'could not even tell whether a Greek scale began at the top or at the bottom,' and the latter, though 'usually a good authority,' trips occasionally, and with the more certainty causes Dr Burney to trip also. But, to pass over Greek, 'old English printing was too

much for Dr Burney to decipher,' and how then was he likely to get on with manuscripts? Here are a few specimens of his guess-work: 'from an English Bible printed, in 1549, in the usual black-letter,' he manages to transcribe 'prefryed' for 'prefixed,' and 'beretrages' for 'heretages,' without condescending to explain what a 'beretrage' may be. As for manuscripts: 'where the directions in the text are that the voice should rise "abown" (above), Dr Burney writes "belowyn" (Burney-language for "below"); and where it is "leyvyd" ("leaved" or permitted) to do so and so, he says it is "denyd"?' and, having mistaken one Latin word for another, so as to turn 'dissension' into 'distinction,' he adroitly complains of 'the barbarism and obscurity of the Latin.' On the whole, Mr Chappell concludes, 'it is unfortunate that Dr Burney's History of Music should not have been adequately tested before it was adopted as an authority; for, since his death, we have been too often treated to lectures upon music which are simply cut out of his work. This is the most melancholy part of the affair.'

Lastly, as regards M. Fétis, who has been called the 'arch-impostor,' and as to whom a reviewer has said, 'we feel personally obliged to Mr Chappell for slaying this dragon, who, from behind the volumes of his interminable, but very incomplete *Biography of Musicians*, had defied the world too long,' his errors are made to yield some excellent entertainment. He ingeniously expresses his wonder that, in the manufacture of stringed instruments, 'the ancient Egyptians should have used catgut, considering their respect for *cats*,' as if he were not aware of the ordinary French word for 'catgut.' Though he writes a history of music, he displays a 'curious deficiency,' which consists in 'a lack of knowing the first laws of musical sounds.' Again: 'Fétis had the courage to correct Aristoxenus and other Greeks' in respect of Greek music, 'as well as Josephus upon Hebrew words and upon Jewish musical instruments,' though, to say nothing of Hebrew, he 'seems not to have known the forms of the Greek letters sufficiently to look out a word in the lexicon.' After this, one is hardly surprised at his announcing in his journal that he would give 'the definite solution to the difficulties before which the genius and learning of the greatest men, such as Descartes, Leibnitz, Newton, D'Alembert, Euler, and Lagrange had succumbed;' and that, with his usual French dash, he enlisted, for that purpose, upon his side, 'through the medium of an indifferent translation of Plato,' a passage which 'has the directly opposite meaning to that for which he employed it. And what does he do when he has adopted a certain view, and finds it discountenanced by Athenæus? Does he change, or, at least, reconsider his view? No; 'he modestly corrects Athenæus.'

It may be acknowledged, then, that Mr Chappell has made out a good case for a new history of music; and, if the technical knowledge he is known to possess, the conscientiousness he has displayed in either mastering ancient languages, or consulting those who have mastered them, and the time and trouble he has bestowed upon verifying interpretation by actual experiment, do not entitle him to be the writer of that history, then it would seem as if the right man could never be allowed to occupy the right place. And some of the general conclusions he has arrived at, wonderful

as they are, are of a kind which even the uninstructed can appreciate. He asserts positively, what Dr Burney, amongst others, denied, that the Greeks were acquainted with harmony, in the technical and musical sense of the word, that harmony whereby 'we enjoy the effects of rhythm, enhanced by a combination of various sounds that differ in pitch.' Dr Burney appears to have maintained that such Greek melodies as have come down to us are beyond anybody's power to harmonise; Mr Chappell meets this assertion in a very conclusive and characteristic manner, by handing over the said melodies, with the necessary explanations, no doubt, to that eminent musician, Mr G. A. Macdaren, who solves the question by actually harmonising them. And let it be here remarked, in passing, that the very music is printed with the utmost elaboration in Mr Chappell's book. Another result which he has arrived at, and which, in the case of those who hold with Charles Lamb, that 'there is a great deal of humanity in human nature,' and cannot help thinking that the ancient man must have been extremely like the modern man, will cause more satisfaction than surprise, is, perhaps, the greatest of all that he has achieved, and it is this: that the history of music can be traced back, in one simple and continuous chain, to the 'system of ancient Asia,' which turns out to have been our own A, B, C, D, E, F, G. Here is a brief summary of the argumentative process: 'the long or white keys of the pianoforte, our A, B, C, D, E, F, G, 'form the "common" Greek scale; and their arrangement was copied from the keys of organs,' which were derived by us from the Romans through the Greeks, and by the Greeks and Romans 'from ancient Egypt.' To get an idea of the profuse and useful manner in which Mr Chappell's text is explained by means of woodcuts and other illustrations, copied from the most trustworthy originals, the volume itself must be examined; but an idea of the uncompromising manner in which Mr Chappell carried out his investigations may be obtained from the fact, that he was not content to translate from the Greek, and take for granted the descriptions thus painfully mastered, but he actually 'made, with the assistance of a friend, a working model sufficient to test the principle of the hydraulic organ, according to Heron's directions.' The model, he adds with modest simplicity, 'answers perfectly.'

It may be interesting, especially to readers who remember to have seen in the British Museum a medal, of the Emperor Nero's date, commemorating the victory of Laurentius in an organ-contest, to set before them a few of Mr Chappell's remarks about organs. 'Two kinds,' he says, 'were known to the ancients. One was the "Pneumatic Organ," which was blown by bellows, fashioned very much in the present style, and the second was popularly called the "Hydraulic Organ." In spite of its name, this second instrument was decidedly not hydraulic, although it bore the appearance of being so.' No wonder that it 'was always an enigma to superficial observers. They saw water bubbling up from the bottom of an open vessel, and the water in the perpetual interchange of rise and fall, and of rolling and tumbling about. They saw a piston working in a cylinder, and at every stroke of the piston the water rose higher in the vessel. Hence they concluded, naturally enough, that it was water which was undergoing the process

of injection into the pipes of this organ, and that the effects were produced by means of that syringe-like pump. But it was simply a condensing syringe acting upon air.' Its invention is attributed to 'Ctesibius, the Egyptian,' between 284 and 246 a.c.; and the especial object, and the one advantage of his invention is, that it prevents the possibility of over-blowing the instrument so as to injure it. If too much pressure be applied to the bellows, the surplus air will escape through water before it reaches the wind-chest, and so the instrument will remain uninjured.' How there arose an error, for it is an error, which led people to believe in the 'boiling of the water, to make the pipes sound,' is explained at some length and with curious details. Touching what has been written by Herr Volkmann about the ancient hydraulic organ, Mr Chappell says that the learned German writer, when stating that 'the organ was played upon with difficulty, and with considerable exertion,' would seem 'to have mistaken the labours of the bellows-blower for those of the organist,' inasmuch as 'the organ itself was of very light touch, and the labour of filling it with air fell on the attendants.' It should also be mentioned that 'the hydraulic action of modern organs does not bear any resemblance to the ancient,' which may partly account for the confusion which appears to have hitherto existed as to the proper nature of the former. As for the 'Pneumatic Organ, or organ blown by bellows, more or less after the present manner,' it may suffice to say that it probably dates from a period 'long anterior to the Hydraulic'; that 'the ancient Greek "pairs of bellows" were precisely the same as those which we see depicted in Egyptian smithies on the paintings in the tombs'; that those identical "pairs of bellows" are to be seen sculptured upon Roman organs as late as the fourth century of our era; that 'the blower stood upon the bellows, and exhausted them alternately by throwing his weight first upon one leg and then upon the other; that, therefore, the pressure upon the wind-chest was the weight of the man, whether the organ was large or small'; that 'in the hydraulic organ the pressure could be regulated, not only by making the receiver of a size in proportion to the instrument, but even to the nicety of a pound, by the proportionate weight of water applied'; and that, therefore, at once, the advantages of the Egyptian barber's (Ctesibius) improvement become evident,' so far as the organs of his own day were concerned.

And now for a few of Mr Chappell's admonitions. 'To bring up a child from infancy to hear and to cultivate music,' he says, 'is to add a new pleasure to its life. The taste is one which never dies away. Indeed, music may be cultivated to any extent, and afford new pleasures at every stage of cultivation. Beginning with the simplest sounds, one at a time, the ear is gradually led on to the appreciation of many simultaneous movements in the most delicate and even intricate combinations of sound. The infant is perhaps invariably susceptible to the powers of music, but this gift of nature is too often put aside and neglected until susceptibility is so much diminished that complaints are made of bad ears for music. These bad ears are generally recoverable, if the neglect has not been too long continued. Upon this point I can speak with certain knowledge. . . . Music is now found to be so great a solace to the insane,

as to be almost universally adopted in their treatment. Let the irritable man console himself with music, as did Achilles with his lyre.

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE 'OLD LADIES.'

THE house at whose door Anne Cairnes's carriage stood differed in no external respect from its fellows on the same side of the street, or from its opposite neighbours. It was not pretty, or picturesque; it had not a slanting roof, twisted chimneys, latticed windows set in a pattern border of red and yellow brickwork, an imitation oak door with imitation bosses, and a 'dummy' Gothic knocker. It had no overhanging eaves, or clambering creepers; in short, it presented absolutely none of those picturesque signs and tokens, which—generally combined with a scroll-bordered tablet over the central portion of the building, bearing an inscription in more or less deformed and unintelligible letters—announce so ostentatiously the 'alms-house,' and exalt the munificence, while testifying to the taste of the alms-giver. People might come and go through the quiet, airy, well-paved, neatly kept street, from year's end to year's end, without discovering that the dwellers in four contiguous houses on the west side were objects of charity, who ate the bread of dependence; in their case, not bitter. The windows of those four houses were brighter, perhaps, than the windows of the other houses in the street, and the paint was cleaner; the blinds had a daintier look; and the lower window-sills were garnished with flower-pots, containing flowers of a kind above the ordinary run of such decorations thereabouts. Such were the only exceptional features of the four dwellings, which formed Miss Cairnes's 'alms-houses,' that monument to her father's memory, of which Cyril Westland had told Sir David Mervyn.

The interior which displayed itself when the door had been opened to admit Anne, had none of the bare and unlovely harshness which frequently accompanies and contradicts the outside prettiness of the homes provided by individual beneficence for its indigent clients. The passage and the stairs were covered with warm, bright carpeting; and the parlour, into which Anne turned, there to hold a conference with the person who had admitted her, was as comfortable a sitting-room as any reasonable person need desire to possess. The upper part of a recess on one side of the chimney-piece was occupied by a glazed bookcase, of dark old mahogany, whose shelves were filled with well-bound responsible-looking volumes; and beneath them, fitted into the lower part of the recess, was an old-fashioned bureau, with nests of drawers, and an extending desk—a delightful piece of furniture—on whose solid usefulness and convenience no modern inventions have been able to improve. The opposite recess was filled by a pretty piano, of the cottage form, by a good maker, and of the best kind, with all the improvements which in 1869 were 'the latest.' A well-filled canterbury stood beside the instrument, which, like the bureau, was closed; and a heap of music-books, significant of serious study of the art, was neatly built up on the floor, and partly concealed by the folds of the gay cretonne window-curtains. The furniture of this pretty room was

all simple, but tasteful, and the mantel-piece and centre table were adorned with flowers. For all that, the parlour had an unoccupied look; there were no gaps in the book-shelves; order reigned in the disposition of chairs and tables; none of the significant trifles in every-day use lay scattered about; and an embroidery-frame stood in a corner, closely covered up. The life of the house was not there.

The person who had admitted Miss Cairnes waited for a moment while the little groom, leaving the ponies to their own devices, which merely consisted in standing still, brought the basket of flowers and the hamper, and deposited them in the passage; and then she followed her into the parlour, when Anne took her by both hands, and kissed her silently.

'I did not get your note until an hour ago,' said Miss Cairnes, 'and I came at once. Is she very much worse, Mary?'

'She is indeed. The night was dreadful, and all this morning she was restless and exhausted; but she is asleep now, and she looks better.'

'I hope she was not disturbed by the delay in my coming. When did she ask for me?'

'At seven this morning, when the nurse called me. The first distinct words my mother said, were: "I want to see Miss Cairnes. I must see her to-day. My time is short."'

Her voice was checked by a sob; but Anne laid her hand soothingly on the girl's arm, and she recovered herself with a struggle.

'You should have sent for me at once, Mary.'

'I would have done so, but Dr Temple said I must not. He came at eight, and said there was no hurry—that she would be better in the afternoon, and able to receive me. The cough was too bad then. Now she is asleep—what am I to do?'

'Certainly not to disturb her. I can stay till she wakes. I am all alone just now, so I keep no one waiting. Sit by me, here, Mary, and tell me all about everything, since I saw you last.'

The girl, whose manner was distinctly respectful as well as affectionate, obeyed. She had a good deal to tell, for Anne had not seen her for some time, for a reason to be presently explained.

This girl had good reason to love and to respect Anne Cairnes. If ever any one might hope to confer benefits without earning thereby the dislike of the recipients, that exceptional personage assuredly was the mistress of Bromley Park, the founder of the alms-houses in one of which Mrs Allen and Mary had dwelt for seven peaceful years. Perhaps the secret of this was, that Anne gave love as well as money to the persons whom she succoured; that she held by the apostolic definition of charity, and that she so gave her gifts that they 'brake not the head' of the receivers, but softened and warmed their hearts. Especially, she added love to bounty in the case of this girl, the only youthful member of the small society who tenanted the four houses, and who were known pretty generally, and to the Bromley Park household in particular, as Miss Cairnes's Old Ladies. Anne loved her for several reasons—because she had known her from a little child; because she was good, and pretty, and clever; because she had responded with diligent industry to the pains which had been bestowed upon her education; and because she was a born musician. This was an endowment which Anne had never failed to recognise on the

very rare occasions presented to her, and which always strongly attracted her. The child was in many ways superior to her surroundings, such as they had been when Anne first knew her, and she observed her with kindly interest, until opportunity arose to enable her to be of practical service to Mary, and to take her life to a certain extent under her own supervision.

Three of Miss Cairnes's Old Ladies were widows; the fourth was an elderly spinster. They all belonged to a class of needy persons, for whom Anne had felt the deepest compassion, ever since she was able to comprehend the cruelty of many human destinies; women suddenly reduced to poverty from ease, and unable to raise themselves out of the abyss. Such positions appealed strongly to Anne, by their helplessness and their humiliation; and she availed herself joyfully of the fact, that among the items of the property which became hers on Mr Cairnes's death were four small houses in the self-same street in which he and her mother had lived during the happy early days he so often talked of to his daughter, when they were beginning life, in a very small way, in Manchester. In those houses, she would lodge her *protégées*—the broken-down 'daily governess,' Miss Thorpe, whose savings, after forty years of soul-sickening toil, brought her an income of fifteen shillings a week; Mrs Burt, the widow of a poor curate, who was richer than Miss Thorpe by fully five shillings a week; also harmless Mrs Sugden, who had never been quite right since her husband, a clever young man in Mr Cairnes's employment, was caught in some terrible machinery in a mill, and killed before her eyes. This had happened many years before; and Mr Cairnes had pensioned the widow at the time; but Anne would place her and the faithful servant who had the charge of her in one of the four houses, so that her 'colony' should be easily accessible, and under her own eyes, while each member of it should be independent of the other. The fourth on her list was an object of peculiar interest to Anne: she was a Mrs Allen, the widow of a very worthy man, who had been a station-master on the North Midland Railway, at a station of some importance within a short distance of Manchester. Mr Allen had been an old acquaintance of Mr Cairnes; accident had introduced his wife, a well-educated person, and of manners superior to her position, to Anne; and certain circumstances had caused both her and Mr Cairnes to take an interest in Mrs Allen, which was increased on Anne's part by the fellow-feeling which sprang up from their respective losses. Mrs Allen's husband died a few weeks before Anne's father, and the wealthy, but peculiarly solitary young lady found no kinder or more delicate sympathy extended to her than that of her humble friend. Mrs Allen, who had only a small pension allowed her by the railway company to live on, proposed to set up a school for the support of herself and her little Mary, a most lovely child about eight years old. Even if she had not been disqualified, by delicate health and broken spirits, for such an undertaking, she would, by character and habits, have been about as fit to keep a menagerie or a circus; and Anne promptly dissuaded her from the idea. Mrs Allen and Mary were to live in one of her houses—Mrs Allen would only have to move the furniture she was so fond of—and she would take care of them both.

Mrs Allen would surely not be too proud to be one of her 'Old Ladies'? The sorrowful and weary woman was not too proud, but most devoutly thankful for the rest, the relief from the apprehension of toil to which she should only too surely prove unequal; above all, the security for little Mary and her future, which were involved in the generous proposal of her friend. Anne's projects were carried out prosperously; and she derived from their success more satisfaction than anything save the well-doing and well-being of her cousin, Cyril Westland, could henceforth afford her.

Subject to unusually few of the fluctuations and disappointments which attend the best devised of human undertakings, the most nobly inspired, and the most steadily maintained, Miss Cairnes's novel aims—houses prospered. Upwards of seven years had elapsed since the four houses had received their tenants, and they harboured them still. Many of the happiest hours of Anne Cairnes's life were passed with her Old Ladies, especially with Mrs Allen, whose little Mary had grown out of beautiful childhood into fair girlhood, without ceasing to be the pet of those four peaceful little households. After Anne's return from her foreign tour she had been so struck with Mary's ability, as to resolve that she would enlarge her projects in her favour to the extent of giving her a thoroughly good, and consequently expensive education. Miss Thorpe counselled her benevolence on this point. 'Mary Allen is worth it, my dear,' said the worn-out teacher. (Anne's Old Ladies all called her 'my dear') 'Heaven knows I would be the last person in the world to wish to see any young creature set to a life of teaching, but there's nothing else that I can see before Mary. Her mother won't live long; you can't support her for ever; it is not likely, and *it would not be right*. She's not a girl to marry a man in her own position in life, and, therefore, she need not look to marriage. Now, there's a difference between teachers and teachers. I daresay, my dear, you think mine was a very hard case, to have worked so long and so hard for so little.'

'A very hard case indeed,' said Anne. 'You're quite wrong. It was not. I was paid as much as I was worth, for, after all, what could I teach that was worth paying much for? What did I know, beyond an elementary superficial routine, and that not extending to half the subjects which make up "education" nowadays? I was not to blame—I had not the capacity for learning more; and my dear father and mother—God bless them! they died content ages ago—had not the money to pay for teaching me, if I had had it. The great prize of independent competence is to be won by women who can teach well, and that girls now want to learn. Mary Allen will bear education. There's something in her—I suppose it's what people mean when they talk of genius—that makes everything easy to her, and she *sees beyond* on every point. I don't think she is much over eleven now, yet she knows all I can teach her, and a great deal more.'

'You have been teaching her, dear friend, all the time I have been away. How truly good of you.'

'A very small and poor acknowledgment to you, my dear. At all events, I have qualified myself to advise you. Have her so taught, that she may with a good conscience claim fair terms for teaching in her turn; give her plenty of the best

books to read at home, and good masters; there are excellent ones in Manchester—for music especially; her playing is marvellous already for her age. Thus you will have put into her hands weapons for the battle of life which will bring her through it in safety and honour.

Anne acted on Miss Thorpe's advice, and had ever-increasing reason to congratulate herself upon the result. Not only was Miss Cairnes perfectly independent in all her actions, but they were rarely commented on by people in an ill-natured way. The simplicity of her life, its entire absence of pretence, could not fail to disarm criticism; and she lived in a very quiet sphere, according to her wish, in the enjoyment of a degree of privacy, which would not have been attainable, perhaps, elsewhere, in combination with the general consideration in which she was held. If, indeed, Mrs Westland had been aware that the 'alma-house freak,' as she had once called her niece's undertaking, was of so costly and so lasting a nature as it proved, she would have found strong terms in which to express her sense of Anne's devoting so much time and money to a pack of old women, who would have been in their proper place in the workhouse infirmary, and bringing up a girl for a governess who had no earthly claim upon her! But Mrs Westland knew nothing at all about the matter, for, when she came to Bromley Park, which she did very seldom, never staying more than a fortnight, Anne did not propose to take her to the houses. She would not have refused to go, probably; but she would have either snubbed or patronised the inmates. Anne Cairnes took care that among the good things which she secured for her Old Ladies, should be a complete immunity from either snubbing or patronage.

CHAPTER XXVI.—MRS ALLEN.

Seven peaceful years had run their course, and change was threatening; that great, irremediable, awful form of change—Death. The least old of Miss Cairnes's Old Ladies was dying, the one she should miss most sorely. Mrs Allen's illness had been long, its progress had been slow, and though Anne knew it could have but one ending, she had not looked for that ending yet. Mrs Allen, having got through the spring, would 'last out' the summer, so she, and all—except Dr Temple, who kept his opinion to himself—thought. But that getting through the spring had been a succession of battles, and the victory was really with Death. He was coming to claim the fruit of it in the beautiful midsummer time, when all things that have life feel its deepest throbbing, and put forth its utmost powers. That Death was drawing very near, Anne recognised with a sad heart, as she listened to Mary's account of the fortnight just past—during which Mrs Westland's presence at Bromley had kept Anne away—and looked at the sorrow which is so touching and so helpless—the sorrow of youth.

The face she looked at was one which awoke fresh admiration every time that it was seen anew. If one counts up the really beautiful faces—faces that are not merely pretty, or charming, or taking, or good-looking, or nice, but positively, rigorously, completely beautiful—one has seen, one must have been exceptionally fortunate if the number be not very small. There is a great deal of prettiness in the Great Brit-

ish World, but there is little absolute beauty. Of that limited quantity, Mary had a sufficient share allotted to her, to render her delightful to look upon, and impossible to forget. She was quite beautiful. It was not that she would be so, when her sixteen years should have grown to eighteen, or twenty; it was that she was beautiful now, in the exquisite lily-like purity and roseate bloom of her sixteen years. And, as her beauty had all the attributes, form and colour, life and expression, vigour and grace, it would find modes of perfection in all its phases; it had not to fear evanescence; at each epoch of many yet to come, it would be said that Mary's beauty was at its height just then. The slight, elegant figure—of the exact stature which no woman ever passes without some loss of grace and charm—might gain by a little more fulness, the slender arms become rounder, the delicate soft throat acquire a firmer pose; but the face—no one could have looked at it, and wished it altered in any single line or feature. If all comparisons were not weak beside the absolute human beauty which transcends them all, Browning's 'bell-flower' simile might be used to describe Mary's head, and her way of carrying it. Her face was no 'perfect oval,' but of the suave lines which tell of intellect and individuality as well as sweetness; the eyes were deep set under the well-marked brows; their colour dark blue, the true sapphire eyes that one sees perhaps three times in a lifetime, and twice out of the three times they are set in men's heads.

Mary's hair was chestnut brown in colour, very thick and fine, but not long, and it had a natural rippling wave in it almost as strong and close as the wave which Roman sculptors copied when they made busts of the Empress Julia. This rich hair was worn as nature intended, in the shower of soft curls into which it fell; and all the art of Mary's head-dress consisted in the placing of the comb, which, letting a handful of them escape control, lifted the remainder and suspended them, like a bunch of grapes in its leaves, behind her head. Her excessive loveliness was hardly injured by the traces of watching and fatigue which Anne saw about the eyes and mouth; and it was increased by the deep feeling which might be read in every expressive feature. A simple gown of blue and white cotton print, with muslin fills at the neck and wrists, and a bunch of rosebuds in the waistband, formed the dress of this lovely girl; but it sufficed; she needed no adornment. On the development of Mary Allen's beauty, which Anne had watched with delight, Miss Thorpe looked with misgiving. The experience of the old lady, though it had not been wide, was deep; and the least desirable gift with which Nature could endow a girl in Mary's position in life, and with Mary's prospects, was, in her opinion, decided and exceptional beauty. What but harm and misery could come of it, thought Miss Thorpe sadly, when Mary should have to face the world, to earn her bread among strangers? It would prove a serious obstacle to her bread-winning—as Miss Thorpe knew, though her own personal charms had never been detrimental—people did not desire resplendent beauty in a governess, to attract their sons, and throw their daughters into the shade; and, if even she were employed, notwithstanding this disadvantage, it would only make her miserable. There was a

mistake in all this, was Miss Thorpe's conclusion: things were pretty considerably muddled in general; but here was a case of special muddle, which must inevitably assume serious complexity, when Mrs Allen's death should leave Mary to face life by herself. Miss Thorpe had long pondered these things, before she had additional ground for her misgivings in the approach of the latter event. That Mary should be left alone in her seventeenth year, was terrible indeed, but plainly inevitable; and Miss Thorpe could find no solution for the coming difficulty other than that she supposed Anne's inexhaustible generosity must be taxed still further, and the girl sent to a finishing school, until she had reached a proper age for the commencement of a career which must be dreary at the best. If Mary had been an ordinary-looking girl, with a merely average share of intelligence, and no preposterously incongruous, though entirely natural, distinction of manners and looks, she might be so easily disposed of, so readily put in the way of marrying an honest, respectable clerk or tradesman, and living happily ever afterwards.

Miss Thorpe believed in all the romance of the Past; she was a fervent admirer of the good old times, and had not a doubt about King Cophetua and the beggar-maid, or the stories of which that one is a type. But she was sceptical of all disinterestedness and romance in the Present; her credulity was exclusively retrospective. Mary certainly would not marry in her own station in life, and she would not get a chance of marrying into a higher; so that Miss Thorpe could foresee nothing but splinterhood, as in her own case, for the beautiful girl, with the aggravation of many dangers and much suffering before she should have attained to content with her condition. That such rueful ideas should have been suggested to anybody by the blooming young creature who was talking to Anne Cairnes in the parlour on that lovely day in June, would have seemed to superficial minds unnatural; but, as Miss Thorpe thought, what is the use of experience, if it does not teach you to fret about those you care for, when there is cause?

The occasion for such fretting was drawing near.

'Her mind has not been wandering at all,' Mary replied to a question of Anne's; 'but I cannot help thinking it is distressed about something—something more, I mean, than the parting with me, which she knows may be near. Dr Temple has told her the truth. She has had such a wistful look in her face ever since morning, and it is there now, even in her sleep.'

The conversation between Miss Cairnes and Mary had been in progress for half an hour at this point, and was here interrupted by the woman in whose charge the patient had been left. She came to say that Mrs Allen was awake, and asking for Mary.

'I am sure her first question will be whether you are here,' said Mary; 'will you come up with me?'

Anne assented; and the two went to the dying woman's room, a pleasant, neat chamber, with the characteristics of a place where illness is habitual, and the alleviation of it a constant customary occupation. Anne's first glance at Mrs Allen shewed her that the signification of that word 'dying' had changed. It had long been in their minds

about her, the least old of the Old Ladies, but it had been vague and distant, a matter of weeks, perhaps; up to yesterday, it had hardly suggested itself as a matter of days. Anne looked at Mrs Allen's face; and even before she opened her eyes, and Anne saw *them*, she knew that it was now a matter of hours.

'Miss Cairnes has come, mother,' said Mary, who turned very pale as she caught the look in Anne's face and read its meaning.

Mrs Allen stretched out her hand silently; and Anne, seating herself by the bedside, clasped it in her own.

Mrs Allen was a small, gray-haired woman, with very dark eyes, full of the ominous brightness of consumption. She had reached the last stage of that dread disease and suffering, except from weakness, was over. Last night, she told Anne, when she could speak, had been bad; but she was much better to-day, indeed quite easy. Then she said to Mary, cheerfully, that she would like to be left alone with Miss Cairnes, if she could stay with her.

'I can stay as long as you like,' said Anne; 'I came prepared to do so.'

Mary left the room, and went down-stairs to the parlour. A vague dull pain was in her head, a dreary dread at her heart. She wandered about the small house, into her own little room, where the nurse was already sleeping soundly; into the kitchen, where the girl who helped her in her household tasks was sorting over the contents of the hamper from the Park; into the parlour, where the flowers, which did not interest that practical damsel, were languishing in their basket. She began to put them into bowls and glasses—those moss-roses should go up to her mother's room presently—but suddenly, she threw the beautiful short-lived things from her, and dropping on her knees beside the sofa, laid her face on her extended arms, and wept unrestrainedly—the tears which are a relief only to the young. After the paroxysm subsided, she still continued to kneel by the side of the sofa, half-stupefied by the sense of the coming calamity; and she did not hear Anne's step upon the stair, or know she had entered the room, until she touched her on the shoulder. Then Mary lifted up her tear-stained face, and rose quickly.

'Is she worse? Does she want anything?'

'No,' said Anne; 'but she has been trying to speak to me about some wishes of hers; and she has been able to say very little, for she falls off into fits of drowsiness and forgetfulness—that is only to be expected—they are caused by weakness. But I must hear what she wants to tell me, and it may be long before she can say all she wishes. So, I am going to stay here to-night, Mary.'

'Oh, Miss Cairnes, how good you are! I shall not be so frightened now. But you will be so tired.'

'No; I shall not be tired. You must go to bed, and sleep soundly, feeling that your mother is safe in my hands; and I can go home in the morning, when you and the nurse have both had rest. I shall send the carriage for some things for the night, and take up my watch at once. You see, it is already evening.'

Miss Cairnes gave her orders to the groom; the ponies trotted away, and she returned to the sick-room, having contrived to keep Mary away from it

by asking her to get tea ready for them both. Mrs Allen was sleeping—the deep sleep which so often precedes death, and which, but for the heaving nostril and chest, might have been mistaken for it, so gray, and sunken and rigid, was her face. Anne took her place beside her again, and waited long and patiently, watching anxiously for the first sign of waking. 'God grant that she may awake clear-headed, and able to tell me all,' was her earnest prayer. The evening wore on; the nurse replaced Anne while she and Mary were at tea; Dr Temple came, and when the two looked the question they could not speak, he said: 'There is no cause for alarm to-night, at all events;' but he acknowledged that there was nothing more to be done. Then Anne and Mary sat there until it was dark, speaking sometimes in a whisper, but for the most part silent. But still, the dying woman slept. At length, Anne sent Mary away, with a promise that she would call her instantly, if any change should take place. The sleeper smiled slightly as Mary's light but lingering kiss rested on her brow.

It was past one o'clock in the morning when Mrs Allen awoke, and Anne saw at once that her mind was clear.

'I have had such a resting sleep,' she said, in her ordinary voice, 'and now I can speak to you. We are alone!'

'Yes.'

'Do you see a tin box with a padlock on the chest of drawers?'

Anne looked round. 'Yes; I see it.'

'Bring it to me,' Anne did so. 'Open the upper drawer, and you will find a pocket-book; in the pocket is the padlock key. Have you found it?' Anne brought the key; and she raised herself up, with very little help, and unlocked the box. By Mrs Allen's direction, Anne held a candle, while she turned over some papers in the box, until she found what she was looking for. It was a small parcel done up in white paper, on which a date was written. This she retained in her hand.

'Take away the box, lock it, and put it back in its place,' she said, 'and lay me down again; and then sit close to me, that you may hear me.'

Day had dawned when Anne Cairnes went gently down the stairs, and into the parlour, whence she returned with a pencil and some sheets of paper. Mrs Allen was again sleeping, her face being turned towards the wall. Anne, sitting by her, wrote for a considerable time; then, having carefully read over what she had written, she folded the pages round the parcel which Mrs Allen had taken out of the box, and put them in the pocket of her dressing-gown. It was four o'clock, and day was coming in all the pomp and lustiness of June. She put the candles out, and went to the window, whence she could see the sleeper's face. The hours passed. At seven, Mary stole into the room, and a few moments afterwards, Anne, with a quick gesture towards Mary, went up to the bed. Mrs Allen's eyes were open, and she looked from one to the other.

'Mother! Mother!' said Mary.

No answer; but a feeble raising of the hands to the throat, as if they were seeking something.

'I know,' said Anne, bending over her, and speaking in a low, precise voice. 'I have it. It is quite safe. I will remember.'

She again looked from one to the other, and said: 'Light!' Anne drew the white curtains back, and opened the window wide; then resumed her place. Mary had sunk upon her knees. The glorious sunshine was flooding the room.

'More light!' said the dying woman, and in another moment was beyond the need of it.

'Davis would be glad if he could speak to you for a few minutes, ma'am,' said Anne's maid to her, when, in the afternoon, she returned to Bromley Park, leaving Miss Thorpe with Mary. 'I told him you were tired, but he would have me take the message. He's full of pride about his prizes.'

'I suppose I must see him,' said Anne. 'Send him in.'

The damsel, with a mental comment on the selfishness of men in all conditions of life, and of gardeners especially, complied.

'I suppose it's about the Flower-Show you wish to tell me,' said Anne, when Davis made his appearance, and after he had told her they were all sorry she had lost one of her Old Ladies. 'But you must be quick, for I am very tired.'

'Yes, it's about the Show,' answered Davis, rather affronted. 'We have got a first prize for Marshal Niels, and we're highly commended for *Gloires de Dijon*. I thought you'd like to know.'

'So I do,' said Anne; 'of course I like to know. And I'm sure you deserve it, after all your trouble.'

'Ay, but that's not all,' said Davis, with a queer exultant smile, and a chuckle. 'I always hoped we should beat Shottesley' (Shottesley was the show-place of the district, and Davis held it in detestation, which he longed to garnish with contempt), 'and we're going to do it at last. They've got an aloe there, you know, ma'am, just as they've got everything.'

'Yes, I know they have an aloe; but so have we—a finer one than theirs, I believe.'

'And theirs isn't going to flower; but ours is! That's what I thought I should like to tell you. It will be some time yet before it blossoms, but it's bound to do it. Good-evening, ma'am.' And Davis, who never under-estimated his privileges, walked away.

REFORMATORIES.

At the close of last year, there died in France, at the advanced age of seventy-seven, M. de Metz, the well-known founder of the reformatory system. For forty years he had devoted himself entirely to the reformation of young criminals, having resigned several lucrative offices in order to give himself up entirely to this work. The Reformatory School and Agricultural Colony at Mettray, near Tours, was founded by him in 1840. This was the first experiment in reformatories, and the success which attended it was beyond even the expectations of its founder. He began with only ten boys; at the end of the first year, he had three hundred, and this number rapidly increased to seven hundred. Since then, this establishment at Mettray has become the model upon which all similar institutions have been formed in England and elsewhere. Until within the last half-century, in this country, there had been no distinction in

the treatment of juvenile offenders and adults, beyond their separate classification, in prison or at the hulks, and both were subjected to pretty much the same routine.

Parkhurst Prison, in the Isle of Wight, was the first place in which an attempt was made in England for the penal correction and moral reformation of boys; but it was not until the year 1849 that the first regular reformatory was instituted, under the auspices of the Philanthropic Society. The Society had previously made attempts for the reformation of young offenders on a limited scale, but, in the year mentioned, they commenced the establishment of their well-known 'Farm School' at Redhill. The example thus set by the Philanthropic Society was soon imitated in different parts of England; and so rapid has been the spread of reformatories and industrial schools during the last quarter of a century, that these institutions have been extensively established in England and Scotland. The government appoints an inspector whose special duty it is to visit and report on reformatory and industrial schools. Glancing over the Reports of this functionary, we find that, up to the end of the year 1872, the total admissions to these schools had been 45,568, of which number, 35,524 were boys, and 10,044 girls. Those who are at all familiar with the temptations which surround the children of the lowest classes in London, will not be surprised to learn that one-fourth of the whole number of boys annually committed to prison in all England and Wales are supplied by the metropolises. The metropolitan reformatories will, therefore, afford good examples of the working of the system, and of these we select the two most important; the large Middlesex Industrial School at Feltham, and the Philanthropic Farm School and Reformatory at Redhill. A reformatory is designed for the children of convicted felons, or for children who have themselves been guilty of criminal practices; especially for the juvenile offenders who are sentenced to detention under the Reformatory Schools Acts. The object is to rescue such children from becoming confirmed criminals, and, by a judicious course of training, to enable them to make a fresh start in honest independent life. The ordinary limit of age for the admission of boys to these schools is from ten to fifteen years. The committees object to receiving them on first conviction, unless the case be a very special one, and, as a general rule, they strongly recommend that the full sentence of five years should be carried out, in order that the reformatory training may have the greater chance of producing a permanent effect.

Reformatories were very soon followed up in this country by the establishment of 'Industrial Schools,*' which travel over a good deal of the same ground as the former—the distinction being, that since the introduction of these latter, reformatories are reserved exclusively for young offenders who have been previously convicted, whereas industrial schools receive outcast or vagrant children whose circumstances are such as to put them in the way of peculiar temptations to crime; magistrates, however, can legally consign youthful offenders for

a certain length of time to these useful institutions. Boys from industrial schools are eligible for service in the army and navy; those from reformatories are not. The Redhill Reformatory is formed entirely on the model of M. de Metz's institution at Mettray, making allowance for some trifling differences in national character. The system consists in endeavouring, by the influence of religious teaching and personal kindness, to awaken in the boys the sense of right and wrong, and to instil into them the principle of *Duty*—at the same time that, by useful and interesting employment, they are gradually trained to become self-supporting and independent men. To this end, it is sought to make the Farm School more like a home than a place of correction, and to bring every domestic influence to bear upon the boys during their term of detention. Rarely does an instance occur in which a boy, after his discharge, does not bear through life a grateful remembrance of his stay at the school; and in most cases they come back to visit the place, as a home, when opportunity offers, and to see the chaplain or masters, whom they have learned during their residence in the institution to regard as their friends. This Redhill Reformatory, which shelters and trains upwards of three hundred boys, is unlike most other institutions in its outward aspect; no large building, such as one would naturally connect with the idea of a great reformatory, is visible; but at intervals, over a farm of about three hundred and twenty acres, in one of the prettiest bits of rural scenery in England, are scattered five picturesque-looking farm-houses, which are each calculated to contain some sixty boys. There are no high walls or iron gates, but the houses stand in little patches of garden, which, in season, are bright with roses and summer flowers. Each of these houses is a complete little home in itself, under the management of a single master and matron. This breaking-up of the boys into separate houses does much to impart a family feeling to the inmates, and a healthy spirit of emulation and *esprit de corps* is engendered between the different establishments. The same rules and discipline, however, apply to all these houses, and all the boys meet for daily prayers in the chapel, which is thus made the centre of the common life. The schoolmasters, too, meet the chaplain once a week, to hand in their Reports, and confer with him and the secretary on the state of their schools. Good-conduct lists are kept in each of the houses, on which are placed the names of such of the boys as have avoided all cause for complaint during the preceding month. When a boy's name has been on the list for six months together, he is qualified to be employed on different little services of trust, such as carrying messages off the farm, &c., one of the great aims of the system being to encourage the boys to prove themselves worthy of being trusted. He wears a good-conduct badge on his arm, and is entitled to a monthly holiday, as well as to an extra penny per week, in addition to anything he may earn by his work. The boys are very proud of this good-conduct badge, and the confidence placed in those who are trusted on errands and the like services is greatly appreciated, and assists in cultivating a wholesome self-respect. About two-thirds, or rather more, of this little colony are employed on farm-work. Of the remainder, some are trained

* The first industrial school, as far as we are aware, was that set on foot at Aberdeen in May 1845, through the exertions of Sheriff Watson. See an article on the subject in *Chambers's Journal*, November, 15, 1845.—Ed.

as tailors, and in the tailor's shop are made all the clothes used in the school, each boy during his residence wearing a strong corduroy suit, stamped with the name of the institution. Others are at work under a master shoemaker, making and repairing the boys' boots; while a carpenter's and a blacksmith's shop give occupation to others. There is a brickfield too, in which twenty or thirty boys are usually employed during the summer half-year in brickmaking, a manufacture which contributes considerably towards the school funds. As has been mentioned, the boys who have been in this institution generally continue to take a lasting interest in it after they have left. Not a week passes without the chaplain or secretary receiving letters from former inmates; and it is a very frequent custom for them to forward a thank-offering or contribution out of their earliest earnings, to the institution in which they have been trained. Very frequently, these offerings are sent expressly for the 'chapel fund'; the chapel being not only the common centre of the school, but being an object of interest and pride to the boys. About a year ago, a handsome stained-glass window was placed in this chapel, as the result of some of the contributions thus voluntarily sent; and during the past year, the boys at present in the school have clubbed together, and out of their slender earnings have collected no less than fifty pounds for a companion window. Before any boy is discharged from Redhill, at the end of his term of detention, the Society undertakes to find suitable occupation for him, or to place him out in some situation. By far the greater number are disposed of by emigration. The emigrants are selected both for good conduct in the school, and also with a due regard to their physical power and aptness for colonial work. They go out furnished with introductions from the Society to friends who undertake to look after them, and they invariably keep up a correspondence with the school, so that they are not lost sight of. A register is kept at Redhill, in which periodical Reports of these emigrants are entered. According to these Reports, the chaplain states that, out of 783 emigrants sent out from Redhill to Africa, Australia, and Canada, the large proportion of eighty-six and a half per cent. were doing well, four per cent. were unknown, and only eight per cent. had been reconvicted. These, he reminds us, at the time of their first admission to the reformatory, were not mere 'gutter children,' or London 'Arabs,' but real juvenile criminals, most of whom had been convicted three or four times, many of them even oftener. Such results speak for themselves as to the success of the reformatory training at Redhill, and cannot but be highly gratifying to the Society. The Home Office contributes towards reformatory expenses at the rate of six shillings per week for each boy, for three years; after that period, four shillings per week. Payments are also made, as agreed upon, out of the rates, from the county or borough whence the boys are received. And there are usually some industrial profits out of the working of the school. Any deficit that may remain after this has to be made up by voluntary subscriptions and donations. In industrial schools, where the boys are not convicted, but merely outcast or neglected, the Home Office allows only five shillings per week for

each boy. The Middlesex Industrial School at Feltham* accommodates under one monster roof about eight hundred boys, superintended by a large staff. Attached to the building are workshops for instructing the boys in every different trade, under the direction of a master tradesman. In addition to instruction in trades and farming, particular attention is given in this institution to seamanship and instrumental music. There is a model ship in the grounds, and a selected number of the boys, under a naval instructor, are thoroughly initiated in nautical matters. At the end of their term of detention at the school, they enter either the royal navy or the merchant service, great pains being taken to provide good ships and good captains for them. Those instructed in instrumental music enter regimental bands in the army. It is an admirable custom in this institution to teach some one trade, such as tailoring or shoemaking, to every lad who is destined to become a soldier, a sailor, or an emigrant. It has been found by experience that a knowledge of some trade is of the greatest service to them in their future careers, and therefore each boy is obliged to undergo a preliminary course of instruction in one or other of the workshops before being drafted into the nautical, or musical, or farming class. After a start in life has been obtained for these boys, their future course is as carefully noted here as at Redhill, and the statistics concerning them are nearly as satisfactory. Thus, we find that, of 239 boys who have been sent to sea or entered the royal navy during the last three years, 201 are known to be 'doing well,' seven are classed as 'doubtful,' twelve have been convicted of crime, eight have died since leaving the institution, and only eleven are 'unknown.' During the same period, a hundred and twenty boys have enlisted into the army, of whom one hundred and four are 'doing well,' three are 'doubtful,' and five have been convicted of crime. In the same number of years, one hundred and four boys have emigrated, and of these, ninety-nine are 'doing well,' four have been convicted, and one is unknown. It is sad to call it a misfortune for these boys when, at the close of their term of detention, they are claimed by their parents. This invariably leads them back to idleness and penury: instances are often known of children who have been convicted for thefts to which they were actually forced by their parents; in other cases, the home has been rendered so intolerable by drunkenness or ill-treatment on the part of the parents, that the children have preferred to leave it, and live anyhow, and sleep anywhere, until gradually, and almost necessarily, they have fallen into crime. This is the history of a very large proportion of the children who are seen hanging about the streets in London, without any regular occupation, and under no control, until eventually they pass into the hands of the police. Such being the case, it would be difficult to over-estimate the value of these reformatories and industrial schools, which, in the one case, rescue from the temptations which surround them those who must almost necessarily fall if left to themselves, and in the other, secure a fresh start in life for the unfortunate juveniles whom circumstances, rather than any decided viciousness of character, have led into early crime.

* See *Journal*, November 1867.

Many hundreds of young men who are now earning an honest living in different parts of the world, look back with grateful remembrance to the days of detention passed at Redhill or Feltham, or some similar institution; and assuredly something is owing to the memory of the man who in originating the reformatory system, has conferred a boon upon modern society.

CHILDREN I HAVE MET.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

WHEN my wife came down that night, after seeing the children put to bed, I was, of course, prepared to tell all that happened at the railway station; but, to my surprise, she did not pay much attention to the matter. When I ventured, however, to suggest that the careless Gibbins might not even turn up on the morrow to claim his own, she evinced considerable interest.

'What! George; do you really think it possible that the man may neglect his children to that extent? Why, if he doesn't come to-morrow, there would be no more reason why he should come the next day, nor, for that matter, why he should come at all.'

'Even that, of course, is possible, my dear,' said I. 'The poor little things will, in that case, keep Christmas with us, I suppose: one would hardly like to send them to the workhouse on Christmas-day.'

'The workhouse! Who said a word about the workhouse?'

For the moment, I thought a piece of my nose was gone; I had never been so 'snapped up' by my little wife before. 'I was only hinting, my dear, that the law did not compel us to maintain other people's children; and if the worst came to the worst, that we could get rid of these two little people.'

'Get rid of them!' echoed my wife, with the clash and sharpness of a pair of shears. 'Who wants to get rid of them? Why, if a black kitten strays into the house, we keep it, because it is said to bring a blessing; and are not two such heavenly children as those up yonder a blessing in themselves! O George!' continued she, dropping her voice all of a sudden, and speaking quite soft and low, 'I know you don't mean to be hard with 'em; you would not have brought 'em home at all, had you meant that; but if you had seen those two, as I have just seen them, you could never have said a harsh word concerning them, even in jest. When Elizabeth and I had taken that wee creature's clothes off by the fire, and he was but in his little shift (for we had no nightgown to give him—though I shall take care he has plenty to-morrow, if I cut up my own), he suddenly woke up, and as we were putting him to bed, cried out: "Where's Ossey?" In an instant that sweet girl was at his side, and with her little arm round his neck. "Pairs!" said he. For the moment, I really thought the child had asked for fruit; and I felt quite ashamed that good thoughts had been so much farther from me than from him, when I saw

these little ones kneel down together by the bedside and pray. Rosey said the Lord's Prayer aloud—such a mess as she made of some of the words! and yet they were more touching to listen to than any I had ever heard from a reading-desk—and Rosey repeated it after her. It seemed to me as though all the angels in heaven must have stopped their music to listen to 'em. Then they kissed one another—it was better than going to church to see them do it—and as we laid them down side by side, they dropped asleep in each other's arms.'

'But, my dear Nelly,' remonstrated I, 'there is nothing to cry about, surely, in all that; it only shews they have been well brought up.'

'But they've got no mother. Think of that!' sobbed my wife, who had by this time broken down altogether. 'Little dots like that to be motherless, and to have a father like this Gig—Gig—Gibbins, who cares nothing about them!'

'I don't know that Mr Gibbins is their father, my dear; and how, may I ask, did you find out that they had no mother?'

'Why, because they did not mention her in their little prayers. Do you suppose they would not have done so, had she been in existence? "Dod bless us both and make us dood;" that was all they said besides the Lord's Prayer.'

'And quite enough too, my dear,' said I softly; for somehow—I suppose it was because the little creatures had taken to me so trustfully—I was more moved than I chose to own.

'Oh, quite enough indeed,' assented my wife, 'especially since *He* has made them good—as good as gold.'

The use of that familiar metaphor—though it was not a little incongruous in its application—brought me back to the realities of life. 'Fortunately, my dear,' said I, 'we have plenty of money to support these little ones, whom Fate has thus thrown upon our hands, in case they have really been deserted.'

'There is no chance of that,' answered my wife dolorously, as though the desertion of small children was too delightful an idea to be realised. 'Gibbins is sure to come to-morrow, with his heartlessness and insolence (just as Jones did), to carry away his property—just as if they were so much luggage. If he does not, we are bound to advertise all about them. Moreover, there is their box: of course, if we don't hear from him soon, we must open that, and it is sure to contain something that will identify them, and oblige us to restore them to their belongings. O George, dear George, what a wrench it will be to me!'

Then I began to understand that my poor childless wife had suffered that passionate affection for small children, which abides in all who are worthy of the name of woman, to twine itself about our new-comers, as creeping flowers upon dainty trellis-work will twine and grow till both are one; and for the moment I almost repented that I had opened my doors to those unexpected guests.

'My darling,' said I softly, 'though Heaven has denied us children, it has given us another blessing—wealth; and if it would be any pleasure to you to adopt a child—'

'No, no,' interrupted she, sobbing; 'I should

not care for that; but in this case it seems as if Heaven itself had sent us these little ones—all on a Christmas eve too—and that sweet darling actually said "Mum—mum," and put his arms about me, as though I *was* his mother—and then you see he has never known his real one."

This was a true womanly touch, with jealousy as well as love in it, which I felt did not admit of reply. If Heaven had sent the children to us indeed, I might well have argued, Heaven would probably permit us to keep them in spite of Gibbins; but women draw no consolation from logic; indeed, it is my experience that, in connection with the decrees of Providence, they even resent it.

I dreamt that night that I was the master of a national school, and that my wife was a baby-farmer, and I was wakened in the morning by the most singular noise imaginable: it sounded like the chuckling of hens, the crowing of some infinitesimal bantam cock, and the splashing of something in water.

"Why, good gracious, my dear, there are poultry and ducks in the house!"

There was no reply; my consort was not by my side, but the crowing and chuckling continued, mingled with shouts of merriment, proceeding from the apartment above my head. When I hear laughter, I wish to be acquainted with the joke that has produced it, just as when one hears a cork drawn, one is inquisitive about the wine in the bottle, and I put on my dressing-gown at once, and went quietly up-stairs. The sight that greeted me in the spare room, hitherto solely dedicated to bachelor adults, was very remarkable. I had come upon a party engaged in a rite of baby-worship. My wife and Elizabeth were putting Tosey in his bath before the fire; while Rosey, in a flannel dressing-gown ten sizes too large for her, was sitting on the rug in a rapture of appreciation. Tosey was standing up in the warm water, holding on to the edge of the bath, and apparently addressing some constituency in the most humorous manner and at the top of his voice. Every now and then, a joke so tickled him that he cast himself backward, and was picked up pink and palpitating, only just in time, as it seemed to me, to save his life. The applause that succeeded each performance of this feat, evidently gave him unbounded satisfaction; he had thrown off all his philosophy with his clothes, and was merely bent upon experiments with respect to the displacement of water, in which, to judge by the puddles on the floor, he had been very successful. He acknowledged the accession to his audience in my arrival by a shout of laughter so shrill and small, and at the same time so full of triumph, that no musician on earth could—for expression at least—have competed with him; and then he said: "Hullo! all right," and fell backwards under water. It was perfectly ridiculous that three grown persons and a half should have been so moved by so insignificant an object—yet we were all laughing as heartily as he. The little naked boy, called Cupid, could hardly have shewn himself more powerful than this his latest rival.

Presently, Christmas chimes began to peal from some bell-ringing steeple, and Tosey, standing in the water, and steadying himself by clinging to the side with one hand, held the other up—one tiny finger projecting from the rest—for silence. It

was the prettiest 'pictur,' as Elizabeth observed, one could conceive; or rather, it was a piece of living sculpture such as Nature, R.A. (Real Artist), could alone have executed. At the same time, I felt my dressing-gown gently pulled, and looking down, I saw Rosey's sweet fair face turned upwards towards mine with parted lips. 'A merry Kismas to you,' said she, in a tone that had a music in it beyond that of any song, and with a look such as the angels use when wishing the like to one another.

'Only listen to the child!' cried my wife, delighted. 'That was just because she heard the bells, you may depend on it.'

'Why, Rosey, who taught you to say that, my darling?' said I, stooping to kiss her.

'Dodo.'

'And who is Dodo?'

Here all was blank again. Neither Rosey nor Tosey could give us any information upon that point. Dodo was Dodo, whom not to know argued ourselves most ignorant. It was certainly not the bird which is the despair of natural-historians; but beyond that, nothing certain could be discovered—until Gibbins turned up, or the box was opened.

The enactment that makes a holiday at the Post-office on Christmas-day had my hearty concurrence that morning, for at least no tidings could come by letter which should demand a parting with our little guests. Every ring at the door, however, my wife informed me, made her 'heart go,' for fear it might be the herald of Gibbins; and it was not without some opposition on her part that I wrote out an advertisement for the *Times*, stating that two young children, answering to the names of Rosey and Tosey, were at present lodged beneath our roof, awaiting removal by their proprietor.

In leaving my address at the railway station, I had done, she urged, all that was reasonably to be expected of me; it was there, if anywhere, that Gibbins would apply for the goods consigned to him; and to jog his memory, or to awaken his remorse for his neglect, was to fly in the face of Providence, and run an uncalled-for risk of losing the blessings it had vouchsafed us. If my wife shewed herself somewhat lax in principle under this great temptation, she, on the other hand, exhibited a keen sense of moral responsibility as regarded the children themselves. She sent in to our neighbour, Mrs Quiverful, for some Sunday toys—a message which produced a Noah's Ark and a mosaic puzzle—and decided upon supplementing their elevating effect by taking Rosey to church with us. The occasion was evidently a novelty to her, and so far a treat; but she was very loath to leave her brother, whose tender years put his attendance at public worship out of the question. The promise of hearing the organ, however, and (I regret to say) the unauthorised prospect of its having waltzing figures upon it, which was held out by Elizabeth, overcame her scruples, and, to the astonishment of the parish, our pew was for the first time embellished by the presence of a child. That many an eye was turned toward Rosey, as she sat with her little hand in mine, with admiring curiosity, was no reproach to our vicar's eloquence; no sculptured angel there, with hair blown back, and wings crosswise, no seraph painted on the pane, looked half so heavenly as she. Eager-eyed, she watched and listened, while the parson read, and the music rose and fell, but hushed as a mute bird.

Once only did she break silence—when our doctor (according to his invariable custom) was called out from his conspicuous pew by his footpage, and then she observed: 'Look, look; there's a man *broke loose*'—a remark that shook my gravity to its foundations.

In the afternoon, I went down to the railway station, under pretence of making inquiry about my luggage, but in reality to find out if there was any news of Gibbins. Those children were growing upon me so, that I felt it necessary to do my duty to their belongings—if belongings they really had—while the moral course to do so still remained to me. My friend the inspector shook his head, and pronounced the whole affair to be 'a plant' to get rid of the two children. 'They will be on your hands, sir, it's my opinion, until you think proper to send them to the workhouse.'

'You really think that, Mr Inspector?'

'I am pretty sure of it, sir,' replied he despondently. 'It is not the first time that such a thing has happened, to my own knowledge.—Well, I am sure, sir, you are very kind.'

'Don't mention it,' said I; 'it's Christmas-day, you know, and you have had a great deal of trouble about that luggage. Good-morning to you.'

'But you are going away without it, sir!' And so I was. I felt, in fact, but little interest, comparatively speaking, in the article in question, which, as it happened, had arrived safe enough; and the sovereign I had given him was for his 'opinion,' just as one gives a doctor or a lawyer one pound for theirs—which is not generally half so pleasant. Would it be possible, I wondered, to retain our little treasures by giving a pound or two to Gibbins himself? Was there any law against child-selling as well as wife-selling, and if not, would Gibbins be authorised to treat? The loss of Tosey would, I knew, be to my wife a very serious blow, and however unreasonable it was in her so to feel it, it was only my duty to avert, by all lawful means, such a catastrophe. As to Rosey, I confess the dear child had taken such root in my heart, that I could not bear to think of parting with her, and especially to persons who had shewn themselves so careless of their responsibilities. I knew that my position both in law and morals was untenable—I was painfully aware that the whole transaction 'would not wash'—but something must surely be conceded to the feelings of a parent; and was not I *in loco parentis*—which is the same thing as a parent—to that heavenly child? Tosey, too, had distinctly—or as distinctly as he could—claimed my wife as his mamma, so that the chain of relationship might be said to be complete.

Nelly received my little Christmas present with gratitude, but without enthusiasm; a fact which, considering it was a new bonnet, will give the measure, to any of her own sex, of the extreme preoccupation of her mind.

'A thousand thanks, my dear,' said she. 'But was there any news of Gibbins?'
Then I thought it was really time to administer to her a lecture upon the vanity of human wishes, and on the great improbability of their being gratified on the present occasion. I observed, how wrong it was of her, from every point of view, to nourish such vain and unprincipled expectations: in fact, I used every argument which I had deliberately rejected myself, and, in the end, had the

satisfaction of perceiving that we should never be divorced upon the fashionable ground of 'incompatibility' of character, inasmuch as they had had precisely the same effect upon her as they had had on me.

'Mum-mum will never part from her Tosey, will she?' inquired she (I must say very foolishly) of the child himself, who was playing at her knee. 'Say, never, my own darling.' He looked up with preternatural gravity, and delivered (in the character of a dignitary of the Court of Chancery) his decree against any such separation: 'Nedder.' At the same moment, Rosey stole her little hand in mine, and whispered: 'Me tay too.'

If Gibbins had turned up just then, in the imperative mood, I believe I should have put him in the water—but purchased a filter.

'But my dear Nelly,' sighed I, 'there is their box.'

'I wish it had been lost, like the bonnet,' answered she bitterly.

'Still, since it is here, we are bound to open it, and thereby discover to whom these little guests of ours belong. We had better get it over at once, since every day will make it more difficult for you to part with them.'

So, on that Christmas night, when the children were fast asleep in each other's arms—a sight as full of Christmas thoughts as any sermon—my wife and I had the box brought into the parlour. It had no lock, so I had only to cut the ropes with my penknife, to know our fate; for, indeed, it had come to that: with such unconscious magic had those little ones bewitched us in a day and night, that to part with them would have not only been a 'wrench,' but a catastrophe. Perhaps it was the blessed Christmas-tide—wherein, above all seasons, little children assert their power—that had so worked with us; but so it was. A mother whose task it is to look over the clothes, or toys, or other 'fond records' of some lost darling, must be one of the most pitiable of God's creatures; but to her at least the worst has come; the parting is over—whereas, to us, this little box might be the cradle or the grave of Hope. I felt that it was much more likely to prove the latter; it was to the last degree improbable that Rosey and Tosey should remain as such—mere fairy-folk with fairy names—and nothing more, when we had made examination of its contents. Miss Rose Gibbins and Master Thomas Gibbins, of some seminary for young persons near Crews, would presently be revealed to us in the most common-place fashion, and demand to be given up to their 'friends.' Nothing occurs, however, as the paradoxical Frenchman tells us, except the Unlooked-for. Not a scrap of writing, whether on paper or linen, informed us of the personal identity of our little guests. Their Lilliputian garments, layer after layer of which we found arranged with the utmost neatness and order, were indeed all marked, but it was only with those names which love, and not their god-fathers and god-mothers, had bestowed upon them.—Rosey and Tosey. In some cases, it was worked upon the tiny linen in hair. 'They had a mother *theu*,' whispered my wife significantly; and though no mother herself, I thought her judgment just upon that point. Moreover, the handwriting, where the names were written, was fine and delicate, like a lady's hand, and not a servant's; though, to my fancy (for this could be only guess-work), it lacked

the firmness of health. I could not help building up the theory that the mother had been failing and fading, without the strength to do much more than this slight loving service; and Nelly thought the idea a probable one.

'In that case,' remarked I, 'the careful packing and disposal of the clothes must have been done by another.'

'Of course,' returned my wife: 'after her death, poor soul.'

'And yet we have not come upon a single article of mourning.'

'The woman who took the mother's place was poor,' answered Nelly softly.

It was like enough. The mother had been poor herself, for though all the garments were in good repair, they had seen much service, and had darns and patches in them; the latter, as my wife pointed out, let in with elaborate skill and care. The last layer was made up of baby-clothes, most exquisitely worked by hand.

'Good Heavens,' cried I, 'is there, then, a third?'

'No, no! these were Tosey's before he was short-coated. How nice he must have looked in them, dear little fellow!'

The tears of my childless wife were falling fast upon the lengthy robe of state that had once enveloped Tosey's limbs.

'My darling,' said I, 'you ought to be pleased, rather than cast down; for nothing has come to light as yet which demands our parting with the children. If Gibbins would only'—

'Look, look!' interrupted my wife, with a sharp cry. Below the last layer of clothes, and pasted on the bottom of the box, was a sheet of white paper, around which a clumsy attempt had been made with ink to rule a mourning border. In the centre of it was written, in a hand evidently unused to penmanship, the words, *Pity the motherless*.

'These children, then, have been bequeathed to us, my dear,' said I, after a pause. My wife was greatly affected, and I was just a little taken aback myself. 'When you are quite calm and collected, Nelly, we must consider whether we shall accept the legacy.'

I had for my own part quite made up my mind to 'administer,' as the lawyers call it; but I thought the expression of doubt would rouse her, and do her good.

'Dear George,' said she, without taking the least notice of my remark, but still poring over those appealing words, 'I think this is Dodo's writing. She is some faithful nurse, who, finding herself unable to support these orphaned darlings, has sent them forth, trusting in God's providence to find them home and friends—and they have found them. How happy, how thankful I feel! They will now be our own for ever.'

'My dear Nelly,' said I gravely, 'do not too much encourage a hope which, if it one day prove fallacious, will be bitter in your mouth indeed. These children are not orphans, or Dodo would have stated as much. "Pity the motherless," she says; that is (I fear), those little ones who have no mother, but worse than no father—who have a father that has deserted them.'

'But we will not desert them.'

'By no means; only this man may turn up at any time, remember, and demand his own. Will you still accept them on such conditions?'

'I will,' replied she firmly. 'I look on them as

Heaven's own gift, and I believe that we shall be permitted to retain them.'

'Very good, my dear; so be it,' said I; but I had still my doubts, and grave ones.

EXPERIMENTS IN VITAL FORCE.

THE students of chemistry and physics have long ago discovered that their best mode of investigation is by experiment. Not only do they observe the peculiarities that nature unfolds, but they try to place bodies in special circumstances, to find out all their properties, and reduce them to a code of simple laws. At the side of these two sciences, there are those which apply to organised beings, animals and vegetables, and in this new field of research, besides ponderable matter, there are found special phenomena, which are progressively developed, accomplishing a certain evolution, and which constitute, in one word, life. Science must bow before the cause of these vital actions; but if it has not the power to explain them, it preserves the right and the duty of searching into the mechanism and laws which rule over their various functions. In this domain, so restricted, and yet so wide, it seeks to establish its principles.

Naturalists and surgeons have studied every organ with minute care, and find that vital force is far from offering the unvarying character which occurs in the reactions of chemistry. They cannot repeat the same experiment twice on an animal without finding some disagreement in the result; arising from the fact, that the organs consist of such complicated and variable apparatus, in which the conditions of experience cannot be modified at will, or be changed without action on the functions themselves.

It has been agreed that the elements which compose vegetable organism, and which enter into the immense series of organic matters which plants produce, owe their origin to water, to ammonia, to nitrates, and to carbonic acid. The last-named body seems to play the most important part. It is decomposed by the green matter of leaves under the influence of solar light, and disengaging itself from the oxygen, is brought back to the state of oxide of carbon. This is the first product of the transformation, and it afterwards becomes the original of all the combinations which develop themselves. It is the point of departure for chemists to carry on a number of syntheses, or reconstructions; so that from oxide of carbon to formic acid, to carbohydrates of hydrogen, to alcohols, to composite ethers, to vegetable and starchy acids it is but a continuation of metamorphoses formed under general laws.

If, instead of dealing in generalities, we go into the detail of particular facts, a multitude of examples are found which shew how the intervention of chemistry throws light on the actions of organic life. To mention one: it has been discovered that hippuric acid may be divided into benzoic acid and sugar of gelatine; and reciprocally, by combining these two, hippuric acid may be reproduced. This being so, the food of carnivorous animals when analysed is not found to contain this benzoic acid; neither do their secretions contain hippuric acid, but the latter appears as soon as the former is mixed with their food. Inversely, herbivorous animals secrete hippuric acid, because their

food contains benzoic acid ; but cease to do so when the latter is removed from what they eat.

It is found that the extract of malt possesses, like acids, the power of changing starch into dextrine and glucose ; and the great French chemist, M. Payen, proved that the extract owed this property to a particular substance called diastase, which exists round the buds of all grain at the moment of germination. Now all seeds possess a provision of starch which serves for the earliest nourishment of the infant plant. As soon as they begin to grow, this diastase is formed ; it renders the starch soluble by transforming it into dextrine and sugar, and these dissolved matters are afterwards used in nature's laboratory to constitute the first vegetable organs. Thus chemistry has reached the point of giving an exact account of the transformations to which a plant owes its earliest development, and they are absolutely the same as those carried on by the chemist.

It is to similar action, exercised by the gastric juice and all the liquids of animal economy, that our food is dissolved in the process of digestion, and may be absorbed in the system. The celebrated experiments of Rumford and Spallanzani in the last century to produce artificial digestion, prove it without doubt. It is to this also that we must attribute the production of sugar in the liver of the animal.

It is known that organic tissues are constituted by fibres and elementary cells, separated from each other by very small interstices, which contain a certain quantity of water, without which these tissues would be deprived of the physical and mechanical properties essential to their functions. It must never be overlooked, that even in the most rudimentary animals, life can only exist in the presence of water and under the influence of a certain temperature. This has been shown by the experiments made on the little rotifers, whose movements cease and re-commence whenever it is dried and moistened. The same is true of vegetables, and the explanation of how the sap rises and circulates in them has been realised with the help of mechanical action.

The most attentive student has failed to discover in the vegetable tissue any muscular apparatus which could set the liquids in motion, therefore it follows that the circulation of sap must be regulated by the play of physical and chemical forces. Hence it is necessary to fall back upon the attraction which solid bodies exercise on liquids, and which is called molecular attraction, because it seems to exert itself at distances as small as those which separate the molecules themselves. It remains to be seen in what measure this action can influence the rising of the sap.

When a very fine tube is plunged into water, a certain quantity rises in it, because the solid walls attract it, and as vegetable tissue offers similar narrow channels in every direction, it can be understood that it raises and absorbs the water from the soil ; but this general explanation is not sufficient, because the ascent of the water is limited to a very little height in a narrow tube, and in trees the sap rises to the summit. This objection has given rise to many experiments among chemists.

Take any porous mass, a block of chalk, for example, and after hollowing a small hole in the centre, place in it a manometer, that is to say, an

instrument to measure the pressure of air, which will develop itself in the interior of the block. When that is done, plunge the whole into water. In a moment the liquid enters the pores, as is seen in a lump of sugar, and drives the air which fills the cavities before it. This air flies to the centre, where it is gradually compressed, and the manometer rises rapidly under the pressure. When the final state is reached, it is evident that the air tries to escape as the water enters, and that the pressure of the air makes an equilibrium by the force of penetration, and gives the measure, which is equal to three, four, or even six of atmospheric pressure. Thus the atmosphere being equal to the pressure of a column of air of ten feet, the strength of the imbining power may be said to equal thirty, forty, or sixty feet of water, and consequently the liquid can rise to these heights. The force of imbibition suffices to explain how the sap rises to the summit of the highest trees.

But another experiment is necessary thoroughly to understand how liquids circulate. Take a tube of glass, and glue to one end a porous plate, so as to close the opening ; fill the tube with water, and cover the open end with the finger, so that the water does not escape until it has been turned over into a bath of quicksilver. The porous plate then imbibes the water, which evaporates into the air at the upper end, and is immediately replaced by that in the tube ; a void is thus formed in the interior, into which the mercury rises, as in a barometer, and the air does not enter through the porous plate.

These two experiments are sufficient to shew the exact mode in which the sap rises. According to the first, the roots take up the water from the soil, and make it rise to the leaves ; the second shews how the evaporation of this water in the atmosphere makes a void in the tree, which will call up, by the effect of suction, that which fills the channels of the stem. M. Jamin, a French chemist, has constructed a model which will apply to all vegetables to justify this explanation. The base is formed of a very dense porous body, which represents the roots, and which is planted in damp earth ; from this rises a tube, filled with plaster for the stem, and at the top is a large porous surface, taking the place of leaves, and serving for evaporation. Experience has proved that this fictitious tree absorbs the water like real vegetables, and spreads it through the air in the same way.

When a very fine tube of glass is plunged into water it rises high within the narrow space ; if into oil, the latter mounts to a less degree ; or if the glass tube be changed for another of the same dimension, but of a different substance, the effect is varied in intensity, whilst preserving the general character. Molecular force depends, then, on the nature of the bodies where it exists ; it has some analogy with that productive power of chemical combinations which is named affinity, and which has for its special character that of depending entirely on the nature of the two substances which combine. Every time that this affinity takes place, heat is developed ; the temperature has always been observed to rise in a porous mass at the time of imbibition ; and a German physicist has discovered that a strong electric current is produced when water is filtered by pressure through a porous body. The consequences which result from this affinity may be traced in many different bodies.

If the membrane of an animal be dipped in a solution of sea-salt, it absorbs it; and when drawn out, it carries with it a portion of the liquid. By repeating the same operation many times, a liquor is left more charged with salt than the primitive solution—that is to say, the membrane has more affinity with the water than the salt; it absorbs and attracts the former, and exercises less power on the latter. Inversely, if a layer of salt is covered with a moistened membrane, the salt melts, because it attracts the water, and takes away a part from the tissue. Chemists have for a long time employed an economical proceeding of this kind to obtain concentrated alcohol; it consists of hanging up in the air a bladder of brandy; the membrane attracts and absorbs the water contained in the spirit, and afterwards transmits it to the atmosphere in the shape of vapour. This action goes on constantly, and at the end of a few days almost pure alcohol is left in the bladder. It may be concluded that porous substances have an elective power, by virtue of which they can decompose a mixed liquid, extract from it certain principles, and repel others.

Thus may be explained the fact, that vegetables choose certain liquids by preference from the soil, and absorb them, whilst they leave untouched those that would prove hurtful. In the same way the elective action of the glands in the animal economy may be imagined, since their effect is to take from the blood the substances it contains, and carry them to their particular channels. By injecting a mixture of different kinds of salts into the blood-vessel of a living animal, it is found that in twenty or twenty-five seconds after, the saliva has taken up one salt, and the others are met with in other secretions.

The disengagement of heat and electricity, and the production of muscular force in animals, lead to the theories of physics and mechanics. The mammifera, and birds especially, present wonderful phenomena. In the first place, they possess a high and constant temperature, and as they are always losing a certain quantity of heat by evaporation, there must be a cause which acts to reproduce it. In the second place, there is the action of the heart, which is animated by periodical contraction, setting the blood in motion, besides which, the man moves, carries burdens, and executes exterior work three times as great as that of the heart. Thirdly, there is not a fibre or muscular tissue which does not develop electricity.

It must always be remembered that heat, mechanical work, and electricity, notwithstanding their apparent diversity, are only effects of the same cause. For example, any force may be applied to raise weights, &c., and thus produce labour; but if a wheel is turned in water, it raises nothing, and does no apparent work; yet, its effect is there, in warming the water, and developing heat which is proportional to the work. Thus, force may create work or an equivalent quantity of heat; in a steam-engine, the steam, when it entered, possessed a certain heat, which, when it issues, is partly lost, having been transformed into the equivalent work of the piston. All heat which is annihilated creates work, and all work which destroys itself creates heat; and the same reasoning applies to electricity.

Where, then, in animals must we seek for the

origin of these triple manifestations? Besides these, animals accomplish constant chemical phenomena of wonderful complication in the muscles, nerves, glands, in the act of digestion, and above all, of respiration. It is the very essence of all these to produce heat, which may either raise the temperature of animals, or transform itself into mechanical work, besides always giving birth to electricity. It has long been admitted that the muscular fibre and azoted matter, which has the same composition, were the materials of organism; being chemically transformed under the influence of oxygen, they become the source of muscular work; whilst fat bodies were the food most suitable for giving heat. The last point that there is space to notice may throw some light on the functions of the nerves. By making an electric current pass through one, a muscular effort and contraction is produced, incomparably greater than the mechanical work which corresponds to the quantity of electricity thrown into the nerve. This leads to the conclusion, that electric excitement increases the chemical phenomena of muscular respiration, and that between this and the mechanical power there must exist a close relation to heat. It is something akin to a spark setting fire to a barrel of gunpowder, and acts as a trifling muscular effort would do, when throwing a heavy body from a great height. The last half-century of study has caused great progress to be made in dissipating the obscurity which has hitherto covered the science of living organism, and we may fairly hope for still greater discoveries in the future.

It should be added that many of the phenomena of natural forces in the inorganic as well as organic world, are now understood to be due to what is called the molecular theory; on which, latterly, there have been learned investigations of a very interesting kind. The subject, however, is still in a degree of obscurity, and needs long and patient inquiry; and this we hope it will receive in a spirit of candour, with the view of making us better acquainted with those important truths which lift the mind towards the All-wise and Beneficent Creator.

THE OLD TRYSTING-PLACE.

WITHIN my heart dreams of far-distant days
Are shut like pictures in some clasped tome—
Sad memories and sweet, that wake always,
Whene'er these woods I roam.

For here it was I met her first—and last,
And here were held our soft companions all,
In that embalmed, memory-treasured past
I now in thought recall.

If I could meet and greet herein to-day
A dear, dear soul, as in a day gone by,
There is no man in God's wide world could say
He was more blest than I.

But ah, it cannot be, it cannot be!
For she who met me here in days of yore,
Gone from our sphere, O great, good Lord, to Thee,
May tryste me nevermore!

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EXCURSION TO MISSOURI.

HAVING proceeded on a business excursion to the United States, I had occasion to travel westwards to St Louis, a city on the banks of the Mississippi, forming the largest in the state of Missouri. I knew that American towns spring speedily to large dimensions, but was not prepared for the great size and solidly settled appearance of St Louis.

Looking down from the roof of a lofty building, one can hardly believe that the vast spectacle spread out before him represents the growth of only three-quarters of a century. The town looks as old as London. The smoke has tinged the walls a venerable dingy hue, while the grouping of buildings is as picturesque and varied as that of a continental city. From the banks of the Mississippi, on ridge after ridge, rise acres of solidly built houses; vast manufactories, magazines of commerce, long avenues, bordered with splendid residences, and a labyrinth of railways all terminating here, tend to increase our astonishment; whilst the clang of machinery and the whirl of myriad wagon-wheels strike upon the ear, convincing us that we are amongst a busy and active people. The streets are thronged with hard-working but uncouth labourers; dozens of steamers are shrieking their notes of arrival and departure; the ferries are choked with traffic; and across the river, the limitless West is open to our vision. This city has leaped into new life since the war, and has more than doubled its population, which in 1873 reached 450,000; whilst in 1858 it had scarcely 200,000; and in 1835, it had only 8000 inhabitants. The city boundaries extend twelve miles along the ridges, branching from the water-sheds between the Missouri, the Merrimac, and the Mississippi rivers, flanked by prairies richly studded with groves and vineyards. Rows of steam-boats, a mile and half in length, may be seen on the Mississippi, which can convey merchandise a thousand miles from the sea to the interior of the country.

To Englishmen, there is something very extraordinary in the bustling way of doing business, in the odd intermixture of races, and in the deafening

shouts of coarse ribaldry that are heard in all the large towns in the southern and western states of America. Nor can we be surprised at this, when we consider what a heterogeneous multitude they are. It is often supposed that persons of English origin predominate in the states of America; but this is a great mistake; the Germans always outnumber the English emigrants. Huge ferry-boats ply constantly across the river; these, however, are soon to be but memories of the past, for the new bridge has just been completed, and trains can now cross the Mississippi to a grand union dépôt in the centre of St Louis.

The writer of this arrived at St Louis a few weeks before the opening of the bridge just alluded to. He had to visit the 'Iron County,' and, as a preliminary step, had first to cross the Mississippi River, from East St Louis to St Louis on the west bank. He found a crowd of a motley and cosmopolitan character awaiting transportation. There was the German emigrant, flat-capped, and dressed in coarse black, with his quaintly attired wife, and rosy children clinging to him; the tall and angular Texan drover, with his defiant glance; the 'poor white,' from some far southern state, with his rifle clasped in his lean hand, looking with astonishment at the wonderful displays of wealth around him; the excursion party, just arrived from the east, with maps and guide-books, and heaps of luggage; little groups of English tourists, with their mysterious hampers and packets; the tired and ill-uniformed company of troops, 'on transfer' to some remote frontier fortress; the smart merchant, in his carriage, with his elegantly dressed Negro driver standing by the restive horses; American 'Cockneys,' with Havana cigars in their mouths, as well as the slang of half-a-dozen capitals; Negroes in hundreds, whose greasy skins created anything but a pleasant sensation in the olfactory nerves. Then, on the road, was an unending procession of wagons, loaded with coal, forcing their way from the ferry-boats up the bank to the streets of St Louis, the ragged Negro drivers urging on the plunging and kicking mules with frantic shouts. Added to this wild

tumult were the lumber wagon-trains, laden with iron or copper, wearily making their way to the boats; the loungers about the curb-stones singing rude plantation songs in a Babel of languages.

The main iron region of Missouri is situated in the south-east and southern portions of the state, and, taking the Arkansas branch of railway from St Louis, we soon came to what is called the 'Iron County.' Our line ran along the western banks of the Mississippi, and on this giddy height we had a good view of the fertile country, and here and there we saw rich deposits of ironstone being unearthed. We travelled thus until we came to a little rural station called Bismarck, and then, after a short pleasant ride, we arrived at the 'Iron Mountain,' eighty miles from St Louis; and the wildest ideas of extravagance can never exceed the reality of this natural wonder. The mountain, which rises rather abruptly from a beautiful valley, is land-locked, and was covered at this time with abundant crops of wheat, oats, and Indian corn. The mountain was originally rather more than two hundred feet high, and its base covers an area of five hundred acres. It is composed almost exclusively of iron in its purest form, cropping up to the very surface, one solid mass of ore, yielding seventy per cent. of iron. In the deep cuts, and along the mountain-sides, more than a thousand men were at work, amongst whom Irishmen, Swedes, and Germans predominated. This regiment of labourers worked systematically in gangs hammering at the ore, which they seemed to displace and remove with little trouble, after it had been once blasted. They are supposed to load one hundred and twenty-five cars, carrying ten tons each, daily, and to supply two furnaces of large capacity, established at the base of the mountain. A century of hammering at the hill-sides will not bring the mountain of iron level with the valley.

The French and Spaniards, who were the early possessors of the soil, appear not to have been at all aware of the value of such a property. The first inheritor, Joseph Pratte, obtained it by a grant from the Spanish governor in 1797. Pratte's grant comprised some twenty thousand arpents, or seventeen thousand English acres, and from his hands it became the property of Van Doren, Pease, & Co., who were recognised as the Iron Mountain Company in 1837. Congress having confirmed the Spanish grants, the property has been transferred several times. For many years the investments of the original companies did not pay, and the investors were sneered at as guilty of an act of folly. But in those days there were no railways, and the ore had to be conveyed forty-five miles in carts over bad roads to the ancient town of St Genevieve. But when pig-iron became in great demand, and fetched eighty-five dollars per ton, there was no lack of energy in examining the real resources of the mountain; and since 1862, the company now in possession has mined millions of tons of ore. At one time the ore was pronounced too rich to work, but it now forms the iron for some of the principal railways in the southern and western states.

A very short distance from the mineral mountain are two small towns, called respectively 'Iron Mountain' and 'Irondale.' Finding a comfortable inn at the latter place, we determined to rest

there, and take a view of the immense furnaces erected for melting the iron, which are kept going night and day. These I found in 'full blast,' pouring out the molten metal, which, properly manipulated by hands of workmen, formed the cold hard bars which are one day to be rolled into rails for new railways now being formed. To me, the spectacle was nothing new. The chief interest lay in seeing such gigantic operations carried on so near the centre of the American continent.

In the Iron County, the whole region is rich in iron ore and other minerals. A few miles below Iron Mountain rises Pilot Knob, a stately peak, towering far above the lovely Ozark range, which surrounds it in every direction. Both here and on Shepherd's Mountain great quantities of ore are annually extracted. It is the boast of the people in Missouri that Iron County, in which lie Shepherd, Arcadia, and Boggy Mountains, in addition to the Iron Mountain, contains more iron than any equal area in the known world. From this valley, more than one hundred thousand tons of iron have been shipped since the formation of the Pilot Knob Iron Company.

We had thus seen where the ore was produced; and we wended our way back to St Louis, and the next day visited the suburban ward of Carondelet. The drive there from the city took us past the arsenal, where government now and then has a few troops, and we passed by many a pretty mansion, until we arrived in the dusty street of a prosaic manufacturing town on the bank of the Mississippi. Descending toward the water-side, we found every available space crowded with mammoth iron and zinc furnaces, with immense structures of iron, wood, and glass, in which half-naked men, their bodies smeared with perspiration and coal-dust, were engaged wheeling about blazing masses of metal, or guiding the pliant iron bars through rollers and moulds, or cooling their heated faces and arms in buckets of water brought up fresh from the stream. Here, in a zinc furnace, half-a-dozen Irishmen were driving the long puddling-rods, which they thrust into the seventy-times-seven heated furnaces; the green and yellowish flames from the metal flashing on their pale and withered countenances, gave them an almost unearthly expression. Farther on, the masons were toiling at the brickwork of a new blast-furnace, which already reared its tall towers a hundred feet above the Mississippi shore. Not far from this we saw the flaming chimney of the quaint old Carondelet furnace—the first built in this section of the country. Then we lingered for hours in immense establishments, such as the South St Louis or Vulcan Iron-works, and we fancied they must be the growth of many years, until we were told that nearly every establishment had been created since the war. The Vulcan Iron-works, that now employs twelve hundred men in its blast-furnaces and rolling-mills, spreads over seventeen acres of land, boasts six hundred thousand dollars' worth of machinery, and has two furnaces smelting twenty-five thousand tons of iron annually; whilst its rolling-mill can turn out forty-five thousand tons of rail in twelve months; and yet, in the year 1870, there was not a brick laid on the premises. Dozens of barges are always moored in the river, waiting for freight from the mines and from the coal districts of Illinois.

England must now look to her laurels; for we

were told that these manufactories will be multiplied every year, and that St Louis may enlong be the centre of a region producing as many million tons of pig-iron annually as are now produced in the whole of Great Britain. The people in this part of the world believe that the commonwealth of Missouri is to be the England of the future. The ore is both plentiful and cheap; and the cost of labour is to-day but a trifle more than it is in the furnaces in Wales. Thus the American iron-masters, it is thought, will be enabled to undersell those of England, and they can at least supply the wants of the United States. Our own observations would lead us to the same conclusion, were it not that the Americans are short of one great commodity, and that is 'capital.' Money is everywhere scarce; the paper currency does not work well. Those who imagine that capital is the enemy of labour, should go to the iron districts of Missouri, and there they will see what the want of capital means, and also hear how men are appreciated who come with plenty of money in their pockets, wherewith to give employment to workmen, and develop the resources of the country.

Before we took our departure from St. Louis, en route for England, we had many pleasant walks around the Missourian city, in the cool of the evening. It is emphatically the railway centre of the Mississippi Valley, where five-sixths of the wheat is grown that is exported to this country, and almost all the cotton and tobacco is also produced there. Fourteen of the most important railways have their termini in this city, and at least thirty others touch upon the borders. In 1873, they received within the city, by railroads and river-routes, over four millions of tons freight, and shipped over two millions of tons. Many and mighty are the buildings associated with commerce, and every day improvements are being made, which will eventually make this one of the greatest cities in the United States.

It is rather a drawback to Missouri that summer at St Louis is exceedingly hot, though nothing stops a Missourian merchant from attending to his business. At ten o'clock, clad only in the thinnest of linen, and with a palm-leaf fan in his hand, he seeks his office, looks over his correspondence, answers his letters, &c., fanning himself the whole time. At eleven o'clock, the sun becomes withering, but the St Louis merchant coolly dons his broad-brim hat, and proceeds to the Exchange, into which the thirteen hundred members vainly try each day to cram themselves; he makes his way to the corner allotted to his branch of trade, and patiently sweaters there until one o'clock. In this one room, every species of business is transacted; one corner is devoted to flour, a second to grain, a third to provisions, a fourth to cotton, a fifth to hardware, &c. A whirlwind of fans astonishes the stranger; people mop their foreheads and swing their palm-leaves hysterically as they conclude their bargains; and as they saunter away together to lunch, they still vigorously mop and fan. The tumult and shouting are not so great as in many other large American cities, but the activity is the same. The heat is so great that the messengers and others similarly engaged have to go every now and then to refresh themselves at great cans filled with sulphur-water. In a few years, however, the magnificent new Exchange building, which will in many respects be the

finest on the American continent, is to be opened, and trade will not only be classified, but there will be greater facilities for public transactions than at present, and the interior will be better shaded from the sun's rays.

MY ADVENTURES IN THE FRENCH WAR.

CHAPTER V.

THE narrative which I have been able to carry on till now as an eye-witness, must be for a time interrupted. On the 13th of December, when each day was getting more and more eventful, and those who were taking an active part in the war were becoming more anxious as to results, I found myself laid prostrate from that terrible epidemic that was sweeping off so many victims in our army—small-pox.

For some days I had struggled desperately against the progress of the disease, but in vain; and one morning, as we were retracing our steps towards Bourges, the moment arrived when my strength gave way. All I cared for now was to be allowed to lie down and rest anywhere.—It did not signify where, provided I was not obliged to move again. This desire might have been easily granted; and considering the season, and more than usually rigorous winter, I might have had my wish carried out beyond my fancy, had it not been for the kindness of my general, who had me placed in his own carriage, and conveyed to the château of Chambon, seventeen miles from Bourges. There he knew I should receive all the attention I required, and there I was left. For eight days I was in a high fever, and delirious. There was no medical man to be had; all were busy in the hospitals. So, after acknowledging what I owe to a kind Providence who watched over me, I must not forget the affectionate assiduity of my own servant, a young well-to-do peasant of the Jura, who never lost sight of me day or night till I was better. Add to this, the hospitable care of the Seigneur de Chambon, who, from the first moment of my arrival, united with his wife in attention to my comfort. Fruit, game, old wines, everything that could be thought of to bring me through and strengthen me, was provided willingly and cheerfully. The fever having been subdued, was followed by complete prostration, and with it came the moral suffering of finding myself alone, ignorant of what was going on in the world without, the Germans advancing rapidly, and I, through weakness, bound hand and foot, and incapable of making one movement either to resist or escape from them. I had gone through racking pain, it is true, but this was physical; how could it be compared to the torture that I was mentally undergoing at this moment! The thought, each time it occurred, of falling into the hands of my dreaded enemies, and being sent into captivity, made me spring up in bed, but it was only to fall back again, with a bitter sense of helplessness.

So time passed, and about the beginning of the new year I resolved, though in a very weak condition, to depart, with a view of joining the army of Bourbaki, which had left for Besançon and the east. A train was starting for Châlons, conveying the rear-guard of the 15th corps. I explained my position to the officer in command, and he, sympathising with me, kindly allowed me to start with them.

It was a long dreary journey, in this cold, bitter winter of 1871. We took two days and one night to move from Bourges to Besançon, a distance of eight hours in ordinary times. Fifteen miles from that town, I found my general, who, after a friendly scolding for my rashness, allowed me to remain on his staff.

It will now be necessary to explain how the 20th corps, which we saw in our last chapter sorely beaten and disorganised in the neighbourhood of Bourges, was once more in the east, again taking the field against the invaders. It had been sent with others to relieve Belfort, and, as it was expected and hoped, to draw upon itself part of the army that was pursuing Chanzy. D'Anrelle de Paladines had been dismissed from his command, after the disasters of Orleans, and his army had been placed under the orders of Bourbaki, one of the most popular generals of the French army. Still young, notwithstanding his fifty-six years of age, of a refined and brilliant mind, warm and impetuous heart, open and resolute character, Bourbaki was certainly the man best able to head such a hazardous undertaking. He had just been the involuntary hero of a romantic adventure, in which he had behaved with loyalty and disinterestedness. And we were all glad to hear that we were to be commanded by the bold chief of the Imperial Guard. It was on the 19th of December that the expedition of the east was decided upon; and on the next day Bourbaki began his movement with the 16th, 18th, 20th, and 24th corps. At first, that general had declined the honour; he was not sanguine as to its results. He felt that it was courting defeat to engage in such an enterprise. His apprehension can easily be understood, as he had, in that army of 101,000 men, scarcely 35,000 soldiers capable of carrying on a serious campaign. But an appeal had been made to his patriotism, and at last he had yielded.

These facts, or doubts, we did not know at the time; we shared the hopes, as later on we suffered from the follies, of those who had conceived this new plan; and when I joined my brother-officers, they were full of the deeds that were to be performed, of the success of the campaign opening before them, which was, according to the strategists of Tours, to be followed by the repulse of the Germans from France. I cannot enter here into the merits of Gambetta's plans. Who has not read of this sad campaign, the crowning act of so many disasters and follies, which had begun at Weissembourg, to end at Pontarlier? But the reader must excuse me if once more I enter, for the sake of lucidity, into a few explanations as to the relative positions of the two armies. Garibaldi and his band of adventurers had been left at Dijon to keep in check any force that might attack us on our rear. General Crémier's division remained isolated on the left bank of the Saône, to watch the army of succour, and protect our left flank; the 18th corps supported the right of that division; whilst the 20th corps formed the centre of that line which extended from Vesoul to Beaume-les-Dames, with the 15th and 24th corps on its right. Werder's army, on the approach of Bourbaki, had retreated, first by Gray and Vesoul, after evacuating Dijon, and was continuing his retrograde movement on Belfort, when we met him at Villersexel, a village built on a small river—the Lysaine.

At the point where the high-road, which, from

Montbozon to Lure, runs in the midst of thick covers, abruptly descends in front of Villersexel, and crosses the road that leads to the little hamlet of Petit Magny, a large house, a strong square building, flanked on both sides by sheds, rests, squatting against the rising bank. This house, painted yellow all over, with its green shutters and high-pointed red-tiled roof, seems placed there as an advanced sentry, keeping, or rather observing the long valley which stretches at its feet. It was from that farm-house that the first shot of the battle of the 9th of January was fired.

The whole army of the east was to be engaged on that day. What, early that morning, had only appeared to be simply an affair of outposts, became by noon a regular battle. A company of the 47th had been sent during the night to occupy that building. Every one had been on the look-out, and the night had been so cold, that the sentries had been doubled and changed every half-hour. Dawn had seen the hills bristling with troops, buzzing like a bee-hive. The first shot had been fired on a uhlan. The company was waiting for orders to advance and to occupy the village, which seemed to be abandoned by the enemy. It was seven, and as yet the Germans had given no signs of their presence, when a uhlan emerged from the woods on the right, and galloped towards our posts. One of the sentries sent him a bullet that put a stop to his adventurous march, and an empty saddle warned the Germans that the place was guarded.

One would have thought that this shot lighted up the *bouquet* of some grand pyrotechnic display. A deafening fusillade broke out on all sides. The woods, the hills, the houses of the village, so tranquil but a few minutes before, were now one blaze of smoke and fire.

All this was narrated to me later on, for at the time it was taking place I was comfortably squatting, up to my neck in straw, in the general's carriage, which, with the rest of the baggage-train, was in the rear. General Ségard had made it one of his conditions for my remaining on his staff that I should travel thus, taking no violent exercise until I had completely recovered; so I was quietly dozing, when I heard an order given for us to fall back at once on the village we had occupied during the night.

'What's up?' I inquired, putting my head out of the window, from the officer who had brought the order.

'Your division is engaged,' was the short reply; and then, for the first time, I heard the distant angry growling of the artillery. I did not hesitate. How could I remain there, quietly listening to that voice, which seemed to call me! So I ordered my horse, and mounted it, not without some difficulty, and notwithstanding the entreaties of my servant, who went so far, in his desire to stop me, as to warn me that the general would have me tried by a court-martial for disobeying his orders. But on seeing that his entreaties, prayers, and threats were of no avail, the faithful fellow jumped on my spare horse, and followed.

As I emerged from the wood, I suddenly came upon a plateau, from which I beheld the whole panorama of the battle.

It was seven o'clock; the sun was just rising. Right in front of me, protected by ranges of low

hills, stretched a long valley, the woods and thickets standing out in dark relief against the pure snowy covering, which extended as far as the eye could reach. On a height, far away in the distance, I descried a village church, its steeple shining cheerily and peaceably out, as its zinc-covered roof caught and sent back the bright glances of a January sun; while farther up, and more in accordance with the scenes that were taking place, on a craggy height, frowning down upon us in sullen silence, could be seen the heavy outline of a feudal château, its peaked towers becoming strongly marked against the clear cold morning sky. At the foot of the hill from which I made my observations, lay Villersexel, the key of the position. On our right, a large house was burning; the Germans had set fire to it before evacuating it, a few hours before. Puffs of thick and acrid smoke issued from it with low cracklings. On both sides were thick woods, behind which the Germans had placed their batteries, answering ours shot for shot; between each round, the rattling of the musketry filled the intervals.

I was thinking whether I should join the general or not, when I saw the company of the 47th issuing from the farm-house. The temptation was too much for me to resist, on seeing Boisson, my former captain, bravely leading on his men; a few minutes brought me to his side.

Preceded by two bugles, sounding merrily our favourite march, we crossed at the double the space which separated us from the first houses of Villersexel. Like one man, the company penetrated into the park of the Château de Grammont, usually peaceful and beautiful, but then a scene of dreadful havoc. The fusilade was incessant, so furious, so wild, so unbroken, that one would have thought batteries of mitrailleuses were before us. The projectiles ricocheted from tree to tree, with the hissing and screeching of a thousand steam-whistles. Notwithstanding all this, ours advanced, replying at random against an invisible host; for the Germans had changed their tactics; it was no more a rear-guard covering a retreat, that we had before us, it was the whole of their army, which, having retraced their steps, was waiting for us, and receiving us with due honours. During this, the other companies of the 47th, some *Moblots*, and the *vétérans* of the 78th had thrown themselves on the village, and dislodged the enemy at the point of the bayonet from the park and from the houses in the vicinity. We were then literally fighting hand to hand, and one could hear, notwithstanding the din of the fusilade, the thud of the bullets as they penetrated the flesh. The approaches of Villersexel were cleared; we could see the Germans escaping from the last houses, whilst some others were retreating in groups, making their way, still fighting, towards the château.

They fought well, emerging from every street, and rapidly firing upon us from every corner. They had even two pieces of artillery behind a barricade, which swept the approaches of the bridge. The fifth company had scarcely thirty men left, and it was time to fall back before we were entirely surrounded. Five minutes later, we should have been caught as in a rat-trap. We retreated as far as a little wood, and a dozen men remained behind a battered wall fifty yards from the first houses. There I left them, and

went in search of General Ségard. My servant, who had watched all my movements, came and met me with my horse. It was then three o'clock, and I was sent to warn some of our troops of the arrival of the 18th corps on the left, and that the general attack was to commence.

'You have come just in time,' said the colonel commanding one of the regiments holding the position; 'and if your glass is better than mine, you will perhaps be able to tell me to what corps that black mass belongs that is moving along that road.'

The thick smoke of the enemy's gun, and the heavy mist that hung over it, hid for a time that part of the hill through which ran the road alluded to. When this had sufficiently cleared away, to allow me to see what was attracting our attention—'Artillery moving in our direction,' I said, looking through my field-glass.

'Whose?'

'Cannot say; too far off; but I shall soon ascertain'; and I made towards it. Arriving at about five hundred yards, I looked again. The dark blue coats were all I could discern of the uniforms. Nearer and nearer I got. If friends, they will hail me, I thought; if foes, they will fire. At last I was observed, and, as I anticipated, signs were made, but friendly, such as waving the hand, reversing arms. Still I was not satisfied, till a small French flag was waved, and that reassured me. I was not aware of the trick.

I rode back to the regiment, and told the colonel not to fire, as it was a battery of the 18th corps, and requested him to be ready to support it, if necessary. Scarcely had I uttered these words, when whiz! came a shell, then another; and a dozen coming from that direction fell in the midst of us, scattering, from a German battery, wounds and death in a most terrible manner.

The whole of our line now hurriedly fell back, but in good order, though disheartened at the defection of some regiments of *Mobiles*. But a few words from their gallant leader sufficed to electrify those young soldiers. Dismounting, on seeing them hesitate, Bourbaki had thrown himself at their head, shouting: 'Follow me! Has the French infantry forgotten how to charge!' In one second, all was changed: every one heard that appeal; no one could resist it. On the side of the *Petit Magny*, *Moblots* and *Lignards* were advancing, ascending the slopes, plunging into the snow, ploughed up by shells, with a splendid *entrain*. The bugles were sounding the charge; the artillery growled in the direction of Lure with increasing loudness, which shewed us the 18th corps was approaching; and on the right, we could see white puffs of the shells exploding high in the air. On all sides the fusilade was beginning afresh, and with new energy. The battle, one instant lost for us, was renewed this time on the whole line. Zouaves, bounding like tigers, making use of every ridge, tree, or ditch, advanced, some shouting *Vive l'Empereur!* as they had done at the Malakoff, at Palestro, and Solferino; others singing gaily some of the quaint songs of their Algerian campaigns. There was no time to look after the dead and wounded; we did not even notice them.

When Bourbaki had met us, he had told General Ségard to put himself at the head of his division, to carry the position. We were all proud of being

once more chosen for the honourable post of danger, and, true to the old traditions of French generals—in obedience to which a commander places himself, for the charge, with the first rank of his men, and is present everywhere at the most deadly points, to lead them on by his example—our chief, followed by his staff, gallantly rode foremost of all. He centered along the whole line, and raised his sword; and the shout, a thousand times repeated, of *Vive la France!* was heard. The impetus was grand, the enthusiasm irresistible. Then came another clamour—clamour that drowned even the din of the artillery: ‘Villereuxel is ours!’ General Ségard had kept his word.

I was despatched to announce the news to our commander-in-chief. It was then five o’clock, and darkness had set in. As I galloped back, at the corner of a street I came on a regiment of Mobiles protected by a wall, and heard the voice of their colonel angrily calling upon them to advance; but they remained motionless, his prayers, his entreaties, his threats, being of no avail. Twice they had been led to the barricade on the bridge, twice they had been repulsed, leaving behind them half their numbers. The decimated ranks, the sullen looks of these men, so full of enthusiasm but a few minutes ago, shewed too well the havoc played by the grape-shot in their ranks; and now they refused to face once more the certain death that awaited them. Poor fellows! Is it to be wondered at? Had they not families to think of, wives and children anxiously waiting for their return! Had they not seen their comrades—like them, husbands, sons, and fathers, who, a short time ago, had left their homes to fight for the defence of their country—swept down like grain in the harvest-field, without a friend to convey their last adieux to their poor mothers and orphan children!

It was a case of desperation. The colonel saw that the position must be carried, but how he could not tell.

‘Have you one company on which you could rely?’ I inquired of him.

‘The 4th—mine, when I was captain.’

‘Fourth company,’ I shouted, ‘fours right, left wheel, quick march!’

Like one man, the company emerged from its position in the regiment; not one of them hesitated.

‘And now, lads,’ I added, ‘we are going to carry out what a whole regiment has been unable to do. I shall lead you myself, and I know you will not let me go alone.’ And dismounting, I drew my sword, and placed myself at their head. For some time we followed the narrow and dark street that led to the bridge, meeting on our way pale-faced and bleeding men, staggering and limping back out of the reach of the enemy’s guns. I had divided my little band in two, and made them keep along the houses on both sides. I had given the order to fix bayonets, and on no account fire a shot before we reached the barricade. There it was, coming in full view as we reached the corner of the street; standing erect and silent in its grim black outline, like a breakwater before a storm. I did not give the men time to reflect on the difficulty of their task; one minute’s hesitation, at the sight of the formidable obstacle they had to face, six feet from the ground, with its two guns waiting for their prey, and all would have been lost. It ought to be

carried, the general had said it; so, with a wave of my sword, and shout of ‘*En avant la 4e!*’ we dashed forward. A loud, defiant ‘*Hourrah!*’ answered our challenge. We were allowed to penetrate into the narrow passage that led to the enemy, then the two guns belched forth their grape-shot; the first ranks paved the way to those that followed, and we were on it—and there we remained. We had a hard struggle to keep our position; more than once I had to call to the men to remember their promise, and to encourage them when they faltered. One by one the obstacles were to be pulled down to clear a way; one by one, planks, gabions, chairs, stones, were torn to the ground. It was frightful, that hand-to-hand fight in the dark, with the yells, the imprecations ringing through the air! I remember one of our men standing erect on a gabion, and using his rifle by the barrel, every blow of this dreadful weapon bringing down a German; whilst two others, creeping under the wheels of a cart, made good use of their bayonets. Nor can I forget the noble generosity of some others, who endeavoured to protect me with their bodies when sorely pressed by more than one foe. When at last we were on the other side, the Germans were gone, and two guns with them. Leaving a detachment at the spot, I retraced my steps in search of my general.

It was nearly eight o’clock, and on the other side of the village the Germans, as a last hope to retrieve the day, were making a stout resistance. But the firing was concentrated on two points: the château was still in their hands, as well as a block of houses sweeping all the approaches of the park. All the others had been cleared out at the point of the bayonet. Such was the ferocity of the affair, that no quarter was given on either side.

‘Well done!’ said the general, when I reported to him the success of my undertaking. ‘And now I hear the château is evacuated; so take two companies of the Mobiles of the Vosges, and put it in a state of defence. As a reward for your last action, I appoint you governor *pro tem.*’ How matters now sped, must be told in a new chapter.

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

CHAPTER XXVII.—MOTHER AND SON.

SIR DAVID MERVYN had thought of retiring from military life even before he left India; and after he had been for a short time at home, he made up his mind definitively to that step. His long absence, during which he had lived with economy, and his mother’s careful nursing of the Barholm property, had almost restored his fortunes. The cloud which had long covered the old place was lifted; a cloud which had gathered so heavily around his mother for many years, uncomprehended of him until after his father’s death, when he read the story of her self-denying and reticent life more plainly, and with a grateful and ungrudging sympathy. Even then, he only learned results; the causes he may have guessed at, but he never knew them. The loyalty of the wife he had so cruelly wronged, so mercilessly tried, no more failed Sir Alexander Mervyn after his death than it had failed him during his life, which had come to an end without

his having learned how much too good for him she was ; and his son's delicacy of feeling came in aid of that loyalty, and effectually handed over all Sir Alexander's faults and follies to oblivion. 'Our extravagance in early days,' 'Our foolishness in money matters,' and similar vague phrases, by which Lady Mervyn strove to include herself in a condemnation not to be altogether withheld, were accepted by David with a successful assumption of good faith, and that side of their business matters was not again referred to ; while David took care to mark his grateful appreciation of the efforts his mother had made, and her able administration of the family affairs. Marion's portion was forthcoming at her father's death, and his credit saved with the irreproachable Græmes, who had never known the meaning of either extravagance or embarrassment in the whole course of their decorous lives. During Sir David's stay in Scotland, when he came from India on the receipt of the news of his father's death, the barrier of reserve and coldness which had for so long interposed itself between his mother and himself, was broken down, by the joint action of their common sorrow, and David's sense of the excellence of his mother's conduct. The mother and the son were drawn very closely together, during his brief stay, and possibly David might then have sold his commission, and remained in Scotland, if she had pressed him to do so. But Lady Mervyn's good sense warned her against doing this, and her never-failing self-sacrifice seconded the warning. She had known several men who had relinquished the customary active employments of their lives while yet all their powers were in full maturity, but not one who had not regretted the relinquishment, who had not been bored and sulky in consequence, who had not fallen either into bad habits or bad health. She would have been happy, indeed, if David had proposed to relinquish his military life for that of a married man, with an estate to look after ; but she had no reasonable ground for hope in that direction. Her son had no agricultural tastes, and the management of affairs at Barrholme had never been in his hands, nor, indeed, within his knowledge. He had for years been only an occasional visitor there ; and his stay in India had still further removed him from the interests and habits of a country gentleman's life. Lady Mervyn, who was growing old, and who realised the fact more strongly, perhaps, when she found that she bore Sir Alexander's death with comparative composure, made up her mind to the parting between herself and her son with the philosophy of age and good sense combined. All her life had been a disappointment of its best and highest hopes ; she would not, by urging David to a step of which she could foresee the unwisdom, bring about a further disappointment. No ; he must go ; and she must continue her administration of his property, foreseeing the time when it should be clear of every encumbrance, her husband's memory effectually shielded from all danger of retrospective

blame, and Barrholme restored to its former importance and prosperity.

On the other point, that of David's marriage, Lady Mervyn also saw clearly the truth as it stood. The subject was not touched upon between the mother and son ever so lightly, and the most speculative and gossiping members of their society seemed to have abandoned it by common consent. There was no apparent reason for this. Sir David Mervyn was not an eccentric person in any respect ; he made himself agreeable in society ; and he was cheerful, good-humoured, not indolent and difficult to interest in surrounding things, as men who come home from India very often are ; he liked the company of ladies, and he was a staunch friend and ally of children. The young Græmes were fond of him, and he managed them much better than their father did ; and was never tired of them. Probably, not one of his relatives or friends could have accounted for the conviction which, unquestioned, possessed every one of them, that Sir David was not a marrying man. That a similar impression existed in his regiment, Lady Mervyn was not aware ; but she felt convinced that he had not found any one woman, among those with whom he associated in India, more interesting than the others. It might not be so, perhaps, when he should return to India, having succeeded to his father's position ; but she would not think about the matter. Everything had disappointed her hitherto, on that line of expectation, and she had abandoned it.

Sir David Mervyn passed eighteen months in Europe at the period of his father's death. During that time, the trouble of the past was never alluded to between his mother and himself, directly ; and only once was an accidental reference made to it. He was with Lady Mervyn in her own room, and she was shewing him some papers which she kept in the old-fashioned bureau at the side of the fire-place. They were old letters, written to her in her girlhood, by her parents, during some temporary absence, and by Sir Alexander during their brief engagement. David looked at the orderly packets, sadly ; they were so small, and faded, to contain the history of so much love, and youth, and hope, and to have so long outlasted them all.

'I shall keep them there as long as I live,' said Lady Mervyn ; 'and when I am gone, I should like you to burn them yourself.'

As Lady Mervyn was about to shut in the drawer in which lay the range of packets, neatly tied, and endorsed with the names of the dead writers, and the dates of the dead time, David caught sight of a small square packet in a corner.

'Is that also a relic ?' he asked.

'Yes, that is also a relic ; but it is not to stay there.' She took the packet out of the drawer, opened it, and disclosed the contents—a plain, heavily-set signet-ring.

'This is your father's ring ; the one he always wore ; I have kept it for you. I hope you will always wear it. Put it on now.'

David obeyed her ; and as he slipped the ring on the brown little finger of his left hand, his mother followed the movement with her eyes.

'I don't see the ring I gave you before you went to the Crimea,' she said; 'do you not wear it? Have you lost it?'

He replied, after a moment's hesitation, and with a change of countenance: 'I do not know where it is, mother. It was too small for me to wear with comfort, and it could not have been cut without spoiling the design. I gave it to my wife, on the day we parted; and as it was not among the few things which her sister sent to me, I don't know what has become of it. She would certainly not have lost it; in all probability, it lies in her coffin with her.'

The ice was broken. He had spoken on the subject which had been a silent one for so many years. His mother's hand was on the lock of the drawer, her head was turned towards him. She would have had to say but one word, and the only reserve now remaining between her and her son would have vanished for ever! But she did not say it. Habit was too strong with her, the habit of silence, and of the avoidance of emotion. No sudden dread of an explanation about the child was a component of the impulse which kept her silent; she remembered her a minute later, but during that first decisive one she forgot David's little dead daughter. She turned her head away, looked the drawer, and twisting the paper in which Sir Alexander's ring had been sealed up, she threw it into the fire-place. Sir David walked to the window, looked out for a little while in silence, and then saying, 'I shall take the dogs for a walk before dinner,' left the room.

The opportunity thus neglected and lost never again presented itself; and when David returned to India, Lady Mervyn ceased to think about that early episode in his life, which had made a difference between them—happily terminated now—for so long. When he returned, still unmarried, and, though he was very little over forty, with gray hair and grizzled moustache, his mother was upwards of sixty years old, and had reached a time of life at which the talent and the taste for planning alike subside. In all worldly affairs, Sir David was a fairly prosperous man, and she had fulfilled the chief purpose of her life. There were no encumbrances of any importance on the property, when, the long term of his Indian service over, its owner returned to England in 1867. A year later, the term for which Anne Cairnes had let the Tors to the Camerons expired; and before the lapse of a second, the old friends, with a new bond of interest between them, in the person of Cyril Westland, had met on the old ground. But their first meeting, to which David had looked forward, not without pleasure indeed, and of which Anne had dreamed and thought with all the immutable constancy of her fancy and her heart, did not take place until after Sir David Mervyn had ceased to be Cyril's colonel. Over the colonel's resolve to sell out, the young lieutenant lamented with persistency and loudness, which anybody except Anne would have found wearisome, but in which Anne recognised another charming trait of her boy's character. The deed was done, however; and Cyril had to console himself with the reflection, that he should see the colonel a good deal in Scotland, and that the colonel had promised to go to Bromley Park, during his (Cyril's) short leave.

'After ten years in India, with only a short leave, everything in England was perfectly strange

to me,' said Sir David to Anne, when he came to Bromley; and she had met him with that wonderful composure which women of her stamp only are capable of, composure without the smallest affectation of coldness; 'I had nothing but new ground to break. So I considered that I should be doing my nearest and most certain duty, by filling my own place in life, and putting an end to my mother's cares, and to her loneliness. So I am going to be a "laid" henceforth, and to make the old lady thoroughly happy. Of course, I shall travel a good deal, but Barrholme is to be headquarters. And I suppose we shall be neighbours sometimes, Miss Cairnes. You are not going to let the Tors again, Cyril tells me.'

Anne replied, that she had no intention of letting the Tors, and that they should, no doubt, meet sometimes. The few days which David passed at Bromley Park were memorable days to Anne Cairnes. It had sometimes occurred to her of late to ask herself whether she was not cherishing a dream; whether the ever-living love, bright and constant, fond and true, for a man whom she had not seen for six long years, in whose life she had absolutely no part, was not the memory of the only strong and occupying feeling, outside her filial affection, that had ever had a place in her heart? Was it the David Mervyn who really existed that she loved, or the memory of the young man who had been the unconscious idol of her girlhood? She strove to judge this point candidly. She said to herself: 'I shall see him as he is; I will try not to see him with the eyes that have ached for him so long. He may be quite changed; as much changed as I am, and I may find that I have lost him—him whom I never won! I could hardly have been so patient, if this were other than a dream.'

David arrived, and she saw him face to face. He was no longer the good-looking young man, with the slight martial figure, the deep, steady, blue eyes, and the dark curling hair, who had shone on her almost childish fancy, like the Prince Charming of a fairy tale; neither was he the handsome, grave, authoritative, taciturn soldier who had returned from India, with the stamp of two wars upon him, and gone away again, six years before. No; he was a cheerful, good-looking, middle-aged gentleman, who had manifestly done with soldiering, and was ready to interest himself in things in general. His hair was not thin, but it was gray; and his eyes, though they were as deep and steady as ever, had lost something of their beaming brightness. His manners were gentle and undemonstrative; but the gravity which was so remarkable when Anne had seen him last, had passed away, probably with his relief from responsibility, and he was, in a becoming way, as light-hearted as Cyril himself. When Anne found herself alone in her room, at the end of the first day of his visit, and could ask herself whether she had, in all sincerity, kept the promise she had made to herself—what was her reply to her mental inquisition? She had undrawn the curtains from before one of the large windows of her bedroom, and was standing with her arms folded upon the lowered sash, looking out upon the rose-garden, lighted by the moon at its full, and by thousands of glittering stars.

'No more than those lights of heaven are outworn delusions,' she said to herself, 'is my lifelong

love a delusion. As the boy I remember him; as the gallant and dutiful soldier he was when I saw him last; as the quiet, gray-haired, dignified man he is now, I have loved, and love him! No life is wasted wherein such a love has taken root, and held it. I thank God for my love, and for all my life!

And David? Seeing Anne Cairnes again face to face, what did he think about her? Time had almost blotted out the memory of his mother's disclosure, of his own apprehensions, and the ridicule with which he had assailed himself when he recalled them years ago; they did not recur to him, even dimly, until he had been for some days at Bromley Park. Anne was an interesting person to him, not only as an old friend, but for the sake of Cyril Westland, for whom he entertained a most cordial regard; and whose mother struck him as one of the least estimable, and most unreal old ladies he had ever met. Sir David had the instinctive respect for age which is always allied to manliness and gentleness; but it was not possible to respect age as represented by Mrs Westland. He could not help thinking of the extraordinary good fortune which had given to Cyril such a friend as Anne, though he could not deny that she was inclined to spoil her 'boy' a little. Anne was to him the *beau-ideal* of a happy woman, and yet he had been accustomed to follow the multitude in their notion of an 'old maid's' life. He was too sensible not to be aware of the immense difference it makes in the lot of a single woman to be rich instead of poor—a greater difference than that immense distinction effects between the individuals of any other two classes of the human race—but, even under these favourable conditions, Anne's life caused him some surprise. Wanting the great heart-centres, the deep concentrated interests implanted by instinct, cultivated by principle and affection, which marriage and maternity supply, that life was nevertheless full of the kind of happiness which comes of love and self-devotion only, of which every other kind is only a base, transient, and unsatisfying imitation. He dimly remembered to have heard slighting remarks made about the Cairneses, long ago, in Scotland; and he wondered whether, among the people of that past time, widely dispersed now for the most part, there were any who could have filled Anne's place with greater dignity and propriety than the 'Manchester man's' daughter. How handsome she was still! How fine and tranquil was her expression! how graceful her carriage! how soft and thoughtful her dark eyes! how abundant and glossy the rich raven hair, in which there were no white threads to be seen! Who could believe that Anne was a year older than Marion, who had ceased to have any pretensions at all to good looks, and was such a dowdy; at least so everybody thought, except Gordon Greeme; who, fortunately, seemed to consider her quite as pretty as ever, and as well dressed. It never came into David's mind that if his Lucy had lived, she, too, would have been by this time a middle-aged woman, her girlish beauty a thing of the past. No; to him that remembered beauty was to be a joy for ever; the hand of time could never touch the immortal youth of the fair image in his shrine, his heart. Lucy, only, of those whom he had loved, had never suffered any change. As he had first known, and loved

her, so he had lost her; or rather, so she dwelt with him for ever!

CHAPTER XXVIII.—NEWS FROM THE ANTIPODES.

Miss Cairnes was a kind and diligent hostess, and Cyril thought it impossible that enough could be done for the honour and gratification of his colonel; Sir David passed his time pleasantly, and Cyril was pleased to express his approbation of everything at Bromley, after a fashion in which his silly mother saw all that was right and proper, but for which Sir David laughed at him with judicious good-humoured railery. Cyril had only two faults to find with Cousin Anne—she gave in too much to Davis, and her horses were too fat. One would think she was a dowager of the Fanbourg St-Germain, Cyril protested, when she went out in state, with her barouche and bays, so mottled and dimpled with good living and little work were the horses. However, there must be some imperfections in the best regulated establishment, if only a woman be at the head of it, and Cyril graciously pardoned these. Sir David made acquaintance with all Anne's friends and *protégés*, and he silently observed and admired the great amount of good she did, and the systematic unostentatious way in which she did it. He asked her one day if she would not take him to visit her 'alma-mater,' and then bethought him that Cyril had said she did not like that phrase to be used. So he apologised for having used it, and this led to Anne's talking freely to Sir David about her Old Ladies. The next day she told him she would take him to see them; an announcement which induced Mrs Westland, when Anne left the room, to indulge in a little satirical pity for Sir David. He received her remarks with such undisguised displeasure, that Mrs Westland's curiosity was aroused. She was a great believer in people's 'motives,' especially when they were presumably interested, or equivocal, and she felt a vivid desire to fathom the motives which inspired Sir David Mervyn with so much respect for the charitable schemes of her preposterous niece. She liked watching people, now that she was sixty, as much as she had liked watching them when she was twenty, and in this case it was just possible the interests of Cyril might be brought in question. So, from that hour, Mrs Westland watched Sir David Mervyn, and mentally ticketed him 'dangerous.'

Anne took her guest to the home of the Old Ladies, and introduced him to two of them—Miss Thorpe and Mrs Burt. When these visits had been made, she requested him to wait for her in the pony-carriage, while she went to inquire for the Old Lady at the fourth house, that one at the end of the row, where the lower window was open, and where somebody was playing the piano. Anne was a good while away, and the music, which ceased on her entering the house—probably because the player rose to welcome her—recommenced within a few minutes. When Anne came out of the house, and David got out of the pony-carriage, to hand her in, she said: 'I am sorry I could not take you to see Mrs Allen; but she is quite an invalid. A strange gentleman would flurry her dreadfully. Indeed, she has not left her room to-day.'

He did not reply, and she saw that he was

grave and sad. When they had turned out of the street, he said: 'Who was playing that old-fashioned music so beautifully?'

'Ah,' said Anne, smiling, 'I am so glad you noticed it! That was Mary Allen. She will be a great piano-player one of these days; I consider hers wonderful playing now—she is only sixteen.'

'Indeed!' said Sir David vaguely, and Anne doubted whether he had heard what she said.

This little incident occurred during the last days of Sir David's stay at Bromley Park. Very shortly afterwards, Anne's guests left her—Cyril and his mother for London, Sir David for Barrholme; and Anne was left to a mental review of the events which had just taken place, and their effect upon herself. Though David's presence had been a blessing to her beyond price, so keenly felt, that she had sometimes, patient as she was, wondered how she had endured the years during which that 'shadow of a great rock in a weary land' had never been vouchsafed to her; she did not feel his absence such a blank as a younger woman, or a woman who had less to do for other people, would have felt it. The awful distance divided them no longer; it had become possible to see him; above all, she was secure now in the possession of her treasure; it was verily he himself, the man as he then was, whom she loved with all her heart; it was neither a fancy nor a memory.

The second meeting between Anne Cairnes and Sir David took place in Scotland, when a party was assembled at Barrholme for partridge-shooting purposes in the autumn. Cyril had a choice selection of guests at the Tors, and Anne enjoyed his pleasure and importance. It was a pleasant and lively time; the old friends had much to talk over; and Lady Mervyn, though her former projects had vanished into forgetfulness, made much of Anne Cairnes. Anne never remembered to have seen Lady Mervyn in such good spirits. She was enjoying the sense of relief from the burden which had weighed heavily upon her life for so many years—that of unsatisfactory money matters. The sale of Sir David's commission had set everything completely right; henceforth, she should never have anything to hide, or anything to fear. Her daughter, and even her grandchildren, noticed how much Lady Mervyn was altered, since Sir David had left the army, and come home to her for good, and how much pleasure she took in the society of Anne Cairnes. No incident of any such importance as to require record occurred at either of the homes with which this story is concerned, until the following summer, when the same day on which Mrs Allen died at the home of Miss Cairnes's Old Ladies brought to Sir David Mervyn a communication which once more called up before him the long-dead past.

This communication was a letter, inclosed to him by his former army agents, Messrs Cox and Greenwood, to whose care it was directed; and Sir David saw, with much surprise, that it bore the postmark of Melbourne, Victoria. He had no friends, no correspondents at the antipodes. Mrs Ferris had indeed written to him once, at his request, to announce the safe arrival of herself and her husband at Sydney, and their kind and cordial reception by her brother, John Grainger; and he had acknowledged her letter. But no correspondence had since taken place between Sir David Mervyn and Mrs Ferris. It was quite natural that such

should be the case. The difference between Mrs Ferris and her sister Lucy had been so complete and so radical, that she had never felt drawn towards Lucy's husband by sympathy strong enough to make up for the social distance between them; and when she had done her duty to her dead sister, and to the child, who followed her mother so soon, Mrs Ferris felt no more inclined than she was entitled to keep up formal connection between 'the captain' and herself. Poor Lucy's unequal marriage had brought death to herself, and sorrow to them all; it was over; there was an end of it; and it was useless to keep up communication with him who had been Lucy's husband. If there was some pride in this, there was also good sense; and Mrs Ferris had so worded her last letter to David that he perfectly understood it to be a kindly and respectful farewell. During the years which had since elapsed, he occasionally remembered Mrs Ferris, and idly wondered whether she and her husband had done well; whether they were alive or dead; whether any one of the party whom he had seen in the old farmhouse, where he had gone to meet his fate—the love that had so brightened his life, which had left it so dark afterwards, when death came and snatched it from him—was still above ground, English or antipodean, except himself. Of late, however, all remembrance of the Ferrises had faded away; and the letter from the distant colony, with the address, to the care of the army agents, 'to be forwarded,' made no distinct impression upon Sir David's mind.

He broke the seal, and found that the contents of the envelope consisted of two sheets, each written by a different person. A narrow strip of paper was folded round one, on which these words were written: 'Sir David Mervyn is requested to read the inclosed letter first.' Sir David accordingly opened the sheet of paper, and read as follows:

COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE, May 1871.

SIR—I have the honour to inform you that, in obedience to the instructions of my late client, Mr John Grainger, I forward the accompanying letter, which was written by him a week prior to his death, which took place yesterday at the above address. I shall be happy to receive any instructions with which you may wish to favour me, and to furnish any information which you may require.—I am, sir, yours, &c.

JAMES HECKETT (*Solicitor*).

'Late client! John Grainger! Lucy's brother!' said Sir David, pausing before he opened the second letter. 'So he is gone. I had almost forgotten his existence. How came the poor fellow to write to me?'

Then he read John Grainger's letter—read it with surprise, growing into incredulous astonishment.

MELBOURNE, May 1871.

DEAR BROTHER-IN-LAW—I do not know whether this will reach you in life; but if not, it will not matter, as it can do no one but yourself either good or harm. I am a dying man—dying of consumption, like my mother, and my sister Lucy, your wife. I have been a rich man for a long time, and I have neither wife nor child. I made a good deal of money before my sister Ferris and her husband came out to Sydney; and I left them

there to keep the ball rolling which I had set on the roll, and came to Victoria, to the gold-fields, where I was very successful; as I have also been since then, in trade, at Melbourne. But all things have an end, and mine is near, and the last business I have to do will come to its end when I sign my name to this letter. I have settled all my worldly affairs, and made my will. Besides the land in Sydney which I leave, as justice requires, to my sister Ferris, who is the last of us left alive, I have twenty-five thousand pounds to dispose of; and of this money I have bequeathed to you, by my will, one-half the share that should have been Lucy's or her child's after her, if she or the child had lived to take it. She has the same claim upon me dead as living—the claim to her half of what I have to leave, except the land, which must go to my sister Ferris, because she and her husband have earned that difference. You were a good husband to Lucy; and if this money had come to her, she would have left it to you; therefore, I leave it to you. I do not know anything about you since you left the army, and have been no more mentioned in English newspapers; but we were very proud of you distinguishing yourself so much, on Lucy's account. I do not leave the sum I have named (twelve thousand five hundred pounds) to your heirs, in case this should not find you in life; it would be unjust to do so, since they are not kin to me, or to Lucy; and I say this to avoid any trouble or anxiety to other people into whose hands a letter intended for you might fall. In that case, I have provided that the entire sum of twenty-five thousand pounds shall go to my sister Ferris, who may dispose of it as she pleases, for she also has no children. The good old family of the Graingers—I never heard of any disgrace or dishonesty among them—will come to its end with her. I don't wish to lay any yoke upon you, because it might be unpleasant to you, and a good dog wouldn't thank one for a muzzle of gold; but I should like to think that if the old farm is to be had when you get the money paid over to you, you would buy it, or rent it, and put some one, not too new-fangled, but trustworthy, into it. But I say again, this is not a condition—it is only a fancy. I never had one before. My will is in the possession of the person who will inclose this letter to you with the announcement of my death, by the first mail after that event. I hope you will have no trouble in realising the bequest I make to you; there ought to be none, for the money is in government securities, and my sister Ferris, who knows the terms of my will, is my executrix. The doctor does not give me a long day; the dust-storms are against me; but for as short or as long a time as I last, I am, dear brother-in-law, yours truly,

JOHN GRAINGER.

It was some time before Sir David Mervyn realised what had happened to him; he had so utterly forgotten the commonplace, rather surly man, whose conduct in the matter of his sister's marriage had been coarsely candid and matter-of-fact; all the past had grown so indistinct. But when he thoroughly comprehended the meaning of this letter, there awoke within him, after long years, a strong yearning pang of love and grief for the beautiful young wife of his youth, of late, a pale and placid phantom—for her who had given him her love; and for love of him, her life, for whose sake this fortune was coming to him from

the ends of the earth—a pang of that blind, helpless, yet rebellious anguish which has been once put into words:

Oh, my love! my own, own love!
My love, who loved me so!
Is there never a chink in the world above,
Where they listen to words from below?

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

As was predicted when the series of annual International Exhibitions was commenced at South Kensington, they have not proved successful. Notwithstanding that select and classified works have been exhibited, once a year has proved fatal. In these days of concentrated life and enterprise, once a year comes round too often either for promoters or for sight-seers. The promoters find that the enormous trouble is not adequately rewarded or appreciated, and the sight-seers, no longer allured by the charm of novelty, cease to take pleasure in sight-seeing, and confess themselves weary. Though this may be a disappointment, it is not to be regretted; for art and manufacture will not stand still though they be not brought into a great show once a year; and if an exhibition be held once in five or ten years, then the shillings of the millions will be forthcoming once more to repay the expenses.

Meanwhile, preparations are making for exhibitions in the provinces and other countries. In Chili, an 'international exposition' is to be opened at Santiago in September 1875; and Philadelphia is busy with preparations for the centenary exhibition of 1876, which is to celebrate at once the independence of the United States, and the art, industry, and manufactures of America, and of all other countries that may be willing to exhibit.

Would it be possible to have an exhibition of steamboats? If so, the *Hasler* of the U. S. navy would be worth examination, for we learn from a report on the vessel's performance made to the Superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey, that she is fitted with 'compound engines,' which require but a small consumption of coal, and that she has steamed day after day during two months at a speed of eight knots an hour, and has not burned more than 1891 pounds of coal in the twenty-four hours.

There are many parts of the United Kingdom where water-power runs to waste; perhaps there is not room for buildings in the immediate neighbourhood; or the expense of a canal, to lead the water to a suitable site, would be too great. Hence it happens, in the mining districts, that the transmission of power is effected by means of long shafts and other contrivances involving great outlay and great friction. But all this heavy machinery may be dispensed with, and the water-power may be transmitted to long distances by means of a light wire-rope, at a fifteenth or twentieth of the cost of belts and shafting. How this is done may be learned from a paper published by the Institution of Mechanical Engineers (Newhall Street, Birmingham), in which the author, Mr H. M. Morrison of Manchester, states that this new process has been named 'elastodynamic transmission,' and that it 'consists in the use of a pulley of large diameter, set in very rapid motion; and this, by means of a light wire-rope of small size, drives another pulley of equal diameter placed at a

distance; and thus the power is continued forwards to any distance as may be required.

The loss by friction is very small, not more than two and a half per cent. Where intermediate supporting pulleys are made use of, the loss is more; but the calculation has been made, that in transmitting a hundred and twenty horse-power to a distance of twelve and a half miles, there would still remain ninety horse-power available. To do the same amount of work by metal-shafting would require three thousand tons' weight of iron. Another advantage of the wire-rope method is, that the direction of the transmission can be changed at pleasure.

This method is largely employed in the United States; and at Schaffhausen, and in other places on the continent, is worked at a cost forty per cent. below the cost of steam; and at lead-mines near Oporto, where the entrance of the mine is a mile from the river, the water-power is not only transmitted to that distance, but is carried over a hill on the way. Far-sighted mechanicians have at times pointed out the enormous resources which could be developed out of water-power, and here we have an instalment thereof. How small an instalment it is will become apparent in the days when the rise and fall of the tides shall be made to do the work now done by thousands of steam-engines.

Another invention described at a meeting of the same Institution should interest all persons engaged in mining, or in the excavation of stone. It is Darlington's Rock Drill, which has no valve, and no substitute for a valve, whereby endless trouble, and the cost and delay of perpetual repairs, are got rid of. Simple as this machine is, it will strike from six hundred to a thousand blows a minute, and in that space of time will drill holes in hard granite from two inches to seven inches deep. 'The machine,' says the describer, 'is its own guide; for if the advance is too slow to keep pace with the drill, the piston calls attention by striking the front end of the cylinder; and if too fast, the machine stops, in consequence of the exhaust being prevented, and will only start again by turning the feeding-screw. It is, therefore, almost impossible that a workman of ordinary intelligence should fail to learn this part of his duty by an hour's practice.'

A communication by Professor Osborne Reynolds to the Manchester Philosophical Society, 'On the Extent and Action of the Heating Surface for Steam-boilers,' is an attempt to determine by experiment the amount of heat transmitted from one fluid to another through an intervening plate of metal. In the economy of a steam-boiler, the question is one of essential importance, seeing that it involves the further question, How can the waste of heat be controlled? It is commonly supposed that the heat inside of a boiler-tube is the same as that of the boiling-water by which it is surrounded; but after making a series of experiments, Professor Reynolds has come to the conclusion, that the air passing through a tube does not rise to 212°, even when the tube is surrounded by boiling-water; and that the greater the velocity of the air, the lower will be its temperature. The subject is to be pursued until definite results shall be arrived at, and then, as the professor remarks, 'we shall be able to determine, as regards length and extent, the best proportion for the tubes and flues of boilers.'

An account has been given to the same Society of fossil bones discovered near Castleton, in the Peak country of Derbyshire. In a rock basin which had become filled up with loam, a 'wonderful agglomeration' of bones and teeth of bisons, reindeer, bears, and wolves was met with. The supposition is, that the spot was a swampy drinking-place in the primeval ages, lying on the track from the valley of the Derwent to the plains of Cheshire. It is probable that large herds of bisons and reindeer passed the spot: in drinking, some would fall in; some would be bogged; others might die in the vicinity, and be washed in during rainy weather. The bears and the wolves probably attended to eat up the sickly ones and stragglers, just as they do now in Siberia and in the great prairies on the flanks of the Rocky Mountains. This is what geologists say on the subject. Any one desiring to judge for himself will find the place near Windy Knoll Quarry.

Dr Braithwaite has investigated the structure of plants, the interdependence of the several parts, the various forms of cells, and the phenomena of growth, and has discovered what any sincere worker may discover—that there is always something fresh to find out in the products of nature. As regards cells, the doctor remarks, each variety is so constructed as best to fulfil its special function. 'Where freedom and quickness of circulation are required, as in the milk-vessels of such plants as the sow-thistle, lettuce, and celandine, the walls are thin, and all obstructing partitions are removed; on the other hand, where strength is needed, as in so many fibres used in our manufactures, deposit goes on in the interior until hardly any central space is left; and if firmness and resistance are required, this deposit becomes so indurated as to give the qualities we value in such woods as oak, mahogany, box, and ebony; while even in them provision is made for interchange of air and fluids by a beautiful system of pores and canals.'

Mr D. Hanbury, F.R.S., in co-operation with Professor Flückiger of the University, Strassburg, has published a *Pharmacographia*, giving a *History of the Principal Drugs of Vegetable Origin, met with in Great Britain and British India*. This book is what it purports to be, and cannot fail to be useful, for the authors have spared no pains in its preparation. They give scales and tables to facilitate comparisons of measurement and of temperature, and, under each subject treated of, they make known the botanical origin—the history—the description—the microscopic structure—the chemical composition—the uses, and the adulterations of the several plants comprehended in the scheme of the book. From this summary, a fair notion may be formed of the large amount of information conveyed in seven hundred pages.

Among papers read at the meeting of the British Association was one on the *Jute Plant, and its Use as a Textile Material*. In some respects, jute has a great advantage over flax. It is used as a substitute for hair, can be fashioned into chignons, is manufactured into 'silk' hats, into paper, and into stair-carpets which can be sold at threepence a yard, and into bed-quilts. Since the opening of the Suez Canal a cargo of jute can be shipped from India to Dundee, can be spun and woven, and sent back to India within six months.

Professor Leidy of Philadelphia having collected

small quantities of earth and moss from the crevices in the pavement of that city, discovered therein wheel animalcula, Rotifers, which after being moistened showed signs of life, and exhibited their usual movements. He then exposed a number of the little creatures to sunshine and a temperature of eighty degrees during a whole afternoon, and found that after such a thorough drying not one of them revived. It thus appears that Rotifers will survive a moderate degree of dryness, and may rest in the earth until returning waters restore them to activity.

Professor Dana of Boston has published a new edition of his *Manual of Geology*, in which he proposes to distinguish the first era in geological history as 'Archaean time,' and to substitute this term for the term *Ævæ*, which has been long in use. Since the discovery of the Eozoön, some geologists have suggested Eozoic, as more in accordance with fact; but it has not yet been sufficiently proved that the Eozoön ever was a living creature, and therefore Archaean, signifying *beginning-time*, may be adopted as a conveniently descriptive term, until discovery and experience shall have produced a better.

A fact well worth taking note of is mentioned in recent news from India: a railway has been opened in Jeypoor, and the first railway locomotive that ever entered the territory was driven by the Maharajah (Great King) himself, who is described as one of the most public-spirited among the chiefs of the empire. This implies that not only is there progress in material things, but that moral progress is overcoming the crushing superstition of caste. Another fact is that steps are taken for the establishment of English cotton-spinners in some of the towns on the western coast of India; and yet another, namely, that in the North-western Provinces, in July last, 686 persons died from the bites of snakes and other wild animals.

In the Registrar-general's weekly Report published in the third week of October, a comparison was given of the health of London and of other towns. The average mortality in London was 21 per 1000. In Bradford, it was 24; in Leeds, 25; in Leicester, Sheffield, and Oldham, 26; in Manchester, 31; in Hull, 33; in Liverpool, 36; and in Newcastle-on-Tyne, 37. In Portsmouth, it was 17; and in Norwich, 19. In Copenhagen and Christiania, it was 28; in Munich, 29; in Breslau, 30; in Berlin, 34. In Philadelphia, the rate was 17, and in New York, 27 per 1000. Berlin is one of the most malarious and worst-drained cities of Europe, which accounts for the high rate of mortality indicated by the foregoing figures.

Mr Selwyn, Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, states in an official Report that the first range of prairie-land west of Red River is uniformly rich and fertile; that even on the shallow soils cattle 'thrive admirably'; and 'that if a hardy race of cattle were introduced, they would speedily become acclimated, and not only survive, but would thrive through the winter without the aid of artificial feeding and shelter.' If this were carried out, a few years would see those vast regions occupied by herds of kine rivaling in numbers the once swarming herds of bisons.

It is worth notice, that in some parts of that North-west Territory the rainfall has diminished, and springs have dried up. The explanation is

supposed to be, that large breadths of forest have been destroyed by fire; and Mr Selwyn remarks that there is scarcely a square mile in all the country between Red River and the Rocky Mountains which has not at some time been the scene of a conflagration. The Canadians will therefore, following the example set in some parts of the United States, have to betake themselves to planting; then, in the course of a generation, they may hope to see a sufficient rainfall.

After reading this, we turn with the more interest to particulars of British rainfall; concerning which we learn from the meteorologists, that nature has been making up in a plentiful way for the dryness of the three months, May, June, July. At Dublin, on the 13th August, more than three inches of rain fell in eight hours. At Torrington, Devon, the rainfall of the whole month was five and a half inches; at Galway, it was more than five; and at Banif, more than six inches. The difference between east and west is remarkable. An inch and a half fell in Essex in August, and somewhat less than two inches at Grimsby in September. But at Borrowdale (Lake District) in September, the rainfall amounted to sixteen inches; at Portree, it was thirteen and three-quarter inches; at Bodmin, and at Skipton, a little over seven inches. We may expect to hear that even greater quantities have fallen in October.

In the last volume of *Transactions* published by the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, cases are recorded which prove that aneurism can be cured without an operation, by regulating the amount of food, and keeping the patient in a lying-down position for a sufficient time. Cures have been effected by this means which, a few years ago, would have been treated by the knife, with great risk to the patient, and perhaps crippling him through the rest of his life. In these instances, the surgeon now stands by, and sees that nature has fair play, and nature effects the cure by converting the contents of an aneurismal sac into solid fibrine. Mr Jolliffe Tufnell, the author of the paper above alluded to, states that 'if the plan of treatment by position be but steadily and perseveringly carried out, a successful issue can (in suitable cases) almost be guaranteed.' And he describes 'suitable cases' as 'those in which the aneurism springs from the front of the aorta, where the sac is entire, and the individual possesses a fibrinating power in his blood.'

CHILDREN I HAVE MET.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

WHEN I wrote that I had my doubts about the adoption of Rosey and Toosey as our own children, it must not be understood that I entertained any idea of parting with them unless I should be compelled to do so; I ought rather to have written that I had my fears. It seemed too good to be true that these little darlings should have come to us so unexpectedly, like a Christmas box, and that we were to keep them for our own for ever.

The advertisement of their arrival had been already sent to the newspapers, and would doubtless elicit some reply, if not from their father, at least from those who had a better claim to their custody than ourselves. As to Gibbins, I was inclined to disbelieve in him as an entity altogether.

Dodo had probably stretched her imagination to its utmost limits in inventing him. She was compelled to tell the children that somebody would meet them at the end of their aimless journey, and she had called him Gibbins, a name which had at least the merit of being easily pronounceable. It was from their father that I chiefly feared molestation. I pictured him to myself as a selfish miscreant, who, without any natural affection for his offspring, might nevertheless resent their adoption by other people; or, if he found that we were really fond of them, might make use of his relationship to extort money by threat of demanding their custody. This would be a state of affairs which indeed 'would never wash,' and yet we should be powerless to avert it.

However, as time went on, and the advertisement remained unanswered, and no one put in a claim for Rosey and Tosey, we began to have an unmitigated enjoyment in the possession of them. Being an idle man, and also because I had been hitherto a childless one, I gave myself up to them more than grown men generally do; I deny that I spoilt them—indeed, whoever yet confessed to such a charge? People did say, indeed, that I indulged them considerably; but, in return, they indulged me in many ways, and especially with ungrudging opportunities of observation of their manners and habits, thoughts and small-talk, logic and feelings. These formed the prettiest study conceivable; all Lilliput life was laid before me, with its springs and wires, and I am bound to say that I suffered no disenchantment by being admitted 'behind the scenes.' If the actors had been two boys, or two girls, it might have been otherwise, but with these two there were no jealousies, no jars, no quarrels. They were avoided in this manner: Tosey had everything his own way, and Rosey ministered to his pleasure. Her self-abnegation was complete; it was not 'ask and have,' because she anticipated his wants: her greatest trouble was when she was compelled to refuse him anything upon the ground that it would disagree with him; for all his desires were fixed on something to eat, and it was generally unwholesome. Not for a moment would I have it imagined that Tosey was a glutton—

But Knowledge to his eyes its ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, had not unrolled.

Science, Literature, and Art were for the present dead to him, and what had he to do but to eat? Many a discreet old gentleman who has retired from active life makes the same excuse with less reason; and as to selfishness, one does not consider a king to be selfish (and far less do we call him so), because he takes everything he wants without inquiring into the miserable details of how it is procured: it is enough that he is graciously pleased to accept it from his devoted subjects. Moreover, it was by right divine—the genuine majesty of Love—that Prince Tosey ruled us. His nature was affectionate to an extreme degree, and his temper was flawless; some detractors said, indeed, that this last was never tried—that we pronounced it perfect, as one might praise a bridge that has never been crossed; but my wife and I despised such remarks. The dear child had a desire for having his own way which was far superior to caprice: it rose to genius. I happened to be present on a certain occasion when he said his nightly prayers, as

usual at the dictation of his sister; when she got to 'Thy will be done,' he declined to repeat that sentence, and moved an amendment. 'No,' lisped he; 'my will be done, not thy will: it is Tosey's choice this time.' A revelation of human nature to its very depths! How many of us, who are ten times his age, echo his infant thought, though not in words! It took all Rosey's eloquence and theology to convince him that this matter was not one of alternation and equality.

As for her, no such audacious ideas had ever intruded into her sweet thoughts; she was the most humble and reverent of human creatures, and while entertaining the quickest sense of injustice as respected others, never imagined that to be a wrong which interfered with her own wishes. As a teacher of religion and morals, she was, in fact, without peer. But she would doubtless have failed as a certificated school-mistress—her grammar was original, infinitely superior, in my opinion, to that of the most well-informed persons, but it rejected the rules of syntax. Her sentences—probably from her entire freedom from egotism—began with 'me' instead of 'I,' and her pronunciation was far from distinct. A curious result of this latter peculiarity of his teacher came out in Tosey. When he had grown many months older, and was kneeling at mum-mum's knees (she was always 'Mum-mum' now with him, and I was Da-da, just as it should be), she detected in his devotions a certain roll in the word 'Hallowed.' What he did say, was in fact, Harold—'Harold be thy name.' 'But, my dear child, what does that mean?' 'I don't know,' replied Tosey, frankly, 'but I thought that made it more sense.' A Lesson for Fathers (and mothers) much more significant, I venture to think, and worthy of parental attention, than is contained in Wordsworth's poem of the Gilded Vane.

The philosophy of Tosey's character, discernible on our first acquaintance, became so marked as often to be embarrassing. He would pass hours in silent speculation, and evolve therein theories of the most startling character, and which struck at the root of everything. Indeed, some of them were so natural, as well as tremendous, that they were utterly unanswerable. It took all I knew, and more, to evade his inquiries. He would lay his tiny finger upon the anomalies of the scheme of creation with the most ruthless accuracy, though, it must be acknowledged, that, like some objectors of a larger growth, his propositions for amendment and reform were crude enough. He was cross-examining me upon one occasion on the nature of conscience, which (perhaps from its inquisitive character) he assumed to be of the feminine gender.

'She knows everything, Da-da, does she?'

'Yes, Tosey.' I always confined myself as much as possible to generalities, for if Tosey once drove you into a corner, it was all over with you.

'And she is everywhere, is she?'

'Well, yes; she is everywhere, Tosey.'

'Then she's in this ink-bottle, and I've corked her up—so we'll have no more of Miss Conscience.'

It was impossible to explain to him that that very desirable consummation is not so easily effected; though I am sure, if Conscience ever troubled Tosey, she must have done it out of revenge for this attempt to limit her sphere of action, and not in the way of duty.

The most touching speech (save one) that I can call to mind from this child's tongue was on the occasion of his nurse, Elizabeth, leaving our service to better herself (as she sanguinely expected) by matrimony. It was arranged beforehand that no actual 'good-bye' should take place, lest it should harrow the child's feelings, and the attendant that was to succeed her had for some time been living in the house, in order to accommodate herself to the children's ways. But when the evening arrived on which his Elizabeth was not to return, an explanation of some sort became unavoidable. It was broken to him that for that night the new hand was to put him to bed. 'What?' said Tosey, 'that strange ooman! Nedder, nedder!'

In vain it was urged that the arrangement should be only temporary. Tosey was quite unappeasable, and I received a request to come upstairs in person to the nursery. There I found him, arrayed in his tiny great-coat, and his little hat, evidently bent on a night-journey. It was about the time in winter that he had first come to us, and a thick fog reigned out of doors, yet he was determined to find his Elizabeth. 'Da-da,' said he, 'I must go to my dear Lizzy. Only tell me this: shall I turn to the right hand, or shall I turn to the left, when I get out at the door?'

Conceive the determination of that small child, and picture him, in the wild waste of wintry London, looking for his lost friend, whom he only knew by her Christian name, shortened for love and euphony. I confess the spectacle almost upset me (as for my wife, she was crying worse than he was), and if I could have inveigled Elizabeth from the arms of her bridegroom, I am afraid I should have done it. As it was, Rosey's tender eloquence, combined with a judicious application of 'pigs' of oranges, persuaded him to retire to rest; and ten days afterwards, when his Lizzy came to see him, she was half broken-hearted to see how easily he had transferred his affections to her substitute. 'I love all peepie' (people), was Tosey's boast, 'and all peepie loves me.'

And certainly everybody did love him who had the privilege of his intimate acquaintance: his very foibles assumed such a pleasant guise, that they were attractive; and even his childish selfishness had a humour about it which half redeemed the fault. It was necessary to impress upon him that he was always to give way to ladies, and so he did (for he was obedience itself), but it went against the grain; with Rosey especially, who was for giving way to *him* in everything, he found it difficult to practise these Chesterfield manners. On one occasion, the two children amused themselves by changing clothes: Rosey became a shy, retiring boy of heavenly loveliness; and Tosey, a brilliant girl, not without a dash of that '*beauté du diable*' which is ascribed to some of the softer sex. They hurried into our room to admire themselves in the pier-glass, and Tosey pushed Rosey aside with this remark: 'Ladies first, if you please, dear.' He was at that time, so far as we could calculate, about five years old; as clever as John Stuart Mill at the same age, if not so learned, and with fifty times the fun of that philosopher at any period of his life. Rosey was not so intelligent, though full of practical good sense, guided by an exquisite tenderness. 'I do not understand—I love,' might have been her

motto. In all those questions of theology and philosophy which Tosey tackled as readily as a navy a wheel-barrow, her curiosity was tempered with humility.

On one occasion, when we were about to be driven out of our London house by the painters and cleansers, and there had been, as usual, much domestic debate about our seaside plans, Rosey inquired confidentially: 'Where do the people in heaven go to, Da-da, when *that* is being white-washed?'

Sometimes the child would administer an unconscious reproof: 'I heard you say, Da-da, that Mr Jones was a brute, the other day; how could *that* be, when he is a man?'

Rosey's conversations and remarks were of course very ridiculous, but to me at least I confess they were infinitely better than amusing. To Rosey and Tosey I was the interpreter of nature, and the high-priest of the mysteries of life, and they came to me to unravel all the tangled skein. The position was embarrassing and full of responsibility, but my occupation of it endeared them to me more than words can tell. To feel that they were dependent upon me for everything, and so confident of the best being done for them that could be done by word and deed, was to strengthen the claim they had upon my love by fifty-fold. They had changed all the ways of home for my wife and me, and given it light and colour. The patter of their little feet above our heads, their childish glee and chatter, made music where before had been a brooding silence. They made the cheerful morning brighter by their presence: the livelong day more teemed with life because of them; the evening, when we had seen them in their beds and kissed their eyelids, was more full of calm content. To have said we were rewarded for having taken pity upon them in their friendliness and desertion, would have been to say little indeed. They had taken pity upon *us*, rather; enlivened our solitude, and dowered us with undreamt-of joys.

After a few months, the fear of their father coming to elude his own faded clean away from our fond hearts, and left them free for those two children's names; and they will be found engraved there when we are dead.

Only at times, as a secret writing is brought out on a sudden by the fire, the terror of such a blow would be evoked for a brief space, to fade away again like the effects of a nightmare.

It was just three years after the children had come to us, that Tosey began to exhibit certain signs of delicacy: there was nothing very wrong with him, nor could the ailment be identified with any particular disease, but the doctor said he 'wanted care.' Heaven knows, care was taken of him, but yet he didn't seem to mend. We kept him close in-doors that winter weather, but sorely against his will; he was up at the window half the day, looking out upon the falling snow and the white world that lay all around us. One day some men came by with the usual cry: 'We are all froze out,' and Tosey was lavish with his pence as usual. 'It must be worse to be frozen *out*,' he observed, 'than to be frozen *in*, as I am,' and then, after a long pause: 'If the men can't dig because the ground is so hard, how will they dig my grave, mum-mum, when I come to die?'

His words, I could see, went through my poor wife's heart, and her only answer was to strain

him to her bosom, as though death itself were already about to snatch him from her. At the same moment, the door was softly opened, and Rosey slipped out of the room; I followed her, but paused at her chamber door, for I could hear her crying as though her little heart would break, and, alas, I had no comfort for her! It was evident that she had wished not to distress us by the sight of that grief, of which Tosey's simple speech had opened the flood-gates. The fear of losing him had been, I felt sure, in her inmost thoughts for weeks, as it had also been in ours, though we had not dared to speak of it; but it had been intermittent; henceforth the shadow was upon us from that hour. Not that Tosey grew greatly worse, or that the doctor took a more serious view of his case; but our presentiment of woe was stronger than our faith in science. As the child's strength and spirits failed him—which they did very gradually, though to our loving eyes not imperceptibly—his affections appeared to grow stronger for us all; but they concentrated themselves upon his beloved Rosey.

'It almost seems,' whispered my wife, 'as though he feels he is about to leave her, and grudges every moment they spend apart.'

Perhaps it was so; Heaven only knew; but in my heart was a terror too great for utterance; a fear that those two might *not* be parted, but that Rosey's gentle spirit might take its flight with his. It seemed to me that the girl could never out-live her brother—that they were flowers upon a single stem. The doctor, to whom I secretly communicated this apprehension, treated it with scorn: the girl was delicate, he said, but there was no organic disease, such as he had by this time begun to suspect in the boy's case. The affections of children, however powerful, were evanescent; and I should one day give Rosey away with my own hands as the bride of some honest young fellow. Heaven knows, that I tried hard to believe him.

It was spring-time, and Tosey was still with us, and could even go out of doors in an open carriage; but he had to be lifted in and out—a burden that grew lighter every day. It was piteous to see him failing and fading, when every tree was putting forth its leaf, and every plant its blossom. I never smell the May-flowers now, nor see their snowy masses, without recalling Tosey's delight in them upon that day—the last in which he ever saw them. Once, as he passed a field so thick with buttercups that it looked like a veritable Field of the Cloth of Gold, he asked to get out and go among them; and when we reminded him of his weakness, he answered contentedly: 'All right'—and what a soft and tender phrase he made of that 'All right!' 'It wouldn't be much good, for, you see, I should be afraid to put my foot upon them.' Tosey did not know that the poet had written—

A lover would not tread
A cowslip on the head,
Though he should dance from eve to peep of day,

but spoke from a heart all gentleness and pity. It could be said of him, as it can be said of few children, 'He never hurt a fly;' and yet what a pang he gave us, more sharp, and bitter, and lasting than any sword-thrust, when he said that night, as we laid him in his cot: 'I don't think I shall ever play about in my little nursery again.'

He never did: he left us within that week,

and he took Rosey with him. It was not to be expected—I never did expect it—that she who had come from heaven to be his guardian angel upon earth, should remain here when her mission had been accomplished. We had been up all night with him, but towards morning he had fallen asleep, and we had left him with his nurse and Rosey. If he moved, if he sighed, if he breathed a deeper breath than usual, that child would spring noiselessly out of bed, and be at his side in an instant. The nurse was watchful too, after her kind, but it is Love alone that has the fine ear. What gentle shock dissolved soul from body, we know not—perhaps he did but hush his sister's name; but Rosey heard it. We found them in the early morning locked in one another's arms, both dead. *Their Father had come for them at last.*

So ended the one romance of our unromantic home; but the memory of it abides with us both, and will ever do so. It was never cleared up in any way. Who Dodo was, or where those darlings came from, we still know not. We only know—and for certain—where they are gone to. We do not regret that our Christmas Box (as Nelly used to call them) was given to us, only to be taken away again so soon; we have the comfort of it even now. Moreover, we dare to think that we shall one day see them again. There will be change in us, but surely not in them. My Rosey's face will have the Light from the Presence upon it, but it will be the same face; for it was always that of an angel.

A MORNING SONG.

I WAKE this morn, and all my life
Is freshly mine to live;
The future with sweet promise rife,
And crowns of joy to give.
New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,
New love to give and take;
Perchance new burdens I may bear,
For love's own sweetest sake.
New hopes to open in the sun,
New efforts worth the will,
Or tasks with yesterday begun
More bravely to fulfil.
Fresh seeds for all the time to be,
Are in my hand to sow,
Whereby, for others and for me,
Undreamed-of fruit may grow.
In each white daisy 'mid the grass
That turns my foot aside,
In each uncurling fern I pass,
Some sweetest joy may hide.
And if, when eventide shall fall
In shade across my way,
It seems that nought my thoughts recall
But life of every day;
Yet if each step in shine or shower
Be where Thy footstep trod,
Then blessed be every happy hour
That leads me nearer God.

On Saturday, January 2, 1875, will be commenced
in this JOURNAL, a NOVEL, entitled

WALTER'S WORD.

By the Author of *At Her Mercy*.

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STORY OF THE SETONS.

As young Roland Greame, guided by his conductor, Adam Woodcock, according to Scott's description in *The Abbot*, was wending his way down the High Street of Edinburgh, there suddenly occurred one of those deadly brawls incidental to the troubled reign of Mary Queen of Scots. Two noblemen of equal rank, and opposite parties, a Seton and a Leslie, met face to face. Neither would give way to right or left, and a fight with drawn swords was the consequence. Roland Greame, as an impetuous youth, takes part with Seton, who seemed to have the chance of being worsted. Shouting like the rest, 'A Seton, a Seton! Set on, Set on!' he thrust himself forward into the throng, and was happily the means of saving Lord Seton from serious bodily harm until the affray was calmed by magisterial interference. Going farther down the street, when the combat is over, Roland catches sight of the damsel, Catherine Seton, whom he had previously seen, and in following her, reaches the town residence of Lord Seton, forming one of the gloomy quadrangles diverging from the ancient thoroughfare, the site of which is now occupied by Whiteford House.

We need not pursue the fiction, which, like all that has been written by Sir Walter, is founded not on the miserable rack of invention, as is now the case with ordinary novels, but on an intimate knowledge of national and family history, as well as of an acquaintance with human nature. He wished to introduce us to George, seventh Lord Seton, who made a distinguished figure in the reign of Queen Mary, and was noted as staunchly loyal to that unfortunate princess. Officially, Lord Seton was connected with the court. He occupied the position of grand-master of the household, in which capacity he had a picture painted of himself, with two lines in Latin, signifying, 'Patient in Adversity, Benevolent in Prosperity,' with the bold family motto, 'Hazard zet Fordward.' We are told that he declined to be promoted to an earldom, which was offered to him by Queen Mary.

On refusing this dignity, the queen, who was an accomplished scholar, wrote certain lines in Latin and in French, which have thus been rendered in English:

Earl, duke, or king, be thou that list to be;
Seton, thy lordship is enough for me.

The 'Catherine' Seton in the romance of Sir Walter is represented to have been an honorary attendant on Queen Mary, and to have followed her royal mistress to the islet prison in Lochleven. History and legend sanction the supposition. When Queen Mary, as a child, was taken to France, she was accompanied by four girls, who acted as playmates, daughters of Scottish noblemen, all of the same age, and the same Christian name. They were usually styled 'the Four Maries.' Their surnames were Livingston, Fleming, Seton, and Beatoun. On returning to Scotland, and holding court at Holyrood, the queen still had her four 'Maries,' though with some change in person and even in name. For Livingston and Fleming were substituted Carmichael and Hamilton. That such a change had taken place among these young damsels, is sadly evident from the tragical ballad of *Marie Hamilton*, who, for the crime of infanticide, was about to suffer an ignominious death. The poor girl pathetically sings:

Yestreen, the Queen had four Maries;
This night she'll ha' but three;
There was Marie Seton and Marie Beatoun,
And Marie Carmichael and me.

The family of Seton, so made known to us, can be traced through a distinguished ancestry for more than seven hundred years. In the opinion of the late Mr John Riddell, the eminent peerage lawyer, the family, on account of its innumerable high connections and ramifications, may be held the noblest in North Britain. 'Philip de Setune,' third of the family on record, had a royal grant of lands in East and West Lothian in 1169, from which time the name, under the form of Seatoun, Seyton, Seton, or Seton, constantly occurs in the history of memorable events, and always in connection with acts of fidelity to the reigning monarch. On the family

estate of Winchburgh arose their castle of Niddry, a massive feudal peel, now dismantled; being the house at which Queen Mary was indebted for a night's lodging on her escape from Lochleven. Another extensive property granted to the family in the twelfth century was that of Seton and Winton in East-Lothian, on which were built Seton Palace and Winton House, which became their principal mansions, and by their residence here they are best remembered. The family, from an early date, was noted for the tallness of its members; the men being frequently above six feet in height, and the women also of lofty stature. A grand-looking race they must have been, in the old chivalric times, in their war panoply, but not more remarkable for tallness than their proud and dignified bearing. 'Tall and proud, like the Setons,' was at one time a proverbial saying in Scotland. Till this day the Setons are noted for their stature. The family of Colonel Seton, a son of the fifth Baron of Cariston, who commanded the 88th Regiment at Badajos and Salamanca, and who was himself a tall man, are all considerably above the average height—his eldest son being six feet two inches, while at least one of his grandsons is six feet four inches. With the war-cry of Set on, Set on! and a sense of protection from St Bennet, the patron saint of the family, the Setons in old times rushed headlong like a troop of giants on the enemy, carrying all before them.

In Barbour's *History of Bruce*, and Blind Harry's metrical *History of Wallace*, we hear of one of these gigantic soldiers, Sir Christell or Christopher Seton, who was the companion-in-arms of Wallace and Bruce in the war of Scottish Independence. Sir Christell gallantly rescued King Robert Bruce at Methven, and afterwards married the king's sister, Christian Bruce. Sir Christell, as we learn, wielded a two-handed sword, measuring four feet nine inches in entire length, and weighing seven and a half pounds. It still exists in the possession of George Seton, Esq., representative of the Setons of Cariston, whom we presume to be about the tallest of that very tall family.* With a sweep of this formidable weapon, Sir Christell is said to have done immense execution. His prowess was on one occasion unavailing as regards his personal security. He was taken prisoner by the English at Dumfries, and put to death, for adherence to the cause of Bruce, his brother-in-law, who erected a chapel to his memory. The patriotism of Sir Christell was emulated by his grandson, Sir Alexander Seton, who, in 1333, heroically held out the town of Berwick-on-Tweed against the forces of Edward III. It is related that he stood on the ramparts and wit-

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that George Seton was the great-grandson of the unfortunate earl; but the want of a certificate of the marriage with Margaret McKear settled the invalidity of the claim; and it was reduced by the Court of Session. Had it been otherwise, we should have had to record a narrative as interesting as anything that has been related in the *Romance of the Peers*. For some time after the forfeiture, the representation of the family continued in the knightly branch of Garleton, which ultimately became extinct in the male line. The present lineal representative of the baronets of Garleton is Mrs Mary Seton or Broadbent, formerly a milliner in London, who was acknowledged by Mr Riddell to be *heir-of-line* of the great House of Seton. Such are the mutations in family history. In 1840, the late Earl of Eglinton, who deduced his descent from Robert, first Earl of Wintoun, was served heir-male general, and heir-male of provision to George, the fourth Earl of Wintoun, father of the attainted peer; and in 1859 he was created Earl of Wintoun in the peerage of the United Kingdom.

The Setons were remarkable for their fine taste in architecture and gardening, of which they left various memorials. Their old baronial castle of Wintoun, built chiefly for defence in troublous times, was replaced in the early part of the seventeenth century by a mansion in the Elizabethan style, erected from designs by Inigo Jones, as a jointure-house for Lady Wintoun. This handsome structure, situated near Pencaitland in East Lothian, still exists, but disfigured by modern and tasteless additions. Its present possessor is the Dowager Lady Ruthven. Seton Palace, also in East Lothian, was the ordinary residence of the family. It occupied a pleasant position on the coast of the Firth of Forth, and within a mile eastward of the field whereon was fought the battle of Prestonpans. The Palace of Seton—and it deserved to be called so—was considered the most magnificent and elegantly furnished house in Scotland—its adornment of towers, pinnacles, and buttresses—its splendid apartments and its beautiful surroundings, all raising an emotion of regret that so much to make life pass agreeably had been sacrificed needlessly and thanklessly in the worthless cause of (latterly) the most worthless of dynasties.

There is no end of traditions regarding the style that had been kept up at Seton Palace. It had been visited in royal progresses by Queen Mary, by her son James VI., and by his son Charles I. An account of the masques and ceremonies on these occasions would fill a volume. But, besides the splendour of the palace, there was the solemn grandeur of Seton Chapel, situated in the immediate neighbourhood. All are things of the past! That wonderfully fine ecclesiastical structure is now a cheerless ruin; and by an act of Vandalism, the palace, with its magnificent galleries, was swept away towards the end of last century, by a person who, for a short time, was possessor of the property. In its place was erected a mansion of that plain meaningless character that would answer for a boarding-house or penitentiary. Seton House—the term 'Palace' being judiciously dropped—is now the property of the Earl of Wemyss. Damaged by the odious taste that predominated in the Georgian era, there is even now something to command respect in the environs. The gardens are still celebrated for the

finest and earliest fruits of the season, and the stately elms in the park remind us that the works of Nature outlive the greatest efforts of genius.

Among the legends that float round this interesting domain, there is one relative to George, fifth Earl of Wintoun. Prior to departing on his ill-fated expedition, he is said to have buried a large quantity of plate and other valuables, with the assistance of a blacksmith in the neighbourhood, in whose fidelity he placed reliance. The recollection of this buried treasure haunted him in his weary exile on the continent, and he contrived to return to Scotland, in the hope of recovering what he had so carefully deposited. The search was fruitless, and he fled in despair. It was afterwards observed that the family of the blacksmith became opulent farmers in East Lothian. W. C.

MY ADVENTURES IN THE FRENCH WAR.

CHAPTER VI.

AN important position had been gained. I had had my share in the brilliant affair, and, as requital, had been installed in a place of trust. I was to be the custodian of the chateau. When I arrived at the principal entrance of my dominion, the one that looked on the village, all was dark and silent within. Facing the door was a wide staircase, dividing itself in two, to meet again on a spacious wooden gallery, that led to the apartments of the first floor. To choose the best position for a strong defence, to place my men in the different rooms, at the windows and loopholes that opened on the park, was a matter of a few minutes. I was giving my last instructions to the officers in command of the companies, when a tremendous uproar of voices, of cries in French and German, of shots, broke forth from below. I rushed out, and as I pushed my way to the gallery, I found it swarming with Germans, engaged in a desperate struggle with our men.

'Rally, and give them the cold'—Before I could finish the sentence, a blow, given from behind, sent me rolling on the floor.

When I came to my senses, all was dark around me. I could faintly hear the buzz of suppressed voices, the tread of men above my head, the distant din of the conflict going on outside. I felt giddy, and my head and left shoulder pained me very much. Some one was sponging my face with cold water; and when I looked, I saw, by the light of the burning houses, penetrating through the coloured glass of the window, that the room was full of soldiers—all disarmed. We were prisoners.

'How was it?' I inquired of an officer, who was bandaging his arm, the blood trickling from a bayonet-wound.

'They came from below, sir,' he replied. 'They must have hid in the cellars; the detachment you had placed at the entrance was overpowered, and before they could give us the alarm they were upon us.'

I got up, and staggered to the door, and tried to open it. It was locked; and a guttural sound that came from the other side shewed me it was guarded. I looked out of the window—forty feet separated us from the ground. All was then explained to me; we were on the second floor, which formed the first one of the façade looking towards the village; whilst the ground floor, off the park,

led to the kitchens and offices. Through these they had come back, under the protection of the murky night, and surprised us. There was nothing to be done but to wait patiently for the arrival of succour, which the general would inevitably send, on hearing of our mishap. I was too weak, the pain in my head made me feel too giddy to undertake any attempt to escape; so I collected my men around me, and told them to be ready for any emergency.

All of a sudden, the fusilade began to crackle around us: the reports of the needle-guns became deafening as they re-echoed along the passages of the château; in the distance, we could hear the voices of our rescuers, as they gallantly advanced to our help. We listened and waited in silence, with the anguish of men hoping to be delivered from ignominious imprisonment, following with mental anxiety the progress of the firing, varying in intensity as it advanced or retreated. For one second there was a lull, and we thought all was lost. But a joyous cheer told us that our friends had penetrated into the basement of the château, and that rescue was at hand. Now, our time to act had arrived. A thick smoke nearly suffocated us; it came in black puffs through the flooring of the room which we so unwillingly tenanted, whilst streaks of fire, with an ominous crackling and hissing, swept along the walls, and lighted up the whole. The castle was burning; the Germans had set fire to it from below. There we could not remain any longer. We armed ourselves with everything that we could lay hands upon—crusis and legs of chairs and tables, candlesticks, and even broken frames of the ancestral paintings of the Grammonts. I had been fortunate enough—for many a blow did I ward off with it—to secure a poker, and with it we burst the door open, and rushed on the gallery. There the Germans were making a last stand, repulsed on that stronghold by the sailors of the 18th corps. Oh! these sailors, how they fought, taking one step after another, and as they would a ship, boarding-axe in hand. A jet of flame wound itself along the railings; a thick black smoke threatened to stifle Germans and French alike. Petroleum was playing its part. A few shots more, and the Germans, hanging to the balconies like large human grapes, hastened away from the park. The castle was ours once more.

It was twelve o'clock then; the castle was an immense mass of fire. Wild screams could be heard coming from one of its wings. When I looked up in that direction, I beheld a sight I shall not easily forget. At a window of the second floor were standing men, their arms outstretched towards us, and imploring us in heart-rending cries to help them. They were their own wounded that the Badeners thus abandoned to the flames. The next day we found among the ruins the charred remains of nearly fifty of them.

This was the last incident of that long memorable day. It was then one o'clock, and the whole army of Werder was in full retreat towards Belfort.

The next morning, as we were discussing, after breakfast, the events of the previous day, an aide-de-camp of General Bourbaki presented himself, and handed a letter to General Ségard. The commander-in-chief was desirous of knowing the names of the officers of the third division who had headed the storming-party at the barricade, and of the one

who had been taken prisoner in the château, as he desired that they should be *décors* with the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

Thus, as far as I can remember, ran our general's reply, dated January 10, 1871:

"I beg to inform you, in answer to your inquiries, that the two actions mentioned in your letter were performed by the same officer, M. —, a lieutenant on my staff, and the bearer of this letter. I have much satisfaction in hearing that this gentleman has at last met with a reward, which he has, since his appointment to my staff, more than once justly deserved."

Need I add that I was the bearer of this letter, and had I not cause to be proud? I had seen two of the visions that had been flitting before me at the beginning of my campaign realised in one day: Victory and Reward.

From this time, my duties greatly increased. Out of fourteen officers that composed the general's staff, four only were able to do duty. The others had been either killed or wounded during the previous engagements, or were on the sick-list. Those whose strength had enabled them to resist the effects of the privations we were forced to endure, or had been spared from the accidents of war, had to take their places. No one grumbled, every one worked with a will, the general setting the example.

Since my luggage had been lost, or rather burnt, in the Gen Station, during our retreat from Orleans, my wardrobe had never been of a very luxurious description; and now all I possessed was on my back, and my uniform presented an appearance scarcely in accordance with regulations. My kepi was shapeless, and, from the frequent wettings, it fitted more like a night-cap than any military head-gear. My tunic was sorely in want of repair. However, on the left breast could be seen a modest little bit of red ribbon, and on my sleeve an extra gold stripe, denoting the rank of captain, which made up for many deficiencies. My trousers were beyond description: from red they had turned purple, with shades of yellow intermixed with rusty brown. One black stripe ornamented one side, half a one the other. I possessed one glove and one mitten, the left hand, fortunately; the others had been lent to a comrade in distress, and he had disappeared. My boots—long heavy top-boots—had been for some time the only part of my attire that presented a respectable appearance. At last they could resist no longer the onslaughts of the weather: one morning, having placed my feet in close proximity to some burning charcoal, I got up soleless. I bandaged my feet with strips of a flannel shirt, and might have been set up for a scarecrow.

For our food, we were no better off; it was war fare with a vengeance—raw bacon and frozen bread; slices of old tough horses, and soup made of hot water, in which swam crusts of bread; sour wine and coffee, and such coffee too! From some error of the commissariat, coffee in raw beans had been served out, so we had to roast them ourselves. My servant had ingenuously turned an old breast-plate into a roasting-machine, and ground, or rather smashed up the half-burnt, half-green beans with the butt-end of his rifle. To this we were allowed to add a small glass of a liquid which, from its odour, was seemingly related to

methylated spirit of wine. Draughts of this were somewhat revolting, but they procured us a little warmth, transitory, it is true, but it was better than nothing.

I was superintending one evening the important operation of having a bed of fresh straw prepared in the corner of the only room of a miserable hotel, when the general beckoned me to his side.

'To-morrow morning,' he said, spreading a map of the country on the table, 'you will take a troop of lancers, and you'll throw yourself on the left, and ascertain what goes on in that direction. From reports I have received, I conclude that the enemy have evacuated Lure. You must therefore find out how far he has fallen back. Your instructions have no limits; act as you think best; but precise information I must have. Good-night, and good luck.'

Six o'clock was striking as we got in the saddle. A young and intelligent officer commanded the troop, composed mostly of Lancers of the Guard, debris of those two heroic but unfortunate charges of Wörth and Sedan. A cold bleak wind blew right in our faces, metaphorically cutting them in two, penetrating to our very bones, making even our beasts shiver, notwithstanding the thick coat that Dame Nature had provided them with on the approach of the winter. No bugle-call, no sound—everywhere the silence of death; nothing to break it but a few *Qui vive*s, and the tramp of our horses, crushing the hardened snow which was grinding under their hoofs. On both sides of the road, men were squatting around the bivouac fires; some pressing against each other, to keep a last spark of warmth; others outstretched on the bare ground, with no other covering than their cloaks. Farther on were the guns and their tumbrils, covered with the snow that had never ceased to fall during the night.

A good trot soon put our blood in circulation. The horses slipped on the frozen snow at every step, but we scarcely paid attention to it. There is always something so exciting, so exhilarating in a scouting expedition, that the fatigues of many days are soon forgotten. Master of one's actions, fully aware of the responsibility of the undertaking, proud of commanding the brave fellows who are rolling silently behind, erect in their saddles, on one ride, watching every motion, and hoping to see nilans at every turn of the road.

Having soon got beyond friendly lines, we entered into unknown regions. Peasants pressed around us, and disputed the honour of giving us information. It was no easy task to sift out the false from the true, and form any conclusion from the confusion of questions and answers which were poured upon us; and once they began, there was no stopping them.

'M. le Capitaine, the enemy was yesterday at Athesans!' 'They say that there are ten thousand of them at Lure!' 'No; let me speak. They evacuated Ronchamps yesterday morning, but they came back during the night to requisition the place!' 'They burned Rloye, the *grebins*, after carrying away everything they could lay hands upon.' 'Is it true, mon capitaine, that Bourbaki is marching on Berlin with two hundred thousand men?' And so on.

Answering all these questions, taking notes of every scrap of news, promising the poor fellows that we should soon deliver them from the presence

of the invader, I pushed on. Farther on the high-road, I perceived a steeple, a village. I pulled out my map, and tried to discover my whereabouts. It was Leval. This time, not a soul came out to meet us. The neighbourhood and village appeared deserted.

'Very suspicious,' said the lieutenant: 'the Germans can't be far off.'

I quite agreed with him; but I have a way of my own of ascertaining the presence of the enemy in a village. At the turning of the road, I stopped the men, to give the horses breathing-time, then at full gallop, and sword in hand, we rushed through the one long street of the village. Had it been occupied by the enemy, they would have fired, and in their hurry have missed us. As it was, we passed unmolested. It is the simplest and surest way of obtaining such information. Often I tried it, and I was always successful. We halted in the square, and by degrees the peasants came out of their abodes, into which they had prudently retired, at the sight of a body of cavalry madly riding through their village. They had taken us for uhlands. Little bands of these had passed through during the whole of the previous day, all galloping as we had done. I took a few more notes, and proceeded.

As we reached the top of a hill, we suddenly came upon the ruins of a recently burnt-down village. 'Twas Roye; once flourishing and peaceful, now a mass of charred debris. At the sound of our steps, from the ditches on both sides of the road, heads anxiously looked up. We had some difficulty, at first, in discerning what these white phantoms, moving and crawling silently, could be. They were women and children, huddled up together, and buried in straw, to protect themselves against the intensity of the cold; the children crying themselves to sleep from fatigue, for short intervals, then waking up again, from hunger and cold, to begin their crying again. The women seemed too much bewildered and frightened to comprehend the extent of the loss they had sustained.

On our approach, an elderly man came to meet us; he was the mayor.

'You see, sir,' he said, 'some of your men came here two days ago, surprised a party of Germans, and killed some of them. Yesterday morning the Germans returned in force. A stout resistance was made by your soldiers. But the Germans shelled the village, shot every man found in arms, took away all we possessed, and, before leaving, set the torch to finish the work of destruction. And now, you see, those poor unfortunate people are dying, from want of food and shelter; they have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning. I entreat you to have pity on them! Save them from starvation; speak to General Bourbaki about them. If they spend another night thus, not one of them will survive.'

I promised to do all I could, and that was little; no help could be given them until my task was performed. In the meantime, my men divided among the poor wretches the little provisions they had taken with them. I was glad to leave these harrowing scenes, and we pursued our way.

At last through the mist, we descried a town, the object of my expedition. This time, I took more precautions. I sent two men, belonging to that part of the country, to gather news,

and told the troop to profit by this short delay to eat their dinner. They first looked at each other, then at their lieutenant, with that air of *bonhomie* which sits so well on men finding their commander at fault. I had forgotten that they had parted with all their provisions, even the horses' provender. So we tightened our belts, and fed on the faint rays of a January sun. We waited impatiently at the corner of a wood; the two sentries I had placed farther down, boldly standing out on the snow, burying their heads in the collar of their white cloaks. The snow began to fall, and the wind blew keenly against us. At last the two men returned: Lure had been evacuated that very morning. We entered, the trumpeter blowing a joyous march, which brought around us a population happy to see friendly faces once more. For four months, the town had been occupied by the Germans, and it was the first time that they found themselves delivered from them. Joy was on every face, and our men were surrounded by the crowd, anxious to hear the news. I had some difficulty in extricating myself from the throng pressing round, and endeavouring to shake hands with me. Then bread, cheese, and wine were offered, the men accepting everything, moved by the knowledge, taught by experience, that they might want it on the morrow. And whilst they ate, I thought of the wretches I had left but a short time ago on the brink of starvation. Some of that bread might save many of them, but my men must eat; for they had a long day's march before them.

As the onset time had come, I gave back any moment, I placed sentries at the entrance of the street; and whilst the men looked after the cattle, I closeted myself with the mayor, to get whatever information I could from him.

'At last,' he said, 'you have returned! The Germans have been constantly passing through our town. This morning, we saluted the last batch of them, and I sincerely hope we'll never see them again. They did not seem pleased at all, and threatened to burn and pillage everything, if we gave you shelter. They were in such a mighty hurry, that they left behind all they could not carry—provisions, clothing, harnessing, and many things else. A precious lot there must be of them, as they forced me to give them a receipt for a hundred and twenty thousand francs.'

'Ah, wretch!' I exclaimed, jumping up, 'why did you not speak sooner. Quick! Let me have carts, wagons, vehicles of any sort; I requisition one and all. Give me some papers, and I'll sign your *bons* [authority], 'and will send back your beasts later. I must carry off everything!' And, seizing the affrighted mayor by the arm, I dragged him towards the house which contained all these treasures.

'But, captain,' he pleaded piteously as he went on, 'if they get me back, I am lost!'

'They'll not come back, when I tell you we are marching on Berlin,' was the satisfactory answer.

This reply was given in good faith, but how illusory! The Germans did get back, and the poor mayor had to pay a heavy fine, for which, however, he was reimbursed by the French government.

Buoysed up by what we said, the mayor hastened to assist us. Carts, chariots, conveyances of all shapes and dimensions, some on two, some on four

wheels, soon arrived in the market-place. On these we piled up packages of all sorts, containing unknown things—arms, shoes, provisions, wine, harnessing, tools. Every one lent a hand; women and children helped with a will, and my precious cargo did not take long to be ready. The mayor, who had at first given himself up to despair, made up his mind, and shook hands with me, like a man who feels he is going to pay dearly for the removal of his trust.

'Adieu,' he said; 'I am only sorry I have so little to hand over to you. If I am shot, you'll say I did my duty.'

'And have it engraved in your epitaph,' laughed out the lieutenant.

And we started off, the trumpeter blowing a flourish with all his might. We had some difficulty in advancing; the carts were heavily loaded; the horses, not being rough-shod, slipped at every step. I was getting impatient. Darkness was coming on, and I was afraid of being surprised by the night so far from our lines. I dismounted some of the troopers, and, with ropes, I had their horses put to the carts. The hill was hard to ascend; every one helped, for all felt that our prize would rejoice the hearts of those poor *Mobles*, who were scarcely clothed, and had to march barefooted in the snow, thanks to the patriotism and honesty of the Republican army contractors! At last we reached the heights; then I left the convoy under the charge of the lieutenant, and choosing one of the wagons in which I had placed food and warm clothing, followed by a few men, I branched off in the direction of Roye. When I reached this village, I found it as I had left it; only the cries of the children, the moans of the women, had ceased. I did not stay to inquire what had become of them; I dared not do it. I handed my provisions to the mayor, who, in exchange, gave me a small saddle-bag, which belonged to a uhlan killed on the previous day.

'You'll find in it some letters which may contain useful information,' he added; and I left, followed by the blessings he poured on my head.

A SUBMARINE VOLCANO.

THE people inhabiting the beautiful and flourishing islands of the Azores, which lie in the Atlantic, opposite the coast of Africa, were terribly alarmed in the summer of 1867 with the outbursting of a volcano in the sea. As a sort of preliminary to what might be expected to happen, the island of Terceira was shaken with some violent earthquakes, the maximum of whose intensity was manifested near the sea-shore; the houses in a village were cracked, some overthrown, and the roads were blocked up with the wrecks of the inclosing walls.

At the beginning of May, the inhabitants of many villages on the western side of the island had left their houses, and encamped in gardens under tents. Every shock seemed to be vertical from beneath to above; as if in the depths of the earth a sharp stroke suddenly raised the lower strata of the ground. This vertical motion was immediately followed by a horizontal oscillation, much prolonged in the direction from north-west to south-east. Every day the poor people met together before the church doors, and whenever a new shock came, a scene of terror followed.

At eight in the morning of the 1st of June, a much more severe earthquake was felt, which knocked down most of the buildings that were still standing. Fissures were made in the sides of the ravines, and blocks of stone, detached from the mountain of Santa Barbara, rolled down the slopes. It was calculated that eighty houses fell on that day, but happily the inhabitants suffered little, owing to the precautions they had taken, a few only receiving slight wounds. Suddenly, during the next night, eight powerful detonations, like discharges of artillery, were heard; and when the dawn appeared, the surface of the sea presented, to a great distance, a yellowish green colour, and about three miles off the shore, an intermittent boiling, which gradually increased for the next few days. About nine in the evening they saw the water rise to a great height in a vertical column, three times in a quarter of an hour. This phenomenon was often repeated, increasing in size as each day passed, until, on the 5th of June, six or seven enormous columns were observed simultaneously, composed of warm water and steam rising violently from the level of the sea, and only bending under the action of the wind at the height of many hundred yards, offering the appearance of a thick cloud of white smoke.

These emissions of steam and water were always accompanied with masses of black scoria, their deep colour contrasting strongly with the brilliant whiteness of the water-spouts. Some of these blocks seemed to be of the uncommon size of many cubic yards, but the greater part of the fragments were not larger than the hand. Those which happened to be in the middle of the water rose very high, under the pressure of the elastic fluid which surrounded them; but when near the edge, they fell out, describing a small curve to the surface of the sea, and forming a ring at the foot of the fountain. The place where these grand phenomena appeared was not always the same, as the white column rose sometimes here and sometimes there, but within a limited elliptical space of about six miles in length and one in breadth. Sometimes all the jets appeared at once distributed on the same line, but at unequal distances. A sharp whistling sound, and terrible detonations like claps of thunder, redoubled by the echoes of the rocky coast, added to the awful character of the scene. To a distance of more than ten miles the sea was coloured with a great variety of tints; green, yellow, and red in every shade, due to the presence of iron in dissolution. The penetrating odour of sulphuric acid was very apparent, and the people affirmed that they saw sulphur floating on the water in the form of a yellowish white precipitate. It was remarkable that there was no trace of flame or incandescence even in the darkness of the night; the noise of the explosions could alone reveal the existence of the eruption.

Though such a large mass of scoria had been thrown out, it did not rise to the level of the sea, and thus form a new island, owing, probably, to its great depth at this point, and also to the short duration of the phenomena. After the 2d of June, the earthquakes ceased entirely; and from the evening of the 5th, no more large stones were sent up. On the 7th, about 10 P.M., the vapour had disappeared; thus, the active period of the volcano only lasted seven days. The people were most unwilling to approach the

scene of the tumult; but at length the captain of a boat consented to take M. Fonqué, who gives a description of the event, towards the spot. The sounding-line was frequently let down, but no modification of the sea-bottom could be discovered; nor was a trace left in the colour or temperature of the sea. After spending an hour, in the hope of discovering the object of search, they were returning in despair, when a boatman pointed out a slight boiling in the waves. A few yards square of the sea were evidently agitated by some gaseous bubbles, which broke on the surface of the water. It was thought that if the gas could be secured and retained, a chemical analysis of it would not be impossible.

By means of a suitable apparatus, the gas was collected, and found to consist chiefly of hydrogen. It was wonderful to see this gas, the lightest of all known bodies, coming out from the depths of the earth. What mighty force had shut it up there? What molecular action had presided over its birth? The chemical properties of hydrogen place it at the head of metals, beside mercury and platinum, between which, however, its physical properties divide it so far. The fact that great beds of hydrogen exist, like those of metals properly so called, in the bowels of the earth—a fact which is evident from these submarine dislodgments—confirms the bold inductions of chemists, and tends also to establish a certain relation between the constitution of the terrestrial globe and that of the sun, which, according to the discoveries of the spectroscope, is an immense reservoir of hydrogen.

If the visitor to the Azores ascends the summit of Mount Brazil, the large volcanic cone, he will there see the effects of the amazing force of eruption in former days. It is evidently the production of a submarine volcano, as the burning matters have been projected mixed with the existing soil, with sand, and with sea-shells. All these materials have been welded together in falling back, forming layer after layer round the point of emission; and now that time has dried and solidified them, they are transformed into a tuff (tuff) sufficiently compact to form excellent stone for building purposes. The mountain rises steeply on all sides from the sea; against it the waves beat furiously during the frightful storms of winter, and detach large fragments every year, forming an immense rampart of jagged rocks, the resort of a variety of birds.

It is not very difficult to ascend to the edge of the crater, where the eye plunges to the bottom of a cavity about a mile in diameter: the highest points being about one hundred and seventy yards above it. There are two depressions of unequal depth, as if the volcano had burst out at different mouths. Now fields of maize cover the lower part of the cavity, thousands of beautifully bright amaryllids adorn the interior slopes, and in the autumn form splendid decorations with their rosy corollas. The roads are formed of a vitreous sand with yellowish green reflections, and black crystals which sparkle in the sun. This rich garden, such a contrast to the same scene thousands of years ago, is sometimes visited by a fearful enemy, when bands of locusts settle down upon it. Arriving from the African shore, when the wind blows from the south-east, they land on this advanced promontory, carrying devastation with them, without even touching the adjacent country.

narrow, whose imagination was so strong and vivid! Stories of the terrible Mutiny, of the strange civilization, so little comprehended by the conquering race, the marvellous buildings, and the 'big game'; stories for the most part hearsay to him; but in all of them 'the Colonel' figured. How well he told them too, with what enthusiasm and picturesqueness, with what hearty, honest, boyish admiration! Sir David Mervyn had left a great name 'with tiger-boys, and leopards, and elephants, and rhinoceroses, and all the rest of it'; and he appealed to him for confirmation of his astounding narratives—assuring him that his cousin Anne 'adored' tiger-stories, though he was sorry to say they bored his mother—David told Anne in his quiet forbearable way, many an anecdote of sport on the mighty scale of the East, of tigers, and leopards, and rhinoceroses hunting in the dense jungle of Assam, and of the gallant parties who set forth, mounted on their elephants, to war with the deadly beasts of prey which harassed the unhappy native villages. Anne had listened, with delighted content, her imagination kindling at every new thing, but she had not been at that time of thankfulness that he had escaped these horrible dangers, and that she had never known of them, never pictured them to herself, while he was actually incurring them. Sometimes, after he had bidden them good-night, she caught glimpses from her window of her boy and his colonel, as they walked up and down, talking and smoking in the green arcade, and she caught the distant tones of their voices. After David's visit, Bromley Park had seemed to Anne more home-like; the image that occupied the interior of her head was associated with the memory of a happy day, and a happy and calm. It was so much, to the quiet concentrated mind of this woman, to hear about David's past; to be able to muse upon his life in all the years that had parted them, as well as upon her own. Her memory was peculiarly clear and trustworthy in all things; and the history of her heart was simple and undeviating. Anne Cairnes remembered every incident in which David Mervyn had been associated with her, as clearly as if they had all been of yesterday; and she had many times excited his momentary wonder, when, in recapitulating past events, for the sake of the interest of the present, she came to reminiscences which turned the vague into the positive. The green arcade in which, in winter she found shelter, and in summer shade, had been more than ever a favourite resort with Anne since that bright and happy time.

CHAPTER XXIX.—ANNE'S RESOLUTION.

What wonderful stories the young man had told the quiet English lady, whose life had been so

It was the evening of a day almost the last of that beautiful June, and the still, perfumed loveliness of the summer was at its height. All the windows and doors of the house were open, and the delicious air was stirring in the rooms, which had been darkened all day, in order to temper the heat. Anne Cairnes came out into the rose-garden, and took her way slowly towards the green arcade. She had been very thoughtful all day, and she was determined to settle the matter in her mind—to take a resolution upon it, that night. 'I will think it out in the arcade,' Anne said to herself, as she sat at her solitary dinner; 'I will think it out fairly; and state the case as fully as I can against myself. But I will make up my mind to-night.' She entered the arcade, and began to pace it slowly from end to end. After some time, she seated herself on the garden-bench, took a large envelope

from her pocket, opened it, and spread some sheets of paper which it contained upon the table. They were closely written over in pencil, and contained, in fact, the memoranda which Anne had made during her last vigil at Mrs Allen's death-bed.

Anne read her memoranda with deep attention, and her face was more troubled than it had been yet, though her servants had commented upon its gravity, which they found quite reasonable. Every one knew how much Miss Cairnes thought of her Old Ladies, and of Mrs Allen in particular; and this was the evening of the next day after Mrs Allen's burial. 'It is so hard to know what is the best for Mary'—thus ran Anne's thoughts—'and an error now would be so cruel, so irrevocable. To trouble her mind, to disturb all her belief, to destroy to a certain extent her past, without attaining any guiding light for the future—these are terrible risks to run. And yet, is it fair to keep her in ignorance? It would not be, if an investigation, which would be possible, I suppose, however difficult, should result in anything which could materially change her condition; but there is no indication here sufficiently clear to make that a sound basis for argument. I don't think I run any risk of committing an injustice, by keeping all this secret for the present, and leaving it to the future to guide me about revealing it or not. But I do think that I may regard it as a reason, or at least an excuse, for taking the step against which, I dare say, many wise people would warn me. I don't know the wise people, and therefore I shall not consult them; I shall consult no one but Miss Thorpe. After all, she is the most sensible person whom I know, and quite disinterested; and she knows Mary even better than I do. I don't think Mary would ever disappoint me; and I don't think I should be very unreasonable in my expectations.' Then the anxiety of her thoughts went out of Anne's face, and only their seriousness remained. She had not much doubt of the result of her consultation with Miss Thorpe, though she was quite honest in the intention to receive her opinion with respect; and she went on weaving a plan in her mind, and adding little bits of ornament to the pattern, in a fanciful way that had grown on her in her loneliness. She thought about that loneliness too, as she had never thought about it before; rather pleasing herself by dwelling on it in her fancy, and recalling how, many years previously, after her father's death, she had been looked upon with much gravity, and even lectured once or twice, because she did not provide herself with an official companion, after it became evident that she and her aunt were not going to live together permanently. She also recalled how ineffectual the grave looks and the lectures proved, and how she had succeeded ultimately in impressing her neighbours with a belief in her capacity to take care of herself, and to be her own best companion. She was comparatively young then, Anne thought, and no doubt she did not so much mind loneliness; but it was different now.

Mary, with whom her constant friend, Miss Thorpe, had remained since Mrs Allen's funeral, was quiet and submissive. Her bereavement had been long expected, and she bore it courageously. Anne, when she drove over to the Homes, on the following day, found her in the sitting-room, working at some portion of her mourning-dress, while

Miss Thorpe read to her. The young girl rose and received her kindly greeting with tolerable composure. The carriage waited, and there was a lady in it.

'Mary,' said Anne, 'I want to talk to Miss Thorpe, and I wish you to go out for an hour; you require some air; I called in at Mrs Burt's, and asked her to go with you. Put on your bonnet, my dear.'

Mary went to get her bonnet, and in a few minutes the carriage took her away, and Miss Thorpe was alone with 'her earthly Providence,' as she called Anne, but never in Anne's hearing.

'I want your advice,' said Anne, as she placed herself by Miss Thorpe's side. 'I have been thinking a great deal about Mary.'

'Yes,' said Miss Thorpe, laying aside her spectacles, and crossing her hands in an attitude of attention; 'I will give you the best advice I can; but is there anything more to say than we have said? We have long expected this occurrence, and the question of Mary must have been present to us both.'

'Nothing new has happened; but I have an idea, a plan, that I had not before. Mary is very beautiful!'

'She is very beautiful, poor child!'

'I have not forgotten all your wise words on that point; and then, she is so clever, so good, so sweet, and of so refined a nature, that it seems doubly hard she should have a teacher's life before her.'

'It is doubly hard indeed; for I, who had no beauty, and no sweetness, and no cleverness, can tell you how hard it is, even lacking them all. And Mary would hate it so: she has not the smallest vocation or fitness for the task.'

Anne smiled; she had been right in not fearing Miss Thorpe's advice. The worn-out teacher was full of compassion for the girl who might one day be a worn-out teacher too.

'Supposing I could secure her from the necessity of ever encountering such a life? I am quite independent, you know, my own mistress; and I have thought of taking Mary to live with me.'

The entire and delighted approbation which Anne looked for was not forthcoming. Miss Thorpe said nothing but 'Hum!'

'You don't approve!'

'I don't quite understand. *How* would Mary live with you? As a humble companion?'

'No,' said Anne quickly; 'I detest the very sound of the horrid word. Mary should live with me as my friend, my equal, the only difference being that of age.'

Miss Thorpe laid her wrinkled hand on Anne's, still so white and smooth, and shook her head.

'Don't think that any such thing could be,' she said; 'you are young still in comparison with me, and in some ways not half so wise. You cannot establish an equality which does not exist; you cannot alter facts. You are a lady, of fortune, position, and importance, Mary's benefactress; and Mary is a poor girl, the daughter of humble folks whom you befriended. Nothing that you can do can change those relative positions; they are not influenced by Mary's beauty, Mary's talent, Mary's grace. A position in your house which would imply that they were changed, would be a false position, which must always be a misfortune. Think well what you would do, if you brought

this girl, with her tastes and her aptitudes, to be an inmate of your home, to live in the atmosphere of ease and wealth, to discard her habits of thrift and industry, by being removed from the need of them; to lose the idea of work and effort to which she has been trained; to grow accustomed to luxury, at the age most susceptible of impressions, so that the future deprivation of things whose very existence she does not now suspect, would become a hardship. Remember that you would make yourself morally responsible for all her future, if you change the face and bearing of the present thus; and that you would not be justified by any shortcoming of hers for caprice in your treatment of her, as regards the present or the future. It is a very serious thing, Miss Cairnes, to change the groove of a human life, and it ought not to be done hastily.

'You are right, my dear old friend,' said Anne, with tears in her dark eyes; 'all this had struggled incoherently in my own brain, and now you have put it in words. And yet, I think I can make you take another view of it. I am a lady, as you say, but I have no very near relatives; and my origin is not much more distinguished than Mary's. I lead a quiet life, and I have few ties, except of the order to which Mary herself belongs. I am very fond of her, and I suffer keenly at the prospect before her, let it be ever so good of its kind. I would not take her to live with me, and allow her future to be uncertain, allow her to run the risk of being obliged to begin the life from which I wish to save her now, at my death, which may be far off but may equally be very near. I would protect her against that.'

'Do you mean that you would give Mary the position of a relative?'

'Yes, of an adopted daughter; if that were not an absurd phrase for a single woman to use. I have seen her grow up from a little child, and I know her qualities and her capabilities. Mary deserves to be happy, and well cared for; she will not disappoint me, nor, I think, shall I expect too much from her; I am too old to be unreasonable, or to look for perfection in anybody. Mary must live in somebody's house, in a position of more or less restraint, and with only comparative freedom to frame her life for herself; I think she would be best off in mine.'

'There can be no doubt of that,' said Miss Thorpe, still seriously. 'But there is another side to the question than Mary's—there is yours. If you place her now in such a position, and render her independent of her own exertions in future, there is nothing to be said on *hers*; it seems to me she will be quite exceptionally favoured among mortals—the happiest of women, except perhaps myself. But this step would involve you in many cares. Have you ever pictured to yourself what the change of a grown-up daughter would imply? I suppose not; and no doubt it is laughable that I should offer you an old maid's views on the subject; but, depend on it, such a change is a very serious one, even when there is the natural tie, and what theologians call the grace of state to strengthen it. It won't be all pleasure, Miss Cairnes; and you will have to look forward to losing Mary, if she proves to be all you hope, just when she will have become most dear and indispensable to you. You would not wish her to remain unmarried, would you?'

'Heaven forbid!' was Anne's reply, uttered with earnestness, which made Miss Thorpe look at her with a sudden doubt and apprehension. 'Heaven forbid!' she repeated. 'She will, I trust, know all a true woman's happiness; but she will have a much better chance of marrying, with me, than in the teacher's life we feared for her. Don't you remember how we agreed that such a prospect was almost precluded in that life?'

'I remember; and again I am not speaking for her, but for you. You may be happier for her presence in your home, where she will be immensely spoilt, I make no doubt, but it will be only a transient happiness.'

'Is any happiness otherwise? Let us take for ourselves, let us make for others, all we can. I will do my best for Mary, and I hope the future may prove that I have befriended her in the right way. If I live to be an old woman, I shall be saved from the loneliness of an old maid's old age by Mary.'

'As I have been saved from the loneliness of an old maid's old age by *you*—only that the *roles* are reversed.' Again Miss Thorpe laid her hand on Anne's, and clasped it closely. 'My dear,' said the old lady, with a sudden change of tone, addressing Anne as if she were a young woman, 'something about you makes me think, as I never have thought before, that it is a pity you have not a husband and children of your own; that you have not the happiness which is, after all, the surest and the least transient known to this life. It never came into my head before; though I have seen your goodness and your tenderness many a time, Heaven knows; it comes now from seeing your motherly heart fully revealed. My dear, is it too late?'

Anne Cairnes blushed, very literally 'celestial' rosy red, like a young girl; a beautiful vivid blush, not painful, as blushes, like tears, are apt to be when youth is over. 'Too late!' she repeated. 'At forty! Why, I have not remembered the possibility that I *could* marry, for seventeen years past, at least!'

Not another word in allusion to the subject was said by her loyal old friend; but Miss Thorpe was satisfied in her mind thenceforth that there had been a story in Anne's life, and that it had come to an end seventeen years ago.

'Well, well,' she said, 'I suppose there remains not much to be discussed; and as for my 'advice,' it meets with the common destiny, only more gently administered. You would hardly have taken my advice, if I had adhered to my opinion; but, as it is, you have turned my opinion inside out. What do you think of doing about Mary immediately?'

'I think of putting my wishes before her; she must choose, you know; I don't claim to dispose of Mary, even in my own favour; and if she chooses, as I think she will choose, to come to me, then I think it would be well for me to take her to the Tons, there to begin her new life, rather than to Bromley Park, just at first; she would feel it less, and there would be time for the people—who, no doubt, will find something to say on the subject, though it has no earthly concern for any one but myself and Mary—to get used to the notion of my new inmate.'

'That would be a very wise proceeding indeed,' said Miss Thorpe; 'and as a mere matter of change of air and scene, would be good for Mary. May I

ask you whether you said anything of your intention to her poor mother?'

'No,' replied Anne, with a slight momentary hesitation; 'I had not formed it before she died; but she was satisfied with such assurances as I gave her, that Mary's future should be my care.'

'This is far better than anything she could have hoped for, or dreamed of,' said Miss Thorpe. 'It has one particularly fortunate feature to recommend it: Mary's curious superiority in manners and looks, as well as in mind, to her origin. It is well for the exception that she has found such a sure haven as your heart and home; it would not do for all the daughters of railway-station-masters to be as like ideal princesses—I never heard that real ones are much to look at—as Mary Allen is. Your severely wise people would condemn me for admiring the child so openly as I do, and prophesy her turning into a vain minx in consequence; but there's no spoiling Mary in that respect at least; she is too absolutely beautiful to be vain, as girls with a smattering of good looks are. It is odd, when you come to think of it; she is not at all like her mother—different eyes, different complexion, different voice; and though Mrs Allen was a good woman, and too simple and true to be vulgar, there's another stamp upon Mary. I wonder what her father was like: the beauty and refinement may come from that side. I have sometimes fancied—for I am rather aristocratic in my notions, you know—that Mrs Allen's husband must have been something out of the common.'

'Your fancy was quite correct,' said Anne with a smile, which slightly quizzed her old friend's notions. 'Mrs Allen's husband *was* something out of the common: he was an upright, kind-hearted, generous, sweet-tempered man; but he was not a "gentleman," who took an inferior place in society because he had got into a scrape in his own—if your fancies chanced to take that direction—and that he was not in the least handsome must have been true, because his wife admitted it. But,' Anne continued, as she rose and approached the window, 'here comes Mary. I see she has put Mrs Burt down at her own door. I will go and let her in.'

'One word,' said Miss Thorpe. 'Your mind is quite made up?'

'Quite.'

'When will you tell her?'

'Now.'

Miss Cairnes opened the house-door, and admitted Mary. Miss Thorpe heard her kiss her, in the passage; and when they came into the parlour together, Anne had already taken off the girl's heavy mourning-bonnet, and was carrying it in her hand.

'You have liked your drive, Mary, haven't you?' said Miss Thorpe. 'It is such a beautiful day.'

'Yes,' said Mary; 'but—but—it seems so hard, when everything is so beautiful, and so *alive*, that—that mother should be in the grave!'

She sat down on the sofa, turned her head to the arm of it, covered her face with her hands, and cried as she had not cried yet. The testimony of the outer world had roused the answering life within her to this first revolt of her youth against the universal Law. Her friends did not speak to her; they moved away from her, and let the paroxysm have its way. After a while, she raised

herself, looked round the room forlornly, and said: 'Oh, what shall I do without her? What shall I do without her?'

Anne Cairnes made a sign to Miss Thorpe to follow her, and led the way out of the room.

'I cannot speak to her now,' she said to her old friend, as they stood in the passage. 'Let this natural feeling have its way; it is due to the mother's love and care she has lost; and I should have no right to breathe the possibility of a substitute for them just now. She is not mourning out of fear, or care, or anxiety about herself—that is not what she means by "What shall I do without her?" It is the cry of natural human grief, and all that I could say would be no answer. I am glad she has broken down in this way; let her have it out.'

'Yes; that will be best. Will you come again to-morrow?'

Anne thought for a few moments, then answered: 'No; I think not. I have another idea. You shall tell her for me; you shall put the case to her; she will feel more free with you; and no idea will cross her mind that there is a contention between an old tie and a new. She will be less agitated; it will all be settled more simply. You will tell her to-night, if she is able to listen; if not, to-morrow, and then you will send me a note. Don't you think this will be the best plan?'

Miss Thorpe assented, privately resolving that if ever a young person could be made to comprehend the extent of the good done for her, and of the gratitude which it deserved, Mary Allen should be that young person. And, as she stood at the door while Anne got into the pony-carriage, and saw her drive away, she asked herself, half-aloud, these questions: 'I wonder who the man was? I wonder was he within a thousand degrees of being worthy of Anne Cairnes?' And then she added, as she shut the door, and returned to the parlour: 'No; I don't, though. I'm sure he was not.'

CHAPTER XXX.—IN THE GREEN ARCADE.

A week had elapsed. Preparations for the departure of Miss Cairnes from Bromley Park were going on. She was going to her place in Scotland much earlier that year than usual. The household at Bromley Park had been informed that Miss Allen would in future reside with Miss Cairnes, and that Miss Cairnes had, as they expressed it, 'made a lady of her.' The intimation had not, on the whole, been ill received; though there were some disparaging remarks about 'some people's luck' and 'beggars on horseback.' The Old Ladies had, however, been always treated with respect by Miss Cairnes, and she had quietly but firmly exacted respect for them from all under her authority who had come in contact with them, so that the daughter of one of the Old Ladies had little to fear. Anne Cairnes, too, though the gentlest and sweetest of women, was one whom no subordinate ever thought of disobeying, and the few words in which she announced the fact that Miss Allen was to accompany her to Scotland, were, to all whom it concerned, significant and conclusive. It had been a busy week; but its business was completed. Miss Thorpe was installed in the house that had been Mrs Allen's, and Anne had filled Mary's heart full to overflowing with gratitude by presenting her old

friend with the whole of the furniture—even including the piano—which was much superior to Miss Thorpe's own possessions, which Anne asked Miss Thorpe to give to her, in what she called an exchange. The vacated house was then arranged, ready for occupation by another Old Lady. 'I am to come and play for you, when we return to the Park,' Mary said, explaining about the piano: 'Miss Cairnes says so, and nothing is to be altered.' The servants, who migrated yearly between Bromley Park and the Tors, had preceded their mistress; everything was packed up, and Anne had gone to the Homes in the morning, taken leave of her Old Ladies, and brought Mary back with her to Bromley Park. They were to travel by night, and had a little delightful leisure before the hour of departure.

During that week, the bonds had been drawn close which united Anne Cairnes and Mary. The womanly tenderness which was the richest and most pervading quality of Anne's beautiful nature overflowed towards the motherless girl. Instincts, which one might have supposed only real motherhood could have awakened, set themselves in action, and taught Anne how to console her, without seeming to wish for a diminution of her grief—taught her the little tasks to set her, the interests to arouse, and the expectations to excite. Before that week expired, the motherless girl loved Anne Cairnes as a daughter might have loved her, and with the same absence of any restraint or sense of dependence. They had gone together through all the rooms in ordinary use at Bromley Park, to see whether everything which Miss Cairnes wished to take with her had been packed up; and as Mary now saw many of those rooms for the first time, she examined them with an alert curiosity, which nothing was likely to escape. The inspection was satisfactory: nothing had been forgotten; but Miss Cairnes, in answering Mary's questions about the pictures which adorned her own bedroom, had her attention drawn to one which suggested a wish to take it with her. It was a highly finished pencil-drawing, prettily framed.

'I wish I had remembered to tell Ramsay to pack that drawing,' she said: 'it is too late now; the heavy things are all gone. I particularly wanted to shew it to a friend in Scotland—I forgot it while he was here. There's no room for it now.'

'Let me put it in my trunk,' said Mary eagerly: 'there's plenty of room, even with all the nice things you have given me. I could easily put the picture under the tray, and it would be quite safe.'

Anne gave Mary leave to do this, and she went off to the hall where the trunks were standing, with the picture under her arm, Anne following her. Anne took a parcel from a table in the hall, and bidding the servant who was about to remove the cover of Mary's trunk, to shew Miss Allen the way to the green arcade, when she was ready to come to her there, went out of the door into the garden, to exchange a few last words with Davis.

Mary packed the picture, re-locked her trunk, and the servant showed her the way to the green arcade. But when she reached it, she did not find Miss Cairnes there; so she placed herself on the garden-bench, and waited. The afternoon was very hot, but there was a pleasant shade under the

green roof. Bees hummed outside among the flower-beds; the myriad sounds and scents of summer were abroad on the still air. Mary removed her broad-leaved hat, and laid it on the table. She pushed back her clustering, wavy hair, nestled her head into the angle of the bench, and drew her little feet up on the seat. A branch of eglantine sprang from the hedge just beside her head, a rich tuft of honeysuckle almost touched her brow. She lay with her blue eyes raised to the arch of shimmering leaves upon the trellis, listening idly to a sound of wheels. There was a carriage in the avenue, she supposed, for the noise was nearer than the road. In a few minutes she forgot the sound, she forgot that she was waiting for Miss Cairnes, and that Miss Cairnes was slow of coming; she fell asleep.

For how long Mary had slept, she did not know, when she was awakened by the mysterious influence of another presence. She opened her eyes, sat up hurriedly, and looked about her. On the opposite side of the table, within a few yards of her, stood two gentlemen, each with his hat in his hand. One of the gentlemen was a middle-aged man with a bronzed complexion and gray hair; the other was a young man with a bright face, and his left arm in a sling. As Mary looked at them, in indescribable confusion, and they looked at her in undisguised astonishment—a state of things which lasted only a moment—Anne Cairnes presented herself, calm and unsuspecting, at the opposite end of the arcade.

'Here she is!' exclaimed the young man; and ran impetuously to meet her. But the middle-aged man did not run; he stood still, looking steadfastly at Mary, who rose, and tied her hat on.

'Cyril!' cried Anne, as the young man caught hold of her with the arm which was not in a sling, and kissed her emphatically. 'Is it possible?'

'Quite possible, Cousin Anne; and not only Cyril, but the Colonel too.'

A NOVELTY IN COLOUR-PRINTING.

A REMARKABLY ingenious method of printing with a number of colours at a single movement, has lately been discovered, and applied to the manufacture of prints with a variety of colours, lights, and shades. As it is a singularly clever invention, we shall try to give some little account of it. When we say that any number of colours, or varied shades, can be printed by one impression, without the use of the ordinary printing inks, or the engraving of any plates, blocks, or stones—the prints so executed being dry in a few minutes—the thing looks like an impossibility, yet it is not. Before this new process can be understood, or its merits fairly estimated, it may be well to say something of the older methods of printing in colours.

There is a well-known method of printing two colours, say red and black, by one impression. The process is effected by having two blocks, one of which, on being inked, is projected upwards through openings in the block above it, and then the impression taken. This method, however ingenious, is not suitable for pictorial delineation, which, as is well known, is effected by *chromolithography*—the required picture being produced by successive printings in different colours. Everything of this kind is likely to be thrown

into the shade by the new process of polychromy, which may be said to be a combination of portions of two systems—lithography, to put in the black outlines, shading, &c.; and colour-printing, to put in all the tints at one impression. The novelty consists mainly in printing on paper directly from solid cakes or slabs of coloured ink, without the intervention of any engraved blocks, plates, or stones of any kind; and equally without the aid of an inking-roller or other inking-apparatus. The inks, paints, pigments, or colours—call them which we may—are made of the ordinary mineral-colouring substances—such as ochre,umber, Prussian blue, red lead, vermilion, and the like, mixed up with gum-water. The choice of the colourants, the choice of the gum, the degree of moisture, and the mode of mixing, have all been made matters of repeated trial and experiment.

Let us suppose that a coloured map of England is to be got up, with a sufficient number of colours to distinguish the counties well one from another; this number would probably be from six to eight, say, seven as a medium. Seven slabs, of seven different colours, are selected. These slabs may be rolled to any thickness while the composition is moist; for whether this thickness be as small as a quarter of an inch, or as much as two or three inches, the *modus operandi* is just the same. All the seven slabs for the map must be of equal thickness, which we may suppose to be half an inch.

Then comes the curious preparation of a composite slab. The outlines of the counties are printed with black ink on a sheet of tin or other thin metallic foil. The foil is cut up into pieces, each for one county, the outlines being carefully followed in the cutting. Those pieces which are for counties of one colour (say yellow) are fixed down slightly and temporarily on a slab of solid yellow ink, wherever there may be room for them, without any attempt at order or juxtaposition. All the foil-pieces for another group of counties are similarly affixed to the surface of a red slab; a third, to that of a blue slab; a fourth, to that of a green slab; and so on. The several counties being thus provided for, the slabs are cut up into pieces. This is done neither with a saw nor with a knife, but with a very fine steel wire. The wire, stretched vertically in a frame, receives a rapid up-and-down motion by suitable machinery; the edge of a slab is pressed against it, with constant twisting and turning to follow the outlines of the foil-pieces; and the slab is thus cut neatly and cleanly into pieces, each for one county. All the seven slabs are cut up in a similar way, until the county-topography of England is provided. The waste, or what a glass-cutter would call the *cullet*, can (we presume) be worked up again into new slabs. The pieces of solid ink then have the bits of foil removed from them, and are fitted together, to form one composite slab. This process speaks for itself; seeing that the pieces are of uniform thickness, and of exactly defined shape, which enables them to be dropped into their proper places just in the same way as a child puts together his puzzle-map. A proper backing being provided, the surface of the composite slab is ground perfectly regular and smooth, presenting a mosaic of seven colours. The device or design may be any one of many different kinds, instead of a map; and the colours may be as

few as two, or as many as a score; the mode of proceeding will be just the same.

The press employed has been devised for the purpose, giving a to-and-fro rolling pressure, not from a complete roller or cylinder, but from a segment of a cylinder of very large radius. The composite slab of ink, adjusted in a metal frame, is fixed down face uppermost on the bed of the press. A sheet of paper, moistened with some kind of turpentine, is laid down on the slab; the press does its quota of work, and a printed impression of the map or picture is obtained. The slab is not wetted with anything; the moistened paper simply takes up an extremely thin layer of ink from the whole surface; for the composition and consistency of the ink, and the degree to which the paper is moistened with turpentine, are adjusted with direct relation to this end. The ink transfers clearly and uniformly each colour in its proper place, and without interfering with any of the others. The picture is dry in a few minutes after being printed; and (we presume) the smell of the turpentine will disappear soon. The colour does not rub off, and there seems no reason why it should not be permanent. The economy of ink is unquestionable, for there is no inking-roller on which it can be wasted. It is found that eight thousand impressions can be obtained from a slab half an inch thick, before it is quite worn down to nothing; each sheet of paper takes off a film of extreme tenuity, one-sixteenth thousand of an inch or less, and yet the film presents much solidity of colour.

So far the map or design is only a medley of coloured patches. Finish is now given by passing each impression over a lithographic stone charged with black ink, to impart outlines, lettering, details, and shading. There are thus two printings of each sheet of paper; one from the party-coloured slab, the other from a lithographic stone.

So far as can at present be conjectured, this singular mode of polychromy will be available for commercial printing, school-maps, and the like, but not for artistic pictorial work of a high character. It must tell its own tale, however, in the future.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

It is now about a hundred and fifty years since Ephraim Chambers, an enterprising young Englishman, a native of Kendal, who served an apprenticeship to a globe-maker in London, conceived the idea of compiling a Cyclopædia, or Dictionary of Knowledge. He is said to have been a man of moderate attainments; but to compensate for scholarly deficiencies, he was an indefatigable worker, and at all events he had the merit of striking out an original idea, which he had the tact to carry to a practical issue. His Cyclopædia, a work in two large folio volumes, now occasionally seen on book-stalls, was amazingly successful as a speculation; it went through several editions, and was the precursor of all the encyclopædias which have appeared in Great Britain or other countries.

We think that Ephraim, whatever may be critically said of him, must have been a man of genius. After all that has been done in the encyclopædic line, no one has improved on the

structural character of his book, which embodied an alphabetic arrangement of subjects treated in a brief dictionary form, ready to be consulted for any special piece of information. All honour to Ephraim, who died in 1740. We may call him the great pioneer in his peculiar department. Succeeding encyclopedists wandered away from the original idea. They were too ambitious. They assembled huge dissertations, not under a variety of specific heads, as they commonly occur to our minds when information is required, but as formal treatises, fit to be issued as separate books. In some instances, as in the famous French Encyclopædia, such treatises were little else than speculative and novel theories of no practical value, which was clearly a perversion. The most complete and valuable of those encyclopedias on the grand scale is the great national work, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. But in having recourse to an encyclopædia, one does not, as a rule, want to read a book, or ponder over a new philosophic theory. What we want is some precise information regarding a definite fact, as, for example, when a noted king, statesman, or other distinguished personage lived and died; when dynasties were founded and expired; explicit details in natural history, geography, general science, the useful arts, and so on. In short, an encyclopædia ought to be nothing more than a comprehensive dictionary, handy in dimensions, easily purchased, and conveniently accommodated in a library. The Germans were the first to bring back the encyclopædia to its original and proper purpose, by their publication of the *Conversations-Lexicon*. Yet, even that meritorious work has its defects. It is rather costly, and in many of its articles there prevails a certain hazy diffuseness. Any attempt to make it popular in England by means of a translation would be hopeless. The thing has been tried and abandoned.

Fifteen years ago, W. & R. Chambers, the publishers of the present sheet, bethought themselves of emulating their namesake, Ephraim Chambers, by constructing an encyclopædia, copious as regards distinct heads, but precise in details, handy in shape, and issued at a price which would bring the work within general reach. Hence, followed CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA, A DICTIONARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE, illustrated with maps and numerous wood-engravings. With the assistance of Andrew Findlater, LL.D., who was constituted acting editor, the work was commenced in 1859, and brought to a close in 1868—the ten royal octavo volumes of which it was composed, forming the most Comprehensive, as it certainly is the Cheapest, Encyclopædia ever issued in the United Kingdom. In carrying through this formidable undertaking, the editor received the assistance of more than a hundred writers qualified to treat the respective subjects submitted to them.

The work, designed as the crowning effort of the publishers in cheap and useful literature, met with a success beyond expectation. Up to the present time, about fifty thousand complete sets have been disposed of, exclusive of an edition issued in the United States, of which something will be said presently. It is commonly understood that an encyclopædia has an existence of only ten or twelve years. To be permanently available, it

must from time to time be renewed with such changes as altered circumstances demand. Aware of this inherent character in encyclopedias, Messrs Chambers endeavoured, in the successive reprinting of sheets, to keep the information fresh; so that, in point of fact, alterations were continually effected. At length it was considered desirable to give the work an entire revision. Within the last eighteen months, therefore, the whole of the articles have been thoroughly revised, and have been brought up to the present time; not a few of them having been entirely rewritten. Thus altered, so as to be virtually a New Edition, *Chambers's Encyclopædia* is now issued. It is proper to say that the revision has been effected under the careful superintendence of Dr Andrew Findlater, who has throughout taken charge of the work, and imparted to it that practically useful character which has rendered it so universally acceptable. No change has been made in the price. It remains the Cheapest and most Comprehensive Encyclopædia ever offered to the public.

A word now regarding the American edition. By an arrangement with Messrs Lippincott of Philadelphia, they were furnished with duplicate stereotype plates of the work, in order that it might be simultaneously printed and issued in the United States. After a time, the American publishers began to make extensive alterations in the articles, a thing which had not been contemplated in the agreement. Had the alterations been confined to bringing the information up to a more recent date, or correcting errors of fact, nothing need have been said about it. But it is a serious matter, when, in a re-issue of a work, statements and opinions are introduced which are repudiated by the original proprietors, their name all the while appearing on the title-page. That this was taking an unwarrantable liberty, will be admitted by any one who will look at the following alterations, selected from a number that could have been noted.

FREE TRADE (*original edition*). "This term, when used so late as twenty years ago, expressed a disputed proposition, and was the badge of a political party; it now expresses the most important and fundamental truth in political economy. From its simplicity, it affords, to those who expect to make political economy an exact science, the hope that they have obtained an axiom. But it has in reality been established as the result of a double experience—the one being the failure of all deviations from it, the other the practical success of the principle during the short period in which it has been permitted to regulate the commerce of the country."

FREE TRADE (*American edition*). "A dogma of modern growth, industriously taught by British manufacturers and their commercial agents. For many years certain political economists have laboured to establish this theory upon a reliable basis, and have asserted that the doctrine represents an important truth; but no nation has attained substantial prosperity except by protection to native industry, whether avowed or disguised. The doctrine had no foothold in the policy of any civilised nation, and had no legislative birth until put forth by Sir R. Peel in 1846. While it was the interest of Great Britain to protect her industry, she imposed sufficient duties; and when, by this means, her producers of wealth became strong, and able to compete with those of other countries,

protection yielded to reciprocity; and even at the present time, the nations most clamorous for free trade rely upon it in *theory* only, reciprocity in fact, and protection in principle. Even the most strenuous advocates of the theory dare not put it to the test of experience in its fulness. The teachers, therefore, remain self-deceived. The cloistered sophists of their schools, and the propagandists of free trade, are doubtless as learned as the sophists of any age, and practically as useless. Free-trade expressions need Americanising, as they are utterly hostile to our prosperity, and subversive of scientific truth. Whenever an advocate of this dogma, schooled in their errors, has found devolving upon himself the responsibility of dealing with practical questions, he finds their supposed cardinal truths as groundless as the mythical Arcadias and Utopias of romance. The sophistries of free trade are put forth to lull the suspicions of the deluded purveyors to the wealth of England, and are advocated most strenuously by agents of British manufacturing houses and foreign residents in our cities, whose chief aim is the accumulation of wealth by extensive sales of foreign products, regardless of the injury they may inflict on American interests.' With a great deal more to the same purpose—an entire perversion of the original.

PROTECTION—PROTECTION DUTY (*original edition*), 'in Political Economy, terms applied to a practice, now in disuse in Britain, of discouraging, by heavy duties and otherwise, the importation of foreign goods, under the notion that such a practice increased the prosperity of the country at large.'

PROTECTION—PROTECTION DUTY (*American edition*), 'in Political Economy, terms applied to a practice, found necessary in the United States, of discouraging, by heavy duties and otherwise, the importation of foreign goods, it having been proved that such a practice increases the prosperity of the country at large.'

We come to a much more serious perversion in Vol. IX. It occurs under the article 'VICTORIA I,' when referring to the prosperous condition of the United Kingdom during her reign.

Original Edition.—'The progress made by the nation in the various elements of civilisation, especially in that of material prosperity, has been unparalleled (see GREAT BRITAIN); and perhaps during no reign has a greater measure of political contentment been enjoyed.'

American Edition.—'The progress made by the nation in the various elements of civilisation, especially in that of material prosperity, has been unparalleled (see GREAT BRITAIN); but a growing discontent under her unequal institutions, and a progress towards republicanism, are plainly apparent.' Here follows a slanderous imputation concerning His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, which we should be ashamed to copy.

Was there ever so flagrant an abuse in the reprinting of an English work in the United States? The name of Messrs Chambers, proprietors of the original work, is maintained on an American reprint, which, without leave asked, and without their knowledge, interpolates opinions entirely opposed to those they have always advocated, and sentiments as indelicate as they are reprehensible. For this injury, so far as is at present to be seen, there is no competent redress.

Messrs Chambers are therefore under the necessity of taking the only measure of self-defence open to them, by calling public attention to the unwarrantable proceeding, and intimating, that the only authentic edition of their *Encyclopedia*, and that alone for which they are answerable, is the edition published by themselves in Edinburgh and London, and bearing their imprint accordingly.

THE LILY.

By Mrs Tighe, an Irish poetess (1773-1810).

How withered, perished seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root!
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing;
There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still, in undisturbed repose,
Uninjured lies the future birth:

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view:
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear!
The sun, the shower indeed shall come;
The promised verdant shoot appear,
And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin queen of spring!
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals' silvery light
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes intrust,
And watch with patient, cheerful eye;

And bear the long, cold, wintry night,
And bear her own degraded doom;
And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
Eternal spring! shall burst the gloom.

On Saturday, January 2, 1875, will be commenced
in this JOURNAL, a NOVEL, entitled

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1874.

PRICE 1½d.

ELIZA WARICK:

A HEROINE IN ORDINARY LIFE.

In the year 1750, Edward Warick, a captain in the East India Company's service, married a young and accomplished orphan lady, then resident with her cousin, Mrs Steel, in Madras. The union was a singularly happy one, each possessing that amiability of nature which is conducive to domestic felicity. Four years after, we see them with a little daughter named Eliza, and an infant son; their worldly affairs prosperous, and happy in each other, they looked forward to the future with hopeful anticipations; but their happiness was brief as bright. An epidemic fever raged at Madras: many Europeans fell victims, among them were Captain and Mrs Warick; and thus the children were reduced to the condition of orphans. Left to the care of Mrs Steel, that lady considered it her duty to apprise Mr White, Mrs Warick's brother, then resident in Sumatra, of his sister's sudden death, and the orphan condition of her children, and to ask his wishes as to their future disposal.

It was Eliza who particularly engaged Mrs Steel's thoughts, as Captain Warick's brother, then on the eve of departure for America, was ready to take charge of his infant nephew, and bring him up along with his own family. This fact Mrs Steel intimated to Mr White, and added that, did he feel the charge of a female child too much for his declining years, she would with great pleasure adopt the little Eliza, and, as she had no family, devote herself to her right upbringing and culture. The reply from Mr White arrived without delay. He expressed his deep sorrow at the death of his amiable sister and her husband, and said he considered it would be for his comfort to have this precious relic of his departed sister near him; and thus the little orphans were provided for: the boy sailed for America; and Eliza, under the charge of a careful attendant, accomplished the voyage to Sumatra in safety, and was received by her uncle with every demonstration of affection and joy.

Mr White was a man of broken health and considerable physical weakness, but it was his pleasure to devote his hours of leisure and retirement to the education of the child, who was placed by early misfortune under his care. He enlisted also in the service a friend who resided hard by, Mrs Graham, a woman highly gifted and accomplished; and Eliza, by the united efforts of her uncle and this lady, was early taught those accomplishments which made her in future years an ornament to society. A ruthless destiny, however, seemed to pursue Eliza, for in her ninth year a sudden calamity bereft her at once of a second father and kind instructor.

It was Eliza's daily habit to visit her uncle early to awake him, and, as her custom was, she went to his room on a certain morning for this purpose. What was the child's dismay to find him cold, pale, and regardless of all her fond utterances! Her affrighted cries drew the family about her; remedies were attempted, medical aid was procured, but in vain: his spirit had departed, and the poor girl was again desolate.

Acting as Eliza's guardian, Mr Graham informed Mrs Steel in Madras of Mr White's sudden death, and that his small property had been left entirely to Eliza; and asked advice as to her relative's wishes regarding her future. A speedy decision was made that the little girl should return to reside at Madras, and make Mrs Steel's house her home. Many and various plans had been formed for her suitable and comfortable conveyance, when at last a Captain Cooper appeared, who was about to sail to Madras in charge of one of the Company's ships, and being a particular friend of Mr and Mrs Graham, they ventured to consign their little ward to his care, although there were no female passengers on board, rather than put her into the hands of strangers. Unfortunately, there were among the crew some Portuguese sailors, men of desperate and unscrupulous character, bent on any enterprise, it mattered not how cruel, if thereby they might increase their fortunes. These wretches formed the shocking design of throwing the captain overboard, along

with the surgeon and mate, thereafter seizing the vessel, and selling the remainder of the crew as slaves. This barbarous design they contrived to execute, and one evening, overpowering Captain Cooper, they murdered him and the other officers, and thus became undisputed masters of the vessel. This fearful tragedy was enacted before the eyes of the terrified Eliza; and the villains being exasperated by her cries and pleadings, resolved to throw her into the sea after her slaughtered friends, when one, more humane than the others, was actuated by a feeling of remorse, and seizing the little girl, saved her from his ruthless companions. Eliza clung to her protector in despair, and only believed herself safe when in his immediate neighbourhood.

Two days after this outrage, the pirates held a high festival, at which, by their wild excesses, they were reduced to a state of helpless intoxication. Some lay insensible on the deck, others riotously moved about, creating noise and confusion. While this scene of tumult continued, the few sailors who had been saved to navigate the vessel held a council regarding the possibility of retaking the ship, and avenging the death of Captain Cooper and their other countrymen. But they were destitute of weapons. Arms were slung round the cabin, but these were beyond their reach, and the case seemed hopeless. Suddenly, one of the men exclaimed: 'Can the child not help us?' Eliza was called apart, the plan explained to her; and at the same time she was told her own life was the penalty if these villains discovered the plot. Eliza, although so young, was possessed of a noble courage and fortitude, as well as strong affections. She promised to risk her life to avenge the captain and retake the ship, stipulating as the only condition that the life of her protector should be spared. Accordingly, she returned to the cabin amid the intoxicated pirates, and whilst skipping, as if in sport, along the benches, took the cutlasses and pistols from their several places, and, without observation, handed them out to the sailors. These men, thus armed, rushed amid their foes, soon despatched the Portuguese, who were incapable of resistance, and, whilst fired with revengeful hatred, forgot their promise, and killed Eliza's protector among the others, although she used every effort to save him. The bodies of the pirates were thrown into the sea, and in an ecstasy of joy the crew found themselves masters of the vessel, and once more free men. But scarcely had they realised their novel position, when an unlooked-for difficulty occurred. No officer was left to command the crew; they were all sailors in the rank of common seamen, utterly uneducated, and ignorant of the science of navigation, and none of their number had ever been at the port of Madras. All were perplexed how to proceed on their voyage, and their frequent consultations seemed but to make the case more hopeless.

The little Eliza was present on these occasions, listening attentively. She was intelligent far beyond her years. Her uncle had made her the partner of his studies, and often instructed her in subjects which girls seldom acquire. Among these, she had learned, partly as an amusement, the use of sea-charts. Now came a proof that knowledge, though seemingly ill adapted to a certain course of life, and hid away in the storehouse of memory, may yet find a use, and see the light

again to bless and benefit its owner. Eliza, hearing the sailors' difficulties, at length asked them to shew her their charts, as she believed she could point out to them the port they had left, and that to which they were bound, as well as explain the degrees to north and west towards which they had to sail. In despair, the men placed themselves under her guidance; and by her direction, the vessel reached its destination in safety. This wonderful instance of youthful precocity was related in a Memorial to Lord Clive, then governor-general of India. The fact was without dispute. The sailors' testimony, that to her alone they owed the recapture and subsequent safety of the ship—the death of Captain Cooper and the other officers—were public evidence of the fact. But though the Memorial explained that a female child of nine years of age had saved a Company's ship, and every effort was made by Eliza's friends to obtain for her some reward for so rare a service, Lord Clive disregarded these applications; the youthful heroine received no sort of recompense.

Eliza Warick now found herself again resident in Madras, under the roof of her kind friend, Mrs Steel, by whom she was treated as a daughter. The proceeds of her uncle's property, to which she had succeeded, were transmitted from Sumatra, and this, joined to the kindness of friends, made her circumstances comfortable. One subject engaged her sad thoughts—namely, the fate of her brother, of whom and her uncle no intelligence could be procured. Years passed on, and no tidings came to apprise her if they yet lived. It was conjectured that some terrible misfortune had overtaken the family: perhaps they had fallen into the hands of savage tribes, and perished.

Eliza's growing years served to develop the natural talents and amiability of her nature. Mrs Steel procured for her the best masters, and spared no effort to cultivate and adorn her mind. She quickly acquired several oriental languages; she excelled also in the fine arts, particularly painting and music. At this juncture it was her lot to win the love of a youthful and altogether worthy admirer, an officer in the royal navy. The suit being pressed, Eliza returned with ardour the devotion of the young officer; and, though their united fortunes were comparatively small, Eliza's friends consented to their union. Mrs Steel, on the occasion, gave the wedding banquet; and whilst the guests assembled in honour of the young pair were offering their congratulations, and merrily enjoying the festive scene, an unlooked-for messenger arrived with a packet for the bridegroom. Its contents were unexpected, and words cannot well depict the distress it occasioned, as therein was contained an order to the young lieutenant, for scarce one hour a husband, to proceed without one minute's delay to join his ship, on the point of sailing.

Lamentations were vain, for the command of duty brooked no delay. With many mutual promises of frequent communication, and the assuring confidence of a not distant meeting, the newly-married pair parted. Alas! the dark destiny of Eliza still unflinchingly pursued her—she parted, no more to meet. Her husband never again returned, nor was the vessel again heard of. The general supposition was, that it had foundered at sea; and days, weeks, months, years drearily rolled over the head of poor Eliza,

without bringing to her one trace of her husband's, brother's, and uncle's fate. Such a complication of singular misfortunes pressed heavily upon her spirit. She brought to her aid all the comforts of religion and the supports of principle. Still, life was very dreary. Exhausted by anxiety and sorrow, the sorely-stricken being retired from society, and led a secloded life till her thirtieth year. At this date, a fresh misfortune fell upon her, for in that year she lost her dearly loved friends, Mr and Mrs Stead. This blow seemed to fill her cup of sadness to overflowing. In despair, she resolved to leave Madras, and go to reside in Calcutta, hoping that change of scene might help her in the pursuit of patience. Her worldly circumstances also now required the efforts of her own industry, and she resolved to exert her talents for her future support.

It was a noble resolve, worthy of imitation. She laid aside half of the small property left by her parents and uncle, as the hope of her brother's return still clung to her heart; and having made all necessary arrangements, moved to Calcutta, which she henceforth made her home. After her settlement, she began to consider the manner in which she might most advantageously exert her talents; and as she excelled in drawing, the idea presented itself to her of hiring native women to work muslins, while she drew the patterns. The singular elegance of these designs speedily engaged attention, and procured an extensive demand, so much so, that, after some time, Eliza found she had acquired a little fortune. Still possessed of much personal beauty, talented, and rich, this accomplished lady found herself courted and admired. But, yet brooding over the uncertain fate of her husband, and possessed by a deep melancholy, she shunned notice, and abstained from mixing in gay life. Her active mind, however, required employment, and, mistress of those means which her own talents and industry had acquired, she regarded herself as a stewardess for the poor. Her piety and benevolence, however, took a wide and high range, and she looked in all directions for plans by which best to benefit her fellow-creatures. Among other things, her attention was soon directed to the situation of the young European officers whose health suffered from the climate, to which they were not inured; and when sickness seized them, far from their friends and in the land of strangers, they often suffered much misery and neglect. Seeing this, Eliza Warick hired a large and commodious house, and divided it into numerous apartments; she hired sick-nurses, and publicly intimated that she was ready to receive invalid youths whose health required care and nursing, and that her time and her attention would be devoted to their recovery. This generous scheme succeeded in a remarkable manner. Many young officers were restored to health who otherwise would have fallen early victims to the diseases of the climate, or sowed the seeds of protracted suffering and inaction. She was as a second mother to many, and became an undying memory to all who were privileged to look upon her. We wish it could be added that this unselfish and heroic being lived to enjoy the sweet consolation of having been a public benefactress. Long life was not her destiny. In the midst of her usefulness, she died, at a comparatively early age. Her demise was looked

on as a public loss; and the friends who mourned her departure felt that the world was indeed poorer to them since she had gone.

The facts of this history are strictly true; the incidents are not imaginary, but real. The circumstances were known to many who benefited by this meek heroine's kindness; and one of her youthful protégés, a Scottish gentleman, to whom she left her fortune, performed the noble act of restoring it entire and unasked to Eliza's long-lost brother, who, a little time after her death, appeared at Calcutta, and proved his identity.

MY ADVENTURES IN THE FRENCH WAR.

CHAPTER VII.—CONCLUSION.

RESCUED from dying in the snow, I was not out of trouble. The night was dark, the wind blew in wild gusts, and the cold was intense. There were dangers ahead. Stopping to listen, I thought I heard a shout, then another, which was followed by a fusillade that betokened brisk work with the enemy. Immediately, a man came galloping furiously up to us, shouting at the pitch of his voice that the convoy was attacked. Retracing our course, we rolled briskly along. We could see jets of fire issuing from a wood; it was there that the enemy awaited our passage. I ordered the men to dismount, for it was impossible to charge in that thicket. But as suddenly as it had opened, the firing stopped, and a shadow glided out of the wood, waving a white handkerchief, and shouting: 'France! Friends!'

It was a party of *franco-tirours*, who had taken us for the enemy. Fortunately, no one was killed—only a few scratches. I congratulated their captain on the vigilance of his men, and more particularly on their skill as marksmen. To make up for their mistake, they put themselves to the carts, and a shoulder to the wheel, and this time we were fairly off. It was past nine o'clock when we reached our destination, and I reported myself at headquarters. After giving an account of my mission, I produced the property of the departed ulian. The letters contained no information as to the enemy's movements; they were the production of a tender-hearted maiden to her *franc*. But these papers were not the only contents of that bag, which reminded us, as each article was pulled out, of those wonderful bottles exhibited by conjurers. I felt much the better for the merry time we spent over that bag, being also not a little refreshed by a good supper on Westphalian ham and a bottle of Rhenish wine.

On the 13th of January, the enemy made another unsuccessful effort to stop our advance in the neighbourhood of Arcey, and once more our division had to bear the brunt of the engagement. But our previous success had given confidence to our troops, and, with a vigour scarcely expected in such young soldiers, they repulsed the enemy. At last, on the evening of the 14th, we slept on the heights overlooking the right bank of the Laine, facing the hills which protected the approaches of Belfort, and on which the Germans had strongly fortified themselves. From this day, we began to feel anxious as to the issue of our

expedition. Two essential conditions were necessary to insure its success—*approvisionnement* and rapidity. The latter we had never had, the former were getting exhausted: we had scarcely enough to keep life in our bodies. The transport was becoming more and more difficult as we removed farther from Clerval, the last station we could use on the Besançon line, and the commissariat *entrepôt*. When the horses fell on the ice which covered the roads, the whole convoy was delayed. After Villersexel, we had lost two days waiting for food, instead of pursuing the defeated enemy, and giving him not a moment to rally. As it was, Werder had lost no time; he had withdrawn his forces on the hills close to Belfort, in order to provide a permanent help between the operating army and the investing corps; and even pieces of siege-artillery were temporarily withdrawn, and used to fortify the principal points of the line of defence. Next came the battle of Héricourt.

The two armies were only separated by the narrow valley through which runs the Lisaine; on the left bank, the enemy occupied a series of positions cleverly united and protected by that river. There they were awaiting us. Early on the morning of the 15th, the cannon resounded through the frozen atmosphere on all sides, and woke up the hopes of the heroic defenders of Belfort. The action, engaged along the whole line, was continued far on into the night. Gallantly, Clinchant led his division down the valley and up the slopes; but there we were checked by the plunging fire of artillery and musketry, and forced to retire. Three times the attempt was renewed with great slaughter; three times we were repulsed; and, when night arrived, we had, in our turn, to stand our ground against the onslaught of the enemy. On the right, the 15th corps had carried the town of Montbéliard; but the Germans had intrenched themselves in the citadel, from which they threatened the town. It was to save it from utter destruction, eventually evacuated.

On the 16th, the struggle was renewed, more sharp and desperate than on the previous day. The most energetic efforts, in which chiefs and soldiers vied with each other in bravery and endurance, were made to break the enemy's lines. The serious attack which was to decide not only the fate of the day, but also of the campaign, was to take place on the left. It had been intrusted to Billiot and Crémier. They were to turn the German positions by Chagey and Chennebier. But that had also failed; they had begun their turning movement too late in the day, and night had closed in before any important results could be arrived at. The issue of the battle remained uncertain, the enemy being on no point thrown back. The next day, the fighting, which had gone on with little intermission during the night, ours having had to repulse two attacks, was renewed. We fought and maintained our positions, but we could not advance, and the Germans still remained in their strongholds and fastnesses. This prolonged and sanguinary struggle, with all its hardships, had a disastrous effect on our poor soldiers. The sufferings they had to endure were frightful. The weather was inconceivably cold; during the night of the 17th and 18th, the temperature was eight degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit—a degree of cold with which the people of England are unacquainted—with no other means of saving our-

selves from being frozen to death but a fire of green wood. When the sun appeared over the dark fir-trees, a large white globe, a winter sun more dismal and colder than the night itself, struggling through a heavy mist, the men mechanically fell in, while here and there lay bodies stiffened and wrapped in that white winding-sheet, that covered the earth two feet deep. They did not answer the calls of the bugles; their fate was sealed in death. A sharp cutting wind blew across the plateau, pushing before it clouds of snow, forming the little heaps in which we were buried up to our knees. And this was only the first act, the beginning of that terrible military drama that was being played in the eastern part of France.

Late on the evening of the 17th, when returning to our bivouac from a brisk engagement with the enemy, who had tried to expel us from Héricourt, I was told that our general had been suddenly summoned to headquarters.

'Anything new, sir?' I asked, as he dismounted on his return.

'Yes,' he replied—'yes, there's news!' The tone of his voice was so unusually solemn, that I anxiously looked at his face, lighted up by the flickering flame of a miserable fire. There was a combined expression of sadness, bitterness, and despair depicted on his countenance. It seemed as if the brave soldier foreshadowed all the misery that was to follow. There was a pause, and then he broke out: 'All is over!' How dreadful to see our poor country reduced to this—our last hopes crushed! What can we have done to deserve such a chastisement? We were frivolous, vain, enervated, corrupted, if you like, but seldom has such a disaster befallen any nation. Our fathers were in some degree prepared for the Beresina and Waterloo; but we had no preparation for the terrible disasters that culminated in the capitulations of Sedan and Metz. So rapidly do blows fall upon us, that one is at a loss what to think. Do you know what I have just heard? Manteuffel with a new army is marching on our rear. Bourbaki has now but one thing to do, and that is, to retreat on Besançon as fast as possible, before our communications are completely cut off. That last plan he has decided upon. To-night, the retreat begins; we remain here to cover it. There will be some more fighting, so plenty of chances of getting our heads broken.' There was another pause. Then he added, passing his hand across his brow: 'It will not do to be downcast. We must struggle to the bitter end. We are intrusted with a difficult but honourable task. Let us prove ourselves worthy of the occasion.'

I have not space to describe the horrors of our retreat in the direction of the Swiss frontier. And I must pass over the dismal attempt of the brave Bourbaki on his own life, the act arising from a mixture of despair and madness. Our army, reduced as much by famine, disease, and cold as by the enemy's bullets, presented a most lamentable spectacle. A final attempt had been ordered to save the miserable remnant of the army from the shame of a capitulation. But the men, broken down and dispirited from miseries of all sorts, which had followed them ever since Héricourt, bitterly deceived by the false news of an armistice, had refused any longer to listen and

obey. All turned their looks and hopes towards the mountains that stretched out on their left. Could they arrive there, they would find a people on whose kindness, hospitality, and benevolence they could rely. There they felt they would meet with all the comforts that had so long been denied them: food, warmth, sympathy, safety, and rest. Then would end that succession of sufferings, that long Calvary, which they had been daily and hourly ascending for the last six months.

General Clinchant, on seeing that all his efforts to cut his way through the circle of steel and iron that surrounded us had been fruitless, had but one anxiety—to escape the grasp of the enemy, to steal away from them his soldiers, his arms, and his matériel, by taking refuge over the frontier. During the night of the 31st of January to the 1st of February, in the dingy room of a poor cottage, was signed the convention by which the French army was allowed to pass into Switzerland. But long before this, the men, shoeless, ragged, and famished, had begun to flow towards the defiles which separated the two countries, without order, and, sad to say, even without chiefs to lead them.

On the evening of the 28th of January, at about six o'clock, a heavy fusillade had broken out suddenly on our left; and an hour afterwards, we heard that the Germans, protected by a thick fog, had surprised one of the divisions, and driven it back on Pontarlier. One of the roads which had been chosen for our retreat was thus lost. There yet remained the one from Dôle, and passing through Frasnay. That village was occupied by Crémier's division, and we felt secure on that side. But early the next morning reports came in, stating that it had also fallen back, according to orders received from headquarters, and that the village had at once been occupied by the enemy. Our position was anything but pleasant. After a hasty breakfast we held a council of war.

'Gentlemen,' said General Ségard, on whose features you could read the anxiety of a man whose reputation and honour were at stake—'gentlemen, there is no doubt a mistake, a grave mistake! Orders ought to have been sent to us to follow the example of our wings. General Clinchant is not, cannot be aware of our critical position. He must be informed of it. One of you must start for Pontarlier, and obtain instructions. The safety of my division is in jeopardy; I am left here unsupported on both sides; the enemy is gradually closing round us, and yet, I cannot desert the positions entrusted to me.'

I stood up and offered my services.

'Good,' went on the chief. 'But one of you is not sufficient. Two must start: one by the Chaffrois Road; the other, by the railway line. The enemy has scouts all over the country; if one is taken prisoner, the other may escape.'

Captain de Bussières walked across the room, and stood by my side. When our preparations were made, and the horses ready at the door, the general gave us his last instructions, and wished us success.

Like two arrows sped from the same bow, we started off in different directions.

Some few hours afterwards, I had reached Pontarlier, seen General Clinchant, and was the bearer of orders for our division to fall back at once. It had been as we had expected—an aide-de-camp had been sent the night before, bearing

a similar message, but he had never reached our bivouac. I shall not stop here to narrate the different *ruses* I employed to evade the vigilance of the enemy's scouts, the many difficulties I encountered and had to overcome on my way back, which I had to undertake partly on foot. I was again in Dampierre by five o'clock in the afternoon.

As I approached the little village, I was struck by the complete absence of bivouac fires; there were no sentries, no challenges. All was deserted, dark, and silent. I made my way towards the inn, which, during our stay, had been elevated to the high rank of headquarters, and boldly walked into the kitchen.

At the sound of my steps on the stones, the landlord of the *Croix-blanche* turned round with an air of surprise, which, as he recognised me, changed into one of terror.

'Is it you, *mon capitaine*?' he exclaimed, dropping a frying-pan he held in his hand.

'The same, dear Monsieur Féron. Can you explain all this to me? Where is the general? Where is my division?'

'Gone! Gone, sir!' he replied. 'Went away long ago. An hour after you had left, an officer on horseback arrived, and soon after, the division started off in the direction of Frasnay. There must have been some fighting, as I heard firing in that direction.'

I was amazed.

'But you, *mon capitaine*, you! he went on—you cannot remain here! You must go. Fly! Read this;' and nervously he snatched a paper from the table, and handed it to me. 'There!' he added; 'I just got this.'

It was an order from the German headquarters to prepare lodgings for a general and his staff, and stabling for his horses, &c.

'They will be here in twenty, in ten minutes; you cannot stay. What will become of you?'

'Dear M. Féron,' I broke in, 'I thank you heartily for your wishes for my safety; but go now I cannot, happen what may. I have not tasted food since that excellent omelet you served us this morning. Eat and rest I must; we'll see about my safety afterwards. Come, think a little. Have you not got some corner about your house where I can remain unnoticed for half an hour or so?'

The worthy man looked at me with blank astonishment, and seeing but hunger and determination depicted on my features, he comprehended that nothing could make me change my mind; he beckoned to me to follow him, which I did, through his room, and then through the yard to the stables, up a ladder to a hay-loft. He moved aside two or three bundles of straw, and opening a door, we found ourselves in a small room, looking towards the fields.

'That was my son's room, before he left us for the war,' he said with a sigh. 'There is no danger of being found here. But in case you were discovered, you can jump out of the window, a few feet from the ground, and make for the fields.' And placing his napkin under his arm, and taking an attitude befitting his position as innkeeper and waiter, he added: 'And now how can I serve you?'

'Anything you have ready in your larder, M. Féron, and the sooner the better.'

And off he went. I put down my sword and revolvers at arm's-length, and sitting down on a broken chair, I began to think of the critical position in which I was placed. The conclusion I came to was, that it was anything but agreeable.

M. Féron soon arrived, bringing with him my meal, consisting of half a cold chicken, some bread, cheese, and wine.

'There!' he said apologetically; 'that is all I have.'

'That will do. And now, go and get me ready a good strong cup of coffee, and do not forget the cognac.'

I did honour to his poultry-yard, as the bones of his departed chicken could testify. Coffee and cigar followed, and yet M. Féron did not return. A low distant noise of voices could be heard coming from below, and made me feel anxious. I was buckling my sword, ready for any emergency, when the owner of the *Croix-blanche*, looking more like a ghost than a human being, pushed his corpulent body through the door.

'Hush; listen!' he exclaimed, his voice shaking with terror. 'They are here; they have come. You have no time to lose. This way;' and blowing out the candle, out of the window he went. I followed. We alighted on the snow, and taking unceremoniously my arm, he crossed the garden, and led me to the back of the village. 'You have no choice of roads, *mon capitaine*. You must make your way through this,' he whispered, pointing towards the long dreary white plain. 'You see yonder blue mass? It is a clump of trees. Make straight for it; when you get there, keep to your left, and you'll find the village of Les Granges. Once there, you are in Pontarlier.' And calling down upon me the protection of all the saints, he held out his hand, which I shook heartily. 'Good-bye!'

'Good-bye!' and I plunged into the snow. At that moment, the quaint old church of Dampierre pealed out eight.

The night was cold and dark. A bitter blast came sweeping direct from the Jura Mountains along the frozen steppes, and blew right into my face, blinding me with the snow it whirled along and drifted up against me. It required a stout heart to battle on against the storm, that was adding its pitiless might to what would have already been looked upon as a miserable enough condition. Now and then, I had to turn round, to give myself breathing-time, and I could then see the bright glow of the watch-fires of the enemy, who had already established themselves in the village I had just left behind me. There was a dull sound of artillery on the march. The darkness was frightful; at times, a flash, a signal from the enemy, lighted up the country before me, leaving darkness still darker than before. On I went, sometimes feeling my way cautiously, to avoid holes; sometimes falling neck high into a ditch, or stumbling over the trunk of a tree.

Then I would stop and try to pierce the obscurity; but I could see nothing before me but that long, silent, and deserted plain in its pure white shroud, with the blue line in the distance, which seemed to remove farther on as I advanced. From time to time I felt that fatal sleep, the sleep of death, overpowering me. But I got up, and shaking myself, I pushed on.

My limbs, weary with their day's long march,

were getting benumbed; the snow, infiltrating itself into my long boots, rendered my walking more and more difficult. Suddenly I stopped; there were, there on my right, black and ghastly silhouettes, coming out on the snow like hideous phantoms. They were uhlan's scouting the country. I heard their '*Wer da?*' repeated from one to another, and which the wind carried back to me in that appalling silence. I lay down, and crouching on the snow, I waited till they were out of sight. Once or twice, my courage failing me, I was on the point of beckoning to them, of shouting to them that within their reach there was an easy prey, incapable of defending itself. But a struggle took place within me.

'Shall I go farther? Is there not a limit to duty? Why go on? Is there not, close by, fire, food, shelter, and life? But although instinct said 'Yes,' a stronger voice replied: 'Duty.'

And gathering the little strength left me, I got up and pushed on. I was gradually feeling more and more stupefied with cold, with fatigue, with sleep, and the sufferings of hunger were getting terrible. My limbs refused to carry me any farther, my legs were stiff, my hands cut and bleeding. I had been obliged to unloose my belt, and leave my trusty sword behind me. The wind was getting colder as the night advanced, and the snow of heaven and the snow of the earth, mixed into one mighty whirlwind, were blinding me completely.

On I went; a voice still, though feebly, repeating: 'You must join your general; duty is there!'

But stiff, bruised, and faint, I could continue no longer. I made a last effort, but it was unavailing. I slid down utterly exhausted at the foot of a fir-tree. Sleep instantly overpowered me. I sank into a profound slumber. How long I remained in this deadly sleep, I cannot tell. When I woke up, I was walking along a road; there were fires burning dimly in the distance, and a low rumbling, like a bee-hive in motion. I could hear close by me the tramp of soldiers. It was daylight. A strong arm was linked into mine, supporting my tottering steps. Then a voice spoke: 'You are all right now, and with friends.'

'Who are you? Where am I?' I inquired.

'Sergeant of the 3d Zouaves, 1st Brigade, 2d Division,' answered the man proudly. 'And you are near Pontarlier. Yonder fires are those of our men.'

He then explained that, being sent with his company on outpost duties, he had come across me; and seeing that life was not extinct, he and a companion had rubbed me with snow and brandy till I had revived.

'You gave us no end of trouble,' added the brave fellow. 'But I knew you would come back. Those who have fought as you did at Villersexel, ought not to die miserably in the snow.'

There is little more to be said. The army of the East, to which I belonged, had in its disordered and miserable state no other resource than to take refuge in Switzerland, every one, of course, laying down his arms, and trusting to the hospitality of strangers. About eighty thousand men passed over the frontier at Verrières. With a small party, I was left to cover the retreat, and it was with difficulty we escaped the enemy which hung on the rear. After wandering for a whole day and two nights in deep snow, following uncertain tracks,

without guides, without food, and I may say without shoes, we crossed the frontier on the 3d February 1871.

What a relief from recent sufferings! How thankful I was to find the means of rest, the first night, I lay down at Orbe, my bed being a bare table, my boots without soles, and my socks without feet! But how intensely I slept, notwithstanding these discomforts! Everywhere, the remnants of the French force were treated by the Swiss with a degree of kind consideration which is remembered with gratitude. The body of refugees was interned in different towns in Switzerland. By a special favour, on account of the dilapidated state of my health, I was allowed to retire to Geneva, where numerous friends awaited me, and there I remained until the terms of peace were signed.

So ends the history of My Adventures in the French War.

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

CHAPTER XXXI.—ECHOES.

THE unannounced visit of Sir David Mervyn and Cyril Westland to Bromley Park was easily explained. Sir David, having gone to London on business, gave Cyril notice of his arrival, in the expectation that he would immediately come up from Hampton Court to see him; but Cyril had met with an accident in the riding-school, and was just then laid up with a disabled bridle-arm. Sir David therefore went to Hampton Court, and proposed that Cyril should apply for leave, and go with him to Barnhorne, so soon as the business which had brought them to London should be completed. Cyril joyfully consented, and had, only the previous evening, proposed a modification of their programme, 'Suppose we look in on Anne!' was his bright idea. 'If all's right there, we may stay at Bromley for a few days. I want to see Anne. I have not heard from her lately; and, of course, I have not told her, or my mother, about this mishap.' Sir David suggested a preparatory telegram; but Cyril, who had not outlived his boyish belief in a pleasant surprise, would not hear of so flat and commonplace a proceeding.

'So here we are, Cousin Anne,' said Cyril, concluding the narrative into which he dashed, after Miss Cairnes had welcomed Sir David, and introduced her unexpected guests to Mary Allen—'here we are; and our first impression is a rather strong one that we are not wanted; suggested by the countenances of the two servants whom we have seen, and by a pile of trunks and travelling rubbish disfiguring the hall. "Sir David Mervyn and I have come to stay," said I to Watson; "send our traps up to our rooms." "Oh, indeed, sir," says Watson. "Where's Miss Cairnes?" said I. "Miss Cairnes is in the arcade," replies, for Watson, a man in the hall, pulling the trunks about. So, without crossing your for-the-first-time-within-my-experience-inhospitable threshold (I've been learning German, Anne), we came to the arcade to find you, and to demand an immediate explanation.'

Here Cyril paused in his discourse, which he had accompanied with sundry furtive glances at Mary.

'The explanation is easy; and it would not have been required, if you had taken Sir David's advice,' said Anne, laughing. 'I was going to Scotland to-night, I and Mary—for you must know, Cyril,

my young friend is henceforth to be one of us.'

('Who the deuce is she?' Cyril was thinking. 'I suppose she's only a mortal Miss Allen, but she looks uncommonly like an angel.')

'And all our preparations are made. Our heavy luggage is gone on with the servants, and the trunks you saw in the hall are merely a remnant. No wonder Watson looked a little dismayed. But nothing is easier, and nothing could be more pleasant, than to put off our journey for as long as Sir David can stay here.'

'On no account; pray, don't think of such a thing!' said Sir David, who had also been looking at Mary, but not furtively, and who spoke rather hurriedly. 'It would be quite absurd to alter your plans. On the contrary, we will change ours, and have the pleasure of escorting you and Miss Allen.' His eyes reverted to the girl's face, and Anne's followed them. What did she, to whom every expression of David Mervyn's countenance was important, see there? Admiration, unquestionably, and interest, and curiosity. The former two would have been aroused by Mary's beauty, youth, and grace, in any man; and it was natural that her position should inspire the latter. But Anne saw something more than these in the steady observation which Sir David bestowed upon the girl, in the expectant manner of his listening to the few sentences she spoke as the party were returning to the house. Cyril contrived to detain Anne when they had emerged from the arcade, and to put to her several impetuous questions concerning Mary, interspersed with ejaculatory comments upon her beauty, which might have suggested a doubt to Miss Cairnes of the advisability of throwing these young people together under such intimacy-inducing circumstances. But Anne answered, Cyril's questions without thinking of Cyril or of Mary either; Anne's thoughts were full of David, as full of the agitating pleasure of seeing him thus unexpectedly, as if she had been twenty years younger.

It was agreed that Sir David's suggestion should be carried out; and this arrangement threw Cyril into a state of reboiled activity. So little time was afforded him for a general inspection of things at Bromley, that he had to set about it at once, and thus Anne, Mary, and Sir David were left to themselves. Cyril would have immensely liked to secure Mary's company on his rounds, on pretence of bidding good-bye to the dogs and horses, the poultry-yard, the gardens, and the greenhouses; but as he ascertained, during the improvised dinner which accompanied the ladies' tea, that her own acquaintance with them dated from that morning only, he did not venture to suggest a general adjournment. Mary was tolerably bewildered by the events and emotions of the day, and was naturally constrained and shy in the presence of the strangers, of whom one observed her with a grave kindness which did not embarrass her, though she could have wished to catch that thoughtful, half-puzzled glance less frequently; and the other made her feel herself absurdly important. She, who was but yesterday only Mary Allen of Miss Cairnes's Homes, a nobody of nobodies, was to-day made much of by this handsome young gentleman—who looked so interesting with his sun in a sling—to an extent which might have turned her head, if she had not known, and been careful to

keep steadily in her memory, that Mr Westland was thus exceedingly 'kind' to her, out of consideration for his cousin, Miss Cairnes, who had done such wonderful things for her. Mary, it will be seen, was very much behind the age, thanks to the narrowness and seclusion of her former life; very far, indeed, from rating at their proper value the claims of her youth and beauty; and she had been warned against head-turning by Miss Thorpe. The brief explanation of Mary's position which Anne had been able to give Cyril had not by any means satisfied his curiosity; and Sir David Mervyn had no notion at all of who she was, when he found himself seated opposite to her in the carriage which conveyed the four travellers from Bromley Park to the railway station. Cyril's inspection had been prolonged to the last moment, until it became rather an anxious question about their catching the train; and Anne had been obliged to have the dinner-bell rung violently from the door-steps—a familiar signal which Cyril was accustomed to obey. He came running up, with a numerous escort of dogs, and took his place in the carriage, out of breath.

'What a tremendous hurry you are always in,' he said, as they drove off; 'we shall be ever so much too early. Do listen to Hector! It's a pity to leave them; isn't it?—Do you like dogs, Miss Allen?'

'Yes, I—I think I do,' said Mary, with serious honesty. 'I never had one of my own.'

'Hadm't you? What a shame! I know where I can get you a capital Skye. In Wigtownshire. I'll go and fetch him on Monday.'

Mary, who had not the remotest notion of the distance between the present residence of the capital Skye and their own destination, thanked him quite simply, looking serenely beautiful, and not at all surprised. Anne did not hear a word that either of them said. She was silent and happy during the drive—silent and happy, while Sir David rendered her all the little services—in settling her and Mary in the *coupé* which had been reserved for them—which are so delightful to the least fussy and self-occupied woman when she receives them from the man whom she loves—silent and happy when the train was speeding northward through the summer night, and she sat gazing on the flying landscape, unmindful of the hours; while Mary slept soundly.

When Sir David Mervyn and Cyril were snugly ensconced in an adjoining compartment, Cyril's colonel said: 'Who is Miss Allen? I never heard of her before.'

'And I hardly ever heard of her. She is the daughter of one of Anne's Old Ladies, who died quite recently, and she has come to live with Anne.'

'Indeed. She is a very superior sort of person—I mean, one hardly expects to see'—

'No, does one!' interrupted Cyril. 'I know exactly what you mean; and it is extraordinary; for she is a perfect lady, and I think the loveliest girl I ever saw! Did you ever see such a beautiful face?'

'Hardly ever, indeed,' replied Sir David slowly, as if he were revolving the proposition with somewhat uncalled-for seriousness. 'I think I may say, never, quite so beautiful. There is a clergyman's widow among Miss Cairnes's Old Ladies, I remember, whom I saw when she took me to the Homes, but I cannot recall her name. Is Miss Allen her daughter?'

'Not at all: the clergyman's widow is Mrs Burt. Mrs Allen was only the widow of a man who was station-master at some place near Manchester; and though she was a superior sort of woman for her position in life, she was nothing remarkable—nothing at all like what her daughter is. I have heard from time to time that my Cousin Anne had an immense notion of the talent of the daughter of one of her friends, and was giving her a first-rate education: my mother thought Anne exaggerated and romantic about it, and has harped on it from time to time; but I hardly knew the girl's name, and certainly did not remember it when I saw her to-day.'

'Is music among her accomplishments?'

'I don't know; but I should think so. She looks as if she could sing like an angel, and I'm sure she speaks like one.'

Sir David smiled. It was not very wise of him to be pleased, but he was pleased to find that there existed a young man who could employ the old-fashioned phraseology of admiration—a man who did not describe a young lady who had the good fortune to win his approval as 'stunning' or 'awfully jolly.'

'Which of the Homes did Mrs Allen live at?'

'The end one, at the corner of the street: at least I know she lived there years ago, when I was a boy. I have not been at the Homes for ever so long.'

'Then,' said Sir David, 'I can tell you that music, instrumental music, at all events, is among Miss Allen's accomplishments, for I have heard her play on the piano beautifully.'

'That's delightful!' said Cyril. 'What a difference she will make at the Tors!'

They dropped the subject, and each subsided into his cigar; but Sir David Mervyn's reflections did not shift themselves from the topic, without having included a brief meditation on that opinion of Mrs Westland to which Cyril had referred. He was by no means of a rigidly conventional turn of mind, and in certain respects he could not be said to know much of the world; but he had a dim sort of misgiving that Mrs Westland might be right; that Anne's kindness was probably not so judicious as it was generous; that the 'half-and-half sort of position,' as he expressed it in his thoughts, in which this beautiful girl was now placed, was neither safe nor happy. And he had also a misgiving, which passed much beyond the stage of dimness, that Mrs Westland would be anything but gratified by the knowledge that the object of Anne's 'exaggeration'—now a perilously lovely girl of seventeen—was to be within daily reach of her son for a month to come, and that Cyril had already frankly declared her to be 'an angel.' But Sir David soon passed from this train of thought about Mary to another which she had suggested, and which in its turn gave place to meditations upon his recent acquisition. John Grainger's legacy would go a good way towards the fulfilment of one of the dearest wishes of his mother's heart; one which he shared, though perhaps it would never reach in his case the intensity with which Lady Mervyn had formed and cherished it. This wish referred to the repurchase of the Tors. The sale of that fair slice of the old Barholme estate had been a sore grief to Lady Mervyn, a grief which time did not heal. After the first pangs of mortification, after the first

speculations upon what people were probably saying about it, and how far the necessity had afforded, to spiteful observers, an insight into his pecuniary affairs, passed away, Sir Alexander suffered very little from the reduction of his boundaries and his importance. The conclusive narrowing of his life within the limits of a few rooms, and of its interests to the vicissitudes of his own health, had come so rapidly upon the culmination of his embarrassments, that the lighter was forgotten under the weight of the heavier blow of fate. Not so with Lady Mervyn; her pride and her natural tenacity made it impossible for her ever to pass out of the gates of Barholm without a recollection more or less bitter of the time when those gates were set so much further away; without a vain aspiration for its return. She had never passed one thoroughly happy unconstrained hour at Victoria Lodge. Anne Cairnes had always felt that such was the case, and from simply wondering at it in her girlhood, she had come to impute it to Lady Mervyn's pride, believing that she resented the demands of intimacy with people who were her inferiors in the social scale. Afterwards, she understood Lady Mervyn better, and made allowance for a feeling which, as she expressed it to herself, did not belong to her 'caste.'

Lady Mervyn never visited anywhere now; she claimed the privilege of her years, which was freely accorded to her; but she had not surmounted her dislike to Victoria Lodge; and she was much annoyed when Anne discarded the new name, the 'Manchester brand,' as Lady Mervyn called it, and resumed for her house the old one. 'Mervyn of Tors had sense and sound in it,' said the proud old lady to her son, when he remarked on the change; 'but Cairnes of Tors is too absurd.' Perhaps Sir David was more strongly of her way of thinking than he acknowledged himself to be; he turned the subject off then, and he had not since resumed it, but it had dwelt in his mind; and he was thinking of it with a good deal of concentration in the wakeful hours of the journey, the hours during which Cyril Westland slept, as soundly as the girl whose fair head rested on the other side of the partition between the carriages, within a few inches of his own, and Anne Cairnes thought of David as she had been thinking of him for considerably more than half her life.

Sir David Mervyn had gone down to the village in Sussex, which he had never seen since the day on which Lucy Grainger took leave of it for ever—the day on which she went to London, under her brother's charge, to become David's wife. The sight of the old farmhouse and the trim fields brought back the past vividly, but without acute pain to him; that was over now; it had come for the last time with the reading of John Grainger's letter. He had ascertained that it would not be possible for him to fulfil John Grainger's wish. The farm had been purchased from Grainger's former landlord five years previously, and was flourishing in the hands of the proprietor. There was nothing to be done towards keeping the memory of the last of the Graingers green in these parts, beyond the putting up of a tablet in the village church. Sir David Mervyn gave directions for the speedy doing of that, and sent a copy of the design to Mrs Ferris. Then began possibilities with regard to the legacy to present themselves to his mind. Barholm was clear;

his income much exceeded his expenditure; there was a large sum which he might pay down at once towards the purchase-money; the remainder might easily be paid within a fair time. He wondered whether Anne Cairnes could be induced to sell the place, and then he reflected that the decision on the matter would probably rest with Cyril Westland. He was, it appeared, to be Anne's heir, and if he was particularly attached to the Tors, of course Anne would not sell the place.

The journey was safely accomplished; and the following evening found Anne and Mary installed at the Tors, and Sir David and Cyril at Barholm.

To Mary, the novelty of the scene, and the new interests of the life which had begun for her, were of great service. She was too young, too ignorant of the truths of life, she had been too well sheltered and cared for hitherto, to have suffered much apprehension about her own material future, and, therefore, she had not the sense of rescue in the good fortune that had befallen her, which it conveyed to Miss Thorpe. Mary felt gratitude without amazement, and loved Anne with all her heart, but with a simple, spontaneous affection, which owed little, if anything, to the contrast between what might have been with what was, for Mary did not half comprehend that contrast. The sea and the hills, the house and the garden, and the woods, were all sources of delight to Mary—tempered at first by the loss of the mother with whom she would fain have shared all these things—and Anne, with spirits cheered by youthful companionship, told herself that she had never been so happy in her life before. The experiment which might have proved dangerous, was prospering; day by day she felt more confidence in its success; the girl's nature, in which she had trusted, was responding to her confidence, and the burden she had laid upon herself was proving light and pleasant.

CHAPTER XXXII.—'BEN BOLT.'

The way of life into which Anne Cairnes and Mary fell within a few days of their arrival at the Tors included a good deal of intercourse with Barholm. Cyril had, naturally, presented himself at Anne's breakfast-table on the morning after their arrival, and proposed that the ladies should accompany him in his investigations into the state of things 'about the place,' after which, he was commissioned by Lady Mervyn to invite them to lunch at Barholm. Lady Mervyn wanted to see Anne particularly; she had said more than once on the previous evening that she had not heard such good news for a long time as Anne's coming to the Tors, and that she had missed her greatly. Anne prepared to meet Lady Mervyn's questions about Mary with some trepidation; she expected the wise, but conventional and narrow-minded old lady to take a view of her conduct with regard to the orphan girl somewhat similar to that for which she was prepared on the part of Mrs Westland; and she entertained a profound respect, partly from habit, and partly from conviction, for the opinions of Sir David's mother. Anne wondered whether Cyril had told Lady Mervyn who Mary was, and all about her, and took the first opportunity of asking him whether he had done so; whereupon Cyril laughed at her without

ceremony. 'What an unreasonable rock of sense you are!' said he. 'You ask me if I have told Lady Mervyn a lot of things which I don't know. Sir David and I are still profoundly mystified. I have only a general notion that this beautiful creature—*isn't she lovely?*—is the daughter of one of your Old Ladies, whom you have saved from the horrors of governing. That's something like it, is it not?'

'Something,' replied Anne.

'Quite enough for *her*,' said Cyril. 'She said you ought to have had "a companion" long ago, and that only your own exceptional character and tastes had made it possible for you to live alone as you have done. And, what do you think, Cousin Anne! I am persuaded the old lady is under an absurd delusion, and imagines you have got hold of a staid spinster, like Wink, you know, in *Vanity Fair*. So we thought it best to leave it to you, or Miss Allen herself, to enlighten her. But, in the meantime, I wish you would enlighten me.'

Anne complied. She told her cousin Mary's story, and explained the motives which had led her to take the girl's fate into her hands. It was inexpressibly delightful to her to receive the enthusiastic approbation, the hearty praise of Cyril. His impulsive nature responded to all Anne told him; he was full of sympathy, and would not believe for a moment that anybody could consider that Anne had acted rashly. The idea of not saving a beautiful girl like Mary from the life of a governess—where she would have had stupid children to plague, and jealous women to snub her—when one could, was an idea unworthy of human beings. It is only due to Cyril to state that he would have approved of Anne's proceedings, on principle, as sincerely, though perhaps not so warmly, if Mary had not been beautiful.

The little party rambled about the Tors all the morning, and arrived at Barrholme at one o'clock. Mary was speechless with admiration of the old house with its esplanade, of the bold sea-wall, the long stretch of rocks, and the wide sea lying still in the sunshine. Sir David Mervyn met them at the little gate in the boundary-wall between Barrholme and the Tors, and witnessed with pleasure the young girl's unaffected delight.

'We must take her to the platform by-and-by,' said Sir David to Anne, as they followed Mary and Cyril along the narrow path: 'she will be delighted with the view. When you and my mother have had your talk out, you might come down and meet me there. Will you?'

'With pleasure,' said Anne; and there flashed into her mind the remembrance, accurate in every detail, of the last time David Mervyn had asked her to meet him on the rock-platform at Barrholme. Out of the whole of her life, that long-past day stood forth in incomparable prominence, as that on which the one love of that life had seemed about to blossom into hope, as that on which the unborn hope had died! 'Seventeen years ago!' she thought, as her eyes rested on the graceful figure of the girl who trod the path in front of her with so light a step; on her bright fair curls, and the delicate profile turned eagerly to the sea—'seventeen years ago! the whole length of the life of that child. I am growing very old! I wish I could see myself as I was then, but I can only see *him*.' And he was there, by her side; the secret of that old time a secret still, her ignorance of his life at that time as profound as ever, her love for

him just the same. 'That lasts,' thought Anne; 'thank God, that lasts!' She hardly heard what he was saying to her; she answered almost at random. Mary looked back, and addressed him; he advanced a few steps beyond Anne, and talked with the young people. Anne was at liberty to dream through the few minutes longer that their walk lasted. On its termination, she was warmly received by Lady Mervyn, to whom she presented Mary as her 'young friend.' That Lady Mervyn was as much surprised and puzzled as he had expected her to be, Cyril perceived with somewhat mischievous amusement; but she was kind and gracious to Mary, whose timidity was not awkward, and whose constant association with old people had taught her the little ways which please them. Before luncheon was over, Anne was relieved of much of her apprehension, by perceiving that Mary had unconsciously pleaded her own cause with Lady Mervyn with success. When Anne was left alone with her old friend in the drawing-room (while Cyril exhibited all the dogs belonging to the establishment to Mary, on the esplanade before the windows, Sir David standing by), the subject of Mary was dismissed in few words.

'You have taken a serious step, my dear,' said Lady Mervyn, when Anne had concluded her explanation, 'and laid a heavy responsibility on yourself. But I never knew you to fail in any duty yet, and I am not at all afraid of your failing in this one. If I had only *heard* all the circumstances, but had not seen the girl, I probably should have thought you very foolish and very wrong, and that you were attempting to confound the different orders in society in a way which I never could approve of; but I am ready to acknowledge, having seen Miss Allen, that this is quite an exceptional case.'

Anne had never seen Lady Mervyn in such good spirits, in such good-humour with everybody as she was at this time. The fact was that it was only now, at the eventide of her life, that Lady Mervyn had come into possession of peace of mind; and the usufruct of that great gain was amiability and kindness. The intelligence of John Grainger's legacy had not broken the silence respecting the past between her and her son—the past, which she hardly ever thought of now, and which had been temporarily revived in so welcome a form. Sir David had briefly explained to his mother the identity of John Grainger, and there the matter had once more dropped—this time, assuredly, for ever. It would have been impossible to find a more prosperous and contented household, considering that its constituents were an old woman and a middle-aged man, than that to which Mary Allen was introduced, as her very first glimpse of the world.

When, a few days afterwards, Sir David Mervyn hinted to his mother that, if Miss Cairnes could be induced to sell the Tors, he did not think Cyril Westland would at all object, and that 'it might be contrived,' he was surprised by Lady Mervyn's reply: 'Of course, I should be only too glad if you could get the Tors into your possession again,' she said; 'but if it cannot be done, it is, after all, a great comfort to have Anne for our nearest neighbour. The longer I live, the more clearly I see there's nobody like Anne.'

When Sir David Mervyn bade his mother good-night, and left her for his invariable 'turn' on the

platform, while he smoked his cigar with Cyril, who had gone off to the Tors on some pretext or other, there came to him a remembrance of the past as, on, that first day after her arrival in Scotland, a remembrance had come to Anne—a remembrance of the letter from his mother, which he read at his club, when Lucy was recovering from her nearly fatal illness, and in which she told him the secret she had surprised from Anne. It was so far off; it had all happened so long ago; it could not harm, or offend her, even if Anne could know it, that he should ponder these things in his mind now; that he should ask of the mysterious past, whether, side by side with the beautiful, sad, brief story of his early love and marriage, it had ever really held for him a hidden treasure, for which he had not cared to look—the treasure of Anne's love? He recalled his return from the Crimea, the incidents of his stay at home, the honourable precaution she had taken, the resolution with which he had guarded against the complications which might be involved in her ignorance of his marriage, and the sole possession of his heart by one dead woman. He recalled his first return from India; he remembered how he had recognised in Anne the finished grace and dignity of womanhood, the perfect fitness for her position; and how he had denounced himself as a coxcomb, because he had once supposed himself in danger of injuring the peace of her serene and lofty mind. Had that danger ever existed? What a long look backwards it was that David Mervyn took that night, while he walked to and fro, smoking his cigar, upon the rock-platform! It stretched back to the time of his own boyhood, when Anne and his sister Marion were children, and he used to be so much with Anne's mother; it searched with a strange, long unaccustomed clearness into the dens and dusty corners of his past! From reminiscence, Sir David Mervyn allowed his fancy to run into speculation. What if he had asked Anne to marry him, when he came back, the first time, from India, when they were both comparatively young still; having told her his story, and she had said yes? What a different life his might have been—though it was a very happy life, this which he led, among his own people, in his rehabilitated ancestral home, with his old mother—and what a different life Anne's! She ought to be a happy woman, honoured and useful as she was, and with the two strong interests, of which that fine bright young fellow Cyril Westland was one; and Mary—that beautiful Mary, whose face had a look in it that fascinated, almost appalled Sir David—was the other. Her life at least had a fullness wanting to his. He should be a lonely man, indeed, when his mother should have left him, the last of his race, no son of his succeeding him. Was Anne Cairnes a happy woman? *Had she ever loved him?* Sir David Mervyn smiled to himself, at himself, as he asked the question, smiled at the notion of a gray-headed old soldier wondering over such things; and then smiled at the shallow wisdom which holds 'such things' to be folly, at any time of life.

'I have been set thinking of all this,' he said to himself, 'by the spectacle of Cyril and Mary, who are falling in love with each other as fast as they can; I presume, with Anne's concurrence, for she can hardly have done what she did without being prepared for this result.'

In this reflection, Sir David was partly right, but partly wrong: Cyril and Mary were not falling in love with each other; they had completed the process; they were 'fathoms deep' already, a fortnight after their first meeting; and Anne had not taken such a contingency into her calculations for a moment.

As a daily meeting of the ladies at the Tors with the gentleman at Barrholme had become a matter of course. They drove and walked together; they passed long evenings on the esplanade, Lady Mervyn being of the party; they sat on the platform, looking at the moonlit sea, and listening to Mary's singing. Mary had made a conquest of Lady Mervyn hardly less complete than the young lady's victory in another direction; her winning ways, her gentleness, and her patient appreciative attention, had entirely won the heart of the old lady, whose age was far more open to kindly and tender impressions than her middle life had been. Anne, remembering Lady Mervyn as she was when she herself and Marion were girls, could hardly believe the eyes which showed her Lady Mervyn with Mary. The orphan girl possessed that gift, which is of all the gifts of Providence the most precious, and the most impossible to analyse, the gift of winning human affection. It is totally apart from, and it frequently does not coexist with a capacity for captivating the hearts of the male sex; but Mary combined both. She was dangerous, without a particle of coquetry, without, indeed, knowing what coquetry meant; and deadly, with a heart too tender and compassionate to suggest the doing of harm to any living creature.

The third week of Cyril's life had run out; in another, it would have expired. His arm was restored to its former condition of usefulness, his health was perfect, and his spirits were in their usual vivacious state. Not a shadow of any sort had fallen upon the peaceful happiness of the friends. Mary, who was in almost equal request at both houses, was recovering, with the blessed elasticity of youth, from her first sorrow.

Miss Cairnes and Mary had dined at Barrholme, and, as usual, the party had adjourned to the esplanade; but Lady Mervyn, who was fatigued after a long drive, retired early, and then a further adjournment to the rock-platform was proposed. The moon was at the full; Mary was to sing all her best songs; and Sir David and Cyril were to escort the ladies home, by the sea-walk.

The picture the full moon looked upon was a very pretty one. The rocks were draped with bright-coloured shawls, and Anne sat in the well-known angle—which used to be called 'Anne's arm-chair,' in the old time, when the platform was the scene of Marion's confidences respecting Gordon Grene—looking very handsome, with a crimson mantle over her shoulders, and two rich crimson roses set low in her glossy black hair. Sir David stood near her, his back to the face of the sea-wall, looking towards the sea. Cyril had stepped over the edge of the platform, the tide being low, and perched himself upon a jutting rock, from whence he could contemplate Mary undisturbed. Mary's figure, in its simple dress of black crape, and Mary's face, with the curls pushed back from it, a wild-rose tint on her cheek; her blue eyes, brighter and softer than ever, he thought, on that still evening, when there was a great hush on everything, so deep that the ear

caught the least sound from the distant coast of the bay, when even the great waters kept silence; as if, indeed,

The restless heart of the ocean was for a moment consoled.

She sat on a flat slab of rock, in the front of the platform, beyond the semicircular sweep of its sides, full in view of the other three—an exquisite unconscious picture; and at their bidding she sang. The notes floated out on the still air, over the still waves, without the slightest effort, as if she merely breathed; solemn music, brilliant music, anything they asked for. Well as they knew and loved Mary's singing, they felt as if they had never heard it before this night. She had ceased, and there was a silence. Sir David broke it. 'Mary,' he said, using her name quite naturally, though for the first time, 'do you know any old-fashioned songs—simple songs—old things that people sang before you were born?'

'Yes,' she answered; 'I know several. I have found some, with Mrs Græme's name written upon them, at the Tors. I will sing you one now.' She turned her face to the sea again, and began, with a voice in which memory made its most touching, plaintive appeal:

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown.

She sang the song through to the end; Anne Cairnes looking at her, and listening with an intensity which could not have failed to attract the attention of Sir David Mervyn, if he had not been looking at her and listening with equal intensity. When the last notes died away, no one spoke a word, and Mary looked round surprised. Cyril rose, stepped up on the platform, and boldly whispered something to her; not a few words, but a long sentence. Sir David came out of his fit of abstraction with a sigh, and Anne came out of hers with tears standing in her dark eyes.

'I have made you all melancholy,' said Mary; 'let us go home.'

'You have given me more pleasure, my dear,' said Sir David, with grave gentleness, which became him well, 'than I have had, from music, for many years.'

Anne sent Cyril to the house, to fetch her bonnet and Mary's, and they began their walk home; she and Sir David leading the way. The pair in advance said little to each other, and nothing of importance, until they had entered the walk leading through the shrubbery to Anne's house. Then Anne said: 'The power of reviving associations by sound has never been made so evident to me as to-night. Mary's singing of our old songs has enabled me to trace a likeness in her face which has dimly suggested itself to me many a time, but which I never could catch and identify before.'

'That is a curious coincidence,' said Sir David, 'for, though I have traced a likeness in Mary's face to one I used to know very well—a likeness which struck me when I saw her first—it has never come out with such force and completeness as to-night.'

'Indeed,' said Anne quickly, and with earnestness. 'May I venture to ask you, Sir David, to whom this likeness exists? I don't put the question out of curiosity merely; the answer may mean much to me, and to Mary.'

'No, no,' he said; 'there's no chance of that. The likeness I see could not involve any matter of

importance to any one. Nevertheless, I will tell you, some day, the story of the person whom Mary is like.' They were nearing the house, and Cyril and Mary were nearing them. He lowered his voice; he pressed her hand, lying on his arm, closer to his side, and he added: 'I had made up my mind, before to-night, to tell you that story, Anne.'

At the same moment, Cyril and Mary came up, and Cyril took hold of Sir David's arm, excitedly, almost rudely. 'I can't go in this fine night,' he said; 'I'm off for a long walk.' Without a word to Anne, he turned away, and was out of sight in a moment. In that moment, Mary had also disappeared.

'What does he mean?' said Anne, astonished.

'I can't imagine. I will follow him, and find out. And I will come and tell you early to-morrow.'

Sir David left her; and Anne entered the house, where her maid met her with a message from Mary. It was to the effect, that she had so bad a headache, she had been obliged to go to bed at once. Anne went up to Mary's room, and found the door locked. She called gently, and after three appeals the door was opened. There stood Mary, with no article of her attire removed, her face pale, and her eyes swollen with crying. Anne threw her arms round her. 'What ails you, my child?' she exclaimed. 'Are you ill?'

'No, no,' she said. 'Not ill. I cannot—I am not able to tell you to-night. Leave me to myself now, and I will tell you all to-morrow.'

Anne did as she entreated her; she left her to herself, and went to her own room, there to wait, through a sleepless night, for the coming of to-morrow.

IN MAMBI-LAND.

We talk commonly of Cuba, and geographically we are quite right; but, from another point of view, there are two Cubas, Spanish Cuba and Free Cuba: the latter is the Mambi-land. 'Spaniards,' we are told, 'call it the Manigua, or Los Montes; Americans talk of it as Free Cuba; and those who dwell within its confines, Cuba Libre, or the Mambi-land.' Thither, in the last month of the year 1872, proceeded from New York, in the mail-steamer *City of Havana*, an adventurous Hiberno-American, Mr James J. O'Kelly, who has lately recorded his experiences in a volume entitled *The Mambi-land, or Adventures of a Herald Correspondent in Cuba*. It appears that 'towards the close of the year 1872, the *Herald*, wishing to throw light on the Cuban insurrection, sent a correspondent to Cuba, with orders to see Cespedes, the President of the Cuban Republic;' but 'the correspondent found the mission so hazardous and full of danger that he abandoned it.' Into the breach thus created stepped, with true Irish dash, Mr James J. O'Kelly, to whom the well-known Mr James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the *Herald*, gave 'the following characteristic instructions:—"Go into the Cuban lines; see Cespedes and other important leaders; give a fair account of their position; and bring back reliable information of the prospects of the insurrection: draw upon the office for whatever funds you may need." And from the language in which Mr O'Kelly describes the country into which he was about to penetrate, he might have been excused for drawing upon the office for funds of

something different from what was contemplated by Mr. Bennett. Mambi-land, Mr. O'Kelly tells us, 'possesses no cities, no pomp, no splendours; it is bathed in sunshine, and yet bedewed with tears—often tears of blood. Indistinct it rises on the horizon, phantom-like it fades at the approach of the traveller, who yet feels and knows that its territory surrounds him on every side. Only in the depths of the silent forest does this mysterious land take tangible form, and express itself in organised communities. Its limits may be vaguely marked by the shores of Cuba; for even in the Spanish strongholds the dominion of the Mambi is spread over Cuban hearts. . . . But, few from the outer world have crossed its shifting frontier, so full of unknown perils and awe-inspiring mystery. Like the fabled garden of the Hesperides, the frontiers of the Mambi-land are guarded by monsters ready to devour the rash intruder. . . . Death is the doom decreed by Spanish law against whoever dares to cross the borders of the mystic Mambi-land. Some have doubted its very existence, and declared it to be a creation evoked from the rank imagination of an evil-working race called Laborantes. Before me, no impartial witness from the outside world had ever crossed the mysterious frontier to lift up the cloud that hid from view the strange land. Alone, among the bookmakers, have I visited the forbidden region; moved and dwelt among the inhabitants of the silent forests, the new nation growing into life; partaken of their cheer, joined in their revels, assisted at their deaths, accompanied them to battle, and witnessed their constancy in defeat, their exultation in the moment of victory.'

Such dictum may, in the estimation of simple folk, appear to suffice, of what Americans call 'tall talk'; and to be rather bewildering than explanatory; and it may, therefore, be desirable to clear the way for what is to come by making in plain English a short statement of a few preliminary facts, so far as diligent search has been rewarded with discovery. There is good reason to believe that the Mambi-land is not, as might have been supposed, a mere fancy of the brain, such as the *Inferno* of Dante, but a mountainous district, having a real existence, and serving as an almost inaccessible asylum for the enemies of the Spanish rule in Cuba, who formed themselves into a republic under the 'semi-fabulous' President Cespedes. The inhabitants of that region are called by Mr. O'Kelly, and perhaps by themselves, Mambis, whatever that term may mean; but, though they would like to be spoken of as 'patriots,' or, at the very worst, as 'insurgents,' the Spaniards appear to stigmatise them all, whether white or coloured, under the comprehensive name of 'runaway niggers.' Furthermore, those Cubans who, though sympathising with the Mambis, and ready to promote their cause by any underhand means, cannot make up their minds to quit their profitable business, and comfortable homes in the towns, for the rough and perilous life of Mambi-land, or even think that they can be of more service to the cause by remaining where they are and keeping the ball rolling by means of intrigue, seem to be known by the appellation of Laborantes. So much by way of preliminary exposition; and now to return to Mr. O'Kelly. We left him on board the *City of Havana*, which in due time arrived off the city whose name it had received at its christening.

It is soon made evident that he will put down the Spaniards in his black book. The time he had to wait for a 'permit to land' leads him to reflect upon 'the cavalier manner in which mere Americans were treated,' and to observe satirically that 'even a Spanish official cannot well remain at breakfast all day.' His next little grievances occurred on the short passage by water from the vessel to the custom-house, when he and his fellow-passengers, including a lady, were nearly run down by a Spanish man-of-war's boat, in the stern whereof 'a rabob of an officer was seated, whose white hair ought to have been a guarantee against such an outrage; but the Hidalgo sat quietly and unconcernedly by, as if it were a matter of sublime indifference to his decorated soul whether or not some half-dozen mere civilians were sent to the bottom.'

On landing, there arose a difficulty about getting a safe-conduct, to enable him 'to pass freely through the Spanish lines.' Unable to procure a passport of this nature, he set out, regardless of warnings, and at his own risk, to seek for a needle in a bundle of hay—that is, for Cespedes in Mambi-land. Even the *laborantes* either could not or would not give him any helpful information; and his earliest efforts, apparently, resulted in nothing more than a not very momentous journey by rail through occasionally splendid scenery to the town of Villa Clara. Thence, Mr. O'Kelly proceeded to visit some sugar-plantations, worked by negro slaves or coolies, and said to belong to owners 'dwelling in Havana, Madrid, London, New York, and Paris; who are described as 'Christians of the first water,' and he saw enough to rouse his indignation, especially on behalf of the imported Chinamen, whom he considers to be grossly deceived, cheated, and cruelly overworked; but he found himself no nearer to Mambi-land. Not a guide could he obtain; 'it was useless to offer the most tempting bribes, no one could be induced to face what was esteemed certain death in venturing into the mysterious region of Cuba Libre,' and 'the mirage-like frontier advanced and receded like phantom-lakes in the desert.' In the end, Mr. O'Kelly was obliged to, as it were, change his front altogether, and rather than lose an opportunity of getting at least upon the track of the Mambis, to accept an offer kindly made to him by Brigadier-general Morales 'to accompany a Spanish expedition against the insurgents.' He started with the Spanish column, marched as far as 'the apex of the triangle formed by the range of mountains known as Dos Bocas, where a halt was called for the night, and waited impatiently for the dawning of the next day, on which a plunge was to be made 'into the mysterious land of unknown dangers.' What a night may bring forth, however, is proverbially astonishing; and Mr. O'Kelly's astonishment was mingled with disgust to find next morning that orders had been received during the night for the return of the column. This retreat, Mr. O'Kelly says, 'has always been a puzzle to me.'

There was clearly no course open for this inquiring traveller but to rely upon his native talents and courage, and 'run the gantlet.' He 'sought no confidences, and 'without asking to know who were *laborantes*, or who were not,' he 'simply whispered in ears that seemed friendly' his surprise that no sign was made by the patriots, no

word of advice or anonymous hint sent' to place him on the right road. 'At last came a vague hint that in the direction of Ti-Arriba it might be possible to open communications with some of the Cuban forces;' and for Ti-Arriba, between which and Santiago de Cuba there is no place of any consequence save one little town, the correspondent 'at once set out alone,' finding, as one can readily believe under the circumstances, that 'the utter loneliness of the road, and, at times, the awful grandeur of the solitude, produced in the soul a feeling of awe not unminged with terror.' It will be sufficient to say that the end of this jaunt was scarcely more satisfactory than such trips had hitherto been, save only that the enterprising correspondent found an opportunity of ingratiating himself with certain 'coloured ladies and gentlemen,' as well as with 'white men and civil and military authorities,' by 'giving a ball and free whisky,' and that he received some information which enabled him to incur a risk of being shot as a spy. But patience and perseverance surmount all difficulties; and one day fading hope was renewed in a mysterious fashion worthy of the land which has been described as mystic and wonderful. On the floor of Mr O'Kelly's room was discovered 'a letter in a strange hand,' written in Spanish, without signature, and stating that 'if Mr O'Kelly wished to put himself in communication with the Cuban forces, he would proceed on the morrow, alone, and without having notified any one of his intention, to a point indicated.' An hour was appointed, an hour at which it would be dark. Was it, then, a trap? Time would shew; but it would never do now to draw back. At the appointed hour, therefore, nay, considerably before it, and at the appointed place, might have been seen, if the darkness had allowed, Mr O'Kelly mounted upon his good horse, Old Harry by name, and having his *machete* (cutlass) and his revolver 'ready for instant use.' A while, and then there was heard a low 'hist.' The Cuban challenge was at once given and answered; and a black man, black to a degree that made him scarcely distinguishable, 'so much did he appear a part of the general gloom,' advanced, took Mr O'Kelly by the hand, exchanged explanations, and proceeded to lead the way, gliding along like an incarnate portion of the very night itself. The guide and Mr O'Kelly were, on the road, joined by other 'patriots,' and the party then dashed once more into woods from which they had temporarily emerged, the *machete* being found very serviceable against 'the brier and cactus,' that nevertheless inflicted severe punishment, and even threatened to exact the tribute of an eye.

To woods succeeded mountains, which ultimately proved too much for Old Harry. He had climbed like a member of the Alpine Club, and had as many falls as a learner of skating; but, though he had been dismounted, and either led or allowed to follow as he best might, the prospect was at last too much for him, and, 'after a few preliminary kicks,' he 'started down the mountain-side,' and was reported 'gone to Santiago on his own hook.' The march had been, not only up-hill but down-hill, and, moreover, past Spanish posts; but on the second day Mr O'Kelly 'came on a number of tracks in the woods running in different directions.' At length he was in Mambi-land; and after the stories he had heard 'about savage negroes, ignorant as

ferocious, wandering naked in the woods, respecting no laws, human or divine, and merely stopping short of cannibalism,' he was much relieved to find himself 'surrounded by persons of gentle, and even polished, manners. It is true that clothing was rather scanty, but there was enough for decency, and in this favoured clime little more is needed. The women were all adequately clothed, and, in many instances, were even able to exhibit a certain amount of coquetry in their dress, which no true woman, having an opportunity, would be likely to omit to do.' A simple hospitality was exercised; a dance was extemporised; the children, before they went to bed, crossed their hands upon their bosoms and, according to their invariable custom, asked 'the evening blessing from all the grown-up people;' and Mr O'Kelly, who describes himself as 'not a religious man in any sense of the word,' was much affected at the novel position he was required to assume as a bestower of benedictions upon a suppliant little maiden in a 'Madonna-like posture.' And he may well have been impressed by a picture 'so much in contrast with the wildness of Mambi life, and so foreign to the scenes of slaughter and outrage, which make up the daily history of this suffering people.' But there yet remained the great object, which was to 'interview' the 'semi-fabulous' Cespedes. Mr O'Kelly was determined to do so, and his determination was seconded by many influential Mambis, of whose guerrilla warfare he became an eye-witness, and he convinced himself how deadly was the hatred between Spaniard and Cuban in their merciless war to the knife. The Mambi who struck Mr O'Kelly 'as the impersonation of heroic patriotism,' was a 'strapping brown man,' whose 'costume consisted of the rim of a straw hat, through which appeared the crown of a woolly head;' whilst 'something resembling a ragged and scanty dish-cloth was bound around his loins, and a rifle and cartridge-box completed the equipment. So nearly allied, in the same person, may be the sublime and the ridiculous. The Mambis, knowing that no quarter will be given, never, if the most incredible efforts can prevent it, suffer their wounded comrades to fall into the enemy's hands; but this must sometimes be but cruel kindness, seeing that the disabled are 'dragged through the brambles, and over the rough ground full of thorns and protruding stumps of rotted trees; and that 'oftentimes, in these fearful courses, these rushes for life, the arms are wrenched from the sockets, or the bones snap unheeded.'

At length, the wished-for day arrived; Mr O'Kelly had, with his escort, 'penetrated the mountain regions of Jiguani;' and orders came for them 'to proceed to the camp where President Cespedes and members of his cabinet had their headquarters.' This Mr O'Kelly, of course, did with alacrity; and, having been introduced to the 'semi-fabulous' president, who said very distinctly, in English: 'I am very glad to see you,' interviewed him on the spot. 'President Cespedes,' he says, 'was a small man with a good deal of iron in his composition, stood remarkably erect, and was nervous in action and in temperament. His features were small, with a claim to regularity. The forehead high and well formed; the face oval, and a little worn by time and care; his eyes, gray with a tinge of brown, were bright and penetrating. His mouth and the lower part of his face being concealed by a

moustache and beard of iron-gray, with a few black hairs interspersed. When he smiled, he shewed his teeth, which were extremely white, and, with one exception, remarkably well preserved.' Cespedes so far tried to turn the tables upon Mr O'Kelly, that the latter had to hint that he 'came to interview him, not to be interviewed;' whereupon, 'a compromise being effected,' Mr O'Kelly discharged his duty, as a free inquirer, to his newspaper, and, having staid some little time with Cespedes in Mambul-land, and having found, sad to relate, that 'except beef, which could not always be had, and coffee, neither the food nor the luxuries agreed with' him, returned within the Spanish lines, arrived at Manzanillo, and was speedily arrested, lodged in Fort Gerona, and left to ponder over his 'foolish confidence in the honour and faith of Spanish officials.' The only chance of escape which at first presented itself was not at all to Mr O'Kelly's taste, though it would have made his fortune at the same time: it was, in fact, proposed to him, he says, to betray his kind friend, President Cespedes, for the consideration of 'two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or perhaps half a million.' Mr O'Kelly, without insinuating a doubt whether the Spanish government was solvent to that extent, did not, of course, accept the dazzling offer; and was accordingly detained in prison, suffering, at first, great inconveniences, which were, however, afterwards alleviated through 'the timely arrival of the British gun-boat *Plow*.' From Manzanillo, the adventurous correspondent was removed to Santiago, from Santiago to Havana, where he was immured in a pestilential dungeon, thence to Santander, and thence to Madrid, where, on the representations of the United States minister, he was 'permitted to go at liberty;' and, a few months later, he was allowed to leave Spain, carrying with him, no doubt, rather checkered reminiscences of his visit to Mambul-land.

LAST CENTURY ITEMS.

It was with a sense of delight such as only an antiquary can experience, that Sir Walter Scott's famous Jonathan Oldbuck exhibited to his young friend Level 'a bundle of ballads not one of them later than 1700, and some of them a hundred years older, which he had wheedled an old woman out of, who loved them better than her psalm-book; tobacco, snuff, and the *Complete Syren*, being given as an equivalent.'

No one whose time has not been passed in the society of antiquaries, can form any idea of the intense degree of pleasure that they feel in securing relics of the past—in becoming the actual possessors of some ancient ballad—'An Account of a Dreadful Apparition,' or the 'True and Authentic History of how Dame Jiggins was burnt in her bed, when no candle or other inflammable material had been near her to cause the flames to arise.' They love these records of former days as truly as an alderman does his turtle, or 'My Lady' her lace and diamonds.

My father was an antiquary, and I can even now, though many a long year has passed since that day, see his eyes sparkle with delight as he

produced a volume of newspapers, *Ipswich Journals* of 1746, 1746, 1747, and 1748, which he had just purchased from a grocer at fourpence per pound, the worthy tradesman being glad to get rid of them at that price, as their age rendered them unfit for wrapping-up purposes. They contain a complete history of the Scottish Rebellion, besides much which is curious on various matters; and not the least interesting portion is the sheet devoted to advertisements, by studying which one becomes strangely identified with the every-day life of our great-grandmothers and grandfathers.

Among the amusements which are announced are Concerts, Balls, Assemblies, Theatrical Entertainments, Cricket-matches, Horse-races, Cock-fighting; 'Performances of the Young Gentlemen at Holt School at their public breaking-up;' Flower-shows—Auriculas at Ipswich, Bury St Edmunds, Wickham; Tulip-shows, and Carnations. In the *Journal* for April 18, 1747, appears the following advertisement of an auricula-show: 'This is to give notice that the annual show of auriculas will be at the house of Mr John Wards, at the *White Lion* at Hadleigh, on Friday the 27th instant, when all lovers of these pleasing productions of nature will meet a hearty welcome, and a kind reception from their humble servants, *FERRIS NORMAN, JACOB PRIOR, Stewards*.'

On August 2, 1746: 'The Sons of Flora will hold their annual feast at the *Maid's Head*, in St Simon's, Norwich, on Wednesday, the 6th day of August next, when all gentlemen who are admirers of the beauties of nature are desired to come and view the greatest number of new and well-blown carnations that the year produces.

'*Note*—There will be a venison feast, and stewards are provided for the year ensuing. Tickets to be had at four shillings each.'

Cricket-matches are announced to be played at various places, for buckskin gloves, velvet caps, holland waistcoats, and other articles of wearing apparel. They were advertised in the following manner, under the date September 13, 1746: 'On Monday next will be played for at cricket, on the Lamb-fair Field, at Handford Hall, eleven black velvet caps, of ten shillings value each, by twenty-two men, each man to put in four shillings. The wickets will be pitched by one o'clock. *N.B.*—The Ipswich men are determined to play.'

Cock-fighting, if one may judge from the number of notices given of the fights about to take place in all parts of the county, was looked upon as a most agreeable recreation, as they are made more frequent mention of than almost any other form of amusement. Under the date May 11, 1745, we have as follows: 'There will be a mail of cocks shewn at Joseph Tweed's, at the *Spread Eagle Inn*, in the Butter Market, in Bury St Edmunds, on the 22d, 23d, and 24th of this instant May, being the time of the races, between the gentlemen of Cambridgeshire and the gentlemen of Norfolk, to shew forty-five cocks on each side, and to fight four guineas a battle, and twenty guineas the odd battle, where there will be a very commodious pit, and all gentlemen shall be kindly used by their humble servant, *JOSEPH TWEED*.'

'Trials of manhood' were also of most frequent occurrence, and the Tom Sayers of that day was one Ellis Goddard, a farmer of Mellis, in Suffolk. One of his advertisements, under date July 26, runs

as follows : 'Notice is hereby given, that on Monday the 28th of this July instant, again will be a severe trial of manhood, between Ellis Goddard and Mr John Slack, the Norfolk champion, for ten pounds each, at the Castle in Buckenham, in the county of Norfolk, at which time and place I doubt not but to shew the spectators that this "Norfolk Hero" (as he terms himself) is not invincible. However, it is resolved to be the determinate battle between my antagonist and myself. ELLIS GODDARD.'

Advertisements of a similar character exist in numerous newspapers till towards the end of last century; but even within our own recollection, prize-fights were reckoned fashionable amusements.

The advertisements of horse-races are too much like those of our own day to require introducing here, but this one of a foot-race may be worth mentioning: 'On Thursday the 1st of May next, 1746, at *Blakenham Chequer*, a hat and wig of half a guinea each will be run for by men, to run twice round the course to a heat, the best of three heats to run fair, and no less than five to start. Half a guinea to be given free, to enter their names at eleven o'clock, and to start at three; any person to pay double entrance at the post.'

Theatrical entertainments must also be passed over, as they would greatly increase the length of this article if mention were made of even a few of them. The inhabitants of Suffolk and the adjacent counties were evidently great admirers of histrionic performances. The following advertisement (September 28, 1745) of the time when Sadler's Wells was in the height of its fame, is an interesting one: 'By Rayner's Company from Sadler's Wells, at the great Musical Booth, opposite the Post-office, on Angel Hill, during the time of Bury Fair, will be performed the usual diversions of Sadler's Wells, consisting of rope-dancing, tumbling, postures, singing, balancing, and variety of stage-dancing, both serious and comic; particularly a wooden-shoe dance by Mr and Miss Rayner; also a new tambourine dance by the celebrated Miss Rayner, who, for truth and height of dancing, is allowed by all to be the greatest performer extant; to conclude with several pieces in grotesque characters, called *Harlequin's Masquerade, or the Double Intrigue*. And the said Rayner hopes that gentlemen and ladies will honour him with their good company, and doubts not of giving entire satisfaction. Boxes, 2s.; pit, 1s.; gallery, 6d. To begin every day at two o'clock, and end at nine. N.B.—There will be new diversions every day.'

Concerts were of most frequent occurrence. We copy the following advertisement of one of them, under date December 27, 1746: 'For the Benefit of Signor Pizzolati, who had the honour to perform the first-violin at York, in the Assembly Rooms, during the years 1743, 1744; and coming from Dublin to take care of his daughters, whom he had left there, had the misfortune to be taken by a French privateer, called *Mirapoca*, and was stripped of all his effects, and remains quite destitute of subsistence. Therefore, begs that ladies and gentlemen will, through charity, favour him with their company at the grand concert-hall of vocal and instrumental music, Ipswich, on January 6th. The first-violin by Signor P. assisted by all the hands in Ipswich, with several solos,' &c.

Very few books are mentioned in the old papers,

but the following are amongst the scanty supply of literature: 'This day is published, July 12, 1746, A pretty little Pocket-book, intended for the instruction of little Master Tommy and pretty Miss Polly; with two letters from Jack the Giant-killer; as also a ball and pin-cushion, the use of which will infallibly make Tommy a good boy, and Polly a good girl. Price sixpence.'

In the whole four years, there were only two or three advertisements for domestic servants, although in almost every paper mention is made of servants absconding from the service of their masters.

The insertion of advertisements apologising for all kinds of slanderous accusations was most general; one of them runs as follows (October 26, 1745): 'Whereas, about the second day of October last, I did, by misunderstanding what they said, falsely assert that Mr Thomas Gorsuch and Mr John Fearchild, both of Stoke Ferry, in Norfolk, drank the Pretender's health: I do, in this publick manner, clear the said Messrs Gorsuch and Fearchild from such a calumny, and I do declare it was the effect of liquor, in which I was at the same time deeply concerned, and I verily believe there are no persons better affected to the present happy government, and to His Sacred Majesty King George II. than they are. JOHN WORTLEY, of Eastmore.'

One more quotation from this most curious collection must bring it to a close; it is from the *Journal* of December 17, 1748: 'Whereas, a mad bull of a sandy colour, clumsy made, wall-eyed, full chop'd, and of fierce appearance, has for some time infested the grounds of a farmer near Bishop's Stortford, in Hertfordshire, and frequently runs roaring and foaming about the said town, to the great terror of children and weak-minded people, this is therefore to advise all such to avoid the said beast, or, if he unavoidably falls in their way, not to be terrified or dismayed, for, on being opposed with the least appearance of resolution, the dastardly animal will, with hideous bellowing, turn tail. The said farmer also hereby gives notice that he will give all reasonable encouragement to such as will promise him bull-dogs of the pure English breed, capable of baiting and driving him out of these parts, as he has been out of the counties of Essex and Kent.'

If the weak-minded persons and children of the middle of the last century were likely, on receiving this advice, to oppose this running, roaring, and foaming mad bull, with resolution, and by their display of heroic courage cause him to turn tail, what emergency must not the strong-minded have been equal to! It is very doubtful whether many members of the society which advocates women's suffrage, although that is supposed to embrace the most strong-minded of the sex, would, in 1874, feel comfortable in resolutely confronting so unamiable an animal.

On Saturday, January 2, 1875, will be commenced
in this JOURNAL, a NOVEL, entitled

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DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S IMPROVEMENTS.

A LARGE portion of the energy and enterprise that distinguished his illustrious relative, the great Duke of Bridgewater, seems to have been inherited by the present Duke of Sutherland. During the thirteen years that have elapsed since he acquired possession of the property, the county of Sutherland has been well-nigh revolutionised, and a great many works are in progress which may have a most important effect upon the future well-being of the people. We may enumerate some of the works in which the Duke has in late years engaged : Railways in the Highlands at a cost of upwards of three hundred thousand pounds. Opening lime-quarries, and building lime-kilns at Lairg and Erribol. Placing a steam-barge on Loch Shin for goods-traffic. Reopening and working coal-mines at Brora. Erecting a large brick-work and manufactory of tiles, draining-pipes, fire-bricks, &c. Reclamation of land on a very large scale at various places, especially at Lairg, by means of steam-ploughs of novel construction and remarkable power. Introducing road-locomotives and portable thrashing-machines. Providing steam-ploughs for hire. Laying oyster-beds. Breeding salmon on a large scale, and trying the effect of introducing the breed of such rivers as the Tweed, the Tay, and the Thurso, into the small rivers of Sutherland. Gas-making from peat : and testing the value of peat as fuel for domestic purposes, for engines, lime-burning, &c. Experiments for improving the quality and durability of home-grown timber. Trying the effects of pure-water irrigation on lawn and mountain grasses. Extensive planting. Division of shootings and building lodges, with a view to increasing the number of resident shooting tenants. Erection of saw-mills and steam-carpentry works capable of turning out every kind of wood-work necessary for building houses, &c. Workshops for repairing steam-ploughs and machinery of every kind.

All this, it must be remembered, is irrefragable

of the ordinary management of an immense territory, the organisation of a body of Volunteers, which embraces the whole strength of the county, and the maintenance of a splendid hospitality, not confined to the Duke's palatial residence at Dunrobin, but carried on at Stafford House, Trentham, and Lilleshall, where industrial works of scarcely less magnitude than those in Sutherland, have His Grace's constant attention and supervision. That supervision is not a fiction : early and late His Grace is on the move : as other people order their carriage round at a certain hour, the Duke bespeaks his private engine at the Dunrobin station, and he likes to drive it himself.

Improvements in Sutherland are not all of recent date. Much had already been done by the late Duke and his predecessor. Roads were made ; farms adjusted and let on lease ; good dwelling-houses and farm-steadings had been erected where required ; the old castle of Dunrobin, the family seat for many centuries, had been converted into a palace worthy of royalty ; and the county was in a settled, prosperous, and easy-going condition, but cut off from the world, inasmuch as it lacked railway communication. This desideratum has now been supplied. A line of the ordinary four feet eight and a half inch gauge penetrates the county, and communicates with the two principal towns of Caithness, so that garrages can be sent literally from the Pentland Firth to the British Channel without interruption. The construction of part of the line—Golspie to Helmsdale—was undertaken in a great measure for the relief of the people of Sutherland, who had had two or three bad fishing seasons, and were in distress. Without waiting for an act of parliament, or calling for contracts, the Duke broke ground at Golspie for a continuation of the Highland Railway, and at once offered employment to the people of the district. He was his own contractor, bought his own ballast-trucks, the timber for the sleepers came from his own estate, was sawn at his own saw-mills, and the stone for the bridges came from his own quarries. The men were paid by weekly wages ; and when the work was done, and seventeen miles

of railway constructed on this principle, the Duke had the satisfaction of knowing that he had not only helped the people at a pinch, but had made the very cheapest railway that has yet been opened in the kingdom. To complete the notice of this peculiar piece of work, the government inspector said it was as good a railway as could be constructed; and when the Duke opened it for traffic, he drove the engine himself, and on the foot-plate with him were the Prince and Princess Christian, and the Duchess of Sutherland.

As far as Helmsdale, the construction of the line was easy. Between the mountains and the sea lies a belt of flat land, for the most part of sharp good soil, that bears fine crops of barley and potatoes, and yields as excellent early grass as any in the north. This is the only part of the county in which there is any population to speak of, and the railway thereafter passes through a tract of land such as it is hard to associate with the idea of travelling in the Highlands of Scotland. There are miles and miles of the most dreary moorland, as flat as the palm of the hand; not a tree or a bush is to be seen, not even the fragrant bog-myrtle; but there are multitudes of shallow lakes, which hold splendid trout and give good angling. Peaty water and good fish seem incompatible, but may be reconciled by the fact, that where the railway here and there cuts deeper than the growth of peat, the soil on which it rests appears to be of a marly clay, and where there is plenty of marl in water, the fish generally are pink like salmon. The termini at Wick and Thurso are both places of interest in their way—the former, the great centre of the herring-fishing; and the latter, a well-built, genteel, county capital, at the mouth of one of the finest salmon rivers in the world, and within easy reach of firm yellow sands by the seashore, such as are in themselves an inducement to sea-bathing. In the Highland Railway, the Duke holds £100,000 of stock: the line from Bonar Bridge to Golspie cost him £116,000; from Golspie to Helmsdale, £80,000; and his contribution to the Sutherland and Caithness Railway was £60,000: in all, £301,000. The Highland Railway system now extends to 410 miles.

If peat is ever to be converted into an article of commercial value, the vast deposits around Forsinard—one of the stations on the Sutherland and Caithness line—should count for much. Not only is the extent enormous, but the quality is good—for peat, it seems, differs almost as much as soil in its capacity for growth, and its usefulness as fuel. It grows like a sponge in some places, so loose, wet, and porous as to be almost worthless; at Forsinard, and generally on the confines of Caithness and Sutherland, it is of close, firm texture, very black in colour, and taking a long time to grow. Many expensive experiments have been made to utilise this abundant growth, but there has always been some hitch. Sir James Matheson made splendid paraffine candles from it, but it was no sooner at the paying-point than some invention was made by which the Lews candles were undersold in the market; a large manufactory has sprung up at Arisaig, in the West Highlands, but its success has yet to be tried. The Duke of Sutherland has experimented upon peat in a hundred ways: he tried to work it up with sawdust and coal-tar into fuel for engines, mixed it with coal-dust, the debris of the collieries, and

compressed the compound into the shape of bricks. He took common peats from the moor, and, by an ingenious process, forced boiling pitch into every pore of the mould, so that it must burn. And so it did. All the experiments suited very well, they were quite successful; but they could not supersede materials in common use. His Grace is now engaged in one more experiment. Near Forsinard, in the heart of the peat-moss, he has constructed machinery for converting peat into carbon. The process is inexpensive, and is perfectly successful. The consistency of the carbon, its great value for manufacturing purposes, and for the production of gas, cannot be gainsaid, and it costs only about 15s. per ton; but, unfortunately, it costs £2, 10s. per ton to carry it to places where it would be useful.

The completion of the railway to Helmsdale, and the high price to which coal was rising shortly after that event, directed attention to a coal-field which was well known to exist in the immediate neighbourhood of the village of Brora. The seam crops out upon the sea-shore, and after a heavy north-easterly gale, the fisher-people used to gather basketsful of coal at low-tide for use at home. About seventy years ago, a shaft was sunk; the mineral was easily found, but the quality was inferior, and good coal was then cheap. For local consumption, it had to compete with that same peat of which we have been speaking, which was really valuable when labour was at a discount. After much expense had been incurred, the mine fell into the hands of an insolvent contractor, who fled from the country. It was abandoned; and operations for emptying the shaft of the accumulated rain-water of forty years were only begun late in 1872. The mine is now in working-order; it is by no means an extensive one, and the product is only twenty-five tons to thirty tons a day; but as many as fifty tons have been raised in a day; and the supply could be increased if the demand were greater. It is good serviceable fuel, and the quality is steadily improving, the further the mine is worked. Some bituminous shale has been discovered, and is now used at the gas-works at Thurso. From two hundred and fifty tons to three hundred tons of coal per month are consumed by the Duke at his various works throughout the county, and at Dunrobin, where it is in daily use. Tramways lead from the mouth of the pit to the Brora Railway Station, and to the harbour, which is capable of accommodating vessels of light draught.

At Brora, has been discovered a magnificent bank of brick-clay, and on the shore an endless supply of excellent fire-clay. Both these kinds of clay have been utilised. A very perfect brick-work is now in operation. All that is competent to the material is here turned out, apparently of the best quality and make, under the superintendence of skilled workmen from England. The shedding covers a fifth of an acre, and can protect a hundred thousand bricks; about seven thousand a day can be turned out easily; but tile-pipes, chimney-cans, roofing-tiles, wall-coping, &c., which are comparatively more in demand than the bricks themselves, take more time for production. The fire-clay manufacture is of importance in the Highlands, as there is no other work of the kind; and Brora manufactured goods have proved in analysis very nearly equal to those of Stourbridge. So many works are

in hand, so many new houses and cottages are in course of erection, that it has been thought worth while to start a steam carpentry establishment. A cargo of timber can be imported straight from Norway, which is nearer Brora than London. A few minutes suffice to run it to the saw-mill, and the appliances there are so perfect that it can be turned out in the form of doors and window-sashes all complete. The building is entirely of brick, the first of the kind ever erected in the county: it is 130 feet long by 30 feet wide, is brilliantly lighted, and well ventilated. Adjoining it is a similar building devoted to the repairing of machinery of all kinds, together with store-rooms, offices, &c. These are not yet in working order, but when completed, they will give employment to a great many people, and prove of much value in the industrial education of the Highlands. All these works are making the little village of Brora a place of considerable importance. The river, an excellent salmon stream, runs through the centre, but the banks are high on both sides, and very rocky. A little planting on the slopes above would vastly improve the appearance of the place; and with its fine sandy beach, Brora might easily be made an attractive place of residence.

The operations described above may be said to spring naturally one from the other: but the works which have attracted most attention in Sutherland, which were visited by a large number of the members of the Highland Society at the last show at Inverness, are the operations for reclaiming land in the neighbourhood of Lairg. There is probably no county in Scotland in which there is so much uncultivated land as in Sutherland. Except the border, on the sea-shore, of which we spoke above, hardly ten miles deep at any point, and a few isolated patches of land here and there, the whole county may be said to be given up to black-cattle, sheep, and deer, which is nearly equivalent to saying that it is in a state of nature. As this state of things is detrimental to the climate, the reclamation of land on an extensive scale becomes of first importance.

The spot selected for the principal experiment in bringing land into cultivation, lies beside Loch Shin, a few miles inland from the railway station at Lairg. It is a fine Highland district, with long low mountains and broad valleys, very little wooded, and not at all rocky. Loch Shin is a noble sheet of water, twenty miles long, and celebrated for its *Salmo ferox*. The day will probably come when a sufficient ladder will be made for salmon at the falls on the river Shin, in which case salmon-fishing would be added to the attractions of the district. A good road runs from Lairg to the west coast, passing a series of lakes, which are connected one with the other, until they find an outlet in the sea at Laxford. The land rises by a gentle slope from the shores of Loch Shin to a low ridge, then falls into a broad flat valley, stretching away to the foot of the distant mountains: the river Tarry flows through it to Loch Shin, and on every hand there are miles and miles of apparently good soil only waiting to be tilled. The severity of the climate has always hitherto been objected against reclamation, but after all, the level of Loch Shin is little more than two hundred feet above the sea. The Duke has already planted extensively, and has made arrangements for doing so on a large scale. The climate cannot be much worse than places immedi-

ately north and south of it, and the result of last year's work is encouraging. On the first farm, Collobal, excellent crops of oats and turnips have been gathered this autumn, as good as can be found in the country, and the soil was not better than the greater part of what is now in course of reclamation. It is intended to take in about a thousand acres per annum, and the estimated cost, including drainage, farm-buildings, roads, &c., is about twenty-five pounds per acre. The second farm cleared is Auchan-arran (the field of bread), the old name for the place. It is intended to contain six fields of fifty acres each. Others in process of reclamation will consist of one of two hundred and fifty or three hundred acres, one of two hundred acres, one of one hundred and twenty-five acres, with fourteen hundred acres of pasture divided among them. There will also be fourteen farms of forty acres each, with six hundred acres of out-run in common. About two hundred acres are to be given to tenants for improvement. His Grace intends to make the farms quite complete before letting them, taking the first crop himself, and then letting them on an improving lease.

Twenty-five pounds spent in reclaiming a single acre of land! The outlay seems enormous; yet, to our knowledge, even larger sums are expended by proprietors in Scotland in reclaiming waste parts of their estate. Some years ago, a proprietor transformed a wild peat-moss into excellent arable land, at a cost of thirty pounds per acre, on which outlay there has been already a return of five per cent. per annum, besides a considerable melioration of climate. This shews what can be done to advantage where a spirit of enterprise is united with capital. From what is now so energetically going on through the outlay of a princely revenue in Sutherland, the climate of that part of Great Britain cannot fail to be prodigiously improved. For this alone, the Duke merits a grateful acknowledgment.

A word or two about the mode of working. Nearly everything is done by means of steam-engines, which can traverse the country in pairs to wherever they may be required, and which are so constructed that they are in a great measure independent of roads. They take up their place at a distance of about four hundred yards from one another, and are connected by means of steel ropes of immense strength, one attached to each engine, and wound upon a drum. If there should be a few trees in the way, a chain is thrown round them; one of the wires is attached, the engine winds up, and away go the trees, roots and all, in a twinkling. Is this process of falling timber likely to supersede the axe? Fir trees, larch, and spruce, send down no tap-root into the earth; and if a steam-engine furnished with steel-wire ropes can pull down one tree, it might uproot five hundred in a day. The plough used for cutting up the land at Lairg is attached to the wire-ropes of both engines—one uncoiled to the full, and the other wound up. The former begins to wind up, and drags the plough along, pulling out with it the wire coiled upon the second engine. At the other side of the field, the process is reversed, and so the plough is dragged back and fore from end to end, until the day's work is done. The plough is a most ingenious contrivance, perfected literally on the field, as the wants and necessities of the case revealed themselves. At first, no tackle could stand the sudden jerk caused by running till

against a boulder or a big root in the ground. To remedy this, side-wheels were put on, which lifted the plough over impediments, and men came behind with pick-axes to remove the difficulty. This was unsatisfactory, for much time was lost. It was the Duke himself who suggested a remedy—namely, the attachment of a trailing hook following the plough, and penetrating much deeper into the soil. This great hook grapples with stones that it would give immense trouble to hand-labour to loosen from the earth, and turn up on the surface. When even this cannot dispossess the obstruction, a cast of strong chain is thrown round it, and attached to the pulling-wire. It must then yield, whatever may be its weight, if the strain be such as the steel wire can bear. But the trail-hook does much more than pull out stones and roots in the work of reclamation; it thoroughly disturbs, without displacing, a considerable depth of subsoil, while the plough proper only turns over the good earth, and when the seed is sown, it finds loose soil below, from which to derive air and sustenance. Another important invention was made on the field, by, we believe, Mr Henry Wright, the Duke's private Secretary. All along, great difficulty had been experienced in steering the plough straight. Mr Wright suggested a revolving disc, by means of which it could be guided as one guides a bicycle, with two very clear advantages: the disc would cut through the turf like a knife in front of the coulter of the plough; and where an obstacle occurred which was too much for either the disc or the plough, it would rise up, and pass over it, helping the plough at the same time to do so likewise, and leave the difficulty to be dealt with by the trail-hook. When the field has been thoroughly ploughed from end to end, the engines are applied to the task of clearing it of stones. This is also done by means of the two coils of steel rope. Instead of the plough, a cradle is attached, capable of holding four or five tons of stones. When it is filled, one engine drags it to the end of the field, and with it the wire-rope of the other engine, which then begins to pull, and, tilting the cradle, drags it back to where a fresh load of stones has been accumulated. Many other ingenious contrivances have been applied here to the saving of labour. About two hundred and fifty men are employed, at wages of 2s. 6d. to 3s. 2d. a day; many skilled artisans receiving much more. At the coal-fields, most of the workmen are natives of the district, and obtain higher wages than have ever been paid in Sutherland.

It will be seen from these few notes how large a field of usefulness the Duke of Sutherland has opened for himself, and what great changes the county is undergoing. It is often a question, whether it is well for the nation that vast fortunes should be vested in the hands of individuals; but without enormous means, it would be impossible for the Duke of Sutherland to embark in works of improvement such as we have described, without embarrassing his estate, and possibly cutting off the means of usefulness of his successors. Whether they all yield a profitable return, is happily not a matter of serious concern to His Grace; but in the meantime, he has the satisfaction of creating new industries in Sutherland, familiarity with which must influence the fortunes of hundreds of his people. He increases the resources of the county in many ways, gives wholesome employment to

numerous workmen and their families, and all this by using the means placed by Providence in his hands for purposes which also serve to indulge his own hearty love of doing good. There is apparently good cause for repeating the words of an old traveller: 'May that family continue and prosper!' was the pious wish of Pennant, speaking of the Earls of Sutherland, when he narrated his famous Tour in the Highlands, just a hundred years ago.

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—MARY'S RESOLUTION.

WHEN Miss Cairnes came down on the following morning, she found a letter from Mrs Westland among those which awaited her. She opened it without interest or misgiving, her mind entirely absorbed in the occurrences of the previous night; and she read, hardly understanding them at first, the following lines:

It is impossible for me to address you with any of the customary forms of politeness or affection. You have taken an unfair advantage of the position in which my unfortunate circumstances have placed me, to enable my son to violate, with your connivance, all the principles I have ever striven to inculcate in him. Your careful concealment from me of the extraordinary step you have taken in bringing into your house the daughter of a common station-master, and of a former dependant of your own, and treating her as an equal, proves that you knew it was one which society would condemn. I am not, however, surprised at that; you have accustomed me to see you despise the opinions of society, and you are never communicative towards me. But the fact which you concealed from me has reached me through the medium of my maid's correspondence with your maid; with the dreadful addition, that Cyril, having met this young person—who is probably as designing as she must be vulgar—at Bromley Park, and accompanied you and her to the Tors, is quite openly paying her attentions, which she is receiving in your presence, and with your encouragement. I never was so shocked in my life as by this intelligence. I should have written to Cyril by this post, and put his conduct before him in its true light, but that I had more consideration for you than you have had for me, and hesitated to point out to him how far, by ever permitting him to meet a person of this kind in your company, you have departed from propriety and self-respect. Conceive my feelings when I discovered that your servants actually think it likely 'there will soon be a wedding at the Tors,' and that 'Miss Cairnes had done finely for her young friend and Mr Cyril.' Of course, you are prepared by the foregoing for the request, indeed, I am entitled to say the demand, which I am about to make—that you will undo as far as possible the mischief which your violation of the decent and proper laws of society has done, by at once dismissing this young person. I have, unhappily, no power to control Cyril's movements, and cannot, therefore, snatch him from the danger; but I can, and do, require you to remove from him the temptation for which you are accountable. I am really too much agitated to write more at present; but I expect to hear from you that my just demand has been complied with; and I don't

think, however far you may carry your own eccentric views, you will extend them to encouraging my son in setting his mother at defiance, and in taking a step which those only who know the world—of which you have chosen to remain ignorant—can estimate the ruinous nature.

C. WESTLAND.
Anne Cairnes was reading the last words of her aunt's astounding letter, when Mary came into the room, and advanced to her with her usual morning greeting and kiss. Mary noted the flush of anger on Anne's cheek as plainly as Anne saw Mary's pale face and dimmed eyes; but there was a servant in the room, and not a word was said, beyond the ordinary phrases which accompanied their several attempts at eating their breakfast, until they were alone. Then Anne took Mary to her morning-room, and bade her tell her what was grieving her. The letter she had read with such profound disgust had helped Anne's perceptions, and she waited for the girl's explanation with a heavy heart. Mary made a convulsive effort to speak; no words came.

Anne laid her hand on Mary's arm, and said very quietly: 'It is something about Cyril. Cyril loves you, and he told you so last night.'

'Oh, Miss Cairnes, how—how did you know it?' cried the girl, gliding suddenly from her seat, and kneeling beside Anne, with her face hidden in her hands.

Anne drew her close to her with one arm, and answered: 'Never mind that. Tell me, my child, what *you* told him. Tell me what you said to him, that sent him off, not like a happy lover, but wildly, like a man who has had a blow. Tell me what you said to Cyril, when he asked you if you loved him.'

'I told him—I told him that I did. But oh, Miss Cairnes—here Mary took her hands away from her face, and met Anne's gaze steadily—'I told him I had not known it until then, until a few minutes before he asked me the question. I told him I could never, never cease to love him—and that is true indeed. I hope you will not blame me too much for it, but I must love him all my life—though I shall never see him any more, perhaps.'

'What do you mean, Mary? Why should you never see him more?'

'Because it will be better for him; because he will leave off thinking of me, and fretting about me sooner, if there is no chance, no danger of our meeting ever again. But I did not tell him this; I kept this to tell to you, when I should be able, and could ask you to help me. I only said to him that I never could be his wife; and then he grew very angry with me, and said I had tempted and trifled with him, to make him wretched, and his life worthless to him. It was only a few minutes, but it seemed like years; and I don't know where I got the words, and the strength to say them.'

'I don't understand you,' said Anne, raising Mary from her knees. 'Sit here beside me; calm yourself, and let me know your meaning. Is it that Cyril has asked you to become his wife, and you, acknowledging that you love him, have refused him?'

'That is my meaning. I have refused him.'

'In Heaven's name, why?'

'For your sake, for that of my dead mother, and of my duty! Oh, Miss Cairnes, I am only a girl, and I know very little, but I do know

what I owe to you; I do know what Mr Westland is to you, and what his place in the world is. Miss Thorpe taught me how these things were, and how I must regard myself with respect to every one but *you*. To *you*, I could be what you chose to make me, but to every one else I am what I seem; only a poor girl, the child of humble parents, owing everything to your bounty; never by any possibility to be your equal. I knew it all, but I did not know how soon I might need to apply the knowledge; and there was no one, there was nothing to remind me of it here, but my own heart. But when he said those words to me last night, I knew the time had come, and that it was over. Not over, that I should still owe everything to you; but over, that I should not remember the truth about myself. And so, and so—here Mary's momentary calmness forsook her, and she wrung her hands wildly—'I said good-bye to him last night; and you must help me to make it good-bye in earnest.'

'And this is the girl his mother pronounces, without seeing her, to be doubtless as designing as she is vulgar'—this thought came to Anne, amid a multitude of other thoughts, as she listened.

'Then it was for his sake, and mine, that you refused Cyril? There was no motive for it, but your sense of duty to him and to me; no doubt about your own feelings? You are quite sure that you would like to be his wife, Mary, that you love him well enough to give all your life to him?'

'I am quite sure,' replied Mary, in a slow, low voice, 'that I love him well enough to do what I have done, for his sake, and yours. Please, don't say any more to me about that.'

She spoke with clearness and decision that might have become a woman twice her age. Anne wondered at the strength of character she had never before detected, because she had never looked for it. She had taken Mary's submission for general gentleness hitherto; here she was shewing all those qualities which are supposed to be peculiar to the 'thoroughbred,' by shallow thinkers, from whom we accept definitions that are frequently merely jargon.

'Very well, I won't. Now tell me, my dear, what it is you wish me to do. Suppose I accept all you have said, and what you have done; suppose I tell you, fully acknowledging my own want of foresight and of observation' (how keenly Anne felt, as she spoke, that she had been absorbed in her own feelings, while this drama of young love was being acted before her unheeding eyes), 'that no such probability as an attachment springing up between you and Cyril ever occurred to me, when I took you home; that, according to the judgment of the world, Cyril would be imprudent to marry you, and that you have behaved very well fully done your duty by refusing him, and resolving to part with him—what do you wish me to do?'

'I wish you to send me away.'

'Only to avoid him, Mary? It is his place to avoid you; he is only to remain another week here, you know, at all events. I had better send him away, I think.'

'No,' replied Mary, with the same decision of tone; 'I don't mean this for a few days only. I mean that you must send me away, to lead my own life, the life my mother destined, and you have fitted me for. This is a false position, and I see

now that all your generous kindness cannot make it a true one. *He* must not find the remembrance of me between him and his home; and I must not live where everything and every person must be associated with him. 'Dearest and best of friends,' she pleaded, as if she were the woman of mature judgment, and Anne the girl, 'let us be in earnest. There is only one way of keeping myself from a useless, pining life: it is by going back to my own sphere, and to my appointed work. Let me go—let me go at once, without the delay of a day, and let him stay here, in his proper place. Send me to Miss Thorpe, until I can begin my destined life; and never let him know where I am. He is as angry as he is sorry even now; and if you will do what I ask you, he will be more angry still.'

'I wonder whether he has said anything to Sir David?' muttered Anne with unconscious irrelevance.

'If he has,' Mary answered her unintentional utterance, 'Sir David Mervyn will have told him that such a thing could never be. What would he think of a friend of his marrying beneath him? What would he think of me, if I could have so far forgotten myself as to believe for a moment that it could be?'

'Do you think so very highly of Sir David, Mary? Do you prize his good opinion very much?'

'Indeed, I do. I have no knowledge from which to draw comparisons, but Sir David seems to me to be the truest and noblest gentleman in the world.'

'Then you would be satisfied to act by his advice, if, as I feel sure is the case, he is acquainted with what has occurred. You would let me consult him, before we decide on anything?'

'Yes, I would,' answered Mary, but with evident surprise.

'My dear,' said Anne, 'you have observed that I have said nothing about my own view of the matter. And now I am going to tell you why: it is because I am much to blame for what has happened; it is because I have not been quite true to my trust. I ought to have seen, perhaps I ought to have foreseen this, but I did not either see or foresee it. Now that I know it, and that you have acted as you have done, you have cut me to the heart, my child, with the conviction that where I hoped to secure your happiness, I have perhaps brought a great misfortune on you—the misfortune of a hopeless love. I suppose life has no greater.'

'O yes; I think it has,' said Mary quickly: 'an unreturned love must be worse; I shall remember always that he loved me.'

Anne continued, speaking low, and with a very pale face: 'If I could give you to Cyril as his wife, I would do so, with all my heart, and the conviction that I had given him a precious and blessed gift.' Mary started, and reddened. 'But I am not the person to be consulted; and I am not blameless towards Cyril's mother. Take all the comfort which my assurance can give you, and do not make up your mind that you are never to be Cyril's wife.'

'It is impossible, it is impossible that you'—

'It is quite possible, and quite true. I think my cousin Cyril could make no happier marriage, and I have a right to an opinion, having known you two-thirds of your life. I don't say this can be, Mary; I don't tell you to feel confident; I only say don't despair; and remember this—if anything had

been wanting to my love and esteem for you, your conduct to-day would have supplied it.'

Mary listened to her in trembling bewilderment. Anne continued: 'Now, will you be very reasonable, and very good? Will you leave me by myself, and go away—to occupy yourself, mind, not to mope? I expect to see Sir David to-day—if he knows about this, he will probably come here early—and I want to put my thoughts well in order before I consult him. Will you go this very minute, Mary, and without saying a word more?'

Mary rose; but before she could speak, a servant came into the room with a message for Anne. Sir David Mervyn was without, and wished to know whether Miss Cairnes could receive him. Anne answered in the affirmative, and said to Mary, as the footman left the room: 'Go through the drawing-room; you will not be seen. Stay one moment! Where is the picture you put in your trunk for me at Bromley?'

'In my room.'

'Put it in the drawing-room; I may want it.'

They spoke hurriedly. Mary passed through the folding-doors; and a moment later, Sir David Mervyn was shaking hands with Anne, whose first glance at him satisfied her that he knew what had occurred.

'Where is Cyril?' inquired Anne.

'Gone to Dumfries, at my special request. I promised to come here and speak to you, provided he would keep out of the way until I had done so. This is a serious matter; and I feel that I am rather to blame in it, for I saw what was coming, some days ago, and I ought to have spoken to you; but it never occurred to me that you did not notice it.'

'I did not, however; indeed, I did not.'

'What could you have been thinking about! Cyril was infatuated from the first.—I beg your pardon.' Anne's sudden intense blush could not be passed over unnoticed, 'I did not mean that as a reproach. Now, the question is, what is to be done? Cyril declares positively that nothing shall induce him to give Mary up; not her own refusal, repeated a hundredfold, because he knows she loves him, and has refused him only on grounds which he will not admit: her inferiority of birth and position. As for fortune, Cyril says there can be no question of that; he has nothing that you have not given him; she has nothing that you have not given her; they are perfectly equal in that respect. "We are both Anne's pensioners," was his way of putting it.'

'Absurd boy!' said Anne, trying to smile.

'Not so absurd either, for it's true enough. He is very desperately determined on making Mary change her mind; and—I don't think he entertains much apprehension about your behaviour in the matter—he actually sent me to see you in the first place, and to see Mary in the second.'

'You! Do I understand you? Do I interpret your tone rightly? Sir David, is it possible that you would approve of this?'

'That I would approve of Cyril's marrying such a girl as Mary, so beautiful, and so noble as her conduct—for he told me all—proves her to be—a girl whom you have thought worthy of a place in your home and heart! Of course, it is possible. If Cyril be happy enough to win her, I shall think him a very fortunate man. Has she not admitted that she loves him!' He rose, and

walked about the room, and spoke with earnestness which held Anne spell-bound. 'Is there anything in the world against her except a humble origin? Is she to be made wretched because of that, wretched as she must be, if parted from the man she loves; and is he to have his life perverted, embittered, perhaps ruined, out of deference to a chimera? I tell you, Anne,' he continued, 'I should despise Cyril if he could be influenced by such arguments as might be used against his marrying Mary, as much as I honour the girl for those *she* used to explain her refusal. You know what they were?'

Anne was almost confounded by his earnestness in pleading Cyril's cause. He was pleading it with a keen remembrance of his own love, and his own marriage 'beneath him.' She answered: 'The poor child told me. They are briefly—his mother and myself. As for me, you have judged me rightly. As for his mother, this will shew you what he has to fear, and expect from her.'

She handed him Mrs Westland's letter. He read it, and flung it down impatiently. 'Disgusting!' he said. 'Worse even than I should have expected from her. The pride, the worldliness, and the inhumanity of that old woman are intolerable; and here, ridiculous! But they offer a formidable obstacle, for, as she says, it would not do to encourage Cyril to set his mother at defiance.' Here he paused, and a short silence ensued. He crossed the room, and seated himself by the side of Anne's writing-table.

'Excuse the question,' he said; 'but has Mrs Westland any right to be so peremptory on this matter of birth? She is your mother's sister. Your mother had no nonsense of this kind about her?'

'My mother and my father were both of obscure birth, as you know,' replied Anne, 'and not in the least ashamed of it. My aunt is very proud of her husband's family; but I suppose her chief objection to Mary is her position, which she represents to herself as that of my paid companion, for she proposes to me to "dismiss" her.'

'That, and the fact, that her mother was a dependent of yours, and Mary herself brought up in your almshouses. After all, we must not judge Mrs Westland too harshly; we must bear in mind that she does not know Mary, while she does know the circumstances of her birth and rearing.'

'Sir David,' said Anne, unlocking a drawer of the table on her right hand as she spoke, 'the circumstances of Mary's birth are not what they are supposed to be by herself, and by every one except me; for few people knew the truth at the time, and those who remain of that few, if any, have probably forgotten it.'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean,' she answered, taking from the drawer a few sheets of paper, closely written over, and pinned together—the same memoranda she had read in the green arcade at Bromley Park. 'That I am about to confide a story to you, and to ask your advice. It may, or may not, have some connection with the story of the likeness I mentioned to you last night. If it have any such connection, you may possibly help me to trace it; if it have not, we shall be in no deeper darkness than before. May I confide the facts to you? Will you give me your advice?'

'Assuredly,' said Sir David: 'I will listen to the

facts, and give you the best advice I can. From whom did you hear the story?'

'From Mrs Allen. She told it to me, on the last night of her life. Her mind was quite calm; her memory was perfectly clear; and I wrote the details down, when she fell asleep, in the room with her, with every one of them fresh in my mind. She told me the story in the first person; I wrote it in the third; that, I am most positively certain, is the only difference between the two narratives. After a brief statement of the circumstances which have led to my writing them, I find my memoranda proceed thus:

CHAPTER XXXIV.—ANNE'S MEMORANDA.

'In 1854, Mrs Allen and her husband were living in a small house close to the railway station at B—, near Manchester. James Allen was station-master at this place, where there was a good deal of responsible duty, on account of its being the junction with a branch-line on which there was considerable goods-traffic. James Allen was in feeble health, and much older than his wife; he was a man of excellent character. They had been ten years married, but had only one child, a girl, who was a year old when they came to live at B—. Mrs Allen was a quiet woman, who kept the house, and made few acquaintances. She was an unusually well-educated woman for her position in life, having been brought up in a gentleman's family, where her mother was housekeeper; and she was skilled in various kinds of needlework; which led to my after-acquaintance with her. In the early spring of 1854, the child died, after a few days' illness, and the shock turned the mother's brain for a while. She was for some time in a state of insane despondency, and she believes that some of her husband's friends tried to induce him to place her in a madhouse. He would not do this; but had her taken care of, during his own absence, by a person named Susan Miller, who I have since ascertained, died seven years ago. Mrs Allen had been slowly improving during the autumn, and at the beginning of winter was well enough to be left alone. She formed the habit of going to the railway station two or three times a day, and generally was present at the arrival of the late train from London; after which her husband's daily duties were over, and he would return home with her. One night, in November 1854, an accident happened, at a short distance from the station.—It is a curious coincidence, Anne said, interrupting her reading, 'that I had a distinct recollection of this occurrence, the moment Mrs Allen referred to it. I was reading the account of this very accident, from the *Times*, to your father, when your mother startled us by the attack of fainting, which was the beginning of that dreadful fever she had while you were in the Crimea. So that, though it had happened so long before, my memory was clear about the circumstances to which Mrs Allen referred.'

'It was a serious accident; the sufferers were numerous, but it was especially remarkable as an instance of the wonderful preservation of an infant. In a compartment of a second-class carriage, which was almost knocked to pieces, three passengers were found dead. They had evidently been killed instantly. One was a man, afterwards recognised as a commercial traveller; the other two were

women. The position in which the dead bodies were found was a point of particular interest. They faced each other, on opposite sides of the compartment; and one, that of a middle-aged woman, was upright, with an infant, apparently about eighteen months old, clasped to her bosom. The child was dead. The other was that of a young woman, decently clad, evidently of the same class as the middle-aged woman who was at first supposed to be her travelling companion. Her dead body was found, the feet downwards towards the carriage-floor, but the upper portion stretched sideways along the seat; and lying under it was a living female infant, of apparently the same age as the dead baby on the other side. The living child was but slightly injured. She had evidently been undressed, and laid on the seat by the mother, while the other woman opposite took charge of the second baby, for she had on simply a little night-gown, and a white silk handkerchief round her neck; she was also wrapped in a warm woollen shawl, which was recognised as the property of the middle-aged woman who had been killed, when her husband identified the body, on the following morning. The name of the middle-aged woman was Susan Gale, and her husband, a respectable man, for whom my father had procured employment, stated, at the inquest, that she had gone up to London two days before, on business with which he was unacquainted; that she had travelled to and from London alone; that she had no child; that he had no knowledge whatever of the young woman who had been killed at the same time as his poor wife, and that he did not believe she had any knowledge of her either."

Again Anne interrupted her reading. 'You see, she said, 'that I had more than one reason for remembering the circumstances of this railway accident. Susan Gale's husband was a protégé of my dear father's, and Susan herself well known to both Marion and me. You must remember her, Sir David; she was James Thompson's sister.'

'Of course I remember her perfectly: my father told me about her death, and how it complicated the distress of my mother's illness. But that was a sad time for me in many ways, and I forgot all about poor Susan. Go on, pray.'

"Mrs Allen was at the station at B— when the dead and the injured were carried in from the blocked-up line, and she rendered all the assistance she could to her husband and the other officials. In the confusion, they put the living infant into her arms, and her first care was to feed and warm it, and see to its hurts. They were very trifling; but one of them was a cut on the neck, which had stained the handkerchief with blood. She removed the handkerchief, and with it a piece of narrow ribbon on which a little silk bag hung over the baby's breast. She put the two objects, as she thought, into her pocket, and gave her whole attention to the child. There was a fire in the waiting-room, and she remained there all night, her husband having barely time to speak a few words to her; and a doctor having come in inspected the child, and directed her to stay there, and keep it until she should be sent for. In the morning, the child was taken from her, and handed over to a nurse from the workhouse; and her husband sent her home to rest, telling her she would be required to be present at the inquest. Fatigue, terror, excitement, and the dear old

familiar feeling of the baby in her arms, through the long hours of the night, had been too much for Mrs Allen, and when they came to fetch her, she was wholly unfit to appear. Her husband attended the inquest, and stated all he knew—that the child had been in his wife's charge all the night, and that she was 'driven off her head again,' by the occurrence; but that she had no knowledge of the mother, or of any passenger by the unlucky train. The result of the inquiry was as follows: The body of the commercial traveller was identified. The body of Susan Gale was identified. The body of the young woman, the mother of the two infants, one dead, the other living, of the same sex, and apparently the same age, therefore presumed to be twins, was not identified, and was buried, together with that of the child, after a proper delay. A minute description of the woman, the twin children, and their respective clothing, was circulated all through the United Kingdom, without any result. There was one other circumstance connected with the accident, which it is right to record. The inquiries made at the King's Cross Railway Station in London respecting the passengers by the train who had taken their tickets there, elicited these facts concerning the female occupants of the second-class 'through' carriage. No one had remarked their entry into the station; they might have come in separately, they might have come in together. But the guard had seen them on the platform side by side, each with an infant in her arms, had admitted them to the carriage at the same moment, and had heard them exchange a few sentences relative to their respective luggage. He could not say what those sentences were, but he could say that the older woman had with her a carpet-bag and a neat black box, for a porter brought them upon a truck, and put the bag into the carriage, at her request. The box he wheeled away to the luggage-van. The carpet-bag was found among the ruins of the railway carriage, and identified by Thomas Gale as the property of his wife; and it resulted from this recognition that the guard must have been mistaken about the black box. Gale stated that his wife had no such thing in her possession; she had no intention of making purchases in London, and no money beyond that necessary for her travelling expenses; the black box was therefore clearly the property of the woman who had been killed. On examination of the battered luggage-van, no box answering to the description was to be found, and it became evident that several robberies had been perpetrated during the confusion. All trace of the identity of the young mother was lost, and the survivor of the presumed twin-children remained in the workhouse nursery; after a certain number of advertisements had been inserted in the papers, to which no answer was received."

Again Anne interrupted her reading. 'I can remember,' she said, 'to have read some of these details at the time in a newspaper, during Lady Mervyn's illness. Marion and I looked out for them, on James Thompson's account.'

"Mrs Allen rallied, and finally recovered, but she never forgot the infant whom she had held in her arms throughout that winter-night; and her husband, to whom she constantly talked of the child, thought at first that she had an insane fancy that it was her own come back to her. But she was under no such delusion, as he recognised

quickly. One day, he proposed to her that they should adopt the child, then nearly, as they guessed, two years old. The idea enchanted her; she became a new creature under the influence of the hope. There was no difficulty with the work-house people; they were too glad to get rid of a burden, and James Allen's respectability was indisputable. The child was handed over to them, with the necessary precautions for her being traced, in case of a claim being made by her parents or relatives. No such claim has ever been made."

Anne again interrupted her reading, and said: 'Mrs Allen lost her husband seven years ago. I had known her three years before, having been referred to her by some people in a shop in Manchester, on a question of Spanish embroidery, in which she was an expert, and I esteemed her highly. She brought up her adopted daughter admirably, and the child loved her dearly. I offered her one of my Homes, and I undertook the expense of Mary's education, perceiving her talents, and proposing thus to enable her to support herself by teaching.'

"After James Allen's death, it happened one day that Mrs Allen gave an old gown of her own to the child, desiring her to unpick the skirt, that it might be dyed, to make a mourning-look for Mary. When Mrs Allen came into the room to see how she was getting on, she found her looking at something like a rag covered with flue, which she said she had found at the bottom of the gown, between the stuff and the lining. Mrs Allen examined the soiled rag; it proved to be a small silk handkerchief, with faded blood-stains upon it; and there dropped from it a faded bag, a couple of inches square, attached to a piece of narrow ribbon. In a moment it flashed upon her—in a moment she understood it: she had pushed the handkerchief she took off the child's neck, on that awful night in the station at B—, not, as she thought, into her pocket, but into a hole in the lining of her gown; it had worked down to the bottom, and she had never remembered it again. She washed the handkerchief, and laid it by; she examined the bag, and laid it by; and the examination of both, combined with certain recollections which it suggested, led her to a conclusion different from that which had been reached on the inquest. She remembered that the night-dress which the living infant had on was of fine lawn; while the clothes of both the dead women and of the dead infant were, though decent, of the most ordinary description; she remembered that the young mother was of a swarthy complexion, with black hair, and that the dead child resembled her strikingly. The stained handkerchief was of fine India silk; the little bag was of white satin, with a tiny festoon of embroidery upon it, and it contained a thick chased gold ring, without any inscription: nothing to afford an indication of its owner. From that hour Mrs Allen ceased to believe that Mary was the child of the young woman, and the sister of the infant who had been killed in the accident at B—; and persisted in believing that she was the child of persons of condition; a notion which Mary's natural grace and distinction, the mark of 'race,' as people call it, so strongly set upon her, confirmed. The obvious consideration, that those persons of condition, whose child had been confided to a nurse or other attendant during a journey, would have identified the woman and child, did not weigh with her. 'They may have

had their own reasons for keeping quiet,' was her answer to this: 'depend upon it, Mary is a gentleman's child.' This is the substance of the revelation which she made to me, a few hours before her death, and which I only am in possession of."

Here Anne's memoranda ended.

'A very strange story!' said Sir David.

'You can see in it, I am sure, my motive for acting as I did,' said Anne. 'If Mrs Allen's interpretation was correct, then fate had been doubly hard on Mary. Now, the question arises on which I have asked for your advice, and you have promised to give it to me. You and I know that Mary is not Mrs Allen's child; are we to tell her so, and to allow Cyril to put it to his mother, that Mary may be his equal, or his superior in birth?'

'Or that she may be, in the saddest sense, "nobody," for that is the other side, the more probable side of the hypothesis? No; I think not. Your knowledge of these circumstances explains much to me; but until we can hit upon some way of clearing them up, they are useless; and it would be a great shock to Mary to tell her the truth, especially as she is suffering under one form of agitation already. No,' repeated Sir David, thoughtfully; 'this must all be an after-consideration: for the present, we must think only of what is to be done about Cyril.'

'Let me say one word more about this story,' said Anne, putting her hand again into the drawer, and taking out a small parcel, which she laid on the open blotting-book before her. 'The chances of finding out whose child Mary is are of the vaguest; but they are not utterly desperate, and such as they are, I have thought of them pretty steadily. I see two—dimly, but there. The first is the chance of tracing out the likeness which we have both perceived. If it be associated with the same person, of which I am tolerably certain—for you were acquainted with the person whom I mean—then the chance will take form. I struck the right chord of association last night only. The face which Mary's brings to my mind is the face of a Mrs Martin, the wife of that Captain Martin who was killed, you told me, at Inkermann, shortly after he had heard of her death. I saw Mrs Martin a few times at St Leonard's that year: she was a most lovely creature, with the most exquisite voice I ever heard; the first song I heard her sing was *Ben Bolt*, and Mary's singing of it last night supplied the link my memory had long been seeking. She had with her at St Leonard's an infant child, a little more than a year old. Mrs Martin was certainly not older than I was myself then; indeed, I think she was younger; and I was twenty in that year.'

Anne had spoken rapidly, earnestly, without remarking the blank expression of Sir David's face.

'There is some mistake,' he said. 'I have no notion whom you are talking of. I never saw Martin's wife. She was much older than he was, and a confirmed invalid; she died in Devonshire. I remember his telling me about it; she had not been out of the house for a year previously; and they never had any children. The lady you allude to must have been another person, and I suppose I made some blunder when you asked me about Martin.'

'It is very strange,' said Anne, looking much disappointed, 'for you said at the time there was no other Captain Martin in a line regiment, serving

in the Crimea; and the husband of the lady whom I knew at St Leonard's was there, beyond all doubt. It is equally certain that Mary, though handsomer, is remarkably like her.

'How can you trust your memory about a likeness at such a distance of time?'

'I will tell you presently. But let me ask you, first—as my hope that we may be thinking of the same person is vain—is your association with a likeness in Mary's face a distant or a near, a dead or a living one?'

He hesitated visibly, and had a struggle with himself. She saw it, and her heart beat fast with an inexplicable fear. She had forgotten herself, she had almost forgotten him, in the subject of their discussion; but she felt certain now that there was a story in the life of the man she had loved for five-and-twenty years, and that she was near to hearing it. He recovered himself, and said very calmly: 'My association with the likeness in Mary's face is a distant and a dead one. It is one which cannot possibly lead to a solution of this difficulty; for the dead woman whom Mary is like, has but one relative living, a childless sister, in Australia.'

'The chances grow more vague and dim,' said Anne sadly, rising as she spoke. 'You asked me how I could trust my memory of Mrs Martin's face. I will show you how, though the evidence has no direct interest for you, as I fancied it might have. I shall be back in a moment; meantime, look at this. It is the second of the chances.'

She took up the little parcel which lay on the blotting-book, and placed it in his hand, before she left the room, through the folding-doors; seeking by a brief absence to still the nervous thrill which shook her. Sir David Mervyn broke the seal of the little packet, and took out of the paper a tiny, faded, satin bag, which he shook above his extended palm. A gold ring dropped from it—a thick ring, of the old-fashioned pale-yellow colour, with a wreath of laurel leaves elegantly carved in dead gold, surrounding it.

When, a minute later, Anne Cairnes came into the room, holding Lucy's portrait, with the face turned towards him, between her hands, he looked up at her—the circlet still lying on his extended palm—stupidly, like a man half-blind, and said in a thick voice: 'This is my wife's ring!'

A VOYAGE WITH GOLD-DIGGERS.

A NUMBER of years after the discovery of gold in Australia, and when the finding of nuggets was becoming rather difficult, a cry was got up about the gold-fields of Tuapeka in New Zealand. Then took place a rush of miners from Victoria and New South Wales to this new scene of operations. The old diggings were almost completely deserted. Diggers in their big boots, flannel shirts, and many-shaped hats, crowded the streets of Melbourne. Ship after ship was put on the berth; and the 'tween decks were fitted up with rows upon rows of bunks, six feet long by two feet wide; innumerable shipping-agents started into being; and the owners of marine stores had their warehouses nearly emptied. Diggers were packed on board as closely as figs or herrings; and after the last inch of room had been let, the good ship was despatched thirteen hundred miles across the sea. I was in Melbourne at the time, and am not likely to forget the scene that

was enacted day after day: such, indeed, was the excitement, that almost every free man became infected; and being myself free at the time, I resolved to take passage, and run over to the new Eldorado. The first-cabin fare from Melbourne to Dunedin, the capital of the province of Otago, New Zealand, was ten guineas; but the diggers, accustomed to 'roughing it,' did not dream of voyaging in style: they took passage in the steerage, and paid sums varying between £3, 15s. and five guineas. No fewer than two thousand left Melbourne in one week; and at various times, ships were despatched containing numbers from 250 to 832. The distance between Melbourne and Dunedin is 1360 miles, and the fastest run between the ports was made in four days and twenty hours by a steamer: sailing-vessels took between eight and twelve days. Not very much luggage had to be transported across the sea, for diggers carry all their worldly goods in what they call a 'swag'; that is to say, in a strong, coarse blanket, which they roll up and sling across their shoulders. Spades and the like implements are, of course, carried loose.

The time fixed for the departure of my ship was 2 P.M. on Saturday; and hours before that time the pier at Sandridge, the port of Melbourne, was crowded with diggers and their friends. At noon, they began to crush and squash on board, the process of progression up the narrow gangway ladder being by no means an easy one. The men pushed and shoved, shouted and growled, toes and heels being trodden upon at all stages; and some tried to climb up by the main-chains, but were sent back again, as tickets had to be shewn at the top of the ladder. Much time necessarily was occupied in the passage of 832 diggers up the ship's side—of course, under the eyes of the detective police. At length the last passenger mounted the ladder, and the last ticket was shewn. Then, when all friends had been ordered on shore, and after the emigration officers had satisfied themselves that food, ventilation, and sleeping-accommodation were good, the stont old ship, amidst loud cheers, moved slowly from the pier with passengers, officers and crew—in all, 910 souls.

Very soon after breakfast next morning, the 'bar' was opened, said bar being under cover at the top of the companion-ladder. At the bottom of the staircase stood the purser, surrounded by cases of wine, beer, and spirits; and at the top, for the sake of something to do, I posted myself, and acted as barman. During our eight days' run, I sold about three hundred pounds' worth of tobacco, spirits and beer, prices being little, if at all, above those current on shore: excellent cavendish or honeydew tobacco was 5s. 6d. per pound. A few of the ladies on board used to sit near the bar for amusement, and their presence had the happy effect of keeping some of the diggers in order.

All went on smoothly and well until the third day of the voyage, and then some of my strange fellow-travellers turned very restive. Happily, the good ship was a large one, 2035 tons register, 285 feet long, and 32 broad, so that noises made in one part of the vessel were not necessarily heard in every other part; but on the third day there was a disturbance, which in a very little while became general.

Slung up to the cross-trees of the mizzen-mast, in huge canvas bags, were several large pieces

of raw beef, purchased for consumption on the voyage, at a cost of L.151. Unfortunately, in consequence of the great heat of the weather, some of this beef became bad, and diffused over the ship a most unavoury odour. The scent was detected first by one digger, then by another, and gradually an idea went abroad, that the purser was going to serve out putrid meat, and that a pestilence would naturally follow. About half-a-dozen diggers at once constituted themselves a deputation, and came aft to remonstrate.

The badness of the meat had already been discovered by the captain, and he had ordered the butcher to cut away every atom that was tainted, and pitch it into the sea. This order was at once carried out, and what was good was returned to its sailcloth, and hoisted again to the cross-trees. These facts were told to the deputation, and they retired, to all appearance satisfied. In the evening, however, they came aft again to say that the ill savour still offended their noses, and to request the chief officer to pitch the rest of the meat into the sea. He refused, saying that what they smelt was the trail of the bad portions already cut away, not the meat hanging in the canvas, and that the best thing they could do was to go forward and think no more of the matter. They declined to follow this advice, and presently had the satisfaction of hearing the captain order the mass to be again lowered, that the butcher might cut away every scrap which was unlikely to remain good for the next twenty-four hours. Even this, however, did not finally satisfy the men; and while the butcher was busy cutting and carving, they demanded that every bit, without distinction, should be pitched into the sea. The captain, not understanding dictation on the deck of his ship, left the deputation without an audience by quietly walking away; but the deputation was not to be done, and the spokesman thereupon went up to the chief officer, and told him, that if he did not hurl the whole mass overboard, he would be hurled overboard himself.

The situation was now more interesting than pleasant, for the man spoke in a defiant, determined tone; and had he and his mates carried out their threat, or made an attempt, there might at once have ensued a very serious disturbance. The chief officer treated the situation, very coolly, and pretended not to hear what was addressed to him; but presently seizing a huge quarter of beef which the butcher condemned, called out: 'Now, mates, lend us a hand, and let's bury him decently.' So the spokesman and those thus appealed to lent a hand, dragged the ponderous mass to the vessel's side, and heaved it overboard. So far so good. Some men, however, still continued to grumble; but the chief officer, finding himself master of the situation, shortly silenced them, and satisfactorily brought to a close the beef difficulty. It was very soon followed by another, one that arose out of defective cooking arrangements. Flour, according to stipulation, was offered to the diggers; but none was actually served out, because there happened to be no small bags on board. By way of compensation, a double allowance of meat and potatoes was distributed—an arrangement perfectly satisfactory to a majority of the men. Unluckily, however, amongst the minority were some hard-to-please and discontented souls, who grumbled much and loudly. No

grumblers, however, could deny that the method of cooking the potatoes was a particularly ingenious one. It was accomplished in this way: The contents of a large bag used to be shot into a huge butt or hoghead placed in the middle of the deck, and into the bottom of this butt was fixed a pipe, covered by a perforated lid, and connected with a donkey-engine; steam being then turned on through the pipe, the potatoes were very soon cooked. The noise the diggers made when the purser drew near to the butt for the purpose of serving out the contents, was terrific. They struggled and pushed as they had struggled and pushed, when coming on board, up the ship's ladder; and further, to confound the confusion, sacks, pieces of sailcloth, hoops of barrels, and other loose articles, used to be flung in all directions, some of them alighting on the purser's head, and smothering or bounding him. Then came the moment for removing the lid, and when it was off, up shot a great volume of steam, enveloping everybody round the butt, and adding considerably to the confusion. More struggling, hustling, and bustling followed; some were getting a treble allowance of potatoes, some half an allowance, some not as much as a mouthful, while dozens of potatoes were upset upon deck, and trodden under foot. The quiet orderly men came off badly, and the disorderly not unfrequently enjoyed very much more than their share. Of course, all this seems to point to very defective discipline, and to suggest that the purser and his subordinates were not up to their work; but the fault really was with the diggers. They had been divided into messes, and the president only of each mess had been instructed to come up, but a general rush was made, and hence the noise and confusion.

When we had been about six days at sea, a new sensation was started in the shape of auctions; and articles of all sorts, guns, rings, knives, boots, books, pistols, &c. were offered for sale. Nearly every man had something to sell; but one man, remarkable for his quiet demeanour and orderliness, told me he had nothing in the world either in money or kind: his pocket had been picked the day before he came on board, and he would land in New Zealand without a shilling. Some other diggers were not much better off, but they were far from low-spirited, as all had such infinite faith in their luck. Only let them reach the Tuaepeka Fields, and they would envy nobody.

We had now come within sight of land, Otago Heads being visible on our port hand, and everybody began to look forward to the pleasure of landing. We were only about twenty-two miles from our destination; but the wind being light, our progress was slow, and we had to remain for some hours outside the Heads. Nobody was idle, however, for the diggers at once got up a fresh disturbance. Their tickets would only take them to Port Chalmers, and they insisted that they should be conveyed free of cost to Dunedin. In the midst of this disorder, the vessel could not get over the bar, and two small steamers were signalled for. In about an hour they made their appearance, and again there was noise and confusion. It was obvious that all the diggers could not possibly find room in two such little crafts, so there was a general rush for the gangway, everybody trying to make sure of getting off at once. About five hundred and sixty men did get off, and right glad were we to see

them take their departure amidst almost deafening cheers, but so overloaded were the steamers, that not a few left on the ship congratulated themselves on being kept on board till morning. Word had been brought by the steamers that the fare from the ship to the port was half-a-crown each passenger—a sum the captain agreed to pay—and that a further sum of half-a-crown would be demanded for conveying each person from Port Chalmers to Dunedin. At hearing this second piece of information, the diggers became restive again, and, saying they had been cheated, told the captain he ought also to pay the second half-crown for them. He declined, but in order to quiet the men, told them he would speak to the agents in the morning. His promise had the desired effect, and peace was restored.

While the pilot's boat was waiting, one or two men in it occupied themselves with fishing, and never before had I seen fish so rapidly pulled out of the water. The rod was simply a stick like the handle of a broom, the line a piece of string, and the bait a bit of red rag or bunting: yet, with these very commonplace materials, twelve fish, known in these parts as barracoutas, were caught in twenty minutes. We had some for breakfast next morning, but pronounced the taste not at all agreeable.

At about nine o'clock, one of the steamers returned for the rest of the passengers, and in due course all were transferred on board. The diggers made another effort to induce the captain to pay the second half-crown, but without success; however, he said he would follow the steamer in his own boat, and 'speak to the agents.' His boat, manned by four sailors, was accordingly lowered; at his invitation, I got into it, and, when it had been fastened by a rope to the steamer's stern, off we went in tow.

Some of the diggers, in consequence of not seeing the captain on board the steamer, fancied he did not really mean to speak to the agents, and the idea that his head ought to be punched was revived: when, however, they saw him following in his boat, their hopes revived, but it was very evident they thought it necessary to keep an eye on him.

As, in course of time, we drew near to the port, the attention of the diggers was wholly directed to the huts, houses, and landing-stages, to be made out ahead, and to the new scenes which started into view on all sides. The captain was apparently forgotten, for I did not notice any men direct their eyes to his boat. When the steamer came within about half a mile of Port Chalmers pier, it took a sweep round to the left, and made straight for Dunedin, ten miles further on, the diggers' destination; and just as it made this sweep, a sailor in our little boat let go the rope connecting us with the steamer, and in a second we dropped some distance astern. On went the steamer at full speed, and it was not until she had gone quite three hundred yards that the captain's boat was missed. Then I saw a number of diggers crowd aft, and demonstrate their evil intentions, of which we took no account. Directly we parted company, the sailors got their oars out, and pulled us comfortably to Port Chalmers, and in a little while we were in the hotel enjoying a good basin of soup. Later in the day, we went up to Dunedin, and the captain duly spoke to the agents; but it is needless to say he extracted no half-crowns from them. We met a

few reasonable men, who congratulated the captain on the sharp way in which he had given the steamer the slip; and nothing more was seen of the rest of my 832 strange companions, for they had all made tracks for the diggings. I fear, some of them met with little luck: at all events, thirty-five came back in the ship on her return voyage to Melbourne.

FALL OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.

IN England and in America, for some time past, men have talked and written, to an extraordinary extent about the force of character of the Anglo-Saxon; and to that force of character it has been the fashion to attribute memorable successes in arts, in arms, in commerce, in production, in colonisation. But at length the avenger has arisen; he calls upon the Anglo-Saxon to lay aside his borrowed plumage, and bow his diminished head, certainly before the Norman, and, probably, before the Dane. This avenger is the anonymous author of a work entitled *The Norman People and their existing Descendants in the British Dominions and the United States of America*; and the work is a daring and a startling attempt to make us reconsider, if not completely throw over, the generally received ideas concerning the preponderating influence of the Anglo-Saxon. That the anonymous author, whose 'dedication,' inscribed 'to the Memory of Percy Viscount Strangford,' is a sort of proof that he 'knows what is what,' will meet with some rough handling from historical and other critics, is more than likely; but it must be borne in mind that no criticism will be attempted here; nothing more than an exposition of his views, and the method whereby he arrived at them.

Most of us have, no doubt, been in the habit of holding with Gibbon, that 'the adventurous Normans who had raised so many trophies in France, England, and Ireland, in Apulia, Sicily, and the East, were lost in victory or servitude among the vanquished nations;' and with Freeman, that 'in Old England the Norman race has sunk beneath the influence of a race less brilliant, but more enduring than his own.' We are now called upon to revise our creed, and to learn that 'as far as it appears, the Normans have at least as much preponderance in the peerage at the present moment as they had in the time of William the Conqueror and in the following century;' that, 'contrary to what we might have supposed, it is rather in the peerages of modern creation than in those of ancient standing that we find the lineal male descendants of the early baronage;' and that 'the same Norman nobility which surrounded the throne of the Conqueror, continues, in its remotest posterity, to occupy the same place in the reign of the Conqueror's latest descendant, our present sovereign—continues to occupy its baronial place in parliament—continues to preside on the judicial bench—continues to lead our armies and navies in battle, and continues generally to control and to direct the affairs of the English empire.' And not only so, but the very 'mechanists and inventors,' if our anonymous author's inquiries may be trusted, have, in the great majority of instances, been of Norman origin; 'the ancestry of the intellectual aristocracy of England' will be found to have been 'generally Norman,' with the vaunted

Anglo-Saxon and the Dane 'in a hopeless minority,' and 'considerably outnumbered by the Celt;' and, to cap all, it appears that 'even now, agricultural labourers and coal-miners cannot combine for objects which demand the exercise of practical ability without finding themselves led by those who, though in humble stations, bear names of undoubted Norman origin.' One of the persons thus alluded to is unquestionably the celebrated Mr Joseph Arch, whose descent is traced back, in what his enemies may be inclined to denounce as a somewhat arbitrary and dogmatic manner, to the 'De Arches or De Arques, Viscounts of Arques and Rouen.' No special mention is made of the name of Odger, but a hint may be here thrown out, for what it is worth, to the effect that the name of Oggier occurs very early in French history, though it would be rash to assert, without further investigation and verification, that the said Oggier was of Norman extraction.

To sum up briefly our anonymous author's views: he maintains that 'the Norman race in England now amounts to at least a quarter of the English population, and probably to a third or more;' and that, so far is the Anglo-Saxon element of our composite English nation from having performed the part of Aaron's rod amongst the other rods, and swallowed up, to a considerable extent, the other elements, that, in all probability, 'the mass of the Saxon population remains amongst the less influential and wealthy part of the community, because there is reason to suppose that the superior energy and enterprise of the Danish and Norman character have in several determined the relative position of races in England.'

What, then, was the method whereby he arrived at these views? To begin at the very first step: he listened to a wish expressed some years ago by a relative 'that some of his leisure hours might be given to investigations on the origin of families in which they were mutually interested by descent.' This difficult and laborious task 'continued at intervals for years,' and when it was ended, 'the results were—the complete establishment of the fact, that certain families, supposed to be English, were originally Norman; the recovery of their original Norman names after a lapse of six centuries; and with those names the recovery of their early history, both in Normandy and England, and the oversight of sundry received heraldic pedigrees.' He then resolved to apply the process which had been, as he considers, so successful in what was personally interesting to himself, to that which would be important and interesting to the whole world. He sited not only the peerage, but 'numbers of the older families amongst the baronets, many of the older families of landed gentry, and many other families which were no longer in possession of their ancient patrimonies;' and he came to the conclusion, that 'the Normans were in a great majority, the Anglo-Saxons and Danes in an insignificant minority.' But he proceeded further. He found reason to believe, as he prosecuted his researches (let not a smile curl the lip, if it be said chiefly 'in the Post-office Directory of London'), that there is an error in the 'current notion' which prevails 'that the people of England after the Conquest were Anglo-Saxon, while the aristocracy was Norman.' A light flashed upon him: the names he had examined for special purposes in his special lists were 'greatly out-

numbered by Norman names entirely new;' and the test of dates shewed that this phenomenon could not be accounted for by 'the emigration of the Huguenots in the reign of Elizabeth, or at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, or at the period of the French Revolution,' but was as old as 'the English records of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries;' and he 'opened his eyes to the fact . . . that the Normans . . . had consisted not only of an aristocracy, but of a people: they had come as a nation to England.' He was assisted to that conclusion by the following consideration: 'If we are entitled to infer that the London Directory is not more Norman in character than the Directory of all England would be, but that the same proportion prevails throughout the kingdom, we are to infer further that about 22,500 surnames in England are at this moment Norman.' It remains to be added, that he was 'enabled to refer to the Great Rolls of the Norman Exchequer in print, as edited by Mr Stapleton for the Society of Antiquaries about thirty years since,' and to bring that valuable authority 'into juxtaposition with the English records of the twelfth century;' by which means he considerably fortified his position. Such is an outline of the method whereby he has endeavoured to attain his object of proving, by an application of genealogy to ethnology, 'the fallacy of some generally received maxims as to the composition of the English nation;' and it is scarcely necessary to remark that, if he have attained his object, he will not only have put the Anglo-Saxon to perpetual shame, but have also reduced historians, ethnologists, and other scientific and unscientific persons, to the necessity of revising their doctrines and their creed.

Let us conclude with two specimens of the ingenious manner in which, bearing in mind that 'in numerous instances families have preserved their armorial under all the changes which their names have undergone in the course of ages,' our anonymous author has wrought out, to his own complete satisfaction, an identification of names and families.

'The name "Fidler," we are told, "presented itself for examination." An ordinary mind would at once conclude that "this name was merely that of an humble occupation;" and, if the antiquity of the family were in question, would probably be content to trace it back to the days of the fabulous King Cole. But our anonymous author, "on examination, was of opinion that the name "Fidler" was merely a form of the name "Fidelow," produced by one of the ordinary laws of corruption. On referring to Robson, it was found that the arms of "Fidelow" were three wolves' heads. Afterwards it was ascertained that "Videlow" bore the same arms. It next appeared that "Visdelow" bore the same three wolves' heads; and thus it was at length ascertained that Fidler, Fiklow, Videlow, and Vis-de-low were one and the same name, the earlier form of which was De Videlu, or Vis-de-loup, probably from a place so named in Normandy, and to which the wolves' heads of the arms bore allusion.' Criticism has been altogether disclaimed here; but it is impossible to avoid observing that the author's argument commences with a bare opinion.

The name of 'Toler' caused our anonymous author much trouble. He 'formed several theories,

all of which he was eventually obliged to relinquish. At length no clue remained except the arms. Those arms consisted of a cross fleury, surmounted by another cross, between four leaves erect. These arms were at first presumed to be of no great antiquity, as in their actual shape they do not present the simplicity which is characteristic of the ancient armorial. It appeared, however, on further inquiry, that the leaves had not originally been included in the arms, for families of "Tollers" and "Towlers" were ascertained to have borne the same arms without any leaves, so that it was clear that the leaves were merely the emblem of a particular branch of the family. The inquiry was continued with the aid of this armorial, and the family was traced in different parts of England, in former ages, under a name continually varying in form—sometimes Towlers, then Tolers, then Towlows, Towlons, Toulouse, until at length it appeared clearly that the latter form, which was coeval with the Conquest, was the original. This pointed to Toulouse in France as the place from which the family had originally come; and . . . the volume was accordingly opened which contains the history of the Counts of Toulouse, when, to his extreme astonishment, the author recognised the arms of the English Tolers and Towlers at the head of the history of that great house!

It is not without a feeling of awe that one can think of the time and pains which our anonymous author must have bestowed upon his work, or without a feeling of respect that one can regard the earnestness of purpose with which he was evidently inspired; the 'alphabetical series' of names is of itself sufficient to cause a gape of astonishment, and a hope that so much labour may not have been thrown away.

A LIVING STATUE.

IN the height of the Exhibition season of 1862, there was a great deal of unpleasantness, mystery, and suspicion generated in the Industrial Palace, by a constant succession of petty robberies, which took place nearly every night at the best stalls. Articles of value were stolen from drawers and boxes; money left by stall-keepers often went, unless very securely stowed away; but the depredators did not venture on taking any bulky articles, or on breaking open any receptacle which would require great force. They knew their risks, that was evident; and that the thefts were committed by some person or persons connected with the Exhibition, was also beyond a doubt. Watches had been set, traps had been laid over and over again, but all in vain. When too much had been done in the way of planting watchmen, no robberies took place at all; and when articles had been purposely left, apparently forgotten, but in reality fixed by the minutest wires to bells which sounded at the slightest touch, they were left untouched. The thief, if only one, always stole, too, from places in the shade, so that he could command a view of the more open spaces, while he himself was unseen.

One morning, as the sergeant of police was going his early round before the building was opened for the day, he came upon an exhibitor and his staff of assistants, who were grouped round a box which was open before them, and at which they were looking with apparent interest.

'Good-morning, Mr Baselton,' said the officer; 'a very fine day we are likely to have.'

'Fine day, sir! And a very fine night we have had too, I suppose,' retorted the exhibitor, in a tone far less pleasant than that in which he had been addressed. 'Here's a pretty affair! Seven pounds worth of Scotch pebbles set in silver—brooches, earrings, and so forth—the whole of them clean gone.'

The sergeant, with expressions of regret, said he would see the officer who had been on duty. Mr Baselton professed to have lost all confidence in the police, and asserted that if he were to watch, the thief would certainly be discovered the very first night.

'I wish you would try, then,' said the sergeant: 'I would obtain permission to watch with you; and if you can suggest anything fresh, I will gladly support you.'

Although, when he made this last assertion, Mr Baselton probably meant nothing at all, yet, after a little talk with the officer, the desire of finding the thief, and his belief in his own superior acuteness, were strong enough to make him volunteer to watch; and it was agreed that the sergeant should join him just as the palace was closing at night, when they would be on the look-out directly, for it was impossible to say at what time of the night the robberies were committed.

Strict silence was enjoined on either side, and observed by the sergeant entirely, and by Mr Baselton pretty well, as he only mentioned his plan to Mr Chatenoux at the French stall just by, and to his neighbours, Mr Hynks and Mr Carrables. Mr Carrables, by the way, was not there that morning; so Baselton told Mr Glisser, Mr Carrables' foreman, instead, who, in a becomingly sympathising tone, wished him success.

The evening came, the spies met, and hung about the passages of the vast building until deepest twilight, and until Baselton was pretty nearly tired of being on his feet.

'Now,' said the sergeant, unconsciously dropping his voice as he spoke, 'we will take up our quarters. If we can only get there unperceived, I have arranged what I think you will find a pretty good corner.'

'All right,' returned the exhibitor, in the same guarded tone; and they stole noiselessly on, passing, once or twice, a constable; but the presence of the sergeant of course prevented any questioning. Some large boxes left, apparently by accident, at the angle of a stall, were in reality so placed that they formed an almost perfect screen; and, without any reason to suppose that they had been noticed, they slipped in, and sat down.

Presently the moon rose; and as it climbed higher, and its light grew stronger, the building became visible throughout with a light which was most unearthly and ghostly in its character. This impressed itself very much upon Baselton.

'I had no idea, sergeant,' he whispered to the officer, 'that the place was such a strange, cemetery sort of spot as it is. I must own, I should not like to be on duty here all night. However, I have brought some little refreshments with me, so let us make ourselves comfortable. In silence, they ate and drank; and in silence, save for the chiming of the clock, or the occasional tread of a policeman, the hours crept on. The policemen passed within a

couple of yards of the watchers repeatedly, but whether they knew of their presence or not, Baselton could not judge. The length and weariness of the hours grew at last intolerable to him, and, seeing that the sergeant was as cool and wide-awake as when they first entered their lair, he whispered: 'I feel terribly drowsy, sergeant; I always do about this time. Five minutes' nap will make me as fresh as a daisy. Rouse me up, if you hear anything before that time.'

His companion smiled, and, in the same subdued tone, gave the promise.

Nothing did happen requiring Mr Baselton's presence either before or after the expiration of five minutes, although the officer stealthily looked out a hundred times during the night. At last, the darkness thinned away, and then, after a short gray twilight, dawn came; and the sergeant shook Baselton by the shoulder.

'Yes, yes; I'm ready,' stammered the exhibitor, then opened his eyes very wide indeed. 'Why, it's daylight! I must have slept.'—

'Yes, of course you have,' interrupted the other; 'but let us get out quietly. I don't mind our men seeing us, of course; but others need know nothing of our watch.'

'I think the less your men or anybody else know about the way we kept our watch, the better,' said Mr Baselton, as they left the counter; 'in fact, I shall regard it as a friendly thing if you say nothing about it.'

The sergeant smiled, but kept his own counsel; and it may be hinted that Baselton was a very liberal fellow, although somewhat hasty. It turned out that no pilfering had taken place that night; nor did any occur for two or three nights after, a fact which Mr Glisser attributed to the influence of Mr Baselton's vigilance. He took great interest in the exhibitor's plans, and paid him several compliments, which the latter received with but indifferent grace, having reasons, that the other knew not of, for thinking but modestly of this same vigilance.

One morning, a little while after the fruitless watch, Mr Baselton was in a very bad temper, for he had sustained a fresh loss. He was leaning against a pillar, some short distance from his counter, thoughtfully biting the end of his pencil-case, when a man spoke to him. He looked round at the sound, and saw a police-constable, whom he very much disliked for his apathy and unbusiness-like ways, standing close by him. He growled out some hardly civil words, and turned from the man, but the latter was not to be daunted.

'I am afraid you have had a loss, sir,' said the man, 'and hope it is not very serious; but at any rate I should like a word or two with you.'

'What for?' retorted Baselton. 'I have lost a gold watch, and as I have not breathed a syllable about it to a soul, I don't see how you could know anything of it, unless some of your lively "force" have—'

'You are too severe, Mr Baselton,' said the other, finding he stopped; 'you are indeed, sir. Now, sir, I have my opinion about these robberies, and I think I have found out the order the thief works in, and can pretty well guess in what quarter he will next try. I believe I can catch him.'

'You!' exclaimed Baselton, with an emphasis which was anything but complimentary to the officer.

'Yes, sir,' replied the man firmly; 'I can. You have a good deal of influence with the authorities, and if you will ask, I shall be taken off regular duty, and detailed for special service; and I can then catch him.'

'Well, tell me your plans,' said Baselton; 'and, in return, I will tell you this: you know there are fifty pounds offered on the quiet for the apprehension of the thief. Find him, and I will make it a hundred.'

The constable smiled, and, lowering his voice, spoke to the exhibitor in whispers. When he had finished, Baselton slapped his hand on the counter with a force that jarred every article around, and exclaimed: 'You are right. Are you on duty?'

'No, sir,' said the man.

'Then, you shall be.'

The application for the constable's change of duty was doubtless made, for he disappeared from his accustomed patrol.

During the next day or two, Baselton became loquacious on the subject, and in conversation with Mr Glisser, who took a very kindly interest in the matter, owned that he had changed his opinion about the manner of the robberies. He was convinced, he said, that if the thief came by night, he would have been caught long before, but that everybody was on the wrong scent, and that the thefts were really committed in the bustle of closing for the evening, and then, not being found out till the morning, it was naturally supposed that the thief came in the night. Mr Glisser was very much struck by this view, which he commended highly, and urged increased vigilance about the time spoken of.

While this was going on, there had been no fresh depredations from the counters, and Constable Lowcliffe had been absent from duty, although no one seemed to have noticed it. When the visitors departed at the close of day, all the interior of the building became depressing enough, as the light faded away, and there were no places more spectral in their aspect than those where clustered most closely the white statues, which were plentifully sprinkled about. Nymphs, Venuses, Bacchuses and Apollos, Grecian hunters, scriptural and mythological figures, all looked equally ghostly in their dim white, when the twilight or night had fallen upon them. So, in the gray of the evening, all the statuary looked mystic and unearthly enough, as the stony figures looked down from their pedestals; but none looked more sepulchral than did a tall sheeted figure which occupied a pedestal slightly screened—come from which direction the visitor might—by two or three large groups. This figure might have been taken in the distance, and in the dim light, for a Jewish priest, or a Druid, or anything of the kind; but had any one come near enough to inspect, it would have been seen that the long robe was of linen, not stone, and that the face was less that of an ancient hero than a modern one. And what was rather strange, this particular pedestal was empty all day, and only occupied at night.

Standing at this particular spot, any one could see in every direction for a considerable distance, and there was scarcely any hiding-place near; the Druid on his pedestal had no doubt reckoned on these facts having great weight with the marauder. Several nights had gone by, and no discovery made, yet Ned Lowcliffe crept silently to his

selected station, and assuming his disguise as the shrouded statue, patiently watched all through the darkness; so patiently, that no one not close enough to touch him could have imagined that he differed from the effigies around.

It was yet comparatively early in his watch, on a certain night, and a young moon threw just sufficient light here and there to make everything more uncertain than usual, when Lowcliffe, finding himself a little cramped from standing so long in one position, prepared to make one of the guarded shifts he was forced to indulge in during the evening; but just as he commenced carefully to draw one leg behind the other, he stopped, rolled his eyes eagerly round, and then remained so motionless, he scarcely breathed. With step almost noiseless—but not quite so for such a listener's ears—a man glided round the angle of a counter close by, and standing close by Lowcliffe, paused, stooped, looked along the floor in every direction, then sat upon an adjacent pedestal, and leaning against the legs of a Hercules, listened. If the process of perspiration were not wholly a silent one, Lowcliffe would have been betrayed, for the cold beads came upon his forehead, as he saw how near he was to a discovery. The man was sitting on the very next pedestal, a block which almost touched his own. There he waited quietly for a while, not very long, but long enough to assure himself that no patrol was coming that way; then he rose, and in a few steps was at the nearest counter, and had tried a key in the lock; one or two attempts failed, but at last a door opened, and his head and shoulders were lost to sight; he reappeared with a small box, which he placed on the ground before him, and then tried one or two keys. Again the lock yielded, the lid was thrown back, and a few articles were rapidly transferred to the man's pocket.

Some object, however, seemed unknown to him, and he held it up against the dim light, endeavouring to make out what it was. To his horror, one of the statues sprang from its pedestal towards him. It was instantaneous, but the flash was enough; the figure all in white moved, and leapt upon him; then, with a fearful yell, which rang from end to end of the building, the thief fell in a fit upon the floor. Alarmed by the scream, two or three officers were speedily at the spot, and turning on their lanterns, were nearly as much astonished in their turn to see a white-sheeted figure standing by the side of a man in convulsions.

When their momentary surprise had ceased upon their discovering who the sheeted figure was, they proceeded to unfasten the prostrate man's scarf and collar, sprinkled him with water, and lifted him from the ground; his struggles ceased, and a few long breaths announced that he was 'coming to.'

'I don't know him,' said one of the constables. 'I do, though!' exclaimed Lowcliffe. 'Well! of all the parties as I could have supposed, I never could have supposed him. Why, it's that blessed Glisser—from the stall next to old Baselon; a fellow that looks as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.'

'Where am I?—who are you?' said the miserable culprit.

'Oh, we're particular friends of yours,' returned the officer.

'But I saw—I saw one of those things move,' said the man, looking timidly round with a dreadful shudder. Lowcliffe had stripped off his white raiment by this time, and so did not shock the wretched Glisser's eyes.

'We will tell you all about that in the morning,' said the constable. 'What you have got to do is to come along with us.'

It was so—he had to 'come along'; and directly the exhibitors and their staff mustered in the building, the intelligence flew like wild-fire that Mr Glisser was in custody for breaking into the stalls at nights.

It was a shock to a large circle of his acquaintances and admirers, who could hardly believe it; and when, on his lodgings being searched, the bulk of all the articles missing from the counters was found, the thing seemed more incredible still. Mr Baselon was especially astounded, because he had made quite a confidant of the young man, and had the mortification of remembering how he himself had revealed to Mr Glisser the various plans for detecting the thief; and that if it had not been for Lowcliffe insisting on the ruse of attributing the pilfering to the afternoon instead of the night, he probably would have put the young man on his guard against the scheme which had proved successful. He recovered his watch and other articles, paid his hundred pounds cheerfully, and gained a reputation with the 'force' for the extreme readiness with which he put his name down to their subscriptions for deserving objects.

Mr Glisser's proved a very bad case, and he was lost to sight for some years after the date of the Exhibition of 1862.

AN INVOCATION.

Come from the far-off spirit-world to-night,
And bathe once more my sad and weary soul
In all the softened splendours of thy light;
Oh! in my anguish, leave me not alone.
Let me but see the shadow of thy face;
Let me but hear the music of thy wings;
E'en that, I think, would from my soul efface
The subtle agony Death always brings.
Come not transfigured by the light of love,
In garments of thy soul's pure bliss arrayed,
For my sad spirit cannot rise above
The grave, where all its fondest hopes are laid.
Come rather clothed in thy humanity,
With the same softened sadness on thy brow,
And winning sweetness of those eyes, to me
Nought but a tender recollection now.
So in thy twilight smile, half-light, half-shade,
The memories of the past will gain new life,
The outlines of my grief will softly fade,
And in that rest I shall forget the strife.

On Saturday, January 2, 1876, will be commenced
in this JOURNAL, a NOVEL, entitled

WALTER'S WORD.

By the Author of *At Her Mercy*.

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No. 574.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1874.

PRICE 1½d.

KOPP'S COMPANY (LIMITED).

ONE autumn not long since, I was staying with my family at Brighton; and as I strolled along the beach enjoying the fresh air, and the sight of the equipages that dashed along, I was accosted by a gentleman with whom I had made a slight acquaintance in London. I knew little of Mr Kopp—such being his name—further than that he seemed perfectly respectable, and was spoken of as being in business in the City. On the present occasion, he was lively and chatty, making remarks on the fashionables who were driving along in their smart carriages. Drawing my attention to a handsome phaeton, driven by a man showily dressed, he said: 'That's a smart fellow. He was once a clerk in some government office, but getting disgusted with the drudgery, he watched his opportunity, attached himself to a good concern in the City, and is now making his three or four thousand a year.' In this intelligence I felt a degree interested. I was not ill off, for I had a fair competence; but why might not I, like the 'smart fellow' in the phaeton, get into 'a good concern in the City'?

'What sort of a concern is the gentleman connected with?' I inquired of my companion.

'Oh! he is a promoter of companies, and a managing director in one of them, and I don't know what besides. You must have heard his name—"Fitzbarton." He is a rising man, a member of two or three clubs, and will probably soon be in parliament.'

On parting with my acquaintance, I thought a good deal of Fitzbarton, and the easy way in which he had glided into a fortune. I got restless, and made up my mind to ask Kopp if he could point out any way by which I might follow the successful example of Fitzbarton. At next interview, Kopp expressed himself delighted with the inquiry.

'It is very curious you should have mentioned this to me; for only this morning I was thinking of you in connection with an affair I am shortly to bring out; and it is just the thing that is likely to

suit you. Come and sit down here, and I will explain the nature of the undertaking—a splendid piece of business, if I am not greatly mistaken.' We sat down, and Kopp opened his budget. 'It is,' he continued, 'a joint-stock concern to supply a want which every one must have experienced more or less in life, and which has for its intention to offer aid to our fellow-men, as much as to put profit in our own pockets. It is to raise a capital of about fifty thousand pounds, which is to be lent to small tradesmen, to officers in the army or navy when they require outfits, to help clergymen to buy livings—to give assistance, in fact, to every person whose position and character render such an investment a safe one. At present, a man may be ruined for want of fifty pounds at short notice, or he may miss making a fortune for want of a few hundreds. The business in this way is done now by Jews, money-lenders, and extortioners, who charge their sixty and eighty per cent.; whereas we, as a Company, would be content with ten or fifteen. You see, the extent to which our business could be carried is unlimited, practically, and our success is certain, provided we have business men on our Board. Here is a preliminary prospectus; look over it, and let me know to-morrow what you think of it.'

I looked over the prospectus; its statistics, compiled apparently with great care, were really most promising, and the affair seemed likely to succeed. What my position was to be in connection with the Company, I was yet to learn; but on the following day I was enlightened. I met Mr Kopp in the afternoon, and he told me that though he was beset by applicants, yet he would take care I had a seat on the Board, and should commence my experience as a director. 'The Directors' fees,' he said, 'will amount to something considerable—probably to five hundred pounds a year; and the work will be very light, because I shall do nearly all the work.'

I knew but little about Companies then, yet I was aware that I must possess some shares in order to be qualified as a director, so I asked my generous friend what sum must be invested by me.

'If you work hard,' he replied, 'I will tell you what I will do—but you must not mention this to the other directors—I will hand you over five hundred pounds worth of shares fully paid up, and you can repay me for these out of your director's fees. I will make that all right.'

I now began to see before me very bright prospects. I was to be a co-director with some very well-known names—a Scotch peer, an M.P., a general officer, an admiral, and two City men. All the preliminaries being settled, I found that Kopp was going to supply all the money for the preliminary expenses, and that none of us had any risk. Such a safe affair was very satisfactory; and as I found I should not have to attend the Board meetings more than once a week, I could spare sufficient time to be a director of two or three companies, and might, therefore, net above one thousand pounds per annum.

It was by no means unpleasant to see one's name in the papers as director of so flourishing a Company as 'Kopp's Company (Limited),' and associated with the respectable names on our Board. I was congratulated by many acquaintances, but cautioned by one or two over-prudent friends, who no doubt meant well, but whom I dared not tell that I incurred no risk, in consequence of being qualified as a director by my friend Kopp. We took offices in the City, and had Board meetings, at which, however, our M.P. rarely if ever attended; and I soon found that nearly all the work devolved on me. We advertised in every paper, and we had five thousand five hundred pounds subscribed by the public, which Kopp assured me was quite enough to begin upon.

During six months, I attended Board meetings, which took place once a week; the City men now and then came, the general was a regular attendee, and we waited for business. The Scotch peer rarely made his appearance, for he lived a long way off. How his lordship might have been induced to enter the concern, was not quite clear to me, and I could only fancy that some special inducement had been held out to him, for the sake of his title, which looked well in our directorial list. Two loans were made to people whose references seemed to us satisfactory, and who undertook to pay us twenty per cent.; but we soon found that the demands upon us for rent for offices and incidental expenses left us but a very slight balance at our bankers'. As time advanced, and no business came in, Kopp seemed to cool in his friendship to me, and more than once he hinted that he was much disappointed at my not having found more customers; but as among my friends there were none in business, or in difficulties, to whom a loan could be more than a temporary staying-off of the evil day, I could not recommend that money should be lent them even on the chance of their paying twenty per cent.

At our first general meeting, we made out what we believed was a very tolerable statement of accounts, and shewed that, although up to the present time we had not actually made any profit, yet we hoped shortly to be able to give a more favourable and satisfactory account of our trust as directors. Unfortunately, one of our shareholders was himself a money-lender, and he was unmerciful on us. He spoke well, and he carried other shareholders with him. He declared we never

ought to have commenced business on so small a capital, that we had actually done nothing, that the loans we had made had been rashly granted, and he voted for the winding-up of the Company. Having several of our friends present, we managed to out-talk him at the meeting; but shortly afterwards he obtained an order for the winding-up, and our books, &c. were handed to him, as he was and our books, &c. were handed to him, as he was appointed Official Liquidator of Kopp's Company (Limited). My five hundred pounds worth of shares had not been handed over to me; but as Kopp had not been handed over to me; but as Kopp had not promised that this business should be all had promised that this business should be all right, I was not distressed or alarmed about it; right, I was not distressed or alarmed about it; I knew I was qualified as a director, and so there was no cause for anxiety.

About a month after the affairs of the Company were taken out of my hands, I received a lawyer's letter, stating that the sum of five hundred pounds was due from me for shares in Kopp's Company (Limited), and requesting that I would at once pay the money into the hands of the official liquidator of the Company. I took this document to Kopp, who laughed at it, and said it was a mere form, and that he would see it was all right, and that the nothing could be done, as he had reserved the shares for me, and I was duly qualified. Although anxious, I was to a certain extent satisfied by this statement, and took no notice of the letter. In about three weeks, however, on returning home one afternoon, I was told a man was waiting in my dining-room who desired to see me on important business. I entered my room, and found a dirty-looking man, who bowed to me, asked my name, and then handing me a paper, said that he thought it better to see me himself privately; that it was no doubt all right, but that it was his duty to serve me with a writ for five hundred pounds due to Kopp's Company (Limited). I must admit that this proceeding almost took my breath away. I jumped into a hansom, and drove down to Kopp's office. He had gone to the north on important business, and would not be back for a week or ten days. I then rushed off to the solicitor of the Company, who said that the opposition hadn't a leg to stand on, and that, of course, I must defend the action. On my way home, I met the admiral, one of my co-directors, who bluffy informed me I had led him into a pretty mess.

'Led you into a mess?' I inquired. 'In what way?'

'Why, do you think I'd have joined this Company,' he exclaimed, 'unless Kopp had assured me there was not a more careful man in London than you, that you had examined all details, had found it must succeed, and had agreed to be a director? With your experience of accounts, I never thought you could make a mistake, and so for one moment you could make a mistake, and so I joined because you had done so. It's all your fault; and I'm let in for five hundred pounds, and my name is dragged in the dirt, which is worse.'

I returned home with a thoroughly puzzled feeling; that I had done nothing really wrong, for hoped, but I was uncertain about everything, and things seemed suddenly to change their aspect, and to present an utterly different appearance from that which I had expected. I waited patiently for news, either from Kopp or the solicitor, but nothing transpired for some weeks.

One morning, about six weeks after my being presented with my writ, I received a note from the solicitor, informing me that my case would

come on the next day at the Vice-chancellor's Court, and that he had no doubt I should gain my cause. It was my first law-case, and I did not sleep a wink the night before. I attended the court, and hoped I might soon be freed from my liabilities, but received a fresh surprise. I was disposed of in about ten minutes. It was shewn that I had never paid a farthing for my shares, that I had acted as director, and was, from the formation of the Company, on the Board. A somewhat severe censure was passed on me, and an opinion expressed, that men holding such positions as I had done ought not to act in the manner shewn by the evidence. I must pay five hundred pounds, and L215, 6s. 8d. costs. I left that court a miserable man; but there was yet a chance. My solicitor advised me to appeal; the case would not stand for a moment; he could upset it at once; and I should be wrong to submit to the decision. Such was the advice; but I decided to be rid of the affair, and be a wiser, although a poorer man. I did so, and paid my liabilities.

Kopp had returned to town; he was busy with another Company—a Patent Fuel Company, and could spare me but little time. He owned that he had been wrong in his opinion as regarded my qualification as a director, but he could not help it. He himself was almost ruined by the confounded business, and he must say the failure of the Company was in a great measure due to my not having exerted myself enough to procure shareholders, and so nothing could be done.

I left my friend Kopp with a feeling of depression; I was not the man I supposed myself to have been; I knew nothing of law, nothing of business, and certainly nothing of Companies, at least not much; but I had gained most valuable experience, at least experience that had cost me L715, 6s. 8d. I had, however, yet much to learn, and much to endure. Soon after paying this amount, I met an old friend, a City solicitor, to whom I confided my troubles. Having stated my case, he remarked that Kopp, no doubt, had made a good thing out of it.

'Far from it,' I replied: 'he was nearly ruined.' My friend smiled, and said: 'What capital was subscribed?'

'Nearly six thousand pounds.'

'What was paid for law expenses, advertising, rent of offices, &c.?'

'About two thousand pounds.'

My friend smiled, and said: 'I would bet odds that at least a thousand pounds of this went into Kopp's pocket; and probably the official liquidator and he were not entirely unknown to one another. Liquidation is, of course, expensive, and some one gets the money. I don't fancy Kopp has made a bad thing out of it, nor has the lawyer of the Company. Are you not aware of the fact that joint-stock companies, limited, are sometimes got up by parties for the very purpose of getting the job of winding them up—to say nothing of the pickings that may be otherwise secured?'

'Never heard of such a thing,' said I. 'It is clear I have got a lesson in affairs of this sort.'

'Just so. Do not, however, imagine that all those companies rest on a visionary foundation. All you have to do is to be cautious. I recommend you in future to consult me before you join as a director of another Company, and I will give you advice gratis.'

My troubles were not yet over. My family heard I had lost heavily in this speculation, and hints and innuendoes innumerable were uttered in condemnation of those who could afford to throw away hundreds in reckless speculations, but were so stingy as to refuse a few pounds for a trip to Paris, or another fortnight at Brighton; if I could afford the one, surely I could the other.

I have meditated long and patiently over my experience, and I have, after due deliberation, come to the conclusion, that men in my position should not hastily become directors of Limited Liability Companies, with a view to increasing their incomes. This advice has been bought at a price already named, and is now given to the reader, who pays a small sum only for it. If I receive a fair sum for this article, I shall put it carefully away, and label it, 'Change out of L715, 6s. 8d. paid on account of Kopp's Company'; and if the reader, seized with a fit of generosity at finding himself saved from a similar experience, likes to forward in a tangible form his thanks to the Editor, no doubt it will be duly handed over to the author of this brief history.

'PLAIN' PEOPLE.

ROBESPIERRE, the Incorruptible, with his green red-spotted eyes, and Marat, the hideous Friend of the People, were fully qualified by queerness of aspect for admission into the ranks of the Ugly Club, supposing that ill-favoured fraternity ever existed out of the pages of the *Spectator*; but if it had come to a contest, Robespierre would have been run hard by the cadaverous-complexioned singer of the *Pleasures of Memory*, who, when he sported a yellow coat, was dubbed the 'dead daudy;' and to whom Lord Alvanley once said: 'Rogers, you are rich enough; why don't you keep your hearse?' Another likely candidate for a seat under Esop's portrait was Mr Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton. Lord Thurlow, looking in at Nando's one evening, when Dunning was playing whist there, asked the waiter to take a note up to his friend. The waiter said he did not know Mr Dunning. 'Take the note up-stairs,' said Thurlow, 'and deliver it to the ugliest man at the card-table—to him who most resembles the knave of spades.' The waiter had no difficulty in executing his mission.

Heidegger, King George III's master of the revels, whose furrowed face was likened to a map with a great many rivers on it, had the reputation of being the ugliest man of his time. Of course he afforded rare sport for the caricaturists, but he wisely took all in good part, and was ready enough to jest at himself, even to wagering that such another set of features was not to be found in London. Jolly, the fashionable tailor of that day, once pressed a noble customer for a settlement of his little account. 'Begone!' exclaimed his dual debtor; 'I'll not pay you till you bring me an uglier fellow than yourself.' Jolly knew of but one man uglier than himself, and wrote to Heidegger to say His Grace wished to see him next morning upon particular business. Heidegger was there at the appointed time, and so was the tailor. The Duke acknowledged himself beaten, and paid up like a man. Jolly must have felt as grateful to Heidegger

as Soderini the singer was to Favar the ballet-master. The first time the latter appeared at rehearsal, Soderini, after contemplating the newcomer for a few moments, accosted him with: 'Let me thank you a thousand times for coming among us; command me in any way, for I can never sufficiently repay you for the happiness you have conferred upon me.' Astounded by such a welcome from a man he had never seen before, Favar inquired to what he was indebted for it. 'To your unparalleled ugliness, my dear sir,' said Soderini; 'for, before your arrival, I was considered the ugliest fellow in Great Britain.' A still better story is told of a Delaware justice of the peace who had long been regarded by common consent, his own included, to be the ugliest man in the county. While out shooting one day, the justice met a man beyond all question even worse-looking than he was, and immediately levelled his gun at the astonished pedestrian, who cried out to him not to shoot. 'Stranger,' gravely said the justice, 'I swore, ten years ago, that if ever I met a man uglier than myself, I'd shoot him, and you're the first I've come across.' Surveying his odd assailant from head to foot, the stranger answered: 'Well, captain, if I do look any worse than you do, shoot; I don't want to live any longer!' How they settled matters is not recorded, but no doubt the arrangement was amicable.

In 1835, a young Frenchman was so foolish as to kill himself in disgust of his own unhandsoneness, leaving behind him a letter, saying: 'I leave my remains to my father and mother, regretting that they should have allowed the growth and development of a creature of so disagreeable a conformation as their son.' Royal Mimbeau, as Carlyle calls him, who wrote, 'Imagine a tiger marked with the small-pox, and my portrait is complete,' like our own Wilkes, found no difficulty in making headway with the fair sex. Every one knows how the fair Dauphiness kissed the ugly Alain as he slept; in much the same spirit Sir Joshua's sister, although she considered Goldsmith to be the most ill-looking man of her acquaintance, after hearing the *Traveller* read aloud, declared she should never think the doctor ugly again. She was more generous than Soame Jenyns, who wondered that anybody so ugly as Gibbon could write a book; a strange thing for him to say, considering that he too was a writer of books, although he bore an immense wen under his head, and had eyes protruding like those of a lobster, yet allowing room for another wen between them and his nose.

Queen Bess, we are told, could not endure the company of men to whom nature had been unkind, and her guards were careful, when she went abroad, to disperse from before her eyes all those whose appearance was calculated to shock Her Majesty's beauty-loving eyes. When the Duke of Anjou proposed for her hand, and sent her his portrait, Elizabeth informed her suitor that she would engage herself to no man until she had seen his person. Thus challenged, the Duke came to England, to be seen, but not to conquer. The object of his aspirations saw a man with a swelled neck, an ill-shaped nose, a face deeply pitted with small-pox, and pronounced that such an ugly gentleman would not do for her. The famous queen was almost as bitterly disposed towards queer-looking folks as a Persian Shah, who, while hunting, came

suddenly face to face with a man so ugly, that even the monarch's horse was horrified, and shying, all but brought his master to the ground. In his rage, the Shah ordered the obnoxious head to be struck off its owner's shoulders. The unlucky peasant asked what was his crime. 'Your crime,' cried the Shah, 'is your horrid countenance, which is the first object to meet my eyes this morning, and has nearly caused my horse to throw me.' 'Alas!' replied the ugly one, 'by that reckoning, what must I call your Majesty's countenance, since looking upon it is to bring about my death?' Fortunately, the Shah appreciated ready wit as much as he detested ugly faces, and so the peasant's tongue saved his offending head.

A lady to whom Nature had been as niggard as Fortune had been liberal, told a friend she was glad, for the honour of mankind, to be able to say she had never had an offer in her life. We do not know how plain *she* may have been, but Syceax herself would not have daunted the man who advertised in a London newspaper some thirty years ago, to the following effect: 'SECRET.—A single gentleman, aged thirty-one, of a respectable family, and in whom the utmost confidence may be reposed, is desirous of explaining his mind to the friends of a person who has a misfortune in her face, but is prevented by want of an introduction. His intentions are sincere, honourable, and firmly resolved.' The fortune-hunter never had a chance of explaining his sordid mind, for the lady was a myth. He had come across a catch-penny publication, giving an account of a twenty-year-old pig-faced dumsel, wealthy and high-born, whose friends were anxious to see her comfortably settled as a wife—a mere modernised reprint of a pamphlet issued in 1641, describing the charms of Tanakin Skinker, of Wirikham on the Rhine; a well-portioned dame, afflicted with a hog's nose, which made her so loathsome to the sight, that, although gallants had come from Italy, France, Scotland, England, and Ireland, tempted by a dowry of forty thousand pounds, not one offered to marry her; each fleeing in his turn at sight of her snout!

An American publisher who brought out a little book called *Useful Hints for Ugly Girls*, did not find the venture a remunerative one. And we dare wager the jealous-minded lady who lately advertised for a 'really plain' governess—'brilliance of conversation, fascination of manner, and symmetry of form objected to, as the father is much at home, and there are grown-up sons'—was not troubled with many candidates for the vacancy in her establishment. A gentleman in want of a housekeeper tried an odd experiment; he sent out two advertisements, one for a lady of education and elegant manners, qualified to act as companion as well as housekeeper; and was overwhelmed with replies. The only requirement in the other advertisement was, that the lady should be plain in features; but not a solitary applicant appeared to answer that appeal. Do not, however, let it be supposed that women of plain appearance are generally doomed either to celibacy or to a narrow-minded exclusion from domestic management. Nature is full of the most kindly compensations. With plain features it may give warmth of affection and good common-sense. Looking around on the world of married women, we see that, on the whole, they have been selected

as helpmates less for their personal beauty than for other valuable qualities. Therein—all anecdotes to the contrary notwithstanding—lies the comforting reflection for multitudes of young spinsters.

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE

CHAPTER XXXV.—MOTHER AND SON.

LADY MERVYN had waited a reasonable time for Sir David, had then eaten her lunch without him, and settled herself in an easy-chair close by one of the windows of the library, whence she could see him as he approached the house. A newspaper lay on her knee, but she was not reading; she was thinking—thinking in the old groove, so long abandoned. Lady Mervyn was not far from seventy, and she looked no younger; but she was a stately, fine-looking old woman, and the expression of her face was softer, more pleasing than it had ever been in her youth or middle age. It was tender, gentle, and dignified, as she thought of her son; thought of her own age, and the parting that could not be long deferred; of her former hopes for David—all more than fulfilled in one direction—and of the single estrangement which had ever come between him and her. She had accomplished the purpose of long years: her son was an unembarrassed, a moderately wealthy man; but he was also lonely. She thought of the time when she had hoped he might marry Anne Cairnes—when all that painful old story was over—and how that hope had subsided quietly out of sight; not dying the violent death which had befallen so many of her hopes, and she had remembered it no more. Had she been mistaken, in the far-distant days, when she believed that Anne Cairnes loved David? or in the less-distant days, when she believed that Anne remained single for his sake? How had it been with Anne? she asked herself, with the innate interest in a love-secret which women retain at every age, and in every condition short of second childhood. Anne was the best of women, and the least old-maidlike of old maids, and that Mary of hers was the brightest and loveliest of girls—with a glance like her own David's and her own Marion's when they were young. While Lady Mervyn was thinking thus, two figures crossed the brown turf before the library windows. 'Anne and David!' said Lady Mervyn; 'how provoking, just as everything is cold!' Presently Sir David entered the room, alone.

'What have you done with Anne?' said Lady Mervyn pleasantly. Her sight was still good for her age, but she could not see across the wide room the pale, disturbance in her son's face.

'Won't she have some luncheon?'
'She has gone down to the platform.'

Lady Mervyn leaned forward, and looked at David; she detected the hoarse disturbance in his voice.

'What is the matter, David? Has anything happened?'

'Nothing, mother. I want to have some talk with you—upon that matter of Grainger's legacy.'

He approached her, and placed a chair a little behind hers, so that she could not see his face.

'Yes,' she answered, doubtfully. 'Have you been sounding Anne about the Toms, and is there no chance that she will sell?'

'It is not exactly that. It is—in short, mother, there's a question about my right to the money—about whether—'

She turned completely round in her chair, and now she observed the unconquerable agitation in his face, and quiver in his frame. She caught him by the shoulder, and, in her old tone of command, bade him tell her instantly what had happened.

'If it is anything to alarm me, don't mind that,' she said. 'You are safe, and you are with me; what is there to frighten me?'

'Mother—my dear mother,' her son said, very gently, very low, 'we have never spoken of my child, you and I. It is time there should be no reserves between us. Tell me'—he took one of her hands tenderly in his, as the other fell from his shoulder, and she shrank away, still looking at him—'tell me into whose charge you put my child, when you went to London, and found Lucy dead; and tell me where and how she died.'

She answered by a low cry, and a terrible movement, as though she were about to drop on her knees; but her son was too quick for her; he was kneeling at her feet in a second, had drawn her arms round his neck, and held them there. His face was white and quivering, but he strove to smile at her with the eyes which made all her sunshine still. 'Tell me,' he pleaded—'tell me. Did you give the baby to Susan Gale, that she might take her to Manchester? Did Susan Gale take her that same night, and was Susan Gale killed in an accident to the train?'

'Good Heaven! How have you discovered it?' Her voice came in the faintest whisper; her son's hold upon her arms alone kept her from falling.

'It is true, then?'

'It is true. O David, my son, my son, can you ever forgive me?'

'There is no such word between you and me, mother. Take comfort, and courage, for I have a wonderful thing to tell you.'

She was speechless, and trembling. He rose, and seated himself by her side, holding her firmly with his strong arm. Then he told her, with merciful brevity and directness, concluding with these words: 'The ring which was hung on the child's neck was the ring which you gave me, and I placed on Lucy's finger when we parted. Here it is.'

She had not spoken a word while he was speaking; nor did she speak now, when David took the ring out of his waistcoat pocket, and held it up before her eyes—but she still trembled.

'Try to compose yourself,' he continued, 'or I shall not venture to tell you the rest; and you will not be able to rejoice with me. There; that is better; you are steadier now.'

She was steadier; the shock, the astonishment, the mingled terror at the revival of the past, and strange uncertain joy, were passing into the tranquillity which comes easily to old age, under the blessed conviction of her son's pardoning love. She had almost forgotten now the motive which had prompted the concealment of the child's fate, but she took it for granted that her son had discerned and forgiven it. He told her the details of the rescued child's after-fortunes, and by degrees she understood that the baby who had been saved, and

the beautiful Mary, who had found so much favour in her sight from the first, were identical.

'Mary!' she repeated, 'that sweet Mary, your child! No wonder the look in her eyes reminded me of you, and of Marion. It is *you* that she is like! I have often wondered, looking at her, who it was.'

'O no,' he said; 'she is not like me: she is the living image of her mother.'

Lady Mervyn had not courage, yet, to speak of his wife to David.

'Her name is not Mary,' he continued; 'her name is Lucy. And now, mother, that I have told you this wonderful history, let me bring Anne to you—Anne, to whom I owe a debt of gratitude that I can never repay. It is amazing to think of the Providence that watched over my child, and brought her home to our old friend.'

'Is—is Mary here also?'

Sir David perceived in a moment that his mother was shrinking, as old people always do shrink, from a fresh cause of agitation. The emotion she had experienced was strong, but transient; she would be able to talk quietly over the matter, and to discuss the details of the necessary family arrangements, before the first vehemence of his feelings and of Anne's would have subsided. Though he perceived this facile acceptance of the facts with some surprise, Sir David saw the opportuneness and the good-fortune of it.

'No,' he replied to Lady Mervyn's nervous question; 'Mary is at the Tors, and as yet, of course, in ignorance of what has been discovered. We will not let her come here, my dear mother, until she has become a little accustomed to the truth—until you can receive her with composure as your grand-daughter.'

'Quite right, David, quite right,' said Lady Mervyn, who could have received Mary with the requisite calm at that moment. Life had so far worn her out, that there was only one subject on which she was still capable of much feeling; that subject was her son, his own individual self; that feeling did not take extension by reflection; she had gone through an agonising though brief paroxysm on his account, and it was over. She was tired; she would like to lie down and sleep a while. Her fragile aged frame was exhausted, but her mind was easy and quiet. Sir David walked to the other end of the room, to a window from whence the sea-wall was visible, and looked out. There was Anne, leaning on the low parapet, with her face to the sea. He raised the window-sash, and she turned at the signal, and approached the house. Sir David stepped over the window-sill and went to meet her. Her glance met his nervously, with a question in it.

'Yes,' he replied; 'she knows everything. She has borne it wonderfully well. I have no doubt everything happened exactly as we supposed. Will you come to her now with me?'

Anne hesitated. 'I think, perhaps,' she said, 'I had better be alone with her for a little. It might distress her less.'

'Of course it would. You think of everything. I shall wait for you on the platform.'

How had the hours been passing with Mary? They had been passing heavily enough. Anne had dismissed her with words of encouragement, but Mary's own heart was against her, and she listened to its warnings with all the ready de-

spendency which is as natural an attribute of youth as its quick hopefulness. Such happiness was too bright, too beautiful a vision for her. She had been living in a dream; she had suffered it to cheat her into forgetfulness of her grief, and the awakening was her punishment. The mother who had left her only a few weeks ago, had she indeed been almost forgotten, in this wonderful, new, unexplained, unexamined bliss? Then Mary approached herself bitterly, and underwent a renewal of the sorrow which love and nature had united to soothe. She could not hope, she would not hope, though Miss Cairnes bade her; she was wicked, unnatural, ungrateful, and the straight path of duty in which she must walk lay before her, unadorned by any roses of love and happiness. Miss Cairnes's goodness was beyond belief, but it would not avail. How long Sir David was staying with Miss Cairnes! Were they all this time talking of her? Where was Cyril? What had he done? She heard voices under her window, and she opened it. The voices were only those of two servants, but they were talking about Cyril. He had taken the dog-cart, with a pair, to Dumfries; and it was not known when he was coming back! He had gone away then; he had done well. But Mary fell back from the window, feeling faint and giddy; she laid herself down on her bed, worn out with the keen suffering of so many hours, and the sleeplessness of the preceding night—an infliction unnatural and intolerable to the young—and long before the conference between Miss Cairnes and Sir David Mervyn came to an end, she had cried herself into the deep slumber of exhaustion. She was still sleeping when Anne's maid, by Anne's directions, entered the room noiselessly, drew the blinds down, and placed a tiny sealed note on the bed, close to the sleeper's hand. It was late in the afternoon before Mary awoke, and read the note. It was written by Anne, and contained merely a line:

'I have gone to Barrholme, but shall be back by dinner-time. Take heart. All will be well, and that speedily.'

Refreshed by sleep, and revived by the words of Anne's note, Mary rose, changed her dress, and went down to the drawing-room. Miss Cairnes had not yet returned. She opened the piano, and resolutely applied herself to the playing of a difficult piece of music. The effort steadied her; she played ill at first, but by degrees her wonted skill revived, and she was filling the room and the outer air with delicious melody, when, at sunset, Anne returned to her house through the shrubbery, accompanied, as she had been when she left it, by Sir David Mervyn. The windows of the drawing-room opened to the ground, and they were open now. Anne and David approached, and looked in. Mary, unconscious of their presence, played on, until she had finished the piece of music, when she turned, to take another from the stand, and saw them. Blushing deeply, she advanced to them, and held out her hand to Sir David. He took it, and, to her great surprise, held it. She glanced at Anne.

'Sir David is of my own way of thinking, Mary. He knows all you have told me, and he has something to say to you, from Cyril, and from himself. Cyril has gone away for a day or two, until Sir David shall desire him to come back.'

Mary was puzzled. No effort on Anne's part could

subdue the agitation she was feeling; and the quick instinct of the girl detected that it had a new origin. Anne had been calm, and had bidden her to be calm, in the morning; she had just now spoken words of fresh encouragement. Why, then, did her breath come quickly, and why did tears start into her eyes? Sir David, too, what did this pointed reference to Sir David mean? Why had the matter on which all her hope, all her life was hanging, apparently drifted into Sir David's hands? These questions passed through her mind in the few seconds during which she stood in front of the two, and Sir David retained her hand. She drew back a step; she tried to withdraw her hand; she looked nervous, and she stammered out: 'I am frightened. There is something wrong.'

'No, darling,' said Anne, as she kissed her; 'there is nothing wrong. You remember what you said to me this morning about Sir David? He released her hand now, and turned away. 'I remember.'

'Then, Mary, you will not hesitate to listen to all he has to say to you. It is nothing painful, my dear; it is the best news that could be told to any one. But he wishes to tell it to you himself, and by yourselves.'

Mary caught at her gown, but Anne drew it away, and crossing the room with a swift step, went out at the opposite door. She sat down in the hall for a few minutes, to recover herself, and then proceeded to give so unreasonable an order, that the sense of 'something up,' which had already spread itself through the respective households of Jarrholme and the Tors, acquired double force of conviction. She ordered dinner to be kept back for an hour! and it was half-past six already! The cook wondered what ladies supposed the cooking of a dinner meant, and whether they imagined an hour or so signified as little to joints and *entrées* as it signified to *them*; and the butler remarked to the footman that 'things of that kind' never happen where a gentleman is the head of the house. Only women disregard the serious duties of life, when anything 'puts them out.'

Anne went to her room, and remained there, lost in thought. These were her first moments of solitude, since the secret, which had lain hidden for so many years, the secret which had had such influence and meaning, all undiscerned in her own life, was revealed to her. These were the first moments in which she could contemplate it, as it affected herself. All day long her mind had been full of Sir David, his mother, and his daughter—of Cyril only incidentally. Now, while Sir David was speaking, for the first time, as a father to his child—an interview so solemn and so sacred that Anne would not allow her imagination to intrude upon it for a moment—she was free to direct that imagination to her own part in these events. So directing it, she put Mary and the later days aside; she summoned up the long-dead past. David Mervyn had loved, and married, and lost that fair woman whose face she remembered, the tone of whose voice she could recall, as though she had seen the face and heard the voice—but yesterday—and it was seventeen years ago!—while she was loving him with all her heart, and sometimes believing she might be loved in return. If she had known it—if he had told her the truth on the day after Marion's wedding—she had gathered from his agitated confession of that morning that he had then intended

to reveal it to her—would the avowal have changed her whole life? Would she, knowing that he was not free, have ceased to love him with the love that barred her from marriage and motherhood, the love that bound her life to his by an unseen bond, as surely as any vows taken at the altar? Who could tell? What did it profit to ask herself the question now, when, in full possession of the truth, she was conscious that she loved him still, with fervor and devotion, compared with which those of the distant days had been weak and wavering? So Anne honestly believed; but the truth was she had always loved him with all her heart, in every phase, and it was only the vividness of the present which made the past seem dim. She smiled, rather sadly, as she thought over the recent time at the Tors. No young girl, not Mary herself, could have been more carried away by her own feelings, and the influence of the surrounding circumstances, than she had been; more blind to every one and everything except David. The occasions in her life when it was so blessed and glorified by his presence, were so scanty; this one had so much ease, liberty, and companionship in it, that she had been carried away by the rare exquisite delight of it, into the ideal world, over whose borders the feet of youth only are supposed to tread. Anne knew better; she knew that love like hers is immortal, and eternally young. How truly blest it was, also! though it had always been unretained, and what the world would call hopeless. Hopeless! when it had brought her the exceeding great reward which every true woman rates highest—the power of conferring happiness on the beloved one! When mysterious, beneficent, compensating Providence had given back to him his child, preserved from all evil and danger, from all sorrow and humiliation, in herself all his heart could desire, by her unconscious hands! A wordless song of wonder and praise ascended to high heaven from Anne's heart, in which there was no room for one selfish thought of the isolation to which the events which had occurred, and those to be anticipated, must finally condemn her.

She hardly thought of Lady Mervyn, her interview with whom had, however, been embarrassing. The old lady knew well enough what Anne must think of her conduct in the far past, and she was chiefly anxious to leave it in safe and convenient obscurity. She took a ready, practical view of the present aspect of matters, and she astonished Anne by her questions and suggestions. How was David to set himself right with the world? How was the acknowledgment of David's marriage and the recognition of Mary as his daughter to be accomplished with the smallest amount of awkwardness to them all? After the brief interval of emotion and avowal was over, the dominant worldliness of Lady Mervyn came into play with surprising vigour. It was plain that the world could not be kept in ignorance of the main fact, but surely the details might be concealed? On this point, Anne had been able to reassure Lady Mervyn. Her granddaughter would be made known to 'the county' as the affianced bride of Miss Cairnes's cousin and heir, as well as in the character of Sir David Mervyn's daughter, and the 'county' would be left to fill in the outlines of that surprising history by its own taste and ingenuity. She hardly recalled all these discussions, when her long musing, with

evening drawing on around her, reverted to the present. She began to arrange her plans for Cyril and Mary; and she remembered with a smile how Cyril had said they were both 'Anne's pensioners.' They should have the Tors. She did not think Sir David would take Mary from her; Mary should be married from the Tors, and should return thither, as her own home, close to her father, and actually a portion of the former estate of Barrholme. This was a strange coincidence, among the many marvels of the time. How often Anne had talked with Marion Greame about Lady Mervyn's resentment at the sale of the Tors; how often Anne had secretly sighed for the power of restoring the land to the Mervyns! And now, it had at last become valuable beyond price to her, because that power was hers—the Tors should be Mary's dower, and the condition by which Mary's son should succeed to the possession of it should be his taking the name of Mervyn. 'At my death, there will be Bromley Park for Cyril'—thought Anne, for once on this line of speculation, her fancies travelled fast—'I shall live there, when they are married, and take care of my Old Ladies.'

Her reverie had been already interrupted by her maid—who received her portion of the household conviction on being told that Miss Cairnes did not intend to change her dress for dinner, and did not wish for lights; it was again interrupted by the closing of a heavy door below, and the sound of footsteps on the gravel-path. She looked out: Sir David was walking quickly away towards the shrubbery. She set the door open, and listened for Mary's tread. It came presently, rapidly on the stairs, hesitating at the door of Mary's room, then on to Anne's, which was in twilight. In another moment Mary was in Anne's arms, holding her tight round the neck, as a young child holds its mother, and whispering rapturously to her about her 'father!'

'Is Sir David coming to-morrow morning?' Anne asked, as they went down the stairs arm in arm to the dinner which was served under protest. She had already changed places with Sir David's daughter, as her own question made her feel.

'My father,' replied Mary, with a beautiful blush and smile, 'said he was going to Dumfries to-night, to bring Mr Westland back to Barrholme.'

'They cannot arrive until late to-morrow,' said Anne. 'Does he wish you to see Lady Mervyn in the meantime?'

'He said I was to do in that and every other respect whatever you thought best.'

The stillness which follows a great crisis, the quiet which succeeds strong emotion, rested upon Anne and Mary during the following morning. They spoke rarely to one another—they enjoyed the strange happiness of the time, as happiness is always most deeply enjoyed, and sorrow most deeply felt, in silence; but they frequently exchanged a tranquil, satisfied smile. At noon, Anne received a note from Lady Mervyn, which strongly illustrated the truth that 'oft in our ashes live their wonted fires.'

The note was as characteristic of the firmness, the reserve, and the decision of the old lady, as one written forty years previously might have been. It merely begged that her dear Anne would bring 'Lucy' to see her, in the afternoon, and that she would assure 'Lucy' that the affection she had already won from an old friend would be still more readily accorded to her by her old grand-

mother. It added that 'Lucy' would find nothing to agitate her at Barrholme; and Anne rightly interpreted the intimation to mean that Lady Mervyn expected that nothing should be said or done to agitate herself. Anne made Mary understand this, and Mary readily promised obedience. At three o'clock they walked up to Barrholme, by the sea-walk, with many a recollection of the day before last. Could it be so short a time ago? Mary asked; and all the world, all the past, present, and future be so utterly changed? Anne thought she had never seen the girl look so beautiful. The hall-door was opened before Anne had time to ring, and two servants were in the hall—an unusual piece of state, which she quickly understood, for she perceived with amused admiration that Lady Mervyn had already disposed of one of her difficulties. The second servant threw open the drawing-room door, and announced 'Miss Cairnes and Miss Mervyn.' With the irrepressible start caused by the sound of her own name for the first time, Mary found herself in her grandmother's presence. Lady Mervyn was standing near the door; she stepped forward and kissed Mary, before it was closed.

'I am very happy to see you, my dear,' she said; 'I am sure you will be a great comfort to me, and to your father. Give me a kiss.'

Mary kissed her. 'Lady Mervyn'—she stammered.

'You will call me grandmother, if you please, my dear.—And, Anne,' she continued, turning towards Miss Cairnes as she resumed her seat, 'I think it will be well to remember henceforth that her name is Lucy.'

'I think so too, though it will be difficult at first—we are so accustomed to think of her as Mary.'

'No doubt; and under any other circumstances, it would not matter; she might retain the name she has been known by. But Lucy was her mother's name, and I think it is right that it should be used in this house.'

In those words Lady Mervyn made the only atonement in her power to her son and to the dead; and then she dismissed the subject in another sentence: 'I have informed the servants of all it is necessary they should know. Have you done so at the Tors?'

'No,' said Anne; 'but I will do so immediately.'

Ten minutes later, Lucy Mervyn was putting her grandmother's knitting to rights with industrious composure, as if that occupation had been hers by prescription from her childhood.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

At seven o'clock the same evening, Sir David Mervyn and Cyril Westland arrived at the Tors.

Three happy days went over very quickly at Barrholme and the Tors, and, Cyril's leave being on the eve of expiry, he was about to rejoin his regiment. Anne had written a reply to her aunt's letter, which Sir David pronounced to be infinitely too kind and forgiving, and which elicited from Mrs Westland an outburst, on paper, of such exuberant joy and effusive gratitude, that Sir David declared it was even more 'disgusting' than the former production. Anne said nothing about either of the letters to Cyril or to Lucy, and she excused Mrs Westland to Sir David as much as possible. The

lovers were like all lovers of their respective ages, entirely and unaffectedly devoted to themselves; profoundly happy, and very beautiful to see, in the eyes of those who love to read such living poems. The parting impending on the morrow was not to last long, for it had been arranged that their marriage should take place in October, on the 25th—'Balaklava Day,' according to a fancy of Cyril's, whose devotion to his 'colonel' was not a whit abated by his devotion to his colonel's daughter. There was not a cloud in the sky, actually or metaphorically. Would not this be a good time, a happy opportunity for taking leave of them? They are in fairyland, that beautiful young pair, whose mortal feet are treading the crisp sands at the extremity of Barholme Point, whose eyes are bright with hope and joy, whose voices whisper low those unutterable things too secret and precious to be intrusted to the common air, those unutterable things which all the sons and daughters of men have whispered and heard from the beginning of time!

Following the figures of the happy young lovers, dim in the distance, with loving eyes, Anne Cairnes and Sir David Mervyn, sitting on the searidge of the rock-platform, in the still August evening, are talking gravely of the past, and of the future of the two who are so dear to them. Sir David has a telescope in his hand; it is Anne's old glass. She has just been reading a long letter from Marion, in which Sir David's sister expresses her satisfaction with the extraordinary intelligence she has received, with an earnest disinterestedness undeniably noble on the part of Sasha's mother. The old associations with Marion's wedding-day, and the chain of subsequent events, are so vivid in Anne's mind, that she can hardly follow Sir David, who is giving her certain details about the estate of Barholme.

'I don't know,' he says, 'whether my mother has told you anything about the legacy I have recently received from John Grainger, my wife's brother?'

'No; I have not heard of it.'

Sir David tells her the story, and how he had come to the old farm, to ascertain whether John Grainger's wishes could be carried out; he also tells her the unsuccessful result of his inquiry. 'He was an odd man,' continues Sir David; 'but very just. He provided against my heirs coming in for this money, in case I had not been living when he died. No doubt he knew nothing about the lapsing of legacies under such circumstances. How pleased he would have been to know that it will go direct to Lucy's child! I am glad I had not invested the money; it will be better for Cyril to choose an investment for himself.'

Anne rouses her wandering attention. This is her opportunity of telling Sir David what she means to do for the 'pensioners,' as they habitually call themselves. So she tells him that the Tors is to be his daughter's dower, and Bromley Park her own home for the future. Sir David protests utterly against such lavish generosity. The handsome allowance which she already gives Cyril, and the portion which Sir David himself can give Lucy, will be quite enough for the young couple, and he argues that Cyril must live with his regiment, and therefore could not manage or require a country place. Sir David reminds her that all he possesses will eventually be Lucy's

—the entail of the entailed portion of the Barholme property coming to an end with him—and that there can be no reason for such an arrangement as she proposes. It would, in fact, be only a temptation to Cyril to abandon his profession, and become an idle man; a prospect abhorrent to Sir David. He shows her that he is a little surprised she has not suspected her own project of unreasonableness; and she lets him see that there is some other motive, beside her generosity to Cyril and Lucy, in her intention respecting the Tors.

'Do you not care for the place? Do you not like living there?' he asks, looking at her curiously. Then Anne tells him the truth.

'I do care for the place; I do like living there; but it has distressed me always to know how your mother grieved over the sale of the Tors; to know that she has always felt it a wrong and a humiliation; and now that, for some time past, I have been certain, if it were to do over again, the Tors would not be sold, I have been most anxious to restore it to Barholme. The possession of the Tors and of Bromley Park too, is only a burden to me. My dear father loved the adding of house to house and land to land, but I don't; and it would, long ago, have been a great relief to me to put the Tors back into the hands of its rightful owners—yes, its rightful owners: we could not buy the old associations which are, after all, its highest value.'

'Hardly a marketable commodity, though,' said Sir David, with an underlying agitation in his light tone; 'and seldom included in such bargains as my poor father, and those like him, make. It is strangely pleasant to me to hear you say these foolish and impractical things; for it shows me in what spirit you would have met a proposition which I should have made to you, if the late wonderful events had not so changed everything, that there is nothing left for me to wish in the matter.'

'What was the proposition? Pray, tell me,' she said, with a self-betraying eagerness in her tone, a revealing light in her eyes.

'I was thinking of asking you to let me purchase back the Tors, with John Grainger's legacy for a first instalment of the purchase-money; and I had actually begun to sound Cyril, in order to find out whether he set much store by the place. Now it is all right, for it will be his and Lucy's some day.'

'Take it back,' said Anne, stretching out her clasped hands towards him—'take it back, I pray and entreat you; not for Mary and Cyril, but for you. Take it back, and give me the first, the one solitary taste of happiness that has come to me from my useless wealth in all these weary years! As for them—what can God give them, what can life give them, that is not theirs? Let me have this one reward, if I have done anything for them, if I have been anything to them—let me have this one great consolation for my own self, that I have undone some of the injustice of your fate. Tell me that you will take back the Tors.'

She had spoken in a tone he had never heard in her voice; in her face, in her large dark eyes, there was a look he had never seen; and in that look, Sir David Mervyn read the story of her life—read it with profound amazement, and a great humility, such as a man of lofty soul must feel in the presence of a woman's holy, lifelong, steadfast love. The past was there, in the eternity-revealing

swiftness of thought—the past, in which she had loved him, when he had doubted, then believed, and afterwards forgotten it. The present was there, with the full conviction that the woman to whom he owed his child, who had told him of his beautiful young wife after they had parted for ever, and had drawn the portrait of his Lucy, which came to him like a gift from the other world—the woman whom he had long regarded as the highest type of womanhood within his knowledge—sweet, wise, brave, gentle, and self-forgetting, had loved him only all her life. And the future glided into view, with a beautiful light upon it, a sacred vision of gratitude and love and peace.

He rose, walked to the end of the rock-platform, and stood there, looking along the coast-border of rocks to the strip of shining sand beyond the Point, with its setting of sea. In the profound stillness, a sound of laughter could be heard—the happy laughter of his child and her young lover. After a few moments, he turned and came towards Anne. She had not moved; her face still wore the look of expectation and entreaty.

‘Won’t you answer me?’ she said.

He placed himself on a slab of rock at her feet, and answered her: ‘I will tell you that I will take back the Tors, if you will tell me just one thing, in your turn.’

‘And that is?’

He loosed her clasped hands, and took them in his own. She left them there; she was struck motionless.

‘That you love me; that you will take from me the truest love of a man’s heart: you will tell me that, Anne?’

She could not tell him. For a few moments she thought her suffocating emotion must kill her; but she strove with it, and he waited. The first intelligible words she spoke were: ‘After all these years!’

The real parting between Cyril and Lucy took place without witnesses, and was, no doubt, a very affecting one. But they enjoyed a second farewell when Sir David and Cyril escorted Anne and Lucy, according to established custom, along the sea-walk to the Tors, in the light of the yellow harvest-moon. For it happened, somehow, on this occasion, that Cyril and Lucy, contrary to custom, had gone on before, and when they reached the house, the others were not yet within sight. They remained for a few minutes in the vacant hall, and then Lucy went away up the stairs to her room, and, when she had given him a last nod from the landing, Cyril came out of the house, closing the door, and went to meet Anne and Sir David. They were walking very slowly along the shrubbery path, but they quickened their steps when they saw Cyril. He took a cheerful leave of Anne, on the spot, and lighting a cigar, strolled on. It was only a few yards to the house-door, but the two had these few yards to themselves, and perhaps they prized them as highly as they would have prized them twenty years earlier. Any one would have thought so, who had seen Anne’s face in the moonlight, when she said: ‘Good-night, David;’ and he, laying his first kiss upon her lips, answered: ‘Good-night, my own, own love.’

A letter addressed to Anne was lying on a table in the hall. She read it, by the lamp-light, there. It contained those words:

HONOURED MADAM—This is to inform you that the great aloe blossomed yesterday. I thought you would like to know at once. I knew we should beat Shottesley.—Your obedient servant,
W. DAVIS.

THE END.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH MANNERS.*

A NUMBER of years ago, two Scotch ladies paid a visit to Paris, accompanied by their brother, whose business led him to go thither every year. He was slightly acquainted with several Parisian families, but, not speaking French fluently, he had little domestic intercourse with them. The two Misses D—, on their arrival, expected that their brother’s acquaintances would call on them, as they had been made aware of their arrival; but not a soul came near them. They did not know that in France the etiquette is for the stranger to call first—precisely the reverse of what is the practice in England; besides which, they were ignorant of the fact, that the French generally do not cultivate the acquaintance of foreigners, and rarely give them invitations to their houses.

Receiving no attentions, the ladies found Paris to be rather dull, their only amusement being sight-seeing. One day, walking with their brother in the Champs-Élysées, he introduced them to a lady whom they chanced to meet. Taking pity on their isolation, she invited them to dine with her on the following day. Here was something good at last. The invitation was accepted. Next day, they took care to be in good time, equipped in their best, in low pink silk dresses, short sleeves, and white satin shoes, to the great astonishment of their hostess, who took it for granted that they were going to a ball afterwards. They were equally surprised to find her in the same high dark silk which she had worn when out walking. Dinner was served, and commenced with the national *pot au feu* soup, and *bovilli* (the beef from which the soup is made), and which the lady carved in shapeless lumps, not in thin slices, as in England; stewed beef with macaroni, *vol au vent*, *fricandeau*, and roast turkey, followed in quick succession. The lady carved small pieces of each dish, and put them on a plate, with a fork, which was handed round to each guest to help themselves. The Scotch ladies, accustomed to eat potatoes with every dish, were puzzled to find none forthcoming. After the meat, came a dish of green peas, and the salad. The French use the same knife and fork for every dish, and keep them when their plates are changed; and the Misses D— were horrified to see that the servant who took their plates coolly put their knife and fork on to the cloth beside them, and did not give them a clean one until the dessert was served. They were greatly perplexed by the variety of dishes served, the absence of potatoes, and the arrival of green peas after the meat had been taken away! The dinner was good, but the oddity of the arrangement was incomprehensible. It was a violation of all ordinary conceptions. After dinner, the gentlemen led the ladies back to the drawing-room, and *café noir* was served. Strong black coffee, without milk or cream, was not very palatable to the Scotch

* This article is written by an English lady who has been long resident in France.

ladies, though they found the *liqueurs* which succeeded it—*crème de moka* and *crème de vanille*—excellent.

After sitting chatting for about half an hour, the hostess astonished the Misses D—— by announcing her intention of going for a walk, it being summer, and the days long; and, said she, looking hesitatingly at the evening costumes of her visitors: 'As I presume you are going to a *soirée*, I am sorry I cannot have the pleasure of your company.' The Scotch ladies were too shy, and too little accustomed to converse in French, to ask for explanations, but they thought the lady very rude to turn them out of her house in this cool way; they had not ordered their carriage until half-past ten, so they begged her to allow her servant to fetch one for them; and returned to their hotel, marvelling at the unmanly impudence of French ladies. They did not know that a casual invitation to dinner does not necessarily imply spending the evening; and no French lady would wear a low dress for even a very ceremonious dinner-party. Full dress is only *de rigueur* for a ball or a very large *soirée*, and then only for young girls. Ladies dress more according to their age in France than in England; and you never see old, or even middle-aged, ladies dressed like young ones; or if you do, you may be sure they are not French.

In France, there are generally only two meals a day: *déjeuner*, consisting of hot or cold meat, vegetables, dessert and wine, concluding with a cup of *café au lait*; this is usually served about ten or eleven; and there is no other meal until dinner, about seven. Some people have a cup of coffee and a roll brought to them in their rooms early in the morning, but this is by no means general. The two Scotch ladies returned home with a poor opinion of French people and French manners; the truth being, that they made no allowance for a perfectly agreeable state of things different from that to which they had been accustomed.

French children—especially girls—are more brought forward than English ones. They take all their meals with their parents, and see all the company that comes to the house; consequently, they are less troubled with shyness than English children. But a girl of seventeen or eighteen is much less independent than an English girl of the same age; she must never go out alone, nor with other young girls, without a *chaperone* or a female servant, usually known as a *bonne*; she must never speak to a gentleman, unless he should be especially introduced to her by her mother.

The French plan of negotiating marriages is very much criticised in England, but it has its advantages. A young Frenchman who wishes to marry, requests his parents, or his nearest female relatives, to look out for a suitable wife for him. She must be in an equal rank of life to his own, and possess a *dot*, or dowry, similar to the fortune he himself can furnish, so that they are assured of having something to live upon. The parents of the young lady inquire carefully as to the character he bears amongst his friends; satisfy themselves as to his family antecedents and good health; and if these, and the amount of fortune, or salary, are satisfactory, the young couple are introduced to each other in society, but they are never permitted to see each other alone. If they are mutually pleased with each other, the marriage takes place; but if the impression is not satisfactory on either side,

no further notice is taken. A French girl would be thought very *mal élevée* if she owned a preference for any young man to whom she was not *fiancée*. Love is supposed to come after marriage, or, at anyrate, that sort of tranquil attachment which arises between people whose interests are similar, and who are united by tender affection for their children. On the whole, I think there will be found quite as many happy couples in France as in England, and fewer discontented old maids; for the girls who feel disinclined to marry, or whose fortunes are so slender that they cannot expect to meet with a suitable *parti*, generally retire into a convent, or join one or other of those religious societies which enable them to devote themselves to charitable occupations, and visit the poor and sick, while living at home with their friends.

Unequal marriages are almost unknown in France, and a young man without fortune, however nobly born and attractive, would never dream of the possibility of marrying an heiress. In like manner, a lovely girl without a fortune has very little chance of making a good marriage. The French *papas* and *mamas* look to the main chance. Beauty has no melting influence on their hearts, whatever it may have on those of their sons; but in general the young men are quite as reasonable on that subject as their parents, and are affected by no weakness for a dowless bride. An obligation to have the consent of parents to render marriage valid, is a source of considerable trouble and perplexity. Even if the parents be dead, there are forms to be attended to, that are very annoying.

The French are said to be the politest people in the world, and in some respects they are so. Their politeness may be only skin-deep; it may be only a stilted etiquette, without heartfelt emotion. But on the whole it is better than studied indifference and rough incivility. If not absolutely sincere, it has the external appearance of being so, and saves the feelings from a sense of outrage. A Frenchman always takes off his hat on entering a shop, or an omnibus, or any other public conveyance. He is expected always to bow first, to a lady of his acquaintance; it would be thought quite out of place for the lady to take the initiative. On entering a drawing-room, French people bow to every one who may be in the room, whether they are acquainted with them or not. The omission of these trifling civilities by the English, causes them to be considered rude and boorish.

The line of demarcation between different classes of society is less strongly defined in France than in England. Servants consider themselves pretty nearly upon an equality with their masters and mistresses, and their manners are marked by a free and easy coolness, which would be considered the height of impudence in England. They wish you 'good-morning' and 'good-night,' as a friend might do, and expect to be thanked whenever they open the door for you; a Frenchman of every class touches his hat to the servant who opens the door for him.

French children are almost always over-indulged and spoiled by their parents. Every one in the house is expected to yield to them; they are rarely reproved for crying; nor is self-denial or self-restraint seriously inculcated. Servants are reproved for not obeying them, and everything is

done to induce them to fancy themselves the most important persons in the house. This mistaken system of education renders them selfish, overbearing, and conceited. Probably a good deal of this egotism is knocked out of them at school and at college; but early impressions are never entirely effaced, and the feeling remains, only to be transferred to their own children when they have any.

It appears to me that this early indulgence, this indiscriminating worship received in childhood, exercises a permanent influence on the French character, and predisposes Frenchmen individually to entertain a false opinion of themselves than they would if, as children, they were trained in more submission and humility; this is also probably the reason why they are almost universally destitute of self-command. Of course, in all descriptions of habits and character, there are many exceptions. French parents may be found who do not spoil their children, Frenchmen who are rude and unpolite, young people who marry for love, and families who invite strangers to their houses; but these are the exceptions, and the contrary prevails in general.

The lower classes in France live much more frugally and inexpensively than people of the same rank in England. Soup and *bouilli* form the usual dinner and supper of the upper class of farmers, workmen, and servants in French families. The richer farmers have the *pot au feu* every day, others only once or twice a week; and live on bread and *soupe aux choux* on the other days, with a relish of cheese, salt-fish, and sometimes butter. The whole system of living of the French agriculturists would in England be called most miserable. The greater number of them can neither read nor write; they are, however, beginning to send the younger children to school—that is to say, where schools exist—so the next generation will probably be more intelligent.

Frenchwomen of the middle class, such as shopkeepers' wives, &c. are, I think, better educated, and have more pleasing manners than a similar class in England. In the greater number of restaurants, cafés, hotels, and large shops, it is the women who keep the books and make out the accounts. These women are generally ladylike-looking, have pleasing manners, write a good hand, speak well, and are good accountants. They know the price of everything, and how every dish should be cooked, and could cook it themselves if necessary. I doubt if many shopkeepers' wives in England would be capable of making themselves as generally useful. If they were up to the cooking department, they would probably not write a good hand, and their heads would not be clear enough to keep the accounts of a large establishment.

To draw these rambling remarks to a close, I may conclude with a few words on dress. A Frenchwoman almost always looks better dressed than an Englishwoman, for several reasons. With a very few eccentric exceptions, they study much more what is likely to suit them than what is the extreme of fashion, and combine the two, so as not to appear particular, and yet not wear anything unbecoming. They buy very few dresses at a time, only what is absolutely necessary, and wear them while they are fresh. A dress that has been laid by for some time never looks fresh and new. They keep one dress for going out early in the

morning, another for visits, and one to wear in the house. Each one is folded carefully (not bung up) when taken off, and thus they keep fresh all the season. They are well aware that a common dress well made looks better than a rich silk which fits badly, and has been lying by for some time. I knew in Paris three girls, sisters, who had only six pounds a year each to dress themselves with, and they always looked neat, ladylike, and well dressed. They made all their own dresses and bonnets, embroidered their collars, sleeves, and trimmings, and knitted their own stockings. I think an English girl restricted to such slender resources, would have appeared pretty much as a dowdy. The art of dressing up a poor assortment in dress neatly and attractively, is surely worthy of cultivation; and I venture to think that this piece of good taste might be exercised without the risk of losing caste!

ADVENTURE WITH A LEOPARD.

MANY years ago, soon after my arrival on the east coast of Africa, I used to amuse myself by setting traps for the antelopes which abound in the forest-jungles of the lower portion of that beautiful coast. I was not very successful; I caught several of the tiny Pete, which are graceful little things, miniature antelopes not exceeding a hare in size; but nothing larger came my way for a long time. At last, one morning, on reaching the spot where the trap had been set, I found it gone; and on searching about, I discovered traces of an antelope having dragged it down the steep incline towards the brook, which, lined with dense bushes, separated the jungle from the open beyond. These traces I followed for some distance, until they entered the thicket by the stream, when, finding it very difficult to force my way through it, I skirted along it outside, under the hope that I might find the track as it came out, or at least make myself sure that the antelope was still inside. I had perhaps gone fifty yards, when there was a sudden rustle among the leaves on my left hand, and with a low growl, the long spotted body of a leopard sprang out, and crossing a few yards in front of me, was soon lost to view among the tangle of weepers which hung in festoons from every tree.

A suspicion at once seized my mind, that if I opened the bushes from which the leopard had emerged, I should find what I was in search of, and on doing so, I saw that I was right; for there, with the trap still fastened to its leg, lay the body of a spotted antelope (*Tragelaphus sylvaticus*), unmarked, save by four deep gashes in the neck and throat. On seeing it, I determined that I would go no nearer, nor touch it, but would go back for my gun, and set it as a trap for the great cat, which would certainly return to its prey. As I had never killed a leopard, the chance of now doing so prompted me not to touch the bait.

I therefore returned, with a native to help me, and after some trouble—as I had had no experience in gun-setting—we succeeded in laying the trap so that, if the leopard returned it could hardly escape.

About eleven o'clock that night, my brother, who had been smoking outside, came in and said: 'Your gun's gone off; I heard it just before I came in. Let's go down with a lantern, and see if the brute is dead.'

I made no objection. A leopard was, as yet, only

a big cat to me, and I did not know the danger we incurred. So we took the only other gun there was—at least Harry did—and I took the lantern, with about an inch of candle in it, and we set off for the place together. We had not far to go—not more than half a mile—and on getting to the brook, just across where the gun had been set, I proceeded to strike a light, for though the night was a fine one, yet in the jungle it would be all but pitch dark; and after doing so, and closing the lantern, we proceeded to wade across, but unluckily dropped the matches into the water on the way. We now forced our way through the thick bushes until we reached the spot; and, fortunately for us—for we had just walked to the place without the slightest caution, and had the leopard been there, we must have come right on the top of it—we found it gone. A glance sufficed to shew that the bait was still untouched; and then, by the light of the lantern, we examined the ground; and in a few minutes we discovered plenty of evidence, in the shape of blood and fragments of bone, that the gun had not been set in vain.

'Let's follow him!' said Harry; 'he can't have gone far in that state;' and without answering him, I immediately set to work to track the blood-spots—a difficult task—by the lantern's light, while my brother walked behind with the gun. I have often since thought what a picture it would have made: the black silent jungle all round; the weird-like trunks of the trees, with their tracery of creepers, dimly visible by the light of the solitary candle, myself holding it, and stooping down, the better to see the tracks. My companion, his gun carried anyhow, walked behind, grumbling about at the loss of the matches. He wanted to light his pipe, and I would not give him the candle to do so, lest he should put it out; both of us quite careless, and utterly ignorant of the terrible danger we ran. No animal, not even a lion, is so much to be dreaded as a wounded leopard which has taken refuge in thick jungle; and here were we tracking one in the middle of the night, in utter darkness, and armed with a lantern and a single-barrelled gun, as innocently as if it were but a harmless antelope!

We had easily followed the blood-hesprinkled path for fifty or sixty yards, when the candle began to flame and flicker, and to shew signs of coming to an end, causing me to stoop the closer down over my task. Suddenly, Harry exclaimed: 'What's that in front? It looks like a beast's eyes.' And as he spoke, and I raised my head to look, the candle gave a last flare, and went out; but the momentary light had sufficed to shew me the still form of a leopard crouched under a tree, about five or six paces beyond, seemingly all inanimate, save those two balls of fire glaring at us out of the darkness. Just as I said, 'It's alive! Give me the gun; I can shoot it from here,' and as he was in the act of handing me the weapon, I heard it give a low snarling growl; and in a second more, it had laid itself on my shoulder, and had my left arm in its mouth. Fortunately, neither of us lost his presence of mind. I had dropped the gun when the brute sprang upon me, and Harry was hunting for it about my feet, I directing him as best I might, while I tried to strangle or choke off my assailant, which was struggling to maintain its position on my shoulder. At last, after what had seemed an age to me, I heard my brother utter an exclamation of satisfaction, and then coming close, in a breath he asked me how he should fire. 'Feel for its head,' said I; 'it can't bite; it's got my arm in its mouth.' Of course, we were in pitch darkness all this time, and the great danger was lest Harry should shoot me; however, there was no time to lose, and feeling his way with his hands, he thrust the muzzle of the gun past me, and pulled the trigger. The brute struggled convulsively, and fell at our feet. It was not however dead, as its half-choked snarls and violent efforts to rise shewed; and fearing lest it should recover, and again attack us, we hurried away from the spot as fast as we could. Nor were we a moment too soon, for a second afterwards, the animal was on its legs, and though we could see nothing, we heard its menacing growl of rage, and the rustling of the bushes, as it passed parallel to us, while the continued sound shewed that it was going in the same direction as ourselves.

The position in which we were thus placed was anything but an agreeable one. Before us was the wounded and enraged animal, upon which we might at any instant stumble in the nick of time; while, for the same reason, we had not the faintest idea of which direction we ought to take to get out of the jungle, though we knew we were near its edge. To make things worse, the injuries which I had received from the leopard began to be so excessively painful, that I felt quite faint, and hardly able to keep up with Harry. However, we stumbled on for some time in the direction which he thought was the right one, until it suddenly occurred to me that the gun had never been reloaded; and as I had noticed that he had brought a shot-belt, I told him to pull up and load. Hardly had we stopped, and he was still employed in fumbling about for his powder-flask, when we heard the soft, silky footfall which characterises all the cat tribe, and an occasional rustling among the dead leaves: the sound seemed to be coming towards us, nearer and nearer, until it appeared to be within two or three yards of us, when it suddenly ceased. Although we afterwards found that this must have been another leopard, possibly disturbed by our shot, yet at the time it never occurred to either of us that it could be other than the wounded one; and our feelings, as we stood there in the dark, expecting it to spring on us every second, may, perhaps, be more easily imagined than described. We did not dare to stir, and fully five minutes must have passed while we stood perfectly still, hardly breathing, listening intently, and our eyes in vain trying to pierce the gloom which surrounded us. Several minutes passed in this way, the leopard, which had no doubt heard or smelt us, remaining equally motionless with ourselves, until a lower and more subdued sound seemed to indicate that it was trying to steal away unheard. When this also died away by degrees, Harry completed loading his gun; and after another quarter of an hour spent in wandering through the jungle, we suddenly, and, much to our delight, caught the sound of running water, and in a few minutes more found ourselves on the bank of the stream, after which, we had no further difficulty in finding our way home. My wounds, though painful and long in healing, turned out to be less serious than we had imagined; my arm was not broken, though severely bitten, and the worst scratch I had was on the thigh. I was, however, unable to join the party which started anew next

morning; but as they found it dead within a few yards of where it had attacked me, I had not much to regret on that account.

It turned out to be a male of unusual size; and we found that the first shot, owing to the string having been set too tightly, had struck the point of the shoulder, smashing the bone, but not inflicting a mortal wound; Harry's charge had gone into its throat close to the head, severing the jugular vein, and causing the almost immediate death of the animal from loss of blood. The adventure was, however, though perhaps of no great interest in itself, at least a warning to me, as it may be to others, not to rashly follow up a wounded leopard under the impression that it is nothing more than a great cat.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Among scientific puzzles is one which has long perplexed geologists, namely, the existence of large areas of rock containing no sign of life, side by side with formations of the same period which are full of fossils: relics of primeval life. Why should one be so barren, and the other so prolific? There is now an answer to this important question, and readers who take interest in the exploring voyage of the *Challenger*, will be glad to learn that the answer comes from that ship, in a paper written by Dr Wyville Thomson, chief of the scientific staff on board. This paper was read last month at a meeting of the Royal Society. It contains the results of deep-sea soundings which have revealed the existence of vast areas of barren clay at the bottom of the sea, in depths varying from two thousand two hundred to four thousand fathoms and more. In other parts, the bottom is composed of the so-called *globigerina* mud; that is, a thick deposit of small creatures known to naturalists as *globigerina*, which live near the surface, and sink to the bottom when dead. There they accumulate, building up chalk for ages to come, when land and sea shall once more change places. But it is remarkable that at the depth of two thousand two hundred fathoms the *globigerina* thin off and disappear, and the gray deposit merges into the barren clay above mentioned. The explanation is, that below two thousand fathoms, the tiny shells of the *globigerina* are dissolved by some action of the water, and that the minute quantity which they contain of alumina and iron goes to form the areas of barren clay. The extent of these areas is so great, that it exceeds all others as yet known at the bottom of the sea, and it is the most devoid of life. In this respect, the red clay now forming resembles the schist which at present occupies so large a part of our earth's surface. We are all more or less familiar with chalk and with rocks that shew no sign of fossils; and to be thus, so to speak, made eye-witnesses of the process by which chalk and rock were formed, is unusually interesting. Dr Thomson's paper is published at length in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society. Its importance may be judged of by the

fact, that one of our most eminent naturalists declares that it alone is worth all the cost of the *Challenger* expedition.

It is well known to students of the science of music that nearly the whole of modern music is played out of tune, owing to essential faults of construction in the instruments. In organs and harmoniums, the defect is especially noticeable, and the difficulty of obviating it is so great, that some professors regard it as inevitable, and as a disagreeable fact to which we ought to become accustomed. But who would like to believe there is no remedy for the discord that prevails in an orchestra of the present day, in which the wind instruments are always out of tune. That there is a remedy, is demonstrable; and there is, besides, an instructive example in the history of music, for the organ on which Handel used to play had none of these so-called 'inevitable' defects, except in parts of the scale that were rarely required.

The exceptions to the prevailing discord are a quartette of trained voices or of stringed instruments. The effect of these on the mind is perfect. Mr A. J. Ellis, F.R.S., proves, in a paper read before the Royal Society, that it is possible to approach this perfection in harmoniums, organs, and other wind instruments. The subject is one on which he has bestowed much thought and labour; and any painstaking student of music may make himself acquainted with Mr Ellis's theory as set forth in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society. The reading of his paper was illustrated by a harmonium in which the long-standing defect was in a great measure overcome; and we learn that it is now possible so to construct the instrument that it shall of itself effect the concord without the aid of a new scheme of fingering, and without a change in the present musical notation. The importance of this will be obvious to all who have ever seen the complicated key-boards of other musical reformers—key-boards which could be mastered only by the practice of a lifetime.

A language which could be understood all over the globe, would be exceedingly useful in science, commerce, and social intercourse. Enthusiastic philosophers have more than once tried to invent a universal language, but have not succeeded; and the students or traders who desire to communicate have still to learn a number of languages, or to betake themselves to translations. To overcome these difficulties, a learned German, Dr Bachmaier, has invented a method of correspondence in which numerals stand for words and ideas. Assuming (in round numbers) that four thousand words are sufficient for all purposes, he prepares a dictionary with columns of numbers from one to four thousand, each number having a word against it which it represents in every language. For example, if the word *fire* is number fifty-two, the same number will stand against *feu* in the French, and against *Feuer* in the German dictionary, and the same in any other that may be compiled.

From this it will be understood that an Englishman entirely unacquainted with French or German might easily make a communication in either of those languages. He would look at his alphabetical list of words, and set down the corresponding numbers. The Frenchman or German would

look at his list of numbers, would set down the corresponding words, and thus have before him his correspondent's statement, and would have equal facility in answering. To make known masculine and feminine, nouns and adjectives, tenses and inflections, and other grammatical requirements, Dr Buchmaier affixes certain simple marks to the numerals. He has already published three dictionaries—English, French, and German, and is at work on other languages. At the meeting of the Oriental Congress last autumn, copies of these dictionaries were exhibited, and by the most competent judges were warmly approved.

The phenomena of earth-magnetism—inclination, declination, and intensity, are pretty well known, but the thing itself is as great a mystery as ever. Another phenomenon—the earth-currents, has been discovered since the wide extension of the telegraph; and it is thought that by investigation of these currents some light may be thrown on the general question: What is the cause or the occasion of terrestrial magnetism? Mr Schwendler, of the telegraph department in India, states, in a communication to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, that tens of thousands of observations of earth-currents have been made in that country; that the existence of the currents is a well-established fact, that they are permanent, that their general drift is from east to west, and that 'we should now be justified in establishing a special system for the purpose of observing them, according to a uniform plan, and with improved test methods.'

Mr Schwendler afterwards exhibited a crow's nest built of fragments of thin telegraph wire, very ingeniously put together; and he mentioned that a number of similar nests had been seen in the trees near the telegraph store-yard. In some instances, the crows had built on the telegraph poles, and had thereby interfered with the working by causing what are technically known as 'earths' and 'contacts.' In one instance, a nest was found constructed of soda-water-bottle wire, on which Mr Schwendler remarked, that it 'was satisfactory to see an endeavour on the part of the crows to improve the fabric of their dwellings,' and that in this particular, the human bipeds 'who in the construction and arrangement of their houses had not advanced much by the introduction of Western civilisation,' might learn a lesson from the bird bipeds.

Besides the crows, we learn that other animals interfere in the working of the telegraph. Wasps build their mud-nests in the insulator cups, and birds of prey drop dead fish, snakes, and other things on the wires; and once in Calcutta, sixteen insulators were broken by a single flash of lightning. These and other considerations lead to the conclusion, that underground wires would be the most to be depended on. Mr Schwendler is of opinion that the difficulties said to lie in the way of establishing underground wires 'have been much exaggerated.' And he says, 'to secure regular telegraph communication through all countries in the future, subterraneous lines will be required, and when the want becomes strongly felt, the technical difficulties (on account of insulation and retardation) will be overcome.'

Another attempt is to be made to get to the North Pole, for the government have resolved to send out an expedition; and one of our dockyards is busy preparing stout ships to encounter the icy perils of

the Arctic seas. Now that the enterprise is resolved on, no pains will be spared to make it successful, and whatever science and the mechanic arts can contribute towards that result will be taken advantage of. The crews will, of course, be picked men, and we hope the commanders will be picked also, and from among those who combine youthful energy with knowledge and discretion. The Arctic zone is no place for old heroes. The ships will sail in May 1875, and make their approach to the region of mystery by way of Smith's Sound. Meanwhile, there is much to be done in the way of preparation, and we may expect further particulars in the course of a few weeks.

A few months since, some remains were discovered of the bridge which the Emperor Hadrian built across the Tyne in the year 120. They consisted of oaken piles driven into the bed of the river, and supporting a frame-work on which the stone pier had been built. The wood was jet-black, and friable on the outside, but strong and fibrous at heart; and the Roman carpentry is described as superior to that by which it was replaced in subsequent centuries. The piles of the thirteenth and eighteenth century were fitted with iron shoes; but the Roman piles came up without shoes. It may be that the metal had wasted away, or that the wood had separated from it; but this question was not ascertained.

The vacant Exhibition buildings are not to lie waste: the principal eastern galleries are to be occupied by the treasures of the India Museum, which are to be transferred thither from the India Office. The so-called Belgian Annex is to be leased to the Trustees of the School of Art Needlework; the National Portrait Gallery is to have the south galleries; in another part the grand collection of models in the Patent Office Museum will be deposited; and in other now empty spaces there will be accumulated in course of years a Colonial Museum, wherein will be represented the natural products, the art, industry, and manufactures of our colonies. This will perhaps be the most interesting of all. Thus there will be a great and permanent exhibition, where many subjects may be studied, open to everybody; and if, as many people contend, there exists now a vehement desire for technical education, then all who desire it may take their fill. The ill success of the Exhibition which closed its doors at the end of October points to a different conclusion.

Appropos of technical education: Professor Maskelyne, F.R.S., is giving a course of lectures on Crystallography, in the new rooms of the Chemical Society in Burlington House. In this undertaking the Society and the lecturer mean real work, and listeners will be expected to work as well as listen, for without geometrical reasoning it is impossible to study crystallography. The fault of lecturers generally is, that they send the hearers away believing they know all about the subject. These lectures will perhaps make hearers aware that they are lamentably deficient in exact knowledge.

The use of the spectroscopic in the testing of metals is extending, and is regarded as of especial value where purity is essential, for which reason it is employed in the coining establishments of Europe, and has recently been introduced into the United States' Mint. The way in which the instrument detects even the most minute quantity of impurity is marvellous.

The United States government have appointed a commission to find out why steam-boilers blow up. The commission are taking stock of experiments already made to determine the question, with a view to institute fresh experiments, in which they desire to see and understand all that takes place in the explosion of a boiler. And they ask the leading engineers of the States to point out 'any reliable means of reading in a bomb-proof building, some distance from the boiler to be exploded, the various conditions of heat, of water, of fire, and of steam, and the various conditions of pressure, as also of motions of parts of the boiler under strain.' This is a comprehensive question. We hope there are men in the United States who can answer it in the way desired.

An inventor in Philadelphia has brought out 'the artist's rotary colour and brush-stand,' which is to take the place of the old and inconvenient colour-box, as it enables the artist to have his colours, brushes, palette, oils, turpentine, and other requisites at his side in a compact and convenient form: all being in such order that the painter can see at a glance the article he requires. The stand is supported on a tripod, and is ornamental as well as useful.

While the two steamers, *Bessemer* and *Castalia*, are getting ready to cross the Channel without making passengers sea-sick, a projector advocates the construction of a great embankment all the way from Dover to Calais. An opening which could be crossed by a bridge, is to be left in the middle for the passage of ships; and thus the continent would be accessible by land, to the no small satisfaction of thousands of travellers.

People up in a balloon and above the clouds cannot tell which way the wind is blowing. This is always inconvenient, and may be dangerous, for it may happen, on descending through the clouds, that the aeronauts find themselves over the sea. Hence, it is essential to know the course in which the balloon is drifting; and Captain Burnaby of the Horse Guards has invented a method by which the course can be ascertained; and, accompanied by a brother-officer, has travelled by balloon from the Crystal Palace into Essex, to make trial thereof. The method is simple: two small silk parachutes connected by a light thread about thirty yards long, are prepared. At the right moment, one of the two is dropped from the car; a moment or two later, the second follows; and, while the two are slowly descending, the travellers can determine their course by compass, can mark it on their chart, and thus ascertain whither they are going. We hear that the experiment succeeded to perfection, and that the two officers, who worked the balloon themselves,

descended safely when within half a mile of the sea.

The anticipation as regards rainfall in October, expressed last month, was fulfilled, for, except in the Eastern Counties, October was an exceptionally wet month. In the western and north-western counties, the fall ranged from ten inches on Dartmoor, to thirty inches at Senthwaite (Cumberland). Thirty inches in a single month is prodigious; but it has been equalled or exceeded five times in the same locality since 1846. In November 1861, the fall was more than thirty-five and a half inches; and not less than twenty-five inches in the wettest month of twelve years within the same interval. Mr G. J. Symons, whose persevering endeavours towards a comprehensive and accurate record of rainfall, deserve praise and encouragement, tells us (what might have been expected) that during October there were great floods in north-west Yorkshire and in Westmoreland—that Lake Windermere rose three feet above its ordinary level, nine inches higher than within the past twenty years.

This copious fall, if supplemented by more, will restore the level of the many springs and wells which had been injuriously lowered by seasons of drought; and it is to be hoped that something besides talking will be done towards storage of water in suitable places, so that suffering from scarcity may in future be averted. It has been suggested, that as miners make horizontal cross-cuts to intersect lodes, so in certain districts horizontal wells might be dug, and thereby tap abundant and perennial sources of water. It is with especial reference to the South Downs, and the region of the chalk, that this suggestion is put forward.

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